

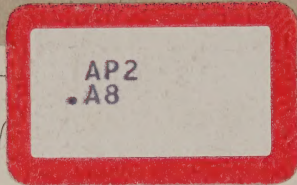




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THE first number of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY appeared in November, 1857. Since that time there has not been a single issue which has not more or less successfully realized the wish of Mr. Phillips, its first publisher, "that the magazine should represent what is best in American thought and letters." It has not aimed to secure popularity by sensational articles, or by superficial treatment of subjects in which the people are interested. On the other hand, it has not sought merely to reach the persons of highest cultivation, but rather, by representing what is best in American thought and letters in the departments of Fiction, of Essays, of Poetry, of Travel, and Discussion of Current Topics, it has endeavored to command the attention and reward the careful reading of all intelligent American citizens.

## FICTION.

The Serial and Short Stories of THE ATLANTIC have been of a very high order. The catalogue of those who have contributed to this department embraces numerous writers of distinction, and a list of the stories they have written for the magazine includes many of the best Novels and Short Stories in modern literature.

In 1882 will appear Serial Stories by THOMAS HARDY, the eminent English novelist; ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, author of "The Gates Ajar," etc.; W. H. BISHOP, author of "Detmold"; and G. P. LATHROP, author of "A Study of Hawthorne."

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In this delightful field of letters THE ATLANTIC has been peculiarly fruitful from the first number, which contained the first part of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," to the October number, which contained Miss Jewett's "River Driftwood." Many volumes of rare interest have been made up from this part of THE ATLANTIC's contents.

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Have received from THE ATLANTIC a kind and amount of attention which have given it especial preëminence as a literary magazine.

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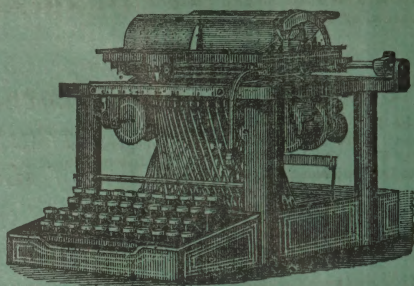
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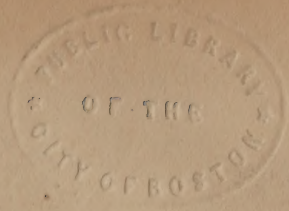
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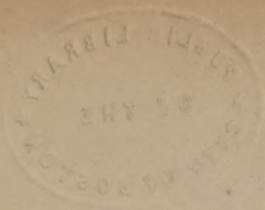
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## POLICE REPORT.

ONE day in summer, when people whom I had been urging to behave in some degree like human beings persisted in acting rather more like the poor creatures who pass for men and women in most stage-plays, I shut my manuscript in a drawer, and the next morning took an early train into the city. I do not remember just what whim it was that led me to visit the police court: perhaps I went because it was in the dead vast and middle of the summer, and the town afforded little other amusement; perhaps it was because, in my revolt against unreality, I was in the humor to see life whose reality asserts itself every day in the newspapers with indisputable force. If the latter, I was fated to a measure of disappointment, for when the court opened this reality often appeared no more substantial than the fiction with which I had lost my patience at home. But I am bound to say that it was much more entertaining, and that it was, so to speak, much more artistically treated. It resolved itself into melodrama, or romantic tragedy, having a prevailing comic interest, with moments of intensity, and with effects so thrilling that I came away with a sense of the highest theatrical illusion.

The police court in Boston is an upper room of the temple of justice, and is a large, square, dismal-complexioned

chamber, with the usual seams and cracks configuring its walls and ceilings; its high, curtainless windows were long glares of sunless light, crossed with the fine drizzle of an easterly rain on the morning of my visit. About one third of the floor is allotted to spectators, and supplied with benches of penitential severity; the remaining space is occupied by a series of curved tables set in a horse-shoe, and by a raised platform, railed off from the auditorium, as I may call it, and supporting in successive gradations the clerk's desk, on a very long, narrow table, and the judge's table and easy-chair. At either end of the table on which the clerk's desk was placed was a bar, representing in one case the witness stand, and in the other the prisoner's box; midway, the clerk stood within a screen of open iron-work, hemmed in with books of record and tin boxes full of docketed papers.

Outside of the railing were the desks of two officers of the court, whose proper titles my unfamiliarity with the place disables me from giving. They were both well in flesh, as I remember, and in spite of their blue flannel suits and the exercise of a wise discretion, by which one of them had discarded his waistcoat and neckcloth, they visibly suffered from the moist, close heat which the storm outside had driven into the court-



room. From time to time one of them cried out, "Silence!" to quell a restive movement in the audience; and once the cravatless officer left his place, and came down to mine near the door, and drove out the boys who were sitting round me. "Leave!" he shouted. "This is no place for boys!" They went out obediently, and some others just like them came in immediately and took their places. They might have been the same boys, so far as any difference for the better in their looks went. They were not pleasant to the eye, nor to any other sense; and neither were the young men nor old men who for the rest formed the audience of this free dramatic spectacle. Their coat-collars came up above their shirt-collars; but, greasy as they were, the observer could not regret this misfit when chance gave an occasional glimpse of their linen, — or their cotton, to be exact. For the most part, they wore their hair very short, and exposed necks which I should, I believe, have preferred to have covered. Under the influence of the humid heat, and with the wet they brought from the outside, they sent up a really deplorable smell. I do not know that I have a right to criticise the appearance of some of their eyes, — they seemed perfectly good eyes to see with, in spite of their sinister or vacant expression and gloomy accessories; and certain scars and mutilations of the face and fingers were the affair of their owners rather than mine. Whenever they fell into talk, an officer of the court marched upon them and crushed them to silence. "This is no place for conversation," he said; and the greater part of them had evidently no disposition or capacity for that art. I believe they were men and boys whose utmost mental effort sufficed to let their mouths hang open in the absorption of the performance, and was by no means equal to comment upon it. I fancied that they came there, day after day, the year

round, and enjoyed themselves in their poor way, realizing many of the situations presented by experience of like predicaments, more than by sympathy or an effort of the imagination.

I had taken my place among them next the door, so that if my courage failed me at any time I could go out without disturbing the others. One need not be a very proud man to object to classing himself with them, and there were moments when I doubted if I could stand my fellow-spectators much longer; but these accessions of arrogance passed, as I watched the preparations for the play with the interest of a novice. There were already half a dozen policemen seated at the tables in semicircle, and chatting pleasantly together; and their number was constantly increased by new arrivals, who, as they came in, put their round-topped straw hats on one end of the semicircle, and sat down to fill out certain printed forms, which I suppose related to the arrests they had made, for they were presently handed to the clerk, who used them in calling up the cases. A little apart from the policemen was a group of young men, whom I took to be the gentlemen of the bar; among them, rather more dapper than the rest, was a colored lawyer, who afterwards, by an irony of Nemesis, appeared for some desperate and luckless defendants of the white race and of Irish accent. By and by two or three desks, placed conveniently for seeing and hearing everything against the railing on the clerk's right, were occupied by reporters, unmistakable with their pencils and paper. Looking from them I saw that the judge's chair was now filled by a quiet-looking gentleman, who seemed, behind his spectacles, to be communing with himself in sad and bored anticipation. At times he leaned forward and spoke with the clerk or one of the gentlemen of the bar, and then fell back in sober meditation.



Like all other public exhibitions, the police court failed a little in point of punctuality. It was advertised to open at nine o'clock, but it was nearer ten when, after several false alarms, the clerk in a rapid, inarticulate formula declared it now opened, and invoked the blessing of God on the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Even then there was a long wait before we of the audience heard the scuffling of the feet of the prisoners on what seemed a broad stairway behind the barrier at the judge's right, and before any of them came in sight they were commanded by the attendant policeman to sit down, and apparently did so, on the top of the stairs. The clerk now turned towards them with a sheaf of the forms which the policemen had filled out in his hand, and successively addressed them by name:—

"Larry McShane!"

"Here, sor."

"Complained of for being drunk. Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, sor."

"Pay a fine of one dollar and costs, and stand committed to the House of Industry."

He jotted something down on the back of each indictment, and half turned to toss it on to his desk, and then resumed the catalogue of these offenders, accusing and dooming them all in the same weary and passionless monotone.

I confess that I had at the time the strongest curiosity to see them, but it has since struck me that it was a finer effect merely to hear their voices in response, and to leave their figures and faces to the fancy. Sometimes the voice that answered "Guilty" was youthful, and sometimes, I grieve to say, it was feminine, though under the circumstances it had naturally that subdued tone which is thought such an excellent thing in woman. Usually, however, the voices were old and raucous, as if they had many times made the same plea in the same place, and they pronounced

sir *sor*. The clerk's sheaf of accusations being exhausted, they all apparently scuffled down-stairs again. But a number must have remained, for now, after this sort of overture, the entertainment began in earnest, the actors on the scene appearing as they were summoned from the same invisible space behind the railing, which I think was probably sunk a little lower than the level of the auditorium, and which might, to humor the theatrical illusion, be regarded as the green room.

The first piece was what I may call a little Police Pastoral, in recognition of the pretty touch of poetry which graced it. A half-grown, baddish-looking boy was arraigned for assault and battery, and took his place at one end of that long table on which rested the clerk's desk, while a young girl of thirteen or fourteen advanced from the audience, and placed herself at the other end. She was dressed in a well-fitting ready-made suit, which somehow suggested itself as having been "marked down" to come within her means; and she wore a cheap yet tasteful hat, under which her face, as honest as it was comely, looked modestly up at the judge when he questioned her. It appeared that she was passing the apple-stand which the defendant was keeping for his mother, when he had suddenly abandoned his charge, followed her into a gate where she had taken refuge, and struck her; her cries attracted the police, and he was arrested. The officer corroborated her story, and then the judge made a signal to the prisoner, by which it seemed that he was privileged to cross-question his accuser. The injured youth seized the occasion, and in a loud, bullying, yet plaintive tone proceeded as best he could to damage the case against him.

*He*: "Did n't you pass my mother's stand with them girls the day before?"

*She*, frankly: "Yes, I *did*."

*He*: "And did n't you laugh at me, and call me an apple-woman?"



*She*, as before: "Yes, I *did*."

*He*: "And hain't you hit *me*, sometimes before this?"

*She*, evasively: "I've never hit you to hurt you."

*He*: "Now, that hain't the question! The question is whether you've ever hit me."

*She*: "Yes, I have, — when you were trying to hold me. It was the other girls called you names. I only called you names once."

*He*: "I want to know whether I hurt you any when you hollered out that way!"

*She*: "Yes, you *did*. And if I had n't screamed you *would* have done it. I don't suppose you'd have hurt me a great deal, but you have hurt *some* of the girls."

*The Judge*: "Did he bruise you severely, when he struck you?"

*She*, with a relenting glance, full of soft compassion, at her enemy: "Well, he did n't bruise me *very* much."

*The Judge*: "Has he been in the habit of assaulting the other young girls?"

*She*: "He never did *me* before." Then, with a sudden burst, "And I think I was every bit as much to blame as he was! I had no business to tease him."

Here the judge, instead of joining the hands of these children, and sending them forward with his blessing, to dance and sing a little duet together, as would have happened on any other stage, said that he would fine the defendant seven dollars. The defendant gave way to a burst of grief, and the plaintiff, astonished at this untoward conclusion, threw the judge a pathetic and reproachful look, and left the stand in painful bewilderment. I felt sorry for her, but I could not share her pity for the defendant, and my light mind was quickly distracted by the next piece.

I may say here that the features of the performance followed one another rapidly, as at a variety theatre, without

any disagreeable waits or the drop of a curtain. If I had anything to complain of it was the swiftness of their succession. I was not yet habituated to this, when I found the scene occupied by the two principal actors in a laughable little interlude of Habitual Drunkenness. A powerfully built, middle-aged Irishman, with evidences of coal-heaving thick upon his hands and ground into his face to the roots of his hair, was standing at one end of that long table, and listening to the tale of the policeman who, finding him quarrelsomely and noisily drunk, and not being able to prevail with him to go home, had arrested him. When he finished, the judge said to the defendant, who had stood rolling his eyes — conspicuous from the black around them — upon the spectators, as if at a loss to make out what all this might be about, that he could ask any questions he liked of the plaintiff.

"I don't want to ask him anything, sor," replied the defendant, like one surprised at being expected to take an interest in some alien affair.

"Have you ever seen the defendant drunk before?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor; I've seen him drunk half a dozen times, and I've taken him home to keep him out of harm's way. He's an industrious man when he is n't in drink."

"Is he usually disorderly, when drunk?"

"Well, he and his wife generally fight when he gets home," the policeman suggested.

The judge desisted, and the defendant's counsel rose, and signified his intention to cross-question the plaintiff: the counsel was that attorney of African race whom I have mentioned.

"Now, we don't deny that the defendant was drunk at the time of his arrest; but the question is whether he is an habitual drunkard. How many times have you seen him drunk in the past month?"

"About half a dozen times."



"Seven times?"

"I can't say."

"Three times?"

"More than three times."

"More than twice you will swear to?"

"Yes."

"Now, I wish you to be very careful, please: can you state, under oath, that you have seen him drunk four times?"

"Yes," said the policeman, "I can swear to that."

"Very good," said the counsel, with the air of having caught the witness tripping. "That is all."

Aside from the satisfaction that one naturally feels in seeing any policeman bullied, I think it did me good to have my learned colored brother badger a white man. The thing was so long the other way, in every walk of life, that for the sake of the bad old times, when the sight would have been something to destroy the constitution and subvert social order, I could have wished that he might have succeeded better in browbeating his witness. But it was really a failure, as far as concerned his object.

"The question, your honor," the lawyer added, turning to the judge, "is, what is his habitual drunkenness? I should like to ask the defendant a query or two. Now, Mr. O'Ryan, how often do you indulge yourself in a social glass?"

"Sor?"

"How often do you drink?"

"Whenever I can get it, sor."

The audience appreciated this frankness, and were silenced by a threatening foray of the cravatless officer.

"You mean," suggested the attorney smoothly, "that you take a drink of beer, now and then, when you are at work?"

"I mane that, sor. A horse could n't stand it widout."

"Very good. But you deny that you are habitually intoxicated?"

"Sor?"

"You are not in the habit of getting drunk?"

"No, sor!"

"Very good. You are not in the habit of getting drunk."

"I never get dhrunk whin I'm at work, sor. I get dhrunk Saturday nights."

"Yes; when you have had a hard week's work. I understand that" —

"I have a hard wake's worruk every wake!" interrupted the defendant.

"But this is a thing that has grown upon you of late, as I understand. You were formerly a sober, temperate man, as your habits of industry would imply."

"Sor?"

"You have lately given way to a fondness for liquor, but up to within six months or a year ago you never drank to excess."

"No, sor! I've dhrunk ever since I was born, and I'll dhrink till I die."

The officer could not keep us quiet, now. The counsel looked down at his table in a futile way, and then took his seat after some rambling observations, amid smiles of ironical congratulation from the other gentlemen of the bar.

The defendant confronted the judge with the calm face of a man who has established his innocence beyond cavil.

"What is the reputation of this man in his neighborhood?" inquired the judge of the policeman.

"He's an ugly fellow. And his wife is full as bad. They generally get drunk together."

"Any children?"

"No, sir."

The defendant regarded the judge with heightened satisfaction in this confirmation of his own declaration. The judge leaned over, and said in a confidential way to the clerk, "Give him six months in the House of Correction."

A wild lament broke from the audience, and a woman with a face bruised to a symphony in green, yellow, and black thus identified herself as the wife of the defendant, who stood vacantly turning his cap round in his hand, while sympathizing friends hurried her from



the room. The poor creature probably knew that if in their late differences she had got more than she deserved, she had not got more than she had been willing to give, and was moved by this reflection. Other moralists, who do not like to treat woman as a reasonable being, may attribute her sorrow to mere blind tenderness, or hysterical excitement. I could not see that it touched the spectators in any way; and I suspect that, whatever was thought of her escape from a like fate, there was a general acquiescence in the justice of his.

He was either stunned by it, or failed to take it in, for he remained standing at the end of the table and facing the judge, till the policeman in charge took him by the arm and stood him aside. He sat down, and I saw him no more; but I had no time to regret him, for his place was instantly occupied by a person who stepped within the bar from the audience. I had already noticed him coming in and going out of the court-room, apparently under strong excitement, and hovering about, now among the gentlemen of the bar, and now among friends in the audience. He had an excited and eccentric look, and yet he looked like a gentleman,—a gentleman in distress of mind; I had supposed that he could not be one of the criminal classes, or he would scarcely have been allowed so much at large. At the same time that he took his place he was confronted from the other end of the long table by a person whom I will call a lady, because I observed that every one else did so. This lady's person tended to fat; she had a large, red face, and I learned without surprise that she was a cook. She wore a crimson shawl, and a bonnet abounding in blossoms and vegetables of striking colors, and she had one arm, between the wrist and elbow, impressively swathed in linen; she caressed, as it were, a small water-pitcher, which I felt, in spite of its ordinary appearance, was

somehow historical. In fact, it came out that this pitcher played an important part in the assault which the lady accused the gentleman at the other end of the table of committing upon her.

It seemed from her story that the gentleman was a boarder in the house where she was cook, and that he was in the habit of intruding upon her in the kitchen against her will and express command. A week before (I understood that she had spent the intervening time in suffering and disability) she had ordered him out, and he had turned furiously upon her with an uplifted chair and struck her on the arm with it, and then had thrown at her head the pitcher which she now held in her hands. There were other circumstances of outrage, which I cannot now recall, but they are not important in view of the leading facts.

Further testimony in behalf of the plaintiff was offered by another lady, whose countenance expressed second-girl as unmistakably as that of the plaintiff expressed cook. She was of the dish-faced Irish type, and whereas the cook was of an Old-World robustness, her witness had the pallor and flat-chestedness of the women of her race who are born in America; she preferred several shades of blue in her costume, which was of ready-made and marked-down effect. This lady with difficulty comprehended the questions intended to elicit her name and the fact of her acquaintance with the plaintiff, and I noticed a like density of understanding in most of the other persons testifying or arraigned in this court. In fact, I came to wonder if the thick-headedness of average uneducated people was not much greater than I had hitherto suspected, in my easy optimism. It was certainly inconceivable why, with intelligence enough to come in when it rained, the cook should have summoned this witness. She testified at once that she had not seen the assault, and did not know that the cook



had been hurt ; and no prompting of the plaintiff's counsel could inspire her with a better recollection. In the hands of the defendant's lawyer she developed the fact that his client was reputed a quiet, inoffensive boarder, and that she never knew of any displeasures between him and the cook.

"Did you ever see this lady intoxicated?" inquired the lawyer.

The witness reflected. "I don't understand you," she answered, finally.

"Have you ever known her to be overcome by drink?"

The witness considered this point also, and in due time gave it up, and turned a face of blank appeal upon the judge, who came to her rescue.

"Does she drink, — drink liquor? Does she get drunk?"

"Oh! Oh, yes; she's tipsy, sometimes."

"Was she tipsy," asked the lawyer, "on the day of the alleged assault?"

The witness again turned to the magistrate for help.

"Was she tipsy on the day when she says this gentleman struck her with a chair, and threw the pitcher at her head?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "she was."

"Was she very tipsy?" the lawyer pursued.

The witness was equal to this question. "Well, yes, sir, she was. Any way, she had n't left anything in the bottle on her bureau."

"When did you see the bottle full?"

"The night before. Or in the evening. She commenced drinking in the night."

"What was in the bottle?"

"A pint of whiskey."

"That will do," said the lawyer.

The witness stepped down, and gently resumed her place near the plaintiff. Neither of the ladies changed countenance, or seemed in any wise aware that the testimony just given had

been detrimental to the plaintiff's cause. They talked pleasantly together, and were presently alike interested in the testimony of a witness to the defendant's good character. He testified that the defendant was a notoriously peaceable person, who was in some sort of scientific employment, but where or what I could not make out; he was a college graduate, and it was unimaginable to the witness that he should be the object of this sort of charge.

When the witness stood aside, the defendant was allowed to testify in his own behalf, which he did with great energy. He provided himself with a chair, and when he came to the question of the assault he dramatized the scene with appropriate action. He described with vividness the relative positions of himself and the cook when, on the day given, he went into the kitchen to see if the landlord were there, and was ordered out by her. "She did n't give me time to go, but caught up a chair, and came at me; thus!" Here he represented with the chair in his hand an assault that made the reporters, who sat near him, quail before the violence of the mere dumb-show. "I caught the rung of the chair in my hand, thus, and instinctively pushed it, thus. I suppose," he added, in diction of memorable elegance, "that the impact of the chair in falling back against her wrist may have produced the contusions of which she complains."

The judge and the bar smiled; the audience, not understanding, looked serious.

"And what," said the judge, "about throwing the pitcher at her?"

"I never saw the pitcher, your honor, till I saw it in court. I threw no pitcher at her, but retreated from the kitchen as quickly as possible."

"That will do," said the judge. The plaintiff's counsel did the best that could be done for no case at all in a brief argument. The judge heard him patiently, and then quietly remarked, "The



charge is dismissed. The defendant is discharged. Call the next case."

The plaintiff had probably imagined that the affair was going in her favor. She evidently required the explanation of her counsel that it had gone against her, and all was over; for she looked up at the judge in some surprise, before she turned and walked out of the courtroom with quiet dignity, still caressing her pitcher, and amicably accompanied by the other lady, her damaging witness.

Before she was well out of the door, a lady-like young woman in black was on the stand, testifying against a prisoner, who did not confront her from the other end of the long table, but stood where he seemed to have been seated on the top of those stairs I have imagined behind the railing. He looked twenty one or two years of age, and he had not at all a bad face, but rather refined; he was well dressed, and was gentleman-like in the same degree that she was lady-like. From her testimony it appeared to me that his offense was one that might fitly be condoned, and in my ignorance I was surprised to find that it was taken seriously by the court. She had seen him, from the top of some steps in the shop where she was employed, open a drawer in the book-keeper's desk, and take out of it a revolver and some postage-stamps; but on his discovering her he had instantly replaced them and tried to escape. She gave her evidence in a low voice, and, as I thought, reluctantly; and one could very well imagine that she might have regretted causing his arrest; but it was to be considered that her own reputation was probably at stake, and if his theft had succeeded she might have been accused of it. When she stood aside, the judge turned to the defendant, who had kept quite still, nervously twisting something between his fingers, and questioned him. He did not attempt to deny the facts; he admitted them, but urged that he had im-

mediately put the stamps and pistol back into the drawer, from which, indeed, he had hardly lifted them. The judge heard him patiently, and the young man went on, with something of encouragement, to explain that he only meant to take the things to spite the owner of the shop, on account of some grudge between them, and that he had not realized that it was stealing. He besought the judge, in terms that were moving, and yet not abject, to deal mercifully with him; and he stood twisting that invisible something between his fingers, and keeping his eyes fixed on those of the magistrate with a miserable smile, while he promised that he would not offend again.

The judge passed his hand to and fro over his chin, and now dropped his eyes, and now glanced at the culprit, who seemed scarcely more unhappy.

"Have n't I seen you here before?" he asked at last.

"Yes," I could hardly hear the prisoner assent.

"How often?"

"Twice."

"What for?"

"Theft," gasped the wretched creature.

The judge moved in his chair with a discomfort that he had not shown throughout the morning's business. "If this were the first time, or the second, I should have been glad to let you off with a slight fine. But I can't do that now. I must send you to the House of Correction." He nodded to the clerk: "Two months."

The prisoner remained, with that nervous twisting of his fingers, eying the judge with his vague smile, as if he could not realize what had befallen him. He did not sit down till the next culprit rose and stood near him. Then a sort of fatal change passed over his face. It looked like despair. I confess that I had not much heart for his successor. I was sick, thinking how, so far as this



world was concerned, this wretch had been sent to hell; for the House of Correction is not a purgatory even, out of which one can hopefully undertake to pray periculant spirits. To be sure, the police court is not a cure of souls; and doubtless his doom was as light as the law allowed. But I could have wished that the judge had distrusted his memory, or taken on his conscience the merciful sin of ignoring it. He seemed very patient, and I do not question but he acted according to light and knowledge. This may have been a hopeless thief. But it was nevertheless a terrible fate. The chances were a thousand against one that he should hereafter be anything but a thief, if he were not worse. After all, when one thinks of what the consequences of justice are, one doubts if there is any justice in it. Perhaps the thing we call mercy is really the divine conception of justice.

It was a thief again who was on the stage; but not a thief like that other, who, for all the reality there was in the spectacle, might have gone behind the scenes, and washed the chalk off his white face. This thief was of the kind whose fortunes the old naturalistic novelists were fond of following in fictions of autobiographic form, and who sometimes actually wrote their own histories; a conventional thief, of those dear to De Foe and the Spanish picaresque romancers, with a flavor of good literature about him. Nothing could have been more classic in incident than the story of the plaintiff, an honest-looking young fellow, who testified that he had met the prisoner on the street, and, learning that he was out of work and out of money, had taken him home to his room and shared his bed with him. I do not know in just what calling this primitive and trustful hospitality is practiced; the plaintiff looked and was dressed like a workingman. His strange bedfellow proved an early riser; he stole away without disturbing his host,

and carried with him all the money that was in his host's pockets. By an odd turn of luck the two encountered shortly after breakfast, and the prisoner ran. The plaintiff followed, but the other eluded him, and was again sauntering about in safety, when the eye of a third actor in the drama fell upon him. This was a young man who kept some sort of small shop, and who was called to the witness-stand in behalf of the prosecution. He was as stupid as he could well be in some respects, and very simple questions had to be repeated several times to him. Yet he had the ferret-like instinct of the thief-catcher, and he instantly saw that his look fluttered the guilty rogue, who straightway turned and fled. But this time he had a sharper pursuer than his host, and he was coursed through all his turns and windings, up stairs and down, in houses and out, and gripped at last.

"As soon as I saw him start to run," said the witness, who told his story with a graphic jauntiness, "I knowed he'd got something."

"You *didn't* know I'd got anything!" exclaimed the thief.

"I knowed you'd get ninety days if I caught up with you," retorted the witness, wagging his head triumphantly.

As the officer entered the station-house with his prisoner, the host, by another odd chance, was coming out, after stating his loss to the police, and identified his truant guest.

The money, all but thirty cents, was found upon him; and though he represented that he had lawfully earned it by haying in Dedham, the fact that it was in notes of the denominations which the plaintiff remembered was counted against him, and he got the ninety days which his captor had prophesied. He, too, sat down, and I saw him no more.

Now arose literally a cloud of witnesses, and came forward from some of the back seats, and occupied the benches hitherto held by the plaintiffs and wit-



nesses in the preceding cases. They were of all shades of blackness, and of both sexes and divers ages, and they were there in their solemn best clothes, with their faces full of a decorous if superficial seriousness. I must except from this sweeping assertion, however, the lady who was the defendant in the case: she was a young person, with a great deal of what is called style about her, and I had seen her going and coming throughout the morning in a high excitement, which she seemed to enjoy. It is difficult for a lady whose lips have such a generous breadth and such a fine outward roll to keep from smiling, perhaps, under any circumstances; and it may have been light-heartedness rather than light-mindedness that enabled her to support so gayly a responsibility that weighed down all the other parties concerned. She wore a tight-skirted black walking-dress, with a waist of perhaps caricatured smallness; her hat was full of red and yellow flowers; on her hands, which were in drawing with her lips rather than her waist, were a pair of white kid gloves. As she advanced to take her place inside the prisoner's bar she gave in charge to a very mournful-looking elder of her race a little girl, two or three years of age, as fashionably dressed as herself, and tottering upon little high-heeled boots. The old man lifted the child in his arms, and funereally took his seat among the witnesses, while the culprit turned her full-blown smile upon the judge, and confidently pleaded not guilty to the clerk's reading of the indictment, in which she was charged with threatening the person and life of the plaintiff. At the same moment a sort of pleased expectation lighted up all those dull countenances in the court-room, which had been growing more and more jaded under the process of the accusations and condemnations. The soddeneest *habitué* of the place brightened; the lawyers and policemen eased themselves in their chairs,

and I fancied that the judge himself relaxed. I could not refuse my sympathy to the general content; I took another respite from the thought of my poor thief, and I too lent myself to the hope of enjoyment from this Laughable After-piece.

The accuser also wore black, but her fashionableness, as compared with that of the defendant, was as the fashionableness of Boston to that of New York; she had studied a subdued elegance, and she wore a crape veil instead of flowers on her hat. She was of a sort of dusky pallor, and her features had not the Congoish fullness nor her skin the brilliancy of the defendant's. Her taste in kid gloves was a decorous black.

She testified that she was employed as second-girl in a respectable family, and that the day before she had received a visit at the door from the defendant, who had invited her to come down the street to a certain point, and be beaten within an inch of her life. On her failure to appear, the defendant came again, and notified her that she should hold the beating in store for her, and bestow it whenever and wherever she caught her out-of-doors. These visits and these threats had terrified the plaintiff, and annoyed the respectable family with which she lived, and she had invoked the law.

During the delivery of her complaint, the defendant had been lifting and lowering herself by the bar at which she stood, in anticipation of the judge's permission to question the plaintiff. At a nod from him she now flung herself half across it.

"What 'd I say I'd whip you for?"

*The Plaintiff*, thoughtfully: "What 'd you say you 'd whip me for?"

*The Defendant*, beating the railing with her hand: "Yes, that's what I ast you: what for?"

*The Plaintiff*, with dignity: "I don't know as you *told* me what for."

*The Defendant*: "Now, now, none



o' that! You just answer my question."

*The Judge*: "She has answered it."

*The Defendant*, after a moment of surprise: "Well, then, I'll ask her another question. Did n't I tell you if I ever caught you goin' to a ball with my husband ag'in I'd" —

*The Plaintiff*: "I did n't go with your husband to no ball!"

*The Defendant*: "You didn't go with him! Ah" —

*The Plaintiff*: "I went with the crowd. I did n't know who I went with."

*The Defendant*: "Well, I know who paid fifty cents for your ticket! Why don't he give me any of his money? Hain't spent fifty cents on me or his child, there, since it was born. An' he goes with you all the time, — to church, and everywhere."

*The Judge*: "That will do."

The plaintiff, who had listened "with sick and scornful looks averse," stepped from the stand, and a dusky gentlewoman, as she looked, took her place, and corroborated her testimony. She also wore genteel black, and she haughtily turned from the defendant's splendors as she answered much the same questions that the latter had put to the plaintiff. She used her with the disdain that a lady who takes care of bank parlors may show to a social inferior with whom her grandson has been trapped into a distasteful marriage, and she expressed by a certain lift of the chin and a fall of the eyelids the absence of all quality in her granddaughter-in-law, as no words could have done it. I suppose it will be long before these poor creatures will cease to seem as if they were playing at our social conditions, or the prejudices and passions when painted black will seem otherwise than funny. But if this old lady had been born a duchess, or the daughter of a merchant one remove from retail trade, she could not have represented the unrelenting dowager more vividly. She bore witness to the blame-

less character of the plaintiff, to whom her grandson had paid only those attentions permissible from a gentleman unhappy in his marriage, and living apart from his wife, — a wife, she insinuated, unworthy both before and since the union which she had used sinister arts in forming with a family every way above her. She did not overdo the part, and she descended from the stand with the same contemptuous hauteur toward the old man who succeeded her as she had shown toward his daughter.

The hapless sire — for this was the character he attempted — came upon the stand with his forsaken grandchild in his arms, and bore his testimony to the fact that his daughter was a good girl, and had always done what was right, and had been brought up to it. He dwelt upon her fidelity to her virtuous family training, with no apparent sense of incongruity in the facts — elicited by counsel — to the contrary; and he was an old man whose perceptions were somewhat blunted as to other things. He maundered on about his son-in-law's neglect of his wife and child, and the expense which he had been forced to bear on their account, and especially about the wrongs his family had suffered since his son-in-law "got to going" with the plaintiff.

"You say," interpreted the judge, "that the plaintiff tried to seduce the affections of your daughter's husband from her?"

The old man was brought to a long and thoughtful pause, from which he was started by a repetition of the judge's question. "I — I don't know as I understand you, judge," he faltered.

"Do you mean that the plaintiff — the person whom your daughter threatened to beat — has been trying to get your daughter's husband's affections away from her?"

"Why, he hain't never showed her no affections, judge! He's just left *me* to support her."



"Very well, then. Has the plaintiff tried to get your daughter's husband away from her?"

"I guess not, judge. He hain't never took any notice of my daughter since he married her."

"Well, does your son-in-law go with this person?"

"With who, judge?"

"With the plaintiff."

"De ol' woman? No, he don' go wid de ol' woman any: *she's his gran'mother.*"

"Well, does he go with the young woman?"

"Oh, yes! *Yes!* He goes with the young woman. Goes with *her* all the time. That's the *one* he goes with!"

He seemed to be greatly surprised and delighted to find that this point was what the judge had been trying to get at, and the audience shared his pleasure.

I really forget how the cause was decided. Perhaps my train, which I began to be anxious not to lose, hurried me away before the *dénoûment*, as often happens with the suburban playgoer. But to one who cares rather for character than for plot it made little difference. I came away thinking that if the actors in the little drama were of another complexion how finely the situation would have served in a certain sort of intense novel: the patrician dowager, inappeasably offended by the low match which her grandson has made, and willing to encourage his *penchant* for the lady of his own rank, whom some fortuity may yet enable him to marry; the wife, with her vulgar but strong passions, stung to madness by the neglect and disdain of her husband's family,—it is certainly a very pretty intrigue, and I commend it to my brother (or sister) novelists who like to be praised by the reviewers for what the reviewers think profundity and power.

It was nearly a year later that I paid my second visit to the police court, on a day, like the first, humid and dull,

but very close and suffocatingly hot. It was a Monday morning, and there was a full dock, as I have learned that the prisoner's pen at the right of the clerk's desk is called. The clerk was standing with that sheaf of indictments in his hand, and saying, "John O'Brien!" and John O'Brien was answering, "Here, sor!" and the clerk was proceeding, "Complained of for being drunk guilty or not guilty pay a fine of one dollar and costs stand committed to the House of Industry," and then writing on the indictment, and tossing it aside. As I modestly took my stand at the door, till I should gather courage to cross the room to one of the vacant seats which I saw among the policemen, one of those officers of the court approached me and said, "No room for you here to-day, my friend. Go up on the Common." In spite of my share of that purely American vanity which delights in official recognition, I could not be flattered at this, and it was with relief that I found he was addressing a fellow-habitué behind me. The court-room was in fact very full, and there were no seats on the benches ordinarily allotted to spectators; so I at once crossed to my place, and sat down among the policemen, to whom I authorized my intrusion by taking my note-book from my pocket. I have some hopes that the spectators thought me a detective in plain clothes, and revered me accordingly. There was such a person near me, with his club sticking out of his back-pocket, whom I am sure I revered.

I had not come to report the events of this session of the court, but to refresh the impressions of my first visit, and I was glad to find them so just. There was, of course, some little change; but the same magistrate was there, serene, patient, mercifully inclined of visage; the colored attorney was there, in charge, as before, of a disastrous Irish case. The officials who tried to keep order had put off their flannel coats for



coats of seersucker, and each carried a Japanese fan ; neither wore a collar, now, and I fancied them both a little more in flesh. I think they were even less successful than formerly in quelling disturbances, though they were even more courtly in the terms of their appeal. "Too much conversation in the court !" they called out to us collectively. "Conversation *must* cease," they added. Then one, walking up to a benchful of voluble witnesses, would say, "Must cease that conversation," and to my fellow-police-men, "Less conversation, gentlemen ;" then again to the room at large, "Stop all conversation in the court," and "All conversation must cease entirely."

The Irish case, which presently came on, was a question of assault and battery between Mrs. O'Hara and Mrs. MacMannis ; it had finally to be dismissed, after much testimony to the guilt and peaceable character of both parties. A dozen or more witnesses were called, principally young girls, who had come in their best, and with whom one could fancy this an occasion of present satisfying excitement and future celebrity. The witnesses were generally more interesting than the parties to the suits, I thought, and I could not get tired of my fellow-spectators, I suppose, if I went a great many times. I liked to consider the hungry gravity of their countenances, as they listened to the facts elicited, and to speculate as to the ultimate effect upon their moral natures — or their immoral natures — of the gross and palpable shocks daily imparted to them by the details of vice and crime. I have tried to treat my material lightly and entertainingly, as a true reporter should, but I would not have my reader suppose that I did not feel the essential cruelty of an exhibition that tore its poor rags from all that squalid shame, and its mask from all that lying, cowering guilt, or did not suspect how it must harden and deprave those whom it daily entertained. As I dwelt upon the dull

visages of the spectators, certain spectacles vaguely related themselves to what I saw : the women who sat and knitted at the sessions of the Revolutionary tribunals of Paris, and overwhelmed with their clamor the judges' feeble impulses to mercy ; the roaring populace at the Spanish bull-fight and the Roman arena. Here the same elements were held in absolute silence, — debarred even from "conversation," — but it was impossible not to feel that here in degree were the conditions that trained men to demand blood, to rave for the guillotine, to turn down the thumb. This procession of misdeeds, passing under their eyes day after day, must leave a miasm of moral death behind it, which no prison or work-house can hereafter cure. We all know that the genius of our law is publicity ; but it may be questioned whether criminal trials may not be as profitably kept private as hangings, the popular attendance on which was once supposed to be a bulwark of religion and morality.

Not that there was any avoidable brutality, or even indecorum, in the conduct of the trials that I saw. A spade was necessarily called a spade ; but it seemed to me that with all the waste of time and foreign alloy the old Puritan seriousness was making itself felt even here, and subduing the tone of the procedure to a grave decency consonant with the inquiries of justice. For it was really justice that was administered, so far as I could see ; and justice that was by no means blind, but very open-eyed and keen-sighted. The causes were decided by one man, from evidence usually extracted out of writhing reluctance or abysmal stupidity, and the judgment must be formed and the sentence given where the magistrate sat, amid the confusion of the crowded room. Yet, except in the case of my poor thief, I did not see him hesitate ; and I did not doubt his wisdom — I am far from pronouncing his sentence unjust — even in



that case. His decisions seemed to me the result of most patient and wonderfully rapid cogitation, and in dealing with the witnesses he never lost his temper amid densities of dullness which it is quite impossible to do more than indicate. If it were necessary, for example, to establish the fact that a handkerchief was white, it was not to be done without some such colloquy as this:—

"Was it a white handkerchief?"

"Sor?"

"Was the handkerchief white?"

"Was it white, sor?"

"Yes, was it white?"

"Was what white, sor?"

"The handkerchief, — was the handkerchief white?"

"What handkerchief, sor?"

"The handkerchief you just mentioned, — the handkerchief that the defendant dropped."

"I did n't see it, sor."

"Did n't see the handkerchief?"

"Did n't see him drop it, sor."

"Well, did you see the handkerchief?"

"The handkerchief, sor? Oh, yes, sor! I saw it, — I saw the *handkerchief*."

"Well, was it *white*?"

"It was, sor."

A boy who complained of another for assaulting him said that he knocked him down.

"How did he knock you down?" asked the judge. "Did he knock you down with his fist or his open hand?"

"Yes, sor."

"Which did he do it with?"

"Put his arms round me and knocked me down."

"Then he did n't *knock* you down. He *threw* you down."

"Yes, sor. He did n't *t'row* me down. Put his arms round me and knocked me down."

It would be impossible to caricature these things, or to exaggerate the charitable long-suffering that dealt with such cases. Sometimes, as if in mere

despair, the judge called the parties to him, and questioned them privately; after which the case seemed to be settled, without further trial.

I have spoken of the theatrical illusion which the proceedings of the court produced; but it often seemed to me also like a school where bad boys and girls were brought up for punishment. They were, indeed, like children, those poor offenders, and had a sort of innocent simplicity in their wickedness, as good people have in their goodness. One case came up on the occasion of my last visit, which I should like to report verbatim in illustration, but it was of too lurid a sort to be treated by native realism; we can only bear that sort when imported; and undoubtedly there is something still to be said in behalf of decency, at least in the English language. I can only hint that this case was one which in some form or other has been coming up in the police courts ever since police courts began. It must have been familiar to those of Thebes three thousand years ago, and will be so in those of cities which shall look back on Boston in an antiquity as hoary. A hard-working old fool with a month's pay in his pocket and the lost soul with whom he carouses; the theft; the quarrel between the lost soul and the yet more fallen spirit who harbored her and traded at second hand in her perdition, as to who stole the fool's money, — what stale materials! Yet I was as much interested as if this were the first case of the kind, and, confronted with the fool and the lost soul and the yet more fallen spirit, I could not feel that they were — let me say it in all seriousness and reverence — so very bad. Perhaps it was because they stood there reduced to the very nakedness of their shame, and confessedly guilty in what human nature struggles to the last to deny — stood there, as a premise, far past the hope of lying — that they seemed rather subjects for pity than abhorrence. The fool



and the lost soul were light and trivial; they even laughed at some of the grosser facts; but that yet more fallen spirit was ghastly tragical, as bit by bit the confession of her business was torn from her; it was torture that seemed hideously out of proportion to any end to be attained; yet as things are it had to be. If then and there some sort of redemption might have begun!

The divine life which is in these poor creatures, as in the best and purest, seemed to be struggling back to some relation and likeness to our average sinful humanity, insisting that if socially and publicly we denied it we should not hold it wholly outcast in our secret hearts, nor refuse it our sympathy. Seeing that on their hopelessly sunken level their common humanity kept that symmetry and proportion which physical deformity shows, one could not doubt that a distorted kindness and good-nature remained to them in the midst of their depravity: the man was like a gray-headed foolish boy; the two women as simple and cunning as too naughty children. It could be imagined that they had their friendly moments; that in extremity they might care for each other; that even such a life as theirs had its reliefs from perdition, as in disease there is relief from pain, and no suffering, out of romance, is incessant. They had certainly their decorums, their criterions. On their plane, everything but the theft and the noisy quarrel was of custom and for granted; but these were misdemeanors and disgraceful. Like another hostess of the sort, the fallen spirit was aggrieved at these. "Do you think I keep thieves in my house? . . . The tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before. . . . I'll no swaggerers. . . . There comes no swaggering here. . . . I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering." This is the sum of what she said that she had said in rebuke of the lost soul; that thieving and

that swaggering, they incensed her, and roused in her all the instincts of a moral and respectable person. Humanity adjusts itself to all conditions, and doubtless God forsakes it in none, but still shapes it to some semblance of health in its sickness, of order in its disorder, of righteousness in its sin.

I dare say that it was not a wholesome feeling, this leniency that acquaintance with sinners produces. There is much to be urged on that side, and I would like to urge it in considering the effect of daily attendance upon the police court of these spectators whom I have tried to study for the reader's advantage. I must own that the trial at which I have hinted did not affect them seriously, and I doubt if they psychologized upon it. They craned their necks forward and gloated on those women with an unmistakably obscene delight. If they were not beyond being the worse for anything, they were the worse for that trial. Why were they present? Theoretically, perhaps to see that justice was done. But if justice had not been done, how could they have helped it? The public shame seemed purely depraving both to those who suffered it and to those who saw it; and it ought to have been no part of the punishment inflicted. It was horrible, and it sometimes befell those who were accused of nothing, but were merely there to be tortured as witnesses. The lawyer who forced that wretched hostess to confess the character of her house used no unfair means, and he dealt with her as sparingly as he might; yet it was still a shocking spectacle; for she was, curiously enough, not lost to shame, but most alive to it, and, standing there before that brutal crowd, gave up her name to infamy, with atrocious pain and hate; her face was such a visage as hell-fire might flash into sight among the newly damned, but such as our familiar and respectable sunlight would do well not to reveal to any eyes but



magistrates' and priests'. Till one has seen such a thing it is incredible that it should be, and then incredible that it should possibly be of daily occurrence. It was as if the physicians in charge of a public hospital should permit that rabble to be present at a clinique for some loathsome disease, to see that there was no malpractice. If the whole trial could have taken place with closed doors, and with none present but the parties, the lawyers, and the court, what possible harm could have been done? I think none whatever, and I am so sure of this that I would not only have all the police trials secret, but I would never have another police report in print — after this! Then the decency of mystery, and perhaps something of its awe, would surround the vulgar shame and terror of the police court, and a system which does no good would at least do less harm than at present.

It will be perceived that like all reformers I am going too far. I begin with demanding secrecy in police trials, and I end by suggesting that they be abolished altogether. But in fact nothing struck me more forcibly in the proceedings of the police court than their apparent futility. It was all a mere suppression of symptoms in the vicious classes, not a cure. This one or that one would not steal, or assault and batter, for the given term of his imprisonment, but this was ludicrously far from touching even the tendency to theft and violence. These bad boys and girls came up and had their thrashing or their rap over the knuckles, and were practically bidden by the conditions of our civilization to go and sin some more. What else is to be done I confess that I do not know. Perhaps there is no cure

for vice and crime. Perhaps there is nothing but prevention, in the application of which there is always difficulty, obscurity, and uncertainty.

The other day, as I passed the court-house, that sad vehicle which is called the Black Maria was driving away from the high portal into which it backs to receive its dead. (The word came inevitably; it is not so far wrong, and it may stand.) The Black Maria may still be Maria (the reasons why it should ever have been I do not know), but it is black no longer. On the contrary, it is painted a not uncheerful salmon color, with its false sash picked out in drab; and at first glance, among the rattling express wagons, it looked not unlike an omnibus of the living, and could have passed through the street without making the casual observer realize what a dreary hearse it was. I dare say it was on its way to the House of Industry, or the House of Correction, or Deer Island, or some of those places where people are put to go from bad to worse; and it was fulfilling its function with a merciful privacy, for its load of convicts might have been dragged through the streets on open hurdles, for the further edification of the populace. But I could not help thinking — or perhaps the thought only occurs to me now — that for all reasonable hope as to the future of its inmates the Black Maria might as well have been fitted with one of those ingenious pieces of mechanism by which some of our adoptive citizens propose to disable English commerce, and driven out to some wide, open space where the explosion could do no harm to the vicinity, and so when the horses and driver had removed to a safe distance —

But this is perhaps pessimism.

*W. D. Howells.*



## AN ECHO OF PASSION.

## I.

IN the midst of the stilly afternoon, Benjamin Fenn, lying on the grassy side of a hill at Tanford, looking over a low stone wall through the gap between a clump of light-leaved ash-trees and an oak which had gathered in its arms the shade of two centuries, gazed at a distant, mist-like sheet of water clasped in the wooded hollow far below. Its mild, humid sparkle was like a memory hidden away from the contact of every-day life, — a place in the past, where once he might have bathed his heart in a pleasant coolness, but which the dense growth of years had since concealed.

"It is strange," he said to his wife, "how that little Swallow Pond makes me think of the past; and yet I never saw it before."

In fact, they had but just come to Tanford, to spend the first vacation which the young chemist, employed by a large manufacturing house, had allowed himself since his marriage, five years before.

"I know what you mean," said she, looking up from her novel. She was nestled prettily on a traveling rug nearer the wall, with one of the lowest oak boughs darting out above and stretching its sharp-outlined leaves like a little roof above her pale golden head, — a sort of votive image, placed there for her husband to worship. "I have those sensations myself, sometimes, and I don't know what to make of them. How do you explain it, Ben? Is n't there something chemical, or physi— physiological about it, or something of that kind?"

A little bird in the neighboring birch-wood gave a loud, bright, astonished whistle at this question, and Mrs. Ethel's husband laughed under his soft reddish beard.

"There's more or less chemistry in everything," he answered, "and there's a little of nearly everything in chemistry. But I'm afraid it does n't account for this."

In his secret mind, his mood was by no means a laughing one. Had his wife, he asked himself, ever really experienced the sensation he had just felt? Hardly possible. Had she the least idea what he was thinking about? Equally impossible. Finally, would he be willing to tell her? To this question he conveniently deferred making any answer. He relapsed, instead, into the delicious dreaming quietude of a few minutes before, — gazing off again at the glimmer of Swallow Pond, with the rough blue mountains beyond; at the clouds which were lazily pulling themselves to pieces in the clear, airy blue above; at the sweet, fresh quiet of the solitary region that surrounded him. Now and then the definite but muffled sound of a woodsman's axe sent its regular "chock! — chock!" from some remote angle of the upland, ceasing again when the wielder rested his arm; and several times the rude tinkle of a cow-bell resounded along the shaven curve of the hill, from a pasture nearer the village. One of the cattle lowed.

"Do you notice, Ethel," Fenn suddenly asked, "that a slight echo — or perhaps it is a resonance — of that cow's lowing reaches us with the sound, and almost before the direct sound-waves?"

She did not respond at once; and when she did so it was with a slightly injured tone. "No, I have n't," she said.

"I'm not trying to humbug you," her husband assured her. "It's a very curious fact, which I never happened to observe before. In fact, I would n't have believed it, if I had n't just heard it."



"I suppose you mean I ought to have observed it," said the little saint under the oak-tree, not very sweetly.

"Not at all," said Fenn, quickly. "I thought it would interest you."

"Well, then," proceeded Ethel, with a light, saucy laugh, "tell the cow to tinkle or make some kind of noise again, and I'll listen."

"Please be serious," he begged, assuming a methodical expression. "This is a thing I can partly explain, if I could n't the other. We must be very near the spot where the rebound which makes the echo takes place; so we hear some reflected wave of sound just before the original pulse can travel way around the curve of the hill. Am I clear? It's very singular, though, very queer," he resumed, in surprise at his discovery. "There! Did n't you hear it, just then?"

The cow had lowed a second time.

"I think I did," said his wife. Then she burst into a hearty laugh. "What would that cow think, if she knew her own importance!" she exclaimed. "Do go and thank her, Ben, for her services to science. But no, that will make her too proud; she'll refuse to give any milk, and will abandon her domestic life, I'm afraid."

Fenn could n't help laughing, too, but his wife's devility irritated him. "How changeable you are!" he remarked, allowing a mild gloom to replace his smile.

"So are you," said Mrs. Ethel, who also had her reasons for annoyance. "You are always wanting me to be serious, to observe and all that; and then when I try to — as I did just now about that memory of the past, whatever it was — you won't encourage me."

"If that's the trouble, I'm very sorry, indeed," the husband declared, with a small sigh, but in almost too business-like a way, as if he were accustomed to these disagreements.

Mrs. Fenn, however, was not to be

pacified so easily. "I don't know that I mind that so much," she continued, "but I'm all out of sorts from reading, or trying to read, this wretched book. I can't imagine why you gave it to me. You'll never get over thinking I'm something to be experimented upon."

Fenn glanced carelessly at the volume in her hand. It was a translation of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. "Women nowadays," he said, dryly, "especially the wife of a practical student, a man of serious mind like myself, ought not to shrink from investigation in any direction. I've expressed the same thing to you a thousand times before."

"Yes, a thousand times too often," retorted Ethel, looking prettier than ever in the flush of anger that lit her soft young features. "I think the book is atrocious, — unfit to read. It is wicked, and you ought not to have put it into my hands."

"My dear girl, you will never know the world, — you will never be ready to enter general society when I get rich enough for that, — if you don't take the trouble to read what I read, and what other people read, and to be versed in what the world talks of. This is only one of a thousand things, and not the most important, by any means. But you must cultivate a spirit of fearlessness, and make your knowledge wide."

"I don't want to know the world, if this is part of it," declared the young wife, with spirit. In a moment, she announced, with the air of heralding a fatal catastrophe, "I'm going back to the Institute."

The Institute was a large, nondescript wooden building with an immense colonnade, where they were boarding; so called because in winter it served the purpose of a country academy for young women. In summer it bloomed out as a prosperous hotel and seminary of social gossip, after a short season in the spring when it had no discoverable use of any kind.



"Don't let's go back yet," Fenn objected, patiently. "It is so beautiful here."

"You can stay," said Ethel, still more solemnly, "and I'll leave the book with you."

She had risen as she spoke, and threw the novel down on the rug. Her face, which was fine and agreeable, had something rustic about it, though serene and luminous in its simplicity. Her eyes were round, rather than oval, above the long, smooth, charmingly modeled cheeks; and her eyebrows were of that half-uncertain kind, distinct enough, but altering in the degree of darkness at different points, — almost as if they were shadows thrown by a transient light, — and passing off into downiness at the ends, which give such a delicate softness to the brow. As she stood there, with the light hair straying loosely down her neck near her well-turned shoulders, the graceful bow-curve of her lips somewhat constrained by pique, any one examining her critically would have said she was a lovely young woman, more sentimental than accomplished, wanting the polish of a person often in society, but full of character.

Fenn, however, did not examine her critically. He was defending his dignity with an air of coldness; and as the Institute was not far off he assented to her proposition with an austere "Very well. I shall come before long," he added.

Then his wife turned and moved silently up the hill, through the birches.

When two people have been married five years, and do not yet understand one another, they must usually either be very happy at the prospect of a continual novelty in their intercourse, or else very miserable. Fenn, though devoted, had decided to be miserable.

He went on looking down into the landscape before him, after being left alone; but it no longer gave him the pleasure he had just been drawing from it. The fatigue of his life in the city

seemed to be returning and resuming its hold on him. He had married a penniless girl when himself almost without resources, and had toiled incessantly and ardently, not only for a support, but also to attain as soon as might be to a comparative independence, — for Fenn was ambitious; he longed for a time when he might cut more of a figure in the world, keep a large house, bring brilliant crowds about his wife and himself, enter upon chemical researches which would give him a reputation or professional standing. Though he described himself as a practical man and a person of serious mind, these visions floated continually before him. He had abstracted hundreds of hours from nights, after his commercial analyses and compoundings were over, to carry on experiments of his own, partly for the sake of knowledge, partly for fame, and partly with the aim of devising useful preparations which would make him rich. But, all this time, Ethel and he had not been entirely happy. They theorized about each other, and ended by having very untheoretical and downright quarrels. His devotion to his profession did not altogether please her. No child was born, who might have occupied and aided in developing her, and there was little in his life to soothe the overworked, restless man who had undertaken so much. Finally, he had broken away from his labors, and brought Ethel to Tanford, among the hills, thinking that they might recover strength and spirits there and make a fresh start. But as he lay here alone under the oak, he began to think the attempt would be a failure. Everything had gone delightfully for two or three days, but now there was a tiff again; it was always so; it seemed to him that he should not care any longer for the drowsy rustling of the leaves, the picturesque heights, the billowy farm lands stretching up and down over the broken country, the thick woods and deep, romantic hollows of



the place. Even as he looked again at Swallow Pond, in the bottom of the valley, the waters of memory there seemed to be troubled, now, instead of hazily calm and soothing.

What was this that emerged from his past, and haunted him so?

Three years before his marriage, when roaming over the country as an ardent young naturalist, — geologizing, botanizing, entomologizing, by way of diversion from his specialty, — he had taken it into his head to go and see a young lady, Miss Evans, whom he had once met in Cambridge, but who lived in the pretty region of Little Falls, in New York. She was a girl of great beauty, and sang (as people said) divinely. This voice of hers, which he had heard, returned to him at times, — a clear, vibrating strain, which startled him by singing in his ears as if it were actually present, even in the quietest, most deserted places, or amid the noise of streets. He seldom thought of her beauty, or incidentally, if at all. It was the sweetness of her tones that enthralled him. And when I say enthralled, I don't mean that there was any touch of love in the spell which she threw over him. He could have listened to her voice for hours, and followed it for unlimited distances; but that was all he cared for in her. Yet the recollection of its melody had such power over him that he gradually came to rate it among the necessities of his future that he should hear her sing again. This made it easy to yield to the fancy of going to Little Falls. As he thought it over, now, the whole thing brought a smile to his lips; yet it was a half-uneasy smile. Well, she had married, since, and was widowed. It was a Virginian whom she had chosen, with one of those mellow Southern names. Eulow, — that was the name. Fenn tried to think of her wonderful voice uttering these syllables, and found that his imagination reproduced the tone vividly.

On arriving at her father's house, a stately old country home, like many in that rich tract of the Mohawk Valley, the young man, who had n't much tact, and was led by habits of precise thought to be very explicit always, conceived an astounding plan of action.

"I dare say you never expected to see me here," he began, when Miss Evans was seated before him. "I have come to hear you sing."

"All the way from Boston?" she queried, with a laughing doubt in her dark eyes. And he fancied that her rich color grew more vivacious.

He rapidly explained the situation, with what might have been a misleading ardor. It was only his natural eagerness, a little heightened.

At this moment her father entered: an elderly, nervous gentleman, with an old-fashioned collar much crumpled under his loose curling hair, and a pair of Lille gloves only half drawn on. An invitation to Fenn to spend several days with them immediately followed.

"You can sing more than once for him, in that way, Anice," said her father.

"Perhaps once will be enough," she answered. "I dare say Mr. Fenn has been adding qualities to my voice, in his fancy, that it never had."

"I can soon tell whether that's so, or not," said he, with unconscious bluntness.

Anice sang two or three songs, and the young man sat with his reddish beard pointing sidewise and upward, his strong hands pressed upon his chair, the nails all alive with the pink of his vigorous blood, and a light of keen rapture on his handsome, sturdy face.

"It has not lost a bit; it has gained in power," he affirmed, decisively, at the end.

Anice was, very naturally, pleased, which she endeavored to conceal by poking fun at the young enthusiast, in various ways; while Mr. Evans, seeing



nothing dangerous in the posture of affairs, thought Fenn an excellent youth. The scientific student, however, had considered everything beforehand, and, as I have said, determined to be explicit. The next morning Miss Evans took him out for a walk about the farm, and he seized this opportunity, while they were skirting the dewy fields, to explain himself.

"It has occurred to me," he said, rather gently, "that you might not exactly understand my coming here, this way. You might think there was something underneath it. But my motive was just what I told you yesterday. I almost worship your voice, but I'm not a fellow with much sentiment, and I have n't any idea of making love to you. I know it is n't usual to speak plainly about these things," he continued rapidly, seeing a mixed, semi-quizzical look in her face, "but I want to enjoy your singing and your friendship in a fair, straightforward way, and it seemed to me a great deal better to avoid any embarrassments" —

Just here he found that he had precipitated the embarrassment he wished to avoid, and it tied his tongue. But Anice came to his relief with a laugh.

"Did you think that idea would ever have entered my head, about you?" she demanded, giving a fine edge to the last word that cut him a trifle, in spite of her gay good-feeling. "No, Mr. Fenn, there won't be any embarrassment at all. We shall be good friends, just as you propose; and as I'm very fond of singing I shall give you as much music as you like, while you stay."

Fenn indulged the absurd belief that everything had now been nicely arranged; but when he went to bed that night he discovered that he was in a mood of serious discomfort. The voice which had always hitherto been a pleasure of the ear and the intellect had that day stirred his blood, had thrilled his heart. All his senses were suddenly

open to Miss Evans's darkly moving beauty, and he could even fancy how he might be in love with her. The very act of definitely putting her out of the range of sentiment had excited this unexpected impulse to think of her in the nearer way, or at least had made him long for the liberty so to think of her.

"What an ass I have been!" he muttered, as he lay awake in the darkness, gazing at the square of stars framed by his window, with this new current of warm delight in her loveliness stirring in his veins. "I have put myself under a sort of bond, now, not to make any approach to admiring her in this way, and my visit is spoiled."

Possibly Anice suspected this revulsion on his part. At all events, she employed — whether voluntarily or not — all the power of her personal presence over him, during the succeeding days. In the open hospitality and free relation that brought them together there was opportunity enough for him to see her in various phases, and the charm of her dark hair, her glowing eyes, and vigorous grace of action grew upon him swiftly, as he watched her at the piano, in their walks, or on their drives with the retired lawyer, her father. One afternoon there was a picnic near the river, with some neighbors, at which Fenn was chagrined by observing the attention paid her by a young railroad officer from Albany. The last day that he remained with them was a Sunday; and as he sat with Mr. Evans and Anice in their pew in the ugly church, with the warm breathing of the breeze in the horse-chestnut trees heard through the open windows, he fancied that he must do something, say something, before going away, which should annul the effect of his horrible blunder. He was not sure that he might not even make a move to put himself in the light of a captive heart. At least he might open a correspondence with her.

But the young mistress of song gave



him no chance, not the least opening, for a new explanation. She had taken him at his word, and treated him with a frankness and seeming directness that were more fatally in his way than the most ingenious reserve and coyness could have been; and she made it impossible for him to depart otherwise than as an eccentric friend, or a cousin from whom nothing in the way of tender regard could possibly be looked for.

"I have got precisely what I bargained for," he said to himself, as the train bore him away; "and yet I feel that I've been cheated."

For a time he wondered whether an approach by letter would be successful, and whether, after all, that was not what Miss Evans suspected him of intending. What kept him thinking about her was this inability to fathom her mode of taking him. He was almost ready to stake his future for the sake of finding out whether there was a laugh at the bottom of her heart, when she thought of him, or something more flattering. Even at this moment of recalling the affair, "There was always mystery in Anice," he said to himself. "Every woman is something of a mystery; but she had a special mystery within that of her sex. How odd it would have been, if I had followed out that romance!" But he had not done so. A year later he met Ethel, and then he married her. Anice and her voice became a dream, a vagary which had lost its hold upon him. Yet did he not sometimes remember with a strange thrill how, two nights before he saw her last, she had sung *Adelaïde*, with the moonlight breaking through the vine along the veranda, and pouring in to mingle with those insidiously passionate and touching strains?

As he was reminding himself of this, Fenn started up from the grass and listened, with a singular expression, almost of fright. He could have sworn that the ghostly voice of eight years ago was floating through the air. First, a faint,

momentary hum, then the full voice, freighted with mystic pathos, came around the heavy mass of the hill, from some spot not a quarter of a mile away.

Yes; it was true! The peculiar echo he had noticed had come to him first, like a sound made faint by the years; and then the voice rang out softly. It was *Adelaïde*. The same tones were embodying the song. Fenn was sure he could not be mistaken in their identity; and that Anice Evans — Anice Eulow — had by some chance drifted to Tanford, and was at that instant so near him that he could hear her singing. The voice and the blended echo went on, like the past and present mingling in his thoughts. Trembling, he could not tell why, Fenn threw himself upon the ground once more, and waited in a kind of trance until the breaking melody ceased.

## II.

For a moment or two he listened, to see if it would recommence. There was no further sound. He rose; he tried to persuade himself that the whole thing had been an hallucination. But this, again, made him shake his head; and, gathering up mechanically the rug and the book which had been left by his wife, he climbed over the wall, and set off across the field, in the direction of the songstress's voice, as if obeying it. The sun was getting low, and birds began to dart about above his head; the cows went on tinkling their bells in a discontented, drowsy manner. Fenn scarcely knew which way his steps were taking him, except that he was moving around the hill. Presently he came to a farm-house, which appeared to be driven into the steep slope like the head or bill of some creature clinging there, with a huge barn spread out disdainfully, tail-wise, towards the landscape. The house had vines and bushes about it, giving it a fresh and pleasant air;



but there was nothing to indicate that this was the place from which the song had come. The chemist paused, nevertheless, and while he was observing the lifeless buildings a figure suddenly emerged from the barn, — a man carrying a hoe. Fenn saw that he grasped it in a hand only partly thrust into a silk glove; then the crumpled stock and tumbled hair at the man's neck began to look familiar. It was Mr. Evans.

The young man did not hasten up to intercept him. On the contrary, he allowed the lawyer to disappear around the corner of the barn, on some errand of amateur agriculture. Fenn then moved forward with an assured step towards the japonica clump that rose stiffly by the side door of the dwelling. Behind the hedge of branch and leaf that guarded the wide porch there, he felt sure he should find Anice Eulow; and in another moment he stood face to face with her.

"Did n't I hear you singing?" he asked, taking off his hat, and bending forward to look at her, with an odd appearance of having just discovered a new creature whose attributes he did n't wholly understand.

She rose in astonishment from the hammock where she sat languidly half reclining. "Is it possible? Is it you, Mr. Fenn?" In an instant her manner had melted into easy friendliness, like that of the days at Little Falls, as she went on: "You are as abrupt as ever, I see. It was eight — oh, it was *very* long ago you heard me singing. You speak as if a few weeks had passed."

She offered him her hand, at the same time, and he took it; noticing as he did so that her beauty had deepened and expanded wonderfully since he had seen her last, — a beauty which, being concentrated upon no one object, seemed to exhale itself in a wasted richness about her, like the perfume of violets, as she stirred, and spoke, and looked at him.

"No, I'm sure it was a few moments ago," he said, earnestly. "I was half-way round the hill. I was sitting there — Yes, a few moments, and yet it is the same song of years ago."

"Adelaide?" she asked, with a soft, melancholy questioning of the brows. And as she said it one would have thought her very eyes might sing.

Fenn made a silent affirmation.

"Ah, yes," she returned, "I had just come from the piano a moment, when you appeared there. Really, you were almost too like a ghost, Mr. Fenn. And so you remembered? How curious! — you remembered that that was the song."

He was surprised that she should suspect him of being able to forget it. Reflecting, in a moment, that she had herself named the melody, he asked, with the old bluntness, which seemed to have returned to plague him, "Remembered? Of course. And you did, did n't you?"

She avoided his glance, and, while apparently hearing him and preparing to answer, glided into reverie, from which she again started. "How absurd this is, to be talking of old songs, when we meet here as friends that might almost have forgotten each other! You have n't allowed me a single question about yourself, yet; and then — why, one would think you would ask a few about *me*." She said this with such a light, friendly, innocent coquettishness that the young man drew in a new breath of surprise and pleasure, and smiled. She had resumed her graceful pose in the hammock.

"I never thought of that," he said. "I don't seem to have any questions. I know you were married, and that your name is Mrs. Eulow, but I always think of you as Anice Evans. You know that's natural enough; but you must n't imagine I was dull and unsympathetic about what was happening to you. I had been hoping I should meet your



husband, some time; and then, when I heard he was dead" —

He hesitated, as if fearing that he had touched a mournful chord too harshly.

"Yes, it was very sudden and strange. How little we thought or knew of our lives, you and I, when you came up to the Mohawk to see me!" murmured Mrs. Eulow.

"What has impressed me most," he replied, "was the degree of feeling one person could have for another, in such a sorrow, without being able to express it. I could n't write to you. I hardly thought I knew you well enough, or that you remembered me enough, to make it acceptable."

His sincerity of manner roused a fresh interest in Mrs. Eulow. For men and women who have been apart since the dawn of maturity to meet thus, after entering separate careers and suffering alteration, is like what we can fancy an encounter would be, in some other world, of two persons who had known each other in this. They are the same, yet obscurely different. The definiteness of their former relation is gone; an uncertainty takes its place, which may result in attraction, repulsion, or indifference. But in the first moments there is always a pleasant excitement. Fenn and Mrs. Eulow were both occupied with this, and little spaces of silence broke their conversation, during which a singular, vague communion of thoughts would establish itself.

"And you had found we were here, — father and I?" she resumed, as if continuing this mute interchange.

"Not until I heard you sing. I caught sight of your father as I came towards the house. I have n't the least idea what brought you here; yet, after the first instant of surprise, it seemed perfectly natural. The fact is," — Fenn bent his head and brushed his fingers together, with a nervous laugh, but went on boldly, as if there could be nothing compromising in the announce-

ment, — "I happened to be thinking about you, just before your voice reached me."

Mrs. Eulow's eyes flashed, softly, in the gathering dimness of the porch. Or was it a wandering spark of the sunset, which at this moment began to fill the liquid air?

"And now please to account for yourself," the widow demanded gayly. "'What have been your adventures?'" as they used to say, in the old romances. Why should you have come to Tanford, any more than I? Your wife is with you, of course." She glanced at the rug and the book, silent witnesses of Ethel's existence.

Fenn, too, looked at these objects, with a foolish fear that they might reveal the cause of his wife's not being present. "Oh, yes," he said. "We are staying in Tanford, — up at the Institute, if you've heard of that. We shall be here a number of weeks."

"I shall be so glad to see her," Anice assured him. "And your children. Oh — have you children?"

Fenn felt a burning sensation in his eyes. The suddenness of this had brought a bitter moisture to them, which he was wholly unused to. "No," he answered, in a strong, deep voice; "Ethel and I have only each other."

"Ah, think how much more that is than I have!" exclaimed Mrs. Eulow, with a swift tenderness of sympathy, a genuineness of tact, which went to his heart. "I hope Mrs. Fenn and I shall have some nice talks and drives together. Papa and I hired this whole house for the summer, from a good farmer who has mortgaged his very bones, I believe; and he goes on with the farm, but lives in another house, so we are very comfortable. But you have more people to see at your Institute."

"Yes. We don't know many of them, though, and summer boarders don't always show to advantage."

"Just the thing! I was hoping it



would beso!" cried Mrs. Eulow. "Now you and Mrs. Fenn will come down often. And I have a good saddle horse."

"I don't think Ethel rides," said Fenn, awkwardly.

"But she reads. You won't think me too curious, will you, if I ask what that book is?" she went on, pointing to the gray muslin-covered volume, which he had laid on a chair. "I'm always so interested in what people are reading."

He took it up and handed it to her, rather reluctantly. "I must say, Ethel does n't like it."

Mrs. Eulow read the title. "Nor I. Do you?" Her tone was quite simple and direct.

"Oh, it's worth while reading. It's curious," said Fenn.

"Yes; but that's all. I don't detest Goethe, as so many people do," she explained. "But then this story is so cold and mechanical. It chills you, like a talking automaton. His mind must have been a strange one, I think, — a sort of stoniness in it. The idea of a poet making a cold theory of these things, — a chemical law of human passions! You can't put down mysteries in terms of arithmetic."

"I think you're right, no doubt," said Fenn. "Love and science don't always go well together." And he fell to thinking whether this remark had not a special bearing on his life.

"So you see, Mrs. Fenn and I shall agree, exactly."

"You remind me that I must go," he said, making haste to get up from his chair. "The sunset is almost gone over Sheep's Back."

"But you must speak to papa. How queer that I did n't think of calling him! All this is such a surprise." She rose, returning him the book as she moved towards the steps, with a lingering movement of the arm that produced an effect as if she were dropping her hand gently into his, although she was

evidently unconscious of this. His own fingers closed upon the volume, but his eyes watched the hand, — white, firm, and beautiful, yet with a sadness, he chose to think, in all its motions and even its contour.

She called Mr. Evans, in her sweet voice, which retained all its vernal strength. "I don't believe he will hear me," she said, after waiting; and Fenn wondered if any one else could be so deaf.

"Shall we go and find him?" he suggested.

"Oh, yes; and then I will show you my horse, — just like old times," said Mrs. Eulow, taking up her noiseless, cool black skirt in one of those sad hands, and descending the steps.

Finding the barn open and deserted, they went in. The farther end gave upon the rugged, woody valley, which fell away almost cavernously in the gathering twilight, showing the pond far below, gleaming faintly like a pearl from the depths. Over Sheep's Back mountain the sunset was slowly dissolving into the mysterious green pallor of a lingering summer evening. Without a word, they traced their way to the wide doors, and looked out at the landscape. "Ah, how peaceful and fresh it is here!" she sighed at last.

They had quite forgotten Mr. Evans.

A horse was whinnying and pawing in one of the stalls, and this sound recalled her. "Poor Star!" she said. "He knows I'm here. Shall we go back and look at him? I can't conceive where father is; but you know how restless he was, — always half doing things, and trying to feel very busy. He's just the same now, and greatly agitated just at present about the badness of your New England farming."

So they went in and saw Star, a fine bay stallion, who put his nose down to be stroked by his mistress. She fed him with hay, through the crib; and then Fenn also patted him on the nose.



As he did so, his usually firm hand trembled. He drew it away quickly.

"Well, I must give up seeing Mr. Evans to-night," he said abruptly, almost with irritation. "Please remember me very warmly to him, Mrs. Eulow."

He was about to go by way of the house; but, remembering that the road wound around just below the barn, he turned in that direction again. "Good-night," he said, but was afraid to offer his treacherous hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Fenn. Father will be so glad to hear of your being here, I'm sure." She accompanied him to the door; but he leaped down at once to the bank below. Then he turned.

"You must come up to the Institute. Ethel will be greatly pleased."

"I shall come to-morrow," said Mrs. Eulow, in her gentlest tone, "if she will let me. Tell her how much I'm looking forward to it."

He waved another farewell, with his hat, and walked briskly up the road.

When he had got as far as the bend towards the village, an irresistible desire to look around seized him. Anice was no longer in the wide door-way. He was relieved, yet disappointed. "But why," he asked himself, "should I feel either way about it? She could n't possibly stand there gazing after me. What sense would there be in it?" Nevertheless, he sat down on the road-bank, a little farther on, and mused. He pretended to himself that he wanted to cut a walking-stick, and selected a straight wild cherry, which he attacked vigorously; and then, having severed it, he held it idly in his hand. If he had been able to pronounce upon the feeling with which he had looked up at Anice Eulow, when he left her, he would have known that it was not — as he believed — a wave of compassion for her loneliness and possible suffering that had beaten against his heart, but a sudden pity for himself because he could not

touch her, could not raise her hand to his lips or press them upon her forehead. To what end? So far was he from any thought of profanation that he did not at the moment even suspect the real scope of that dim longing which her deep and friendly eyes had wakened in him. . . . He gave up the attempt to unravel his confused reverie; lopped a few twigs from the cherry; threw it away, and took up the burden of the rug and the book. But before he reached the hotel he had come to this conclusion: "It is not in Anice that the mystery is which I was thinking of, just now. It must be in me. She is a sweet, natural, true-hearted woman; that's all. It's very simple."

"I was getting very anxious about you," said his wife, as he stepped within the big colonnade, which was adorned by a number of listless figures, in chairs or promenading, among them being two or three young men in straw hats seated with piratical recklessness on the railings at each end. "Have you been under the oak, all this time?"

"No; but it's hard saying what I have n't done. I've visited a house and a barn, taken a new walk, cut a cane, and met a friend whom I had n't seen for years."

"Do I know his name?" asked Ethel, as they went through the hall to the tea-room. The angry ripple of their small dispute had passed away completely.

"It's not my luck that she should be a man," said Fenn. "But you will have a delightful companion, now, Ethel. It's Mrs. Eulow. I don't think I've ever mentioned her to you, have I? Did you ever hear me speak of her singing?"

"No. At least I don't remember it. But I hope she'll sing for us here, if she's going to stay."

The tea-room, which had about it the desolateness of a recent battle-field, still contained one tardy occupant, — a col-



legian with bent shoulders, frouzy hair, and eye-glasses, whose lean awkwardness made him look like a harmful bug with prominent vitreous eyes, suddenly stiffened in alcohol so that he could n't unbend. His rigid presence restrained their conversation for a few moments, and gave Fenn time to reflect with satisfaction upon his wife's lenient mode of accepting his absence and of treating his friend the widow as a matter of course. Whatever else they had passed through, these companions had never yet been vexed by even the most evanescent fear that they were not bound up in one another; and the man, remembering this, was at once aware that a flaw in their trust at this particular moment would be inopportune and, in some indirect way not clear to him, exceedingly perilous. When the noxious student had at last carried himself stiffly out of the room, Fenn answered Ethel's questions about Anice with great vivacity and a steady conscience.

"It's very simple," Fenn had informed himself. But when, before retiring to rest, he went out alone upon the balustraded roof of the colonnade, and stood for a moment under the warm, thick stars, he suffered a renewed palpitation of those wayward ardors which had first thrilled him when looking at the starry field through his window in the old Evans home. What did this mean? He told himself that it was wrong; more than that, it was unreal, impossible. He was sure that he loved his wife as devoutly as ever. The wedded affection of five years could not waver and yield in an afternoon to the mere resuscitation of a chimera. And yet here were these old emotions pushing themselves upward and blossoming again like flowers in an early spring. This same fancy of the flowers brought him some relief; for at least, he argued, he was no more responsible for any reviving sentiment than he was for the blossoms of spring. Every season must

bring back its old associations, and at any moment there might float across his heart some wild fragrance of a forgotten passion, like that of the hidden arbutus. Acquitting himself thus with a simile, he went off to his room.

Sleep and the malicious frankness of dreams had something else in store for him. Far on towards dawn he found himself standing where the solid ground fell away into darkness and mist, in the lower spaces of which he discerned a pearl of fabulous size. It appeared to him that he plunged downward to secure it, and when he rose again to where he had been standing, Anice Eulow was beside him.

### III.

There can be few positions more comfortless and provoking for a man than to be present at the first meeting of two women in whom he is deeply interested, feeling that he must observe what impression they are making on each other. Fenn began to see this before the expected call took place. Yet why should he pay any heed to their mutual impressions? He was satisfied with his wife, was he not? And the fact of his having chosen her ought alone to command the respect of any other woman who professed a friendship for him. Then, again, if Ethel should n't happen to like Mrs. Eulow, why need that prevent his rejoicing as much as ever in his old friend? This kind of reasoning was all very well; but it did not allay his discomfort. Lay our plan of action never so nicely, determine our relations to people with what independence we will, industrious fancy will break in and demolish in a single hour the whole structure. Fancy is perpetually playing with things as they are, and arranging them as they ought to be; and by and by this play is found to be the most palpable and terribly effective earnest.



The first interview, however, passed off easily enough. Mr. Evans was greatly exhilarated at meeting again the stalwart enthusiast about his daughter's singing; the two women glided together without any visible shock, Mrs. Eulow's gloved hand clasping Ethel's bare and unsophisticated little fingers with soft cordiality.

"We came early," said the widow at length, breaking through the busy web of miscellaneous talk, "for two reasons: we thought we should be more likely to find you; and then father wants you both to come and take an early dinner with us, at the farm-house."

Ethel's round eyes brightened, and she and her husband settled the thing by a glance.

"You will come, then?" said Mrs. Eulow, with a smile that would have convinced the most hardened social skeptic.

"We will all walk down together, if you say so," put in her father.

"Can you get ready, Ethel?" Fenn asked, with a singular desire to appear indifferent.

His wife rose. "It's only putting on a bonnet and something," she said; and then she turned to Anice. "Would you like to see our beautiful apartment? Will you come up?" she suggested.

Fenn was afraid this was too familiar; but country boarding makes its own standard of manners, and besides Anice assented so promptly that the movement was spontaneous. As they went out, he saw that it was an excellent chance: it put him wholly at ease. It is generally a good sign for newly acquainted women to run off together, in this way. What can the mysterious initiation be, the informal freemasonry by which, with the aid of a looking-glass and a little millinery and a few aimless sentences, they establish an understanding, when closeted in a room by themselves? I should hardly dare to ask, and I don't believe they could explain; but if they come

down looking highly pleased with themselves, you may be sure the rite has succeeded. It was so in this instance. Neither Anice nor Ethel would be likely to deploy the least "gush;" the widow made no claim upon the wife on the score of old acquaintance with her husband, and Ethel did not offer the smallest pretense of having frequently heard of Mrs. Eulow, because in fact she never had heard of her until the day before, and contented herself with suppression of that truth. But as they came out from the room, and were about to descend the bleak, uncarpeted stairs, Mrs. Eulow put her arm for an instant around her companion's girlish figure, and Ethel gave her a quick affectionate glance before the pressure was withdrawn again; not a syllable being uttered on either side.

The little wife looked wonderfully pretty in her cream-tinted *cr plisse* with bands of black lace coming down over the front. She carried a brilliant Japanese sunshade, and walked in advance with Mr. Evans.

"You are very happy to have found such a wife," said Mrs. Eulow, whom Fenn was attending. "You must allow me to say that much."

"I'm glad you agree with me," he answered, hardly knowing what to say. Nothing is more welcome to a man than a compliment upon his wife, and yet when it comes from another woman he is embarrassed by not being able to utter all that he feels. At this moment, notwithstanding those freaks of sentiment which had troubled him the day before, Benjamin Fenn worshiped Ethel, and would have felt a fierce indignation at any doubt cast upon his loyalty to her.

But as he moved along side by side with Anice, he was thinking continually about the husband whom he had never seen. He had tried to sound her father on the subject, in the few moments they had had alone; but he fancied the old gentleman did not want to talk about



Eulow. "What a pity that I never saw your husband!" he now said, abruptly.

A slight cloud crossed her face. "You may think it strange," she said, "but I'm not certain that you would have liked him. He was so different."

"From me, you mean? Or from you?"

"Both," was the reply, after a slight hesitation. Anice began to see her mistake in saying too much.

"I'm afraid I have done wrong to talk of it," said he. "The thought crossed me, and I'm forever thinking aloud. But as to difference, you and I are a good deal unlike, and yet we have been good friends, when we knew each other."

"When we *knew*? You speak as if it were all over." She half smiled, yet as she turned her eyes towards his, under the shade of her parasol, there was an intensity in them, unexpected to both.

"Oh, no," he assured her. "That was a careless phrase. I hope we are only beginning."

The tone was that of compliment, and he, too, smiled. But neither of them could forget that swift exchange of glances which revealed something under the words.

"Don't let us talk of those times," she said, with the first trace of confusion she had betrayed. "At least, not of what we have just spoken about. I like to remember your coming to Little Falls; but you must take me now just as I am. When one has suffered, and everything has changed, it is pleasant to meet an old acquaintance, and have it go on as if nothing had happened."

Again she seemed to have said too much, or to have said what might bear too much meaning. But it could n't be helped.

"Every one suffers," said Fenn, unguardedly. Then, after an instant, "And do I seem the same to you that I used to?"

"Almost exactly," returned the widow. The announcement seemed to give

her nearly as much pleasure as it gave him. Her color was rising, from the exercise perhaps, and her eyes beamed.

Fenn glanced from her to his wife, and unconsciously compared them. Ethel was like some gay tropical bird, in her light dress and bright colors. With Anice, the black walking garb touched here and there with dark violet, though wrought with not a little elegance, was a mere accompaniment to her superb figure and the face so gentle but commanding. They were silent for some time, until Fenn, in his rapid, investigating way, declared, "I smell English violets. Don't I?"

"Do you want me to deny it?" asked Anice, laughing, and quite at ease again.

He answered seriously and in surprise: "No. Why?"

"I thought you were determined to have an argument, you began so vigorously," said she, still with humor. "Besides, it's a maxim, is n't it, for men of science to deny until a thing is proved? — and I might supply the denial, at any rate."

"But really," he resumed, "I felt sure of it. Perhaps you use violet for a perfume."

"I don't think I'm bound to tell you that," she returned. "But I will, since you're so puzzled."

"Then that's the explanation. You do use it."

"No."

He appeared greatly mystified, and she made no secret of enjoying his bewilderment. "You have violet ribbon, at any rate," he presently discovered, with amusing satisfaction, after carefully surveying her.

"Yes; but it's not so life-like as to have a perfume."

"Well, I give it up, then," said Fenn, in assumed despair. "The color is an aniline dye; I know that. But even that does n't explain my perfume. I must have imagined it."

And they had now arrived at the



farm-house, where Mr. Evans and Ethel, who had been chatting all the way with much animation, were waiting for them. The dinner, taken in a room which looked out on Sheep's Back and the valley, was simple but remarkably good: it was evident from all the appointments that father and daughter had plenty of money, and they were so far lifted above the average American lot as to have good servants. Mr. Evans even opened a bottle of champagne, for which the circumstance of his having got it extraordinarily cheap served as an indirect apology.

"When Anice and I went abroad with Eulow for his health—it didn't avail after all, poor fellow!—we stopped one day at a little village in the Champagne country, and"—

His daughter here interrupted, by talking to Fenn, possibly not liking the odd conjunction of Eulow's death and a special importation of champagne, a case of which had been brought with them for summer use; so her father continued his narrative to Ethel. There was no interruption of harmony, however, and the conversation progressed very entertainingly. As they were finishing dessert, and the young man, lifting his glass, was sipping from it slowly and gazing across the bowl at the hazy hill outside, Mrs. Eulow made some allusion to the garden at Little Falls,—"close by where the bed of English violets was, you remember."

"That's it!" exclaimed Fenn, setting

down the glass so sharply as to risk its stem. "I had forgotten all about it. But when I met you, last evening, a kind of reminiscence must have come to me: I know I thought there was a violet perfume, then. Ah, yes, that explains it. It was association."

There was a light, mischievous sparkle in Mrs. Eulow's eyes, as if she had half suspected the cause of his hallucination about the violets, and had purposely brought out the explanation; but she smiled with him at the discovery. Ethel and Mr. Evans, noticing the excitement, were allowed a share in it; Anice giving the details with a charming grace.

"It's as remarkable in a mental way," said the chemist, positively, "as my echo is in acoustics!" And this gave rise to a fresh explanation, on his part.

During all this, Ethel had been looking at her husband a little pensively. He was always energetic, but it struck her that just then he was excited. It was strange to her, also, to find him gliding back into the past so easily,—a past of which she knew so little,—accompanied by this accomplished woman, of whom she likewise knew almost nothing. It was odd that Ben should have reminiscences, associations with her, so penetrating, of which she, his wife, was ignorant. But the surprise and slight dissatisfaction aroused by this were only momentary, and faded away in the general good-feeling and interest of the occasion.

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

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## THE GUERDON.

To the quick brow Fame grudges her best wreath,  
While the quick heart to enjoy it throbs beneath;  
On the dead forehead's sculptured marble shown,  
Lo, her choice crown,—its flowers are also stone.

*J. J. P.*



## A SUNDAY AT POROS.

I HAD received an invitation to spend a September Sunday at Poros, a little island in the Ægean Sea, lying to the southeast, and about five hours distant by steamer from the port of Piræus. It is one of a group made famous in the Greek revolution of 1821 by the bravery of its Albanian settlers, in defense of a country which they had never adopted for their own till this moment of danger came. Some two centuries ago, Albanian fugitives, who had fled from their northern home on account of the oppression of their Turkish rulers, alighted like wild sea-birds on the rocky cliffs of Hydra, Speza, and Poros. Here they built their nests high and secure, above the reach of invasion, feeling themselves safe as long as they could keep control of the surrounding waters. Joined from time to time by small companies of their countrymen, they gradually increased in numbers, and formed themselves into a more stable community, with laws and habits of its own. For a moderate sum and the additional contribution of one hundred and fifty sailors annually to the Ottoman fleet, they purchased from the Turks the right of self-government. Fearless mariners and shrewd traders, the men were constantly engaged in expeditions which were not without a wild corsair element. Piratical or not, these excursions were often remunerative, and led them not only through the length and breadth of the Mediterranean, but also to the Atlantic shores of Spain and France. Thence, in exchange for their supplies of Russian wheat, etc., they brought back gold; and from the Levant, diamonds and precious stuffs. The gold they concealed in deep wells built for the purpose within their houses, and they decked their fair wives and daughters in the silks and jewels. At the time of the revo-

lution, these Albanian settlements had developed into a colony of rich and imperious merchants, who lived in their island homes with a rude, barbaric luxury. They held themselves aloof from the Greeks of the main-land, and regarded them as strangers and almost as enemies, to be treated with suspicion and reserve. Although the revolution of 1821 was directed against their old oppressors, the Turks, these islanders were slow to break their habit of distrust and identify themselves with the cause of the Greeks. They were, indeed, too comfortable, and felt themselves too secure in their eyries, half palace, half fortress, to engage rashly in a struggle of such uncertain issue. When they understood, however, that it was to be a war of extermination, meaning death not only to the Greeks themselves, but also to every occupant of Greek soil, the instinct of self-preservation, as well as hatred of the Turk, urged them to take part in the national cause. Once embarked, they threw themselves into it with a wild enthusiasm and a dauntless daring, due partly to their nature, and partly to their training as freebooters of the sea. They brought to it moreover, the hoarded wealth of many years. Albanian captains, Albanian ships, and Albanian gold became the strength of the Greek and the dread of the Turk. The successful close of the revolution found them as firmly allied with the Greek nationality as they had previously been alien to it, and there are now no names more honored and beloved in Athens, no families more influential in its polite circles, than those of the Albanian leaders in the war of 1821, the Tombazis, the Miaulis, the Condouriotis.

My good fortune had brought me into friendly relation with a young lady who



was the direct descendant of one of these heroes. Often she had talked to me with enthusiasm of her home on the Ægean Sea, "my country," as she called it; applying the word in a narrower sense, even, than its reference to her native island, for these sea-girt settlers held not only their goods and their gold, but even their dead, locked within the narrow precincts of their own land. The path to my friend's door lay literally between the tombs of her ancestors, and this custom still holds good on some of these old estates.

It happened, then, that one fair September day, in compliance with her oft-repeated "You must see my country before you go back to your own home," I joined her on board one of the steamers which run between Nauplia and Piræus several times a week, stopping always at these islands on their way. Leaving Piræus at seven o'clock in the morning, we reached our destination, the island of Poros, at two o'clock. Greece is so often regarded as a link between half-barbarous Turkey and Western Europe, rather than as sharing European civilization, that to the general reader it may be a matter of surprise that two ladies could safely make a trip of this kind without the protection of a gentleman, or even the attendance of a servant. And yet my companion, about twenty-two years of age, had responsibilities and an independence of position rare for her sex and age even in America. Her mother was a widow, and their large estate, with its extensive lemon and olive plantations, was superintended exclusively by her daughter. This young girl directed the sales of fruit, and conducted the foreign business correspondence with Turkey, France, and England in the three languages. She chose her own overseer, and, though living in Athens, made visits almost every month to the estate, which was reached either by a rough horseback journey from Poros, or by

boat from Hydra, over a sea liable to be blown into fury by a hurricane at a moment's notice. By her friends she was called the Squire, and many older and more experienced persons came to her for advice on many topics. On her own domain she was treated as the guardian of the people. She was godmother to almost every child born on the place, and was expected to take an interest and feel a certain responsibility in the future career of the children thus commended to her care. With all this, she was studying foreign languages, going to balls, and taking her place in the world, like any other young lady of fashion. It is true she was an exception in her own country, but so she would be in any other. I was sorry that, being called back to Athens by circumstances sooner than we expected, I did not after all see my friend's property. Perhaps we owed in part to her position the consideration and courtesy with which we were treated, but I believe that any ladies might have made the same excursion unmolested.

The journey, short as it was, recalled centuries of interest. Gliding out between the two guardian light-houses of the port, we crossed the bay of Salamis, its beautiful views enriched by every association of history and art, to the island of Ægina. Our short pause there gave us a cursory glimpse of its ancient temple, sketched against the sky, and its modern town. Having landed some of our passengers here, we kept on our course once more for Poros.

This island lies very near the mainland, curving sharply toward it at either end, so that the coast and the island shore together form a protected harbor, almost closed at the west and south by its two portal-like entrances. Steamers usually come in at the one, and pass out at the other. From within, this inclosed sheet of water seems like a mountain lake, one shore of which (the island shore) is barren and rocky, while the



other is green with fragrant orange and lemon groves. The town of Poros stands midway between the two entrances of the harbor. The first impression, as it lay basking in the sun, on the day of our arrival, was that of a white, glittering mass of houses and church towers rising steeply, terrace above terrace, from the water's edge to the high, rocky peaks, which were picturesquely crowned with windmills. So precipitous is the ascent that the upper houses can be reached only by flights of stone steps, or by narrow, steep alleys winding irregularly between the buildings. The one street runs immediately along the shore, and is paved with large, rough stones. Here are the shops and the market.

A throng of idlers were lounging on the quay, and watching the arrival of the steamer, around which a number of small boats promptly assembled, to take off passengers and freight. Selecting one of the many loquacious, eager, loose-trousered, fez-capped boatmen who crowded about us, we were soon comfortably established on the gay rugs which covered the seats of his *caïque*. He directed our course to a large square house, standing a little out of the town, and having, as is common for all the better class of houses there, a pier of its own. At this pier we landed, and, crossing the intervening road, entered the grounds by a gate-way which opened on a covered stone stair-case, leading up the side of the house to a terrace at the back. Here was the door-way, where we were met by a bright-eyed, smiling maid-servant, who showed us across the hall into the drawing-room. To my surprise, this was furnished with great elegance, in old-fashioned style. The whole arrangement was far more luxurious and comfortable than one would expect to find in any correspondingly out-of-the-way place in America. I had seen no such drawing-room in Athens, where modern decorative art is unknown, and the houses are either bare

and comfortless, or furnished after the more ordinary French or English manner. This elegance was perhaps due, in part, to the foreign associations of our host. He had been ambassador at St. Petersburg, and a great favorite of the late Czar, which accounted for the numerous photographs of the royal family of Russia adorning the walls of the drawing-room. The English books in the book-cases were, no doubt, a reminiscence of boyish days, when he had been sent to school in England. But the old jewel-mounted swords and pistols hanging on the wall were heir-looms, the mementos of wars and warlike exploits, in which this family had bravely borne their part. As we stepped from the room to the balcony in front of the house, a vision of beauty met our gaze. We looked across the harbor to the shore of the main-land, where rose the mountains of Damalà, greenly, bluely, pinkly, grayly, varying like an opal, as the sun lighted or the clouds darkened them. At their base, green lemon groves stretched for miles. On the island shore, near enough for picturesqueness, far enough to hide any shabbiness of detail, Poros, with its red-tiled roofs and brilliant white walls, was drawn in vivid contrast against the intense blue of the sunny Greek sky. It was breathlessly still. No one was moving; there was that absolute suspension of activity which in warm climates marks the hottest hours of the day. Streets are deserted, and even the most poorly paid servant claims the right to repose. A few drowsy, dreamy-looking sails were seen in the bay, and nothing broke the quiet but the ripple of the tiny waves on the beach in front of the house.

Nearer at hand, and hardly a stone's throw from where we stood, were the arsenal buildings. Poros has always been the chief naval station of Greece; the dry dock and the repair shops for the men of war are here. Its perfectly protected harbor, the only one in this



region, is the refuge of all sailors from the sudden caprices of the *Ægean Sea*, and in war time the bay of Poros has been successively filled, according to the fortunes of war, with Russian, Greek, or Turkish vessels. The governor of the naval arsenal has one of the best paid posts in Greece.

We were called from our enjoyment of the view by the maid, who had come to offer us "*glukò*" and water. *Glukò*, translated, simply means sweet, and the name is eminently true of Greek preserves, made as they are from sugar boiled with various fruits, — citron, lemon, orange, rose-leaves, and the gum-like mastic of Chios. An endless variety of *glukò* is accounted indispensable in any well-kept Greek household. All young Greek girls are taught to make that, if nothing else, for every Greek husband takes a pride in offering to his guests a *glukò* and a cup of Turkish coffee as an accompaniment to the constant cigarette. This custom is of Turkish origin, and is passing into disuse in the polite circles of Athens. Its disappearance is to be regretted, for in a warm climate this frequent slight refreshment, always followed by a glass of cool water, is both agreeable and diverting. Usually brought on the arrival of a visitor, it serves as a kind of background for conversation. No one is expected to take more than a spoonful, helping himself from the common dish with a spoon which is served to him with his glass of water, and afterward replaced according to etiquette in the glass, showing that both have been used.

The lady of the house, who had been absent, now appeared, a tall, graceful woman of some fifty years, dressed in the island costume. The most striking peculiarity of this costume is the head-dress, worn until lately by rich and poor alike, and differing only in delicacy and costliness of material, according to the wealth of the wearer. A handkerchief, be it of lace, embroidered muslin, or silk,

or of some coarser material, is thrown over the head and drawn closely around the face, leaving only a border of hair uncovered; the ends are crossed under the chin and tied behind, the hair hanging in long braids beneath it. It is by no means invariably becoming, and gives a certain uniform roundness to the faces thus framed, as it were, in a circle. When the face is young and smooth, the effect is pretty enough, but the white, or in case of mourning the black folds against an old and worn cheek give it an almost ghastly look. Until quite recently, the kerchief has made an important part of the trousseau of any Albanian girl from these islands. Twelve dozen would not have been accounted an unusual number for a wealthy maiden to possess, and to these were added the inherited ones. They were made up of all materials, from the favorite gold-colored satin, embroidered with gold thread or bright silks, to the lighter embroidered muslin for warmer weather. Probably, for the better class, no kerchiefs of this kind have been made in the last twenty-five years. They are worn now only by a few older ladies and by the poorer women, whose kerchiefs are made usually of cotton cloth, which they dye black themselves if they are in mourning. The costume is not otherwise remarkable, the silken skirt being long and flowing, and the waist worn rather open, showing often a beautiful bust. The ladies have small feet and hands, and when in full dress their fingers are covered with jewels. The poorer women and servants wear full, short skirts of dark material, and loose jackets; and their coming is generally heralded by a loud scuffling noise from their large sandals, which flop up and down as they walk.

Madame B—— was most kind and cordial in her reception, again offered us *glukò*, and pressed us to pass a week with her, which was the more hospitable since our arrival was unexpected.



It is true my companion was her niece, and had the claim of kinship. To the first compliments succeeded the question, almost an invariable one if the new guest be a lady and married, "Have you a son?" If the reply is in the affirmative, there follow many congratulations; if not, then, with a sigh, "The poor burned creature!"

After a short time my friend and I prepared to pass the cool close of the day in the lemon groves, across the water, on the main-land. Summoning the same old boatman who had brought us from the steamer, and was still waiting at the pier, in hope of further employment, we crossed the smooth, shining bay to the opposite shore, where, half hidden among the trees, were some low buildings. As we drew near, we saw fishing-rods and lines projecting from the windows, and found that the gentlemen were fishing from the parlor, which opened most conveniently for the purpose upon the water. As soon as we were recognized there was a rush of the whole party to welcome us, and I was introduced to all the family, sons and daughters in law, children and grandchildren. Immediately followed the first act of hospitality, the *glukò* and water; but as the house was small, we adjourned to the garden, and took our refreshment there. This garden made part of one of the most beautiful lemon and orange groves of the region; not as large as some others, but admirably managed and most carefully tended. It was planted by the grandfather of the present owner, a noted naval commander in the war of Greek independence. After peace was made, and while Greece was slowly reviving from the general devastation resulting from the revolution, grants of land were made by the Greek government to those who had contributed most largely, by personal bravery, ships and money, to its success. This estate was one of those so bestowed in acknowledgment of honorable ser-

vices. It lies in Argolis, near the foot of the lofty mountains of Damalà, not far from the site of the ancient city of Troezen, and is a most enchanting place. Leaving the house, we followed a garden path some quarter of a mile or more in length, bordered by tall black cypresses on either side, and dividing the orange-trees on one hand from the lemon-trees on the other. This brought us to a large bower, covered with smilax, the out-of-door sitting-room of the family when the drawing-room overflowed with guests, as now. Here must be thick shade even in the hottest hours of the southern day. Presently cups of Turkish coffee were served, together with a sweetmeat called *Lounóvmia*, also Turkish, the best being from Constantinople and Syra. It is a paste made of rice, flour, sugar, and mastic, flavored with some essence, according to taste. Sometimes pistachio nuts are added.

As I sipped my coffee, I could watch from my seat in the bower the quaint and pretty method of irrigation constantly going on in the grounds. A horse was patiently treading his round about a large deep well, alternately lowering and raising, as he did so, a number of buckets. By a simple machinery, the full buckets were made to empty their contents into wooden troughs, these again distributing the water in smaller streams, the direction of which was determined by furrows winding through different sections of the garden. The direction may be varied at will by opening some sluices and closing others, so that to-day the lemons, to-morrow the oranges or the olives, may be watered. Even special trees are singled out for watering by thus guiding a furrow toward their roots, just as children turn mimic streams on to their play gardens. This process of irrigation is indeed as primitive as it is thorough and economical. Some of the lemon-trees were immense, — as large as the largest apple-trees with us. There are four



seasons of gathering during the year, and the quantity of fruit yielded by a single fine tree is amazing. Some of the single trees on this estate gave several hundreds of lemons annually; from one tree fifteen hundred lemons were gathered in especially productive years. No fruit should be left on the boughs in the season of flowering, for it weakens the tree to bear the two together. In the spring, the delicious fragrance of the blossoms is almost overpowering. Indeed, this kind of farming, in which every stage has a peculiar charm, seems truly ideal. The drawbacks are the occasional hard winters and the diseases of the leaf, by which a whole region is sometimes impoverished. Any neglect of the irrigation, or its interruption by drought, is fatal.

Beside the orange and lemon plantations, a part of this estate was devoted to olive groves. At this season the olives were green. They are commonly allowed to turn black, and then gathered to make oil. The purest and best oil is, however, made from the green fruit, but it requires such a quantity that the process is a costly one, and people make only a little for their own consumption, the oil for the market being prepared from the black, over-ripe fruit. The oil-mill on this estate was a clumsy wooden machine, but they are introducing iron ones worked by steam, which give a larger proportion of oil for the same quantity of fruit. They are more expensive, but the owners assured me that they paid for themselves in one or two years. These iron machines are the same as those used in Italy and France, and a company has been formed for their manufacture at Piræus.

The sun was so low by the time we had seen all the lemon and orange groves that we did not hesitate to venture up the mountain-side. Some of us were mounted on horses, others on donkeys, the saddles being of wood and the bridles and stirrups of rope. We wandered

leisurely along narrow paths, leading through a thick wood of plane-trees, to a height from which we had the most wonderful view of the sea and the mountains of the Morea glowing in the light of the setting sun. I notice that the Greeks care for no view that does not include at least a glimpse of the sea. The moon was rising when the sun went down, and it was bright moonlight when we dismounted on the shore and entered our boat again, promising to repeat our visit to the garden the next day. Moonlight in Greece is especially beautiful, from the clearness and purity of the air.

As we moved past the little town of Poros on our return, it seemed transformed into a pile of stately buildings, like a creation of Aladdin's lamp. Lights clustered in the market-place and glimmered on the hillside, and their reflection in the quiet water made the scene doubly enchanting.

At eight o'clock we had reached the house, where a cordial welcome from our kind hosts and an excellent supper awaited us. We were served at table by a pretty Bulgarian boy, about nine years of age. Like many other children, he had been separated from his parents by some sad chance during the Turko-Russian war, and after changing hands several times, found himself at last on board a small Greek vessel bound for Poros. Here he landed. He had forgotten his name and his native tongue, and knew no language but that of signs. Madame B—— had taken him into her family, where he was fast becoming a useful member of society, answering with pride to his new name of Spiro.

The next morning (Sunday) we were up betimes, for we intended to spend the day with our friends on the opposite shore; and in that country whoever would avoid headache must make all excursions either before or after the noonday heat. We found them all in



the arbor, where we rested for a while, talking and laughing, and watching the only industrious being in sight, namely, the horse on his daily round, turning the cooling stream into new channels toward the more thirsty trees. Later we adjourned, at the invitation of the younger brother, a law student, to his study, so curiously situated that it is worth description. The garden was separated from the mountains by a road, into which the garden-gate opened. A winding stair led up to a room built over this gateway, which was once used as a kind of watch-tower. Here, remote from disturbance, but overlooking his whole world, this young man studied the knotty questions of his profession, and prepared himself to become a member of that grave body, the Areopagus, which still sits in judgment in Athens. He seemed very happy among his books, and said no one could disturb his meditations when his door was barricaded, unless they overthrew his tower. To the older brothers fell the care of the plantations. Their library consisted chiefly of French and Italian works on the care and cultivation of the fruit. They were anxious to introduce all new improvements on their estate. In these regions, however, the small incomes of most land-owners prevent them from advancing in proportion to their really liberal and even radical ideas. Our conversation this morning upon the agricultural interests of the country led to much discussion as to the general condition of the kingdom. My hosts spoke with enthusiasm of the probable annexation of Thessaly to Greece (this was in 1879, when the question was still pending), of the opportunities it would open to young men, of the future railroads, and the advantage of bringing Athens within two days' journey of Continental Europe. They lamented the burdens of the farmers, who were paying tithes as they had done under Turkish rule, and the oppression under which

the shepherds suffered. Both of these grievances have received careful attention in the last two years from the Greek government, and a much better state of things is already established. The Greeks are great talkers and disputers, and their conversation almost always turns to politics, as they sit together, alternately sipping coffee and drinking water, arguing the while about the different factions and their supporters. One notices how critical they are, no less ready now to pick flaws in their neighbors than they were in the best days of the republic.

Our talk was interrupted by the eleven-o'clock breakfast, served in the house; after which we all retired to the wide, divan-like couches, so universal in the houses here, to take a siesta before starting for our afternoon excursion to a neighboring monastery. A visit to the nearest monastery is always a favorite expedition in the country. The suggestion usually comes from the mother, or some of the older people. This is perhaps because the mother is usually the most religious member of the family. Most Greek women are, however, religious, and the older ones keep their fasts and feasts scrupulously. Aside from religious sentiment, a visit to the monastery usually means an excursion to one of the prettiest spots in the region. Built for a defense, as well as for a devout solitude, their sites were selected with the greatest care, often on a cliff overhanging the sea, or on the edge of some steep precipice; the more inaccessible the better, since these monasteries in past times were often the refuge of women and children, while husbands were fighting for the deserted fireside. This monastery, as we approached it in our row-boat, seemed a great fortress-like pile. Time-stained and overgrown with ivy, it stood on a rocky promontory, some hundred feet above the sea, against a background of trees. We landed, tied our boat, and mounted the



cliff by a winding, shady path through the woods. The latter part of the way was a stiff climb. Heated and out of breath, we were glad to rest at the spring near the summit, and refresh ourselves with a draught of the purest water I have ever tasted. Indeed, this spring is considered holy, and a handsome stone fountain has been erected over it. A few steps now brought us to a deep ravine, spanned by a bridge, at the other end of which was the gateway of the monastery. It seemed as if nature had thus prepared for man an escape from his enemies, in a country whose every inch of ground has been contested with bloody strife. In the days when Turks were hunting Christians like hounds, these places of retreat had need to be well chosen. An old and decrepid monk had been toiling up the pathway in advance of us, and now at the gateway we overtook him, hot and panting as he was under the weight of a pile of fagots carried on his back. He gave a weary, faint nod, and motioned us to enter. We went around the buildings to the front of the monastery, where were other monks, seated on benches, so placed as to command a most beautiful view. They seemed a poor and degenerate fraternity, not more than a dozen in all, and their garments looked rusty and worn. They were kind and cordial in their greeting, and urged us to sit down. They had just

finished their evening litany and were watching the sunset, each one twirling in his hand his *kompologion*, a string of beads, not a rosary, but simply a plaything to employ the restless fingers. This is a very universal habit, and monks, especially if unemployed, are always twisting and playing with their *kompologion*. An insane monk, the liveliest member of the community, and, as it seemed, a sort of pet with the others, now became our guide to the chapel (repaired within the last ten years), to the tombs of patriots buried within the court-yard, and to the interior of the monastery, where only a few rooms were habitable. The establishment was very poor, having an income barely sufficient for the support of the present monks, and likely to be suppressed for want of means after their death. Indeed, the great work of Greek monasteries is done, and a noble work it was. During four hundred years of Turkish tyranny, they have helped to preserve the Greek language and the Greek spirit in an oppressed people, and have offered a refuge to Greek mothers and children when their houses were invaded by deadly foes.

As we said good-night and descended the darkening pathway, the rare beauty of the hour and the scene sealed our lips, and we walked silently down to our landing-place. So ended my Sunday in Poros.

*Eunice W. Felton.*

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## AND JOE.

### I.

THEODORA JUSTICE sat, with a wearily comfortable air, before an open fire in the sitting-room of her friend, Margaret Denton, M. D.

"The worst of it is, I have lost my

ambitions," said Theodora. "I used to have such fine dreams." She laughed a little. "I meant to do a few things for the amusement of other people, and a great many for my own pleasure. This morning I came across a plan I drew last year for a Gothic library. I also



found a programme I made at the same time for a series of literary and musical entertainments, and a list of guests to be invited from New York and Boston. With this paper was another; and what do you suppose that was? A set of colored designs I had drawn for pre-Raphaelite costumes wherewith to adorn my own person. They were quite pretty, too, though you'll find it hard to believe; but I don't care for them now, nor for the library, nor the parties."

Her smile was dreary, but before her friend could answer there was a knock at the door, and a servant came in to say that "Ann Reilly was very bad," and wanted the doctor.

"Let me go with you," said Theodora.

"Certainly," answered Margaret; "but it is not a pleasant sight you will see."

Miss Justice was the daughter of the manufacturer who owned the principal share of the factories and houses of the town, but she knew nothing about the people whom she visited with Margaret that night. It was the first time she had ever been in any of their homes, and all her idea of duty towards them had hitherto been satisfied by a half-formed resolution that some time she would build a Gothic library or found an art gallery for them. Now, with new, vague thoughts, she followed Margaret, who took the occasion to visit several patients. They toiled up dark, narrow stairs. They went down into basements. They found a dying girl's chamber lighted with tapers, and the garment in which she was to be buried lying beside her on the bed. And then they went into a pleasant sitting-room, belonging to a French Canadian family. A carpet was on the floor, a bright-colored cloth over the table; the chimney shelf was covered with gaudy toys and ornaments. Some flower-pots were on the window sill, and a melodeon stood against the wall. Three or four hand-

some girls sat round and talked eagerly with the doctor.

After leaving this place, Miss Justice and her companion turned towards home, but had gone only a few steps when they came upon a crowd of jeering boys surrounding a lad who sat forlorn and silent upon the sidewalk. A red light from the window of a little oyster shop streamed about them all.

"He had an awful fit this mornin'," said one boy.

"I say, Joe, did you have any dinner to-day?" shouted another, as he turned a somersault that brought him directly in the way of the two ladies as they approached the group.

"What is the matter?" asked Theodora, sternly.

A chorus of voices answered, "He's starvin', he is!"

"Starving! What do you mean? Who is he?"

The boys giggled, and were silent a moment, till a red-headed Irish urchin said, with a grin, "Joe Huckleberry, *we* call him. His mother's turned him out. I gin him a piece of bread this mornin', an' he sleeps round, in the Company barn an' woodsheds."

"Joe Huckleberry!" repeated Theodora.

"Yes, that's what we call him. Can't just say his name. He's French."

Margaret placed her hand on Joe's shoulder. The boy had remained all this while looking on the ground, apparently waiting in an uninterested mood for some one to do something with him. He looked up now with a silly smile.

"He has fits," said the Irish boy.

"Awful!" cried another. "I seen him bite the ground, jest like a dog, in one on 'em."

"They comes on anywheres — in the street, or in the mill, jest where he happens to be," added the red-haired youth, confidentially.

"Joe, has your mother turned you out-of-doors?" asked Margaret.



"No," said the boy. "It's my brother-in-law."

"Do you live with your brother-in-law?"

"I did, but he's turned me out."

"What did he do it for?" asked Theodora.

"Dunno," said Joe. "He never liked me, nohow. Could n't bear me afore he married my sister. Half killed me, one day, lickin' me in the street, jest for nothin'. Come across me, an' thought he would, I s'pose."

"When did he turn you out?"

"Night 'fore last."

"And where have you slept?"

"Got in ag'in that night, after they was all asleep, an' went up in the garret an' slep'."

"And last night?"

"Got into the Company barn."

"What have you had to eat?"

"Nothin' much."

"Where is your mother?"

"She lives with my brother-in-law."

"Did she want you turned out?"

"No. She gin me some bread yesterday an' this mornin'."

"Is she kind to you?"

"Yes."

"Is your sister kind?"

"Yes."

"Then what is the matter?"

"Dunno."

"Do you work in the mill?"

"I did. I worked up to Slade's; but my father come away from there, an' lef' me, an' then I was turned off, an' I come down here."

"Oh, you have a father? Where is he now?"

"He's at my brother-in-law's."

"Did he want you sent out into the street?"

"He said I might as well be."

"Why don't you try to get work in the mill here?"

"I don't think they'd give me none."

"Why not?"

"I've worked here afore."

Theodora smiled at this ingenuous confession, but said gently, "Come with me, and I'll see that you are taken care of to-night."

Joe rose, and stood slouching at the lady's side, while she said to the Irish urchin, "Will you go and tell Joe's mother and his sister's husband that I want them to come up and see me this evening, if possible."

"Dunno who you be," said the boy, promptly.

Theodora felt slightly ashamed to find herself a stranger to these boys, but was relieved when two voices whispered loudly, "It's Miss Justice," and the youngster, thus informed, darted off on his errand.

"Now, Joe," said the lady, "come with me."

They started, the boy slinking along beside his stately companion, while Margaret walked thoughtfully one or two steps in advance. The crowd of boys stared, giggled, whooped, followed, and at last one voice cried out, —

"He, he! Joe's got a gal!"

"Why don't you give her your arm, Joe?" shouted another.

Theodora's blood was on fire, but she never turned her head. They were not many rods from her home. Did those few feet of roadway divide civilization from barbarism? Was it God's fault, or was it partly hers, that men and manners changed thus, as one went "down street" from her dwelling?

"Keep close to me, Joe," she said, but her voice shook with indignant shame. Margaret waited for them to come up with her. The boys, still hooting and chuckling, gradually dispersed, and the trio went on unmolested.

The two women took Joe into the kitchen, and gave him supper. When Theodora examined her *protégé* in the light, her heart sank. He was about fourteen years old, slender and loosely made. His hands were long, dirty, and repulsive. He had reddish, watery



eyes and a small, pinched nose. His mouth hung open, and showed traces of tobacco juice about it. The whole face was pale, unhealthy, and idiotic.

"He looks like a parasite on humanity," whispered Theodora to Margaret; "the creature of a horrible, mocking chance."

"God knows why he lives," said Margaret, simply.

Theodora answered, smiling, "Evidently, science has n't spoiled your religion yet."

In process of time Joe's brother-in-law, Andrew Moore, arrived, and was ushered into the dining-room, where the ladies proceeded to cross-examine him. He was a good-looking young fellow, about twenty-five years old. He admitted at once that he had set the boy adrift.

"I was in hopes, ma'am," said he, "as he would get took up, an' sent to the Reform School. I've got the whole family on my hands,—the old man n' the old woman, an' the little uns. My woman hain't worked much since her baby was born, though the baby's three or four months old. We are considerable in debt. Joe's just the ruin of his fam'ly. They can't stay nowhere on account of this boy. They git turned out of every place they go to. You know rich folks, when they has some one as ain't quite right, can hire somebody to keep 'em out of mischief; but it comes hard on poor folks, as can't spare neither time nor money to take care of 'em."

"But don't you think it was cruel to turn him out, when he had nowhere to go?" asked Theodora, a little astounded by the young man's cool way of looking at the matter.

"Well, you see, miss, it was a question between turnin' him out or the rest of 'em. I can't feed 'em all, even with old Huckleberry's help. He'll drink 'most all he earns, any way; an' Annie's that sickly she ought not to work at all.

Then Joe's dangerous when he's mad. He throwed a stone as big as my two fists right through the kitchen winder, an' then I told him to clear out. It might ha' killed the baby, let alone my havin' to pay for the winder."

"He says you beat him," said Theodora.

"Well, I've tried to lick the badness out of him," frankly admitted the young man. "You can, out of some boys, you know."

Finally young Moore was induced to promise to take Joe in for a few days, till Miss Justice could make some other provision for the unfortunate lad. As Moore went out of the door, Joe's mother appeared. She had been at a neighbor's, and had only just received Miss Justice's message. She seemed a decent woman, of English origin, though she was born, she said, and had lived in Canada and the States all her life. Her first husband, the father of Andrew's wife, was an Englishman; Joe and her three younger boys were the children of her second marriage with a French Canadian. No, her husband did n't work much, and he did drink; but he was always good-natured, and she had n't no fault to find with him. Joe was the trial of her life. If he had work, he would n't stick to it. He bothered the neighbors, and the family were forced to move from one place to another continually. They had moved four times in a little over two years. They were at "Slade's," the first of the winter, and had been pretty comfortable there, though it was a hard life for her, making the little they could earn feed them all. She could n't ever think of getting clothes with their wages. The three younger children did not go to school, because they had no shoes; and it was surprising to see how much they ate, for all they stayed in the house so much,—butter especially. Nights she had plenty to do, getting breakfast ready and drying her husband's and Joe's shoes for the next



morning. There was so much snow that winter, it kept their shoes wet nearly all the time. She had to wash and dry their clothes in the night, too. And Joe was such a torment, and he acted bad about his work; and so they packed up, and she come down here; and then his father come too, and left the boy there, hoping he would get "took up" and put somewhere. She should n't like to complain of him herself, but if he had got into some trouble and been put into the Reform School, may be it would n't have been so bad for him. She had n't done nothing but cry the last three days; but she could n't blame Andrew for not wanting him round, after he throwed that stone in the window which came so near hitting the baby.

Margaret and Theodora scarcely knew whether to blame or sympathize, and both suspected that her husband's drinking had more to do with the family destitution than the wife would admit. They dismissed her with some presents of food, and let her take Joe with her, who stumbled a little going out into the darkness.

Theodora came back from the door with a puzzled look.

"Joe is the problem," she said. "His family can't solve it. Can I?"

"You can try," said Margaret. "Dear, ought you not to know your operatives, and seek to be their friend, and not merely their mistress?"

Theodora threw out her arms with a mournful gesture.

"A friend," she said, — "that is what *they* need; but for *me*! Was I made for Joe?"

Margaret's pulses beat in sympathy with this rebellious outcry of a disappointed heart, but her soul saw farther than did Theodora's dimmed eyes, and she answered, —

"Not more than Joe was made for you. You need some one to work for. It may be God made him to keep you from aimless idleness."

## II.

Andrew Moore walked away from Miss Justice's in a bad humor. It was the first time he had ever been in a grand house, the first time he had ever sat in a handsomely appointed room and talked with an elegant woman. Theodora's calmness irritated him. He resented her superiority. She was very lovely to an educated eye, that could appreciate the beautiful head covered with light brown hair, the delicate features, her supple motions, and the waving lines of her figure; but this young fellow perceived none of these perfections. He only felt that she belonged to another world from his, and was angry because, in some indefinite way, he seemed to himself inferior in her presence. He was vexed also because he had been overpowered by her, and had promised to take Joe back.

"I dare say," he said to himself, "that girl thinks she can boss everybody in this village, if she's a mind to."

Then he thought of the little weak-minded woman who waited for him, with her sickly child, in his squalid home, and grew angrier still, and, calling his sins and follies "his luck," he cursed the evil fortune that had joined him to this ill-starred family.

"I've more 'n half a mind to cut the whole concern," he muttered. "I meant fair enough, as fair as I could, when I married her, but I did n't quite count in Joe! She would n't do nothin' if I left her. They're too poor to go to law. I don't care a dime for her, — and yet I'd kinder hate to leave her. She's *such* a little fool."

Andrew Moore was a native American citizen, having been born two weeks after his father and mother landed in this country. They were Irish Protestants of a low class. Andrew grew up in a manufacturing town, and graduated early from school into the mill. In due



time he became a mule-spinner. There were absolutely no refining influences brought to bear upon his young life. American republicanism has relieved the child of foreign parentage from the somewhat despotic discipline of the Old World, but it has not always, even in New England, provided much to take its place.

It is a notorious fact that the children of Irish parents are a turbulent, disturbing growth in our civilization, if we call a social condition by the name of civilization which is very inadequate to produce the best results in all its component parts. In manufacturing towns, employers might do much to elevate their work people, if they would recognize a moral tie as existing between the two classes bound by the business relation. Manufacturers, also, would do wisely to remember that semi-barbarism is very dangerous when dowered with the power and freedom of democracy. If conscience will not induce the providing of time and means for more education of the ignorant among us, it may be well that danger stands ready to be itself the safeguard of the republic it threatens, since fear may supplement the tardy moral senses of the rich and rouse them to the necessary action to secure the enlightenment of the poor.

Andrew spent the days of his youth in the mill, his evenings in the street and in saloons, his nights in the filthy air of crowded tenements, while the Sundays were passed in playing games of base-ball, or attending cock-fights. The Protestant churches where he lived did not greatly concern themselves about the young Irishman's spiritual welfare. He would have stood more chance of receiving some religious training had he been a Catholic, under the unsleeping watch of Rome.

Andrew had come to Newbridge a little more than a year before this February evening. Joe's family were then living there. Joe's half-sister, poor lit-

tle Annie, toiling day after day, with scarce a single girlish hope or pleasure, had almost immediately fallen in love, with Andrew. It was a genuine love though probably a feeble one, as the pitiful creature had hardly vitality enough for a strong emotion. He had been amused with the tribute of silly affection laid at his feet, and although the girl was neither pretty nor winning he had been moved, occasionally, when passing her in the mill entries, to give her a rude kiss, or a jocular clutch of the arm, which he intended as a caress. Joe had noted these evidences of intimacy, and had told of them as a joke. Andrew, hearing of this tale-bearing, had fallen upon Joe in the street, and beaten him violently. The matter came at last to the ears of the French step-father, who was honestly fond of Annie, and who swore he would have no "fooling" round the girl. "S'e be silly," he said, "but s'e no be bad. He s'all marry or he s'all quit."

There was a dance in one of the tenements the night after old Huckleberry made this declaration. Dances in the houses were forbidden, but the "Company's" rule was often evaded. The festivity began at ten, and lasted till dawn. It was a rude, bacchanalian affair, and by morning Annie's step-father had extorted from Andrew, who was then half drunk, a promise that he would marry Annie the next day. The promise was fulfilled, though the bridegroom was perfectly sober when the ceremony took place. A little genuine pity for Annie urged Andrew to this step, but the act also pleased him because he felt that he thus defied his own past, and asserted his complete independence of it. The wedding was celebrated according to Catholic rites. Soon afterwards the Huckleberrys moved away from the village.

Andrew, after his marriage, went to work in a neighboring town. Annie stayed at her place in Mr. Justice's mill.



Soon came a strike in the factory where Andrew was employed. He joined in it, and for some months Annie supported them both. Fortunately the strike concluded, and Andrew went to work again in time to allow Annie to leave the mill a few weeks before her baby was born. Then they set up housekeeping, and Andrew changed work again and went into Mr. Justice's mill. They sent for Annie's mother to come and keep house and care for the baby, when Annie went back to the factory. The French father was expected to support his own children, and they hoped to get rid of Joe; but Huckleberry had thus far done very little towards maintaining his part of the family, Joe had come back, Annie had been unable to work much, and Andrew, owing to her illness and his own long idleness during the strike, was heavily in debt.

On all these things the young man moodily pondered, as he walked slowly down the street, after his interview with Miss Justice. He thought also of something else, — something which seemed to rise like a real substance before his eyes, till, as he came into the light of a lamp-post that guarded the bridge over the river, he scarcely started as he saw his thought embodied before him. He stopped, staring at a woman, who stared boldly back as soon as she saw him. She was young and handsome, with curly reddish-brown hair, gray eyes, and rosy gleams in her transparent skin. She held in her hands a milliner's box. Her dress was decent, though a little tawdry. Andrew grew white as he looked at her.

"How came you here, Nell?"

"How came *you* here?" retorted she.

"Well, I was n't lookin' for you," said the man.

"Nor I for you," answered the woman. "I was n't pining for a sight of you, when I come to Newbridge."

"It was just a happen, then?" asked he, a little uneasily.

"Just a happen," said she. "An' now, I tell you what: you just let me alone, an' I'll let you alone. I'm not proud enough of you to want folks to know you're my husband."

Andrew started, and looked into the darkness surrounding the lighted spot where they stood, as though he would search out some possible listener. "No, for God's sake, Nell, don't tell!" he cried, in a low tone.

"Eh," said she. "Why not? It's no such uncommon thing for a drunken brute to beat his wife as I need be ashamed to tell of it. The only uncommon thing in our doin's, as near as I can make out, was that I would n't stand it, as most Irishwomen do. I was reared too much like a Yankee, I guess."

As she spoke, her face and figure were defined in strong light and shade, with the dark river as a background. Andrew, who had never loved that pale-faced Annie, who waited for him with her child a few rods away, felt this woman's beauty pierce his heart like a knife.

"You know, Nell," he said, "I did n't mean no harm. You should n't mind what a man does when he's drunk, an' don't know what he's doin'."

"Drunk or sober," said Nell, "it hurts when a man beats you. It hurts deeper than the skin, too."

"You struck back," said Andrew, "or I would n't have hit so hard. It maddened me."

"It maddened *me*!" said she savagely. "An' just you remember till you die, Andrew Moore, that I've struck you in the face. Now le' me go."

He caught her arm. "Where be you a-goin', Nell, at this time o' night?"

She laughed at his suspicion. "You fool," she said, "I'm goin' up to Miss Justice's, to take a bonnet to one of her girls."

"I don't believe you. It's too late."

"No, it ain't," she said, snappishly. "She only ordered it this evenin', 'cause she's goin' early to-morrow mornin' to



Blackstone, to see her mother, who's sick."

"Did you ever see Miss Justice?"

"No; what of her?"

"Nothing; only I hate her. Where do you live?" he added, after a minute.

"Oh, don't you wish you knew?"

"Well, I'll tell you where you work," said he. "You're the new girl in Mis' Carey's shop."

"Who told you there was a new girl there?"

Andrew made no answer, for it was Annie who had told him. Nell waited a little while, and looked at him keenly.

"Who told you? Some girl, likely. Well, take care what you do."

"Take care yourself," he said, angrily. "If you don't behave yourself, I'll take your wages."

This frightened Nell, as she thought she had heard that a husband could possess himself of his wife's earnings; but Andrew knew, even while he spoke, that his threat was made in aimless rage, since he had far more to fear than she, if he announced himself as her husband. Each faced the other with distrust, and then Nell said defiantly, —

"I dare you to lay a finger on my money, and don't you never speak to me again, night nor day. I've had enough of you."

She started up the road along the river bank. Andrew watched her, and a low groan escaped his lips as she vanished in the shadows of the pines that overhung the stream. Then he said aloud to himself, —

"I ain't a Catholic; I don't believe in them popish ceremonies." He paused, and then added, "But, good God, how shall I make sure she don't hear about Annie?"

He went home at length. The family lived in a basement tenement; that is, the house was built on a slope, and the rooms they occupied were level with the ground in front, but in the back came up against the bank. The Huckle-

berry family had also an attic room, where Joe slept. Andrew and Annie had a small room to the right of the kitchen. Huckleberry and his wife had one at the left, and beds were made up at night upon the kitchen floor for the younger children. All the windows were fastened down, as Huckleberry hated a breath of fresh air. Much bad odor was thus kept in, and much was kept out; for these rooms faced a lane which was used as a back yard for a row of houses similar to this, and heavy and vile was the air that clung to the unsavory ground. The tenants of the houses were ignorant, and did not avoid practices which increased the filth of their surroundings. The Company, of which Mr. Justice was a chief member, took some pains to disinfect and cleanse the lane, but the pains were not sufficient to effect the purpose. Ignorance was at the root of this, as of most other evils: the people were too ignorant to be clean; the owners were to a great extent ignorant of the uncleanness of the people.

As Andrew entered the outside door, which opened directly into the kitchen, and looked into the dismal interior he thought, "What a bright kitchen Nell kept! She is my wife. A man has a right — it's his duty to live with his wife."

The mother sat with Joe crouched on the floor beside her. The light of the kerosene lamp fell full on the boy's sleepy, stupid face. He shrank into the shadow as Andrew came in. Annie rose from another corner of the room, laid her baby in its cradle, and came forward to meet her scowling husband, saying, —

"Andrew, I've made griddle cakes for you. Don't you want some? You did not eat much supper."

His eyes softened as they fell on the puny creature, and he said gently, "Yes, I'll eat 'em; but you'd better go to bed. You're not strong enough to set up late an' go to work early, too."

Pale little Annie smiled faintly in answer to the kindly tone. She had a



forehead so high and peaked that it was almost deformed. Her skin was unhealthy, but her features were small and well shaped, and her smile was sweet, pathetic, and helpless. She did not know how pitiful she looked, not having brains enough to contrast herself with other girls. She was used to hardship, to dull pain, and she seldom felt and never expressed vivid sensations. She was pleased by Andrew's kindness, glad when he asked her how the baby was, but not very pleased or very glad. Her side ached, and she had no faculty for a pleasure that would overcome the sense of that pain.

There was no joyousness in that household, where care, anxiety, and ignorance dominated every mood. Andrew's heart, capable of fiercer passions, was heavy in this dull atmosphere. He ate the cakes that Annie's tired hands had made for him, and watched the girl furtively as she took up the baby and fed it from a bottle. He was thinking, "How shall I keep Nell from hearing about her?"

Theodora, ignorant of the new factor which Nell's appearance had brought into what she termed the "Joe problem," spent the next day looking for a place suitable for the boy. She told her father about the family, and he commented a little sadly, —

"It is a fact, my dear, that among factory operatives families seldom attain to assured comfort, unless they are exceptionally fortunate in matters which they cannot themselves control, such as birth, death, and health, or unless they are so exceptionally gifted with prudence and virtue that they have a genius for poverty. The ordinary mill hand who marries another ordinary mill hand, who has numerous children, with frequent doctors' bills to pay, — excuse me, Margaret! — and who often loses work from one cause or another, struggles against odds which are beyond the powers of common men and women to

overcome. This family is probably made of miserable stuff morally, but one such member as that boy would prove in most operative families the decisive ounce to turn the scale of fortune against them."

"Then we get more than our share, and they get less than theirs, out of the mill," said Theodora warmly.

"It would seem so," said her father; "but it is all according to the laws of trade."

"Oh," cried she, "if eternal justice is anywhere, it must be everywhere! I do not know," she continued, "that one has a moral right to use against a poor man the full brute power of wealth any more than he has to use against a weak man the full brute force of physical strength."

"Nor," said Margaret, "do I believe it a wise policy."

"I agree with you in my heart," replied Mr. Justice; "yet, look at history. Everywhere the weak man goes to the wall. Everywhere the strong man steps forward, with his foot upon his feeble brother's corpse. The great races flourish and civilization grows — or *seems*, at least, to grow — because through unnumbered throes of agony, silent, helpless, unutterably pathetic, the weak races fall, and die where they fall, and their blood enriches the soil from which our glories spring."

"No, no!" cried Theodora, like one in pain. "It cannot be that it is better for the world that men should be cruel and selfish than it would be for them to be kind and helpful."

"But look," responded her father; "there seems to be no other way for nations to advance."

"Where is God, then?" asked his daughter.

"Perhaps," Margaret's quiet voice suggested, "it is evolution; and I am not sure but it will prove as easy to find God in evolution as in Calvinism."

"Our nation," said Mr. Justice, "is



built on the Indian's grave; and yet, so far as we can judge, we are a people, notwithstanding all our crimes, better worth having in the world than the Indian, if only one of the two races can survive."

"Yes," said Margaret; "but we should have been of more value still had we been noble enough to live with the Indian, and civilize instead of butchering him."

"I think we are the savages," sighed Theodora.

"Then," replied her father, "if savages must fight, I don't know that it impugns God's moral intention that he allows the nobler people to conquer; since, after a time, ashamed of its own barbarity, the victorious race may so far civilize itself that it may evolve the virtue of consideration for the weak, too fine a flower of civilization to be its first blossom."

"In other words," added Margaret, "of the two barbarians, the white and the red, victory is granted to the white, because, in spite of his crimes, he is likely to learn to care for the Indian sooner than the Indian, if victorious, would learn to care for him."

"But the factory," urged Theodora. "We must not comfortably forget our own sins, while discussing the nation's."

"It is much the same thing," said Mr. Justice.

"All moral questions are own cousins," observed Margaret.

"There may be better systems than ours," continued Mr. Justice; "but no manufacturer yet dares use other methods. We are afraid to risk the terrible strain of commercial crises with a new policy. And we are ambitious; the greed of success has seized our souls. It is not wealth merely that we want; we desire to be greatly successful in the pursuit we have chosen. That passion is the moral bane of the business man."

Margaret spoke slowly: "Drink causes most of the pauperism of the operatives."

"Yes," assented Mr. Justice frankly; "but it is their poverty that makes them drink."

This was a new idea to Theodora, and, pondering on it, she said no more. She wondered also at her father. Had he been thinking all his life of these problems which now vexed her young mind for the first time? The truth was that Mr. Justice had a sensitive rather than a strong moral nature. He lacked the believing heart necessary to combat evil persistently. He saw objections to any proposed social remedy as plainly as he perceived arguments in favor thereof. Perhaps his mind had not the finer quality which could compare accurately, and see which side of a moral question was the more deserving, when both sides merited great consideration. Pained and disheartened by the misery he encountered in the world, and sure of no cure, he had sought to save himself from suffering by avoiding direct contact with the troubles of the poor. He prosecuted his business, and endeavored to convince himself that, as he could not wholly relieve his operatives from privation, he was not responsible for any of their misfortunes. He had tried also to escape self-condemnation by reflecting that it would not be well to ward all trouble from any people, and would not allow his mind to dwell on the difference between a course of action tending to reduce a class to the condition of helpless dependents and one which would stimulate manly self-help, while giving encouragement, assistance, and removing unnecessary burdens. Mr. Justice's ideals were high, but they mocked his indolence and selfish ambition from afar. He had not even tried to reach up to them, but through all the years, undesired convictions settled in his heart and claimed a place there.

All night after meeting Nell, and all the next morning at his work, Andrew Moore was haunted by the memory of a fair, scornful face, and by the fear of



punishment for his crime. The lightest allusion to him in Nell's presence, he realized, might lead to the mention of his marriage to Annie, and at that thought he trembled. At noon he took his way toward Mrs. Carey's shop, and by watching and following he ascertained that Nell's walk to her boarding-place led her through the woods. He scrambled through the underbrush, and intercepted her. She greeted him rather rudely as he approached. He talked with her a few minutes, and became convinced that thus far she had told no one of their relation, and had heard nothing of Annie. This comforted him for the moment, but when he returned to the mill, that afternoon, his terror came back. He felt that he must decide to do something at once. That evening he met Nell again.

"I've told you over 'n' over," she said, "that I did n't want to have nothin' to do with you."

"But I can't let you alone," said Andrew; "and I won't, neither."

She looked at him curiously. "I declare," said she, "I believe you are soft on me still. Thank you, but I have n't no inclination that way."

She went by him, upon this, holding her graceful head very erect. She felt pleased and proud. She had had admiration from many men, but to have her own husband violently in love with her was an experience so unlike what seemed to befall most women that it elated her greatly, and dimmed the memory of the drunken rage in which he had beaten her, two years before.

That evening, Annie sat patiently beside the kitchen fire, rocking her baby in her lap.

"I wonder why Andrew don't come home," said Mrs. Huckleberry.

Joe spoke up, with his mouth full of baked potato:—

"The last I seen of him, he was up in the woods, gabbin' with that new gal that works in Mis' Carey's."

Annie said not a word, and when Andrew finally came she only followed his motions with disquieted eyes. She never thought even of asking him anything about the girl.

The next forenoon, Andrew went boldly to Mrs. Carey's store. The mistress herself came forward to meet him. Nell sat in the rear of the room, herself half hidden by a curtain, but she saw him very plainly. All night his desire to see her face again had been greater even than his fear of the law which he had broken. Her image had come between him and Annie when he had tried to look at the mother of his child. Joe had refused to go up to his attic to sleep, and then had had a fit in the kitchen, waking everybody at midnight. The baby had cried, and Annie had toiled over it for hours. Andrew had helped her a little, but most of the time he had lain still, watching her, listening to the screams of the child, to Joe's hideous noises, to the chatter and cries of the other children,—thinking all the time of Nell. He pitied Annie still, but he had begun to pity himself more; and also he had called in his *conscience* to help him to the decision that it was his *duty* to return to his first marriage vows.

As Andrew talked with Mrs. Carey, Nell said to herself, "That is my husband, and there he stands like any stranger!"

In a moment Mrs. Carey called out, "Nell, bring me a chair!"

"There's one there," said Nell, in a reluctant voice.

"It's rickety," answered the shop-woman. "I don't dare trust my weight to it, and I want to reach the upper shelf. Come yourself."

Nell came out from behind the dark curtain that shut off the back part of the shop. She stood still, waiting for her mistress to pass out from behind the counter. A light from above struck her auburn hair, and turned some floating



curly rings to gold. When the older woman had hustled by her, Nell came slowly down the store, looking at the dark, passionate man before her as if he were empty space. She sprang on the tottering chair, reached up lightly, and took from the shelf a box. Andrew's senses were smitten with pain as he marked her strong, graceful motions. She stepped down, put the box on the counter, opened it, and carelessly displayed its contents. He dared not meet her eyes, and bent his face downward. His head was handsome, and Nell suddenly noticed that his shoulders were shapely. Accidentally, his hand touched hers. He started violently. She looked at him with cool surprise, and their eyes met in one long gaze. Then he turned his glance away again. Instantly, Nell's mood changed. The unconscious loyalty of her nature asserted itself. She felt the bond so hard to break, though it is not always made of love or even of passion, which holds a woman to a man whose wife she once has been. Her lips began to tremble.

"He might say one kind word," she thought.

After a moment, as he did not speak, she turned to fly from him. He reached across the counter and held her. She bent her eyes with a hunted, beseeching look upon him.

"Let me go," she breathed.

"No. My God," he cried, in a low voice, "I love you, Nell, better 'n my life! Meet me to-night at five at the station, 'n' we'll go back to Fall River together, 'n' not tell nobody here, but we'll begin again, all new, there. Bring what money you have. Don't be afraid to trust me. I'll be your best friend. We won't tell nobody here, because it would just make talk, if folks knew we'd been married all this time. Will you come? Nell, you *must* come."

"I'll — see," said Nell slowly, but Andrew detected a yielding tone in her voice.

"Well, don't say nothin'," he said. "Only come, for the love of old times, an' better times than you ever knew."

Here Mrs. Carey reappeared, and Andrew hurried out of the store. His head was dizzy, and he stumbled over Joe, who sat upon the steps. Moore gave the boy a savage kick, and Joe raised his bleared eyes, and angrily watched his brother-in-law walk away.

"I'll fix him," muttered the lad.

Nell, meanwhile, stood alone in the shop, for Mrs. Carey had followed Andrew out. The girl felt very uncertain what to do. She had never loved Andrew very much, even when she married him, but now her heart yearned towards him somewhat. Stronger still was the impulse of loyalty. Her nature was more true than she wanted it to be. She had wayward, rebellious desires, and she tried to follow them, but she could not long disregard any obligation. She did not understand the turmoil in her mind. She only knew that Andrew, as his steps died away in the distance, seemed drawing her after him.

Joe pushed open the door, and shambled in. He stopped before Nell, and stared coarsely at her.

"Well," she cried at last, "would you know me again in a crowd?"

"Who be you?" said Joe.

"Who be I? Who be you?"

"I'm Joe," said he. "I'm Annie's brother, 'n' you'd better look out wot you do, or I'll have you took up. I'd like to git him took up," he added, with a chuckle.

"Who's Annie?" asked Nell.

Joe grinned sarcastically. "As ef you did n't know!" he said disdainfully.

"Well, I don't know, an' I don't care, neither," said she, turning from him.

But Joe followed her. "Don't you know?" he asked earnestly.

"No, I don't."

He studied her face. "Mebbe," he said at last, "he's playin' a game on you! I seen him an' you gabbin' to-



gether lots o' times. Mebbe he is! Will you help me pay him up?"

"Tell me what you mean," resumed Nell, in a steady voice. "Who is Annie?"

"She's my sister," said the boy slowly. "She's his wife."

"Whose wife?"

"His'n, — Andrew Moore's."

"You lie!"

"No, I don't," said Joe; but as he spoke he backed towards the door.

"Stop!" cried she. "Before God, I didn't know nothin' of this." Her breast heaved, and the words came hard from her lips. "Tell me, where does this Annie live?"

But Joe was frightened out of his plan of making her his accomplice in some scheme of vengeance upon Andrew, and he answered promptly, "I sha'n't tell ye."

"Oh, I won't hurt her. I'll — be a friend to her. Has she been married long?"

"None o' yer business."

"Oh, yes, it is," panted Nell. "Do tell me. Andrew Moore has played me a worse trick as ever he played her."

She entreated, she stormed, but Joe fled before her passion, and told her no more. Left alone, she steadied her head with her hands, and sat down on the floor. This, then, was the reason for Andrew's urgent desire to keep their former relations private. "He has a wife here," she said to herself, "an' he wanted to clear out with me, 'n' not let her know. Then," she added slowly, "he liked me best!"

### III.

Annie came home from her work early that noon. She was ill, and told her mother that she had fainted in the mill. She sat down, looking very white, and took up her baby.

"I seen Andrew into Mis' Carey's, talkin' with that gal ag'in, this mornin'," said Joe, leering up at her from his seat on the floor. "Ef I was big enough, I'd lick him, — pay him for some o' the lickin's he's gin me. She said she did n't know nothin' about his havin' a wife here. Took on like blazes about it."

The mother plied Joe with angry questions, but the boy rose and slouched out without further speech. Annie simply said, after a long pause, "I guess Miss Justice ain't goin' to do nothin' about takin' Joe away, after all."

In a few minutes Andrew came in. As he entered the kitchen, Annie's pale face shone like a white gleam in the dark, dingy room, and his heart contracted with pain and something like tenderness. He sat down by the table, and thought how unlucky it was that he was so "soft-hearted." He could not look forward to possessing Nell without the shadow of Annie's suffering falling across his joy.

Mrs. Huckleberry set out Andrew's dinner sullenly, and he ate it silently. After a few minutes, Annie came and waited on him. Once, as she passed him, she laid her fingers very lightly on his shoulder. He bent his head low over his plate.

"Set down," said the mother gruffly. "You're not fit to be waitin' on him. Sick yersel'."

Andrew looked up to see Annie stagger as she tried to lift a kettle from the stove. He sprang forward, caught her in his arms, carried her into their room, and laid her on the bed. He leaned over her, and she saw tears in his eyes. She raised her hand feebly to touch him. He turned away. "Don't go back to work again to-day," he said, and went out of the house, meaning never to enter it again. He groaned aloud as he closed the door. Just then he saw into his own heart, and knew how cruel and selfish it was. But in a few minutes he



lifted his head, squared his shoulders, and tried to smile, saying to himself, —

“Now, there’s lots of fellers would n’t think nothin’ of leavin’ a girl like that. I ain’t half so bad as them. An’ if Nell ’n’ me get on pretty well, I guess I can send Annie some money before long, an’ may be I can come an’ see her once in a while.”

That afternoon Annie sat alone in the kitchen, with the baby on her lap. Her mother had gone to do a neighbor’s washing. The girl felt very ill, and her heart was even heavier than usual. She sang softly to the baby, and the song sounded like a long, low moan. She heard steps on the frozen ground outside, and looked up to see a face at the window. It vanished, and an instant later the door opened; a woman came in with a firm step, and walked across the room to Annie.

The girl recognized her with a sinking heart: it was the woman Joe had seen with Andrew. Silently the two looked at each other. A faint angry color rose in Annie’s cheek, but Nell’s face did not change, till she glanced down at the baby, when her eyes grew dark with a meaning Annie could never have fathomed.

“That is my husband’s child,” Nell thought, “and it is not mine.” Aloud, she said, “That is *your* baby?”

“Yes,” said Annie; still Nell stood and looked at it. “What do you want?” faltered the mother, finally.

Nell started, as from a dream, and then laughed slightly, but unquietly. “I wanted to see it and you,” she said. “Don’t you never worry for fear o’ my doin’ you any harm. I never knew Andrew was married — to you, till that boy — Huckleberry Joe, they call him — told me so to-day. You see, I used to know Andrew, years ago, when we was young — an’ I — was silly. That’s all. But I thought may be folks might be tellin’ you stories as would trouble you. Don’t listen to nothin’ of the sort.

I’m goin’ away to-night. If Andrew ever treats you bad, you send for me. Mis’ Carey ’ll know where I am. She’s my cousin. Good-by.” Annie, bewildered, stared at her visitor. Nell paused, and then said, “When I’m clean gone, Andrew will never think o’ me again. I know him. So that ’ll be all right. I’d like to take the baby a minute.”

She stooped, lifted the child in strong, tender arms, carried it to the window, gazed wistfully at its tiny face, touched her lips lightly to the puny cheek, then brought it back to the young mother, smiled a rare, sweet smile, and passed out into the frosty air.

“Oh,” moaned Annie, “how pretty she is!”

#### IV.

Andrew Moore left the station, where he had waited in vain for Nell, and took the path through the woods to Mrs. Carey’s house. The sun was sinking in the west, and showed like a red fire through the pines. As he turned a curve in the path, he saw a woman walking in the rich light, a little distance before him. He ran till he reached her.

“Why did n’t you come?” he cried.

“I had other business. I went to see your other wife.”

“Oh!” he groaned.

Nell faced him defiantly. “Yes,” she said. “An’ I told her as you an’ I was old acquaintances, an’ nothin’ more; an’ now I tell you that I’m goin’ away from here, — but not with you. So my advice to you is to make it up with Annie, and be good to her.”

“Annie is no wife of mine,” he said doggedly, “and you are. If you were a decent woman, you’d go with me.”

Nell’s eyes blazed. “Jest stop that,” she said, in a trembling voice. “I won’t be insulted. I married you fair an’ square; so did *she*. What you’ve done has set *me* free, but has bound you to her. I’ll get a bill, an’ you can marry



her over again, if you've got scruples about the first time."

The man begged and entreated. He threw himself upon the ground at her feet. He wound his arms about her knees and pulled her down towards him.

"I could n't!" she cried, struggling. Then she looked into his upturned face. "Since I saw that girl's baby," she said, "I could n't like you if I tried; and I would n't live with you if I did like you."

His eyes fell, his head drooped, but still he clung to her, and as she moved she dragged him along the frosty ground, while the red sun sank out of sight between the forest stems, and a darkness fell upon the two. He lifted up his face once more to hers, but her heart only grew still and cold at the sight. Afterward, after many days, alone in her chamber, she often cried and shuddered, and her heart ached, remembering that dark, despairing face, with the unearthly glow upon it from the wintry twilight heaven above.

"It's hell," he cried, "you're leavin' me to! Don't you see what that family are? They'll keep me poor an' wretched all my life. It's hell with them. It's hell without you. And I love you, Nell, — oh, my God, how I love you!"

"Make heaven out of your hell," she said. "I must."

He could not comprehend her, but his arms fell to the ground. He no longer dared touch her. She stood free, but now that she was free she felt that she could not leave him thus.

"Why did you marry her?" she asked sternly, as he crouched at her feet.

For a moment there was no answer; then he said, "I was mad with you, and" — he hesitated again — "when old Huckleberry teased me to marry her I pitied her. I was soft-hearted. I could n't leave a girl, like other fellers do. It was all her fault."

"Now," said Nell, "you've said the meanest thing a man can say, an' what

a man always does say when he's ruined a girl. Just you mind: if you treat her badly, I'll have you arrested for bigamy."

Her indignation restored her strength, and she left him, not once looking back to see him, lying there on the earth.

Annie's husband went back to her that evening, but he found no peace for his alarmed soul. He reflected that he was entirely in Nell's power, and that at any moment, should she be seized with a revengeful impulse, she could cause his arrest. He knew that she had left the village on the evening of that fateful day, but he knew not whither she had gone. Sometimes he thought he would seek her out, and try once more to win her; but he was afraid to face again those wrathful, accusing eyes. His present life grew more irksome to him. He ceased to feel any tenderness for Annie, and the child irritated him. His conscience was drowned in a flood of fear and self-pity. After a day or two of this sort of torment, he made up his mind to leave the place, and "tramp" his way to some distant part of the country, out of the reach of Nell's possible vengeance. So there came a night when Annie waited in vain for the father of her child. The next forenoon the neighbors told the young mother that on the day before he was seen going out of the village on the train.

That afternoon, Theodora Justice stood at the door of the basement where Joe's family lived. She had found a farmer who, for a consideration, which in her new-born zeal she intended secretly to furnish, had promised to take Joe and try to teach him farm work.

Miss Justice looked at the row of dark, damp tenements, and her gray eyes grew thoughtful. She entered the dingy, ill-odorous kitchen, and her heart felt heavy. The women within were slightly clad. Her own garments were warm and rich. Was she clothed from the rents paid for these wretched rooms?



She told her errand, and received in return an account of all the occurrences of the past few days.

"Annie won't believe," said the mother, "that that girl has gone off with Andrew, but I know she has."

"Had you had trouble with your husband before?" asked Miss Justice.

"No, miss, we never had no trouble."

"He was a good husband, then?"

The mother made answer, "Oh, he wa'n't none of the best, nor none of the worst."

Miss Justice could not understand why these women showed so little emotion as they talked of these things. Their voices were simply dreary and hopeless, though Annie's eyes were red from weeping.

"I'll have to do something with my baby," said the deserted girl. "I can't take care of it, an' work in the mill; an' if I could put it somewheres, mother could go out washin' a good deal."

"If Joe goes," said the elder woman, "we could get on pretty well, if it wa'n't for the baby."

"But how can you bear to send your baby away?" cried Theodora.

"Well," said Annie, "it would be hard, for I think it is getting real cunning. If I'd known how things was to be, I'd ha' tried to send it off when it was first born. Then I should n't ha' cared."

She bent over the child a little wistfully. When she raised her eyes, she met Theodora's puzzled, compassionate glance. So these two gazed at each other, — both women, both creatures who had suffered, both daughters of the factory; but how differently had the factory dealt with them!

Theodora put out her hand, and lightly touched Annie's shoulder. "My poor child," she said, "stay at home for a few days and rest, and take care of the baby, and we will see what can be done for you."

"I *have* to stay at home," answered

Annie, simply. "I'm so sick, I can't work now, but I'll be better in a day or two."

"Indeed," said the mother, "Annie ain't fit to work. She's been to the mill many a mornin' when she was too sick to hold up her head; but poor folks can't stop to mind such things."

"What is the matter?" asked Theodora.

"I have a pain in my side," said Annie. "It's standin' so much does it."

"Dó you stand all the time you work?"

"Yes."

"Have you no time to sit?"

"Not much; an' we hain't no chairs, an' the overseer won't let us sit on the floor."

"You could sit down, now and then, if you had chairs?"

"Yes. There used to be chairs, but they is all broke."

Theodora drew a deep breath. It was only through negligence, she was sure, that new chairs had not been provided; but this young mother, whose rest was broken all night, must suffer all day from such oversight.

"Well," thought the lady, "I don't know but it is worth while to live just to remedy such neglect."

She left the girl sorrowfully, and went straight to Mrs. Carey, to learn what she could about Andrew and Nell. Mrs. Carey, although her cousin, had known nothing about Nell till she came to the village, a few weeks previously. She did not even know then that the girl had been married, and nothing had roused her suspicion, since Nell's maiden name had also been Moore. After her final interview with Andrew the young wife had confided her story to Mrs. Carey, and charged her to watch what happened to Annie, but on no account to reveal to any one the fact of her own marriage. Consequently, when Miss Justice questioned the milliner, all she received in reply was Mrs. Carey's as-



sertion that Nell was not with Andrew, and that she did not know where he was. Theodora was not wholly inclined to believe her statements, especially as the woman refused to tell where Nell had gone. Such clumsy manœuvres and palpable mysteries would probably soon have resulted of themselves in a complete enlightenment of the whole affair, had not a higher power taken the matter into its own hands, and arranged all things according to some deeper sense of fitness.

That very evening Margaret came to Miss Justice. "I have been," she said, "to see Annie Moore. She is very ill, and needs a competent nurse."

"Hire one, and I will pay her," said Theodora.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Justice, looking up from the Tribune.

Margaret briefly stated the case. "In her exhausted condition," said she, "it is a serious matter. She has worked when she should have been in bed. I doubt if she lives through the night."

Theodora drew a long sobbing breath. Mr. Justice ordered out the coachman, sent for medicines, nurse, everything that could be needed, and himself walked with Margaret and Theodora down to the house where the sick girl lived. He paused at the door, while the women went in.

"These tenements are abominable," he thought. "It's a dozen years since I have been in this part of the village and seen them. Theodora shall have her way, and shut them up."

In a moment, his daughter came out to him. She put her hands on his shoulders, and looked in his handsome eyes, so like her own.

"Father," said she, "I shall stay here to-night."

"Very well," he answered, kissing her.

Theodora was useful that night, for the nurse for whom they sent could not come, and she, under Margaret's direc-

tions, with the mother's assistance, took charge of Annie. Mr. Justice returned at midnight, to see if he could be of any service. His servants came and went all night on errands. Margaret had another patient in a critical condition, and was forced to be away part of the time, but no braver battle with death was fought that night over the couch of any lady in the land than that struggle to save this poor Annie, who had been so little heeded till she lay dying.

It was a strange scene, that dimly lighted, squalid room, with the white face upon the pillow, and the pale, lovely lady sitting by the bed. Old Huckleberry roamed restlessly in and out, and looked at his step-daughter's quiet face. The mother, when otherwise unoccupied, sat at the foot of the bed and tended Annie's baby. The small children were asleep on the kitchen floor, but Joe crouched in a corner of Annie's room, and watched his sister with a look of only half-human suffering in his eyes. Little as Annie had cared for him, she had always been gentle to him, and he felt something like affection and sorrow now, and was stupefied by a sensation of so high an order.

Although much of the time Annie required attention, there were long quiet intervals, when Theodora had nothing to do but think of these factory people, who seemed to have some claim upon her, which hitherto she had not recognized. Her heart began to go out to them, just because many of them were sick and sorry, and needed her. She felt that it would not be hard to labor for them, because she would love them. Once, when Annie moaned, Theodora bent over her, with lips that trembled a little.

"Poor baby," murmured the dying girl.

"Don't be troubled," said Theodora. "I will see that it is well taken care of."

They waked Annie's little brothers, who came into the room, half asleep,



and climbed on the bed to kiss their sister. They laid her baby's silent mouth to hers. Huckleberry wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and went for the priest. The room was hushed. The mother knelt beside her daughter. A woman came from the upper part of the house, and, kneeling, with a candle in her hand, read prayers in a mumbling voice. Annie stirred uneasily, and asked, "Where's Joe?"

Theodora repeated the faint whisper aloud, and the boy started from a light slumber, and came to the bed.

"Good-by," said Annie. "You never meant no harm in anything, I know."

Joe slunk back, and sobbed in his corner on the floor. Annie never spoke again. Through it all she had never mentioned Andrew; but when she lay dead in the morning light, her little face, scarce whiter than in life, was still sad.

Theodora took the baby home to keep until she could find a suitable person to care for it. It was a puny creature, and when Margaret came to see it she said it was so feeble, and had been so drugged by its ignorant grandmother, that she doubted whether it could live. Theodora remembered then that the old woman had taken the baby into her own room a little while before Annie died, because of its crying, and that after she brought it back it had slept constantly. Full of unnecessary remorse lest she, by her inattention, had been partly to blame, Miss Justice spent most of the day, after her night-watch, tending the child. The little life, however, flickered and went out, and late that afternoon the tiny body was laid beside the mother's. Living, she had not been a beautiful child, but in death she was lovely as a little angel carved in marble, — white, but blue-veined under the closed eyes. Theodora placed the fair head on Annie's arm, and as she looked at these two, lying peacefully together, her heart swelled within her, and she turned away quickly to hide her tears.

As she left the house, a woman stopped her.

"You're Miss Justice?" asked the stranger.

"Yes."

"Well," said the other, "I'm Nell Moore."

"Oh! Where is Andrew?"

"I dunno," said Nell.

"You don't?"

"No. Oh, you need n't think he went off with me. No, ma'am! I'm done with him. I married him fair enough."

"Married him!" cried Theodora.

"Yes," said Nell. "It can't do her no harm to tell now. I meant to see you an' tell you, when I heard to-day how kind you'd been to her, for I wanted to show you I was an honest woman, fit to take care of a child. So I brought my certificate," and Nell calmly produced the proof of her marriage, which Theodora scanned with astonished eyes. "We quarreled," went on Nell, "an' separated, an' he come here; an' he made believe marry that girl, — but she thought it was all right; an' I did n't know nothin' about her, an' when I found out it turned me against him more'n all he'd done to me; an' I pitied her, an' I could n't see as I could do anybody no good except by clearin' out, an' so I went. I've been stayin' to Bordentown, with Mis' Carey's sister; an' I heard he had left her, an' that she was dead, poor thing, an' so I come right over this afternoon, an' thought I'd speak to you about it."

"You and Andrew did not go away together!"

"Not much," said Nell frankly. "An' I'm goin' to get a bill from him. I won't be bothered with him no longer. What I wanted to see you about was — that baby. There's nobody wants it, I s'pose, an' I know Andrew well enough to know he won't worry himself about it. So if you can manage that I can have it, an' no fuss nor talk made, I'd



take the best of care of it. I can earn enough to support it, an' I'd be much obliged to you."

Theodora stood amazed. "You would take that baby?" she said.

"Yes," said Nell. "I'm fond of children, an' I saw this one once, and took a fancy to it." She paused, grew red, and then added hurriedly, "It might ha' been mine, you know."

Theodora choked, as she said in a low tone, "The poor little baby is gone too, and will be buried with the mother to-morrow."

Nell started. "Then Andrew is clear of all that," she said, "and of me too. He can begin business all over again." She laughed a little bitterly, as though some faint self-consciousness had come to her, which made her feel, in spite of all her outward show of decision, that it would not be as easy for her as it would have been for him to break through the meshes of the moral net in

which her life was held. In a moment more, she said, "Well, I'm sorry about the baby. It was a blessing for Annie to die. As for me, I've got to make the best I can of living on."

She turned to go, but Theodora touched her.

"Nell," said she, "come and see me sometimes. Let me be your friend. Don't go like that. I've known trouble, too."

At the simple words, Nell's eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll come to you once in a while, then. Good-by."

Theodora saw that it would be no kindness to detain her, and stood still watching the lithe, handsome figure, till the gathering gloom of the winter evening wrapped it round and shrouded it from view. Then she turned her steps homeward, saying to her tired self, "She is beyond my help, and Joe is left to me."

S. A. L. E. M.

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### THREE WORLDS.

#### I.

In youth the world, a newly blown  
Prismatic bubble,  
Shows the enchanted soul her own  
Enchanting double.

The light and dew of heavenly dreams  
Filled my young vision,  
And life rose clothed in orient beams,  
Bright apparition!

Then love in each fair bosom beat,  
A pure emotion;  
And friendship was a long and sweet,  
Ideal devotion.

Woman was truth; and age was then  
Holy as hoary.



Strangely about the brows of men  
There shone a glory,

A radiance shed by my rapt sight  
And reverent spirit;  
How changed the life, how paled the light,  
As I drew near it!

'T was my own ardent youth (alas,  
How unsuspected!)  
Whose image in the bubble's glass  
I saw reflected.

O magic youth, that could suffuse  
The bright creation  
With its own dreams and rainbow hues  
Of aspiration!

## II.

The wondrous years no more were mine,  
When fervent Fancy  
Remade the world by her divine,  
Sweet necromancy.

But still, as paled that earlier flame,  
My zeal grew warmer  
To serve my kind; and I became  
A world-reformer.

For every problem then I saw  
Some new solution,  
Could I remodel human law  
And institution!

To wed in work the heart and mind,  
Make life a mission  
Of wise good-will to all mankind,  
Was my ambition.

Bondage and ignorance should cease;  
Reason and culture  
Should banish war, the dove of peace  
Succeed the vulture.

But patiently as I reshaped  
The old equation,  
I found some factor still escaped  
My calculation.



No philosophic scheme, nor act  
Of legislature,  
Can yoke the storm and cataract  
Of human nature.

A thankless task has he who tries  
To chip and model  
The world to just the form and size  
Of his own noddle.

Is it because of hopes long tossed,  
Or heart grown harder?  
Now I have also something lost  
Of that last ardor.

No dungeon door will cease to creak,  
Nor chain be broken,  
For any word I hoped to speak,  
But leave unspoken.

My noon is past, as many things,  
Alas, remind me!  
Slowly about my shadow swings,  
Lengthening behind me.

The unaccomplished task laid down  
I leave to others;  
The voice, the victory, and the crown,  
To you, my brothers!

Not doubting, though my lips be dumb,  
But trusting wholly  
In that fair time which yet shall come,—  
Shall come, though slowly.

Not in our hurrying years, but late,  
Through generations,  
The race shall rise which I await  
With perfect patience.

Youth's brave illusion, manhood's hope,  
Vision of sages,  
Are augury and horoscope  
Of future ages.

A harp-like sound is in my ear,  
A far-off humming:  
I see the golden cloud, I hear  
The chariots coming!



## III.

Nearer and sweeter than I thought  
    One world has waited,  
Though not the world my fancy wrought,  
    Or hope created:

A world of common light and air,  
    Of earth and azure;  
Of love girt round by fear, and care  
    Dearer than pleasure;

Of simple wants and few, good-will  
    To friend and neighbor;  
And each day's cup each day must fill  
    With thought and labor;

Furtherance and help, with ample scope  
    For tears and laughter;  
Of child-like faith, and earnest hope,  
    In the hereafter;

Patience in pain; in every ill,  
    Cross, and privation,  
If not contentment, patience still,  
    And resignation.

My brother's wrong I may not right,  
    But I can share it;  
My own I'll study less to fight,  
    And more to bear it.

I'll till my little plot of ground,  
    And pay my taxes,  
And let the headlong globe go round  
    Upon its axis.

Aspire who may to seize the helm  
    And guide creation;  
If I can rule my little realm  
    With moderation,—

My own small kingdom, act and thought  
    And chaste affection,  
Trained powers, and passions duly brought  
    Into subjection,

The world of home, of wife and child,—  
    Good-by, ambition!



I'll live serenely reconciled  
To my condition.

With years a richer life begins,  
The spirit mellows :  
Ripe age gives tone to violins,  
Wine, and good fellows.

I'll marry action to repose,  
Busily idle,  
As through great scenes a traveler goes  
With slackened bridle.

To loftier aims let me aspire,  
To higher beauty ;  
Freedom to follow my desire  
Be one with duty.

About our common mother earth  
Flow seas of ether ;  
Heaven holds her in its starry girth,  
The clouds enwreath her.

Forever mystery, love, the soul's  
Boundless ideal,  
Like a diviner ether rolls  
About the real.

And second youth can still suffuse  
The bright creation  
With its own dreams and rainbow hues  
Of aspiration.

*J. T. Trowbridge.*

## JOHN BAPTIST AT THE JORDAN.

A SPONTANEOUS camp-meeting, with no precedents, and no committee of arrangements. There are no well-adjusted seats for hearers ; there are no convenient cottages for visitors. They are all in the open air, in the open country, where most of them never were before. Many of them are living as they never lived before. All of them believe that, this time, something is to happen. And, from east, west, north, and south, they

have flocked together here, first to be baptized by this prophet John, and then to follow wherever he chooses to lead them.

From the uncultivated plain, dry and desert indeed, you descend over a line of white, clayey hills to a flat or terrace, which seems the basin of an old lake. This is covered with low shrubs of the "agnus castus." A second descent brings you upon another terrace, which



is a thick jungle of willows and tamarisks. With one more descent you come to the river-bed. The river itself is not broad, sometimes not more than sixty feet wide, and the depth, except in floods, from six feet to four. On the eastern side of the river, as it would seem, in a country without villages, where men must encamp if they stay at all, are gathered these crowds, who are called together by the announcement that Elijah has appeared. It was from this very wilderness that Elijah disappeared. And now he has come again!

We are apt to read the Bible in that stupid, Gradgrind way which results in keeping the whole story on one level. We take it as all wonderful and all a matter of course at the same time. So the average feeling about John Baptist—if people take the trouble to have any feeling about him—would be, I suppose, that it was the most natural thing in the world for him to go out into the desert, to dress like a Bedouin, and to live like one. But, in fact, it was just as much a thing of course, and just as little, as it would be to-day for the only son of a manufacturer in Akron, or a lawyer in Pittsfield, to leave his father's house and family, leave all the associations to which his father and mother were bred, leave all his "reasonable prospects for life," and go up into the Upper Missouri country, or the wild lands of Lake Superior, or the forests around Katahdin, and live there alone in the fashion of Indians. The distance of removal is greater in these modern illustrations, but the contrast between the life of John's father, which in the natural order of things he would have inherited, and the life which he chose is not greater. To all which we shut our eyes, and plunge on, mumbling, "Oriental custom," "Eastern ways are so different from our ways." But if ever there were people of set ways, they were priests of the regular course of Abia. So that when a young gen-

tleman of one of these hierarchical families went off alone into a wild country, and took on himself the costume and the life of a Bedouin Arab, the matter was not such a humdrum and every-day business but what people should inquire about it. And those people who found he was dead in earnest came together to know what had happened and what was going to happen.

Nor was this an "Oriental custom," as we say so blandly, a thing of every day, like going down to a camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard now. All sorts of people came together here who were not accustomed to come into the wilderness, and they came from all sorts of places. They were people not much used to seeing each other, too. Real Bedouin, who were quite at ease in camp life, came face to face with quiet people, town bred, who were a good deal astonished to find themselves sleeping under the stars, or sitting round a fire together, telling stories in the open air before bed-time came. Jerusalem Jews were not over-civil, as we know, to Galilee people; and neither of them had much fancy for the people who belonged to Edom, on the eastern side of the river; and all of them hated the soldiers through and through. But old prejudices or old likings were, in this case, swayed and overruled by the eager desire to know what Elijah had to say, if he were Elijah, and what Elijah wanted them to do, so that they might be free of these grinding oppressions.

How large a troop of them assembled, or how long they stayed, no one can tell. But this is clear: that John and his camp-meeting excited much more of the attention of that country for many years than did Jesus and the multitudes, who surrounded him. Here was a camp with a leader. It all looked as if it might be used for a purpose. These people assembled as if they meant to do something. It was just at a time when war was lowering on the frontier;



war, too, with which, as it proved, this camp-meeting had a very close connection. The attachments of the Bedouin were but fickle at best. They made a sort of screen between the king of Arabia and the Roman Empire. All Syria, as far east as Euphrates, had been fought over back and forth, in that endless contest between West and East. The great Roman Empire of the West and the great Parthian Empire of Asia scowl at each other across this narrow Palestine and Edom.

In the life-time of many of these people, the cities of Judah had entertained now Roman and now Asiatic armies on their campaigns. But now there has been peace, or at the least an armed truce, for years. This truce Herod, like the mad fool he is, has managed to break. His wife was the daughter of the Arab King Aretas, — a political marriage, if you please. It held in check all these wild tribes along the Eastern frontier, good at fighting and hard to hold, as General Miles would tell you to-day, or General Crook. Herod has repudiated this Arab beauty, because he has fallen in love with his brother Philip's wife. He has married his sister-in-law, and has sent the Arab beauty home, disgraced, to her father. Her father does not like this. It is just what Arab kings like least. He has declared war against Herod. And so it is that these soldiers of Herod's, who come and go in the throng by the Jordan fords, and consult the new Elijah as the others do, are very closely mixed up in the imperial politics of the time. And the politicians on both sides begin to watch this encampment, to know what it is, in the affairs of their time, which the new Elijah seeks. Is the mass-meeting to befriend Herod and the Roman side, or will it work a division?

Of that matter the end is dramatic indeed, and of the tragic sort. "When the armies met," says the historian of that day, "all Herod's army was de-

stroyed by the treachery of some deserters, who, though they were of the tetrarchy of Philip, Herodias's deserted husband, joined with the Arabs. Now some of the Jews thought that destruction of Herod's army came from God, and that very justly, as a punishment of what he did against John that was called the Baptist." The Jews were quite right in that opinion, and before he had done Herod probably thought so, too. He had time enough to think it over. This dear-bought new wife, the Herodias of all our pictures, persuaded him to sail to Rome to pacify the emperor he had provoked by his folly. But emperors are not fond of tetrarchs who provoke war. Caligula will not let Herod and his handsome wife go back again. He sends them into Western banishment. He takes the kingdom from Herod, and gives it to his cousin Agrippa. And Herod and Herodias, in the beggary of exiles in barbarous Spain, have the satisfaction of thinking, all their lives long, what was the cost of the gift of John Baptist's head, which the dancing-girl gained the night of the birthday party. Disgrace and exile and beggary are what our handsome queen bought, the night she asked for that head "in a charger." That is what happens to the guilty. To the rest of us, who had no hand in the death of John or the war with Aretas, the end of that matter is brighter. It is partial evil working out into universal good. Some five and twenty years after this cruel business, Paul is brought up to his trial before the authorities of his day, — Paul, on whose life, as it proves, the destiny of modern Europe and modern civilization hung. Will Paul fare any better than John Baptist fared? No fear. Twenty-five years have changed all that. When Felix hears him, his Jewish wife, Drusilla, sits by and assists. When Festus hears Paul, King Agrippa comes in to hear Paul plead. Felix trembles. Festus



is courteous. Agrippa is almost persuaded. Paul is treated almost as their peer. "This man might have been set at liberty, had he not appealed unto Cæsar." Wonderfully civil is the king to the reform preacher. Yes; for he and his sister here remember the history of their house. But for another reform preacher and what Herod did to him, Agrippa and Drusilla would be the exiles begging bread. Agrippa remembers and Drusilla remembers the folly of their uncle, when, on that drunken night, he sacrificed the prophet's head and his own throne together. They are sitting on the seat from which he fell. "The less we have to do with these 'kingdom of God' people the better. Our uncle Antipas did not succeed with them very well." In that civility of Festus and Agrippa and Drusilla, Paul is sent to tell the truth to Nero, and to write a new chapter in the history of the world.

But in following these soldiers, and what came of them and theirs, I have gone beyond my story. What John Baptist said to them, or rather what got written down thirty or forty years after of what he said to them, was the rather grim direction, "Do violence to no man, nor accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages,"—no bad direction to be given to any soldiers off duty by any preacher in any time.

War with the Bedouin is no trifle to people who are established in the exquisite country north of John's encampment, in what they thought the security of the Roman arms. There has lately been published a wonderful book by Waddington, lately the French prime minister, describing and illustrating his wanderings and researches in that region, in days when he had leisure to wander. It is the country just north of John Baptist's desert, on the east of Jordan. People call it to this hour the most beautiful country in the world. But, since the time of the Saracen in-

vasion it has been good for nothing for living in by quiet people, thanks to just this sort of Bedouin lawlessness, which Herod provoked when he made war with King Aretas. And so in John's time any of these people living there—say, the young gentleman up above, "who had great possessions," whom we hear of afterwards—took the sort of interest in the war questions that the chief of a wheat farm in Dakota would take to-day, if he found there was a prospect of an inroad from Sitting Bull and his seven hundred warriors from the Canada side of the line.

West of Jordan, in more closely settled regions, there was, at the same time, social ferment down to the very dregs of things. The poor were desperate, and the rich were angry. The taxes which were imposed upon them seemed to wring the last penny from the poor, and the rich saw with disgust how the farmers of the revenue, with their vulgar new wealth, grew every day richer and richer. As to intrigue of politics, I think there is not in all history such a calendar of murders as those by which the throne of Herod had been established, now split up into these quarter thrones, or "tetrarchies." And the hatred which the gentry and the common people had for the Herods was in proportion to the cruelty with which, through blood, they had waded to their thrones. Then, for reformers, you had a reformer at every corner. You had pensive brooders and dreamers. You had sticklers for the old forms, even to the letter. You had ascetics, who left the abodes of men, and went into the wilderness. You had other ascetics, who showed off their fastings and their washings in the cities. You had philosophers, who could refine down the old faith to mean anything or everything in their subtleties. You had, as we have to-day, men hanging round the government, without any real religion but the worship of themselves or of



their liege lords. Such men worshipped Herod or Tiberius, and for the rest maintained religion as a good thing for the people.

It is fair to say that all these classes were represented in the throng, larger every day, which camped around John, on the eastern side of Jordan. To such a throng as this it is that Elijah, if he be Elijah, proclaims the good old Hebrew war cry, "No king but God!" For that is their interpretation of "The kingdom of heaven is at hand."

We look back on all this with eager interest, because we know what came of it. We squeeze dry, very dry indeed, every scrap of record there is left. But, alas, there is very little record. History is pitiless in such matters. The thing which was to be done was not to be done in the way that camp-meeting expected. Therefore the camp-meeting has left very little record of itself. So there was an immense parade in this dear Boston of ours fifty years ago, when we celebrated our second centennial. But nothing particular came of the parade, and so, after only fifty years, it is hard to make old people remember that there was any such display. Still we hunt for the record of the camp-meeting now, and clothe the whole scene with what Mr. Choate once called "a reflex and peculiar glory," when he spoke of the glamour which we throw on the rather unpicturesque environments of Plymouth Bay. This glamour of the "peculiar glory" has the more sway, because in modern times we separate so sharply the times and the methods of studying the camp-meeting, and the rest which follows, from all other study. There is a classical atlas and a Bible atlas. A bright boy or girl studies the classical atlas at the public school, and the Bible atlas at the Sunday school. They read about Cleopatra in Shakespeare, on Saturday. But on Sunday, when they must not read Shakespeare, they read about Herod, Cleopatra's lover, in the Bible.

In that way there grows up a superstition about profane history and sacred history. A dull boy might be excused if he thought Caligula and Tiberius were always swearing, because they come into profane history, and that Pilate and Caiaphas should have glories round their heads, because they appear in sacred history.

Out of all this ridiculous superstition has grown what Mr. Tiffany has called the "isolation theory of Scripture," a phrase admirably chosen. And people who are not dull boys really imagine, without much thought, that these New Testament affairs passed on a stage as much separated from the ordinary life of that century as is the valley of the Ober-Ammergau from Wall Street or Threadneedle Street. But there never was a greater mistake. Not simply in the tides of war, but in the affairs of commerce, the people who lived in Judea were then mingling with all the rest of the world. It seems as if even then Jews were the bankers of the world. They had the aptitude for trade which their father Jacob had, and which makes their descendants to be the tradesmen in New Mexico to-day. They touched with a thousand nerves, both of motion and of feeling, all parts of all continents excepting Australia and America. Neither the Scotchman of to-day nor the New Englander of to-day, though these are the typical wanderers of our time, have penetrated into places distant from their homes with more pertinacity than was shown by those Jewish bankers and merchants who were Christ's contemporaries. And, on the other hand, not London, nor Vienna, nor New York, those Babels of all nationalities, could make out a larger catalogue of races or of languages jostling together, now kindly and now morosely, than we could find in these little cities of Judea and Galilee. A letter from Britain, a carved ivory fly-flap from the cataracts of the Nile, and a tassel of silk from China might



be lying together on the divan on the side of a parlor in Tiberias, when a Roman officer should come in from parade, fling off sword and gorget, and throw himself on the couch, while he ordered wines from Greece and perfumes from India for his refreshment. So cosmopolitan was the country that it is an undecided question what was the language which men spoke most commonly in the streets. And it is probably certain that people with as much knowledge of men and as much in society as Jesus, John Baptist, Simon Peter, and the apostle John spoke indifferently in one of two languages. They either spoke in Greek to people not to the manner born, — and these were perhaps half the persons around them, — or they spoke in the Aramaic, which was the proper language of their country, to persons whom they knew to be natives, to Syrians or Arabs. It is an open question whether such an address as the Sermon on the Mount, to such an audience as heard it, was not delivered in the Greek language, in almost the words, indeed, in which we read of it to-day.

The unarmed throng of people, sincere and insincere, curious and determined, Jew and Gentile, Westerner and Easterner, who came down to the camp-meeting by Jordan, would all be forgotten this day, but for one arrival. There is one among these unnamed converts whose name will not be forgotten. In the carpenter's shop of Nazareth, Jesus hears of John's baptism, and he suspects that the Time has come. In what agony of waiting he has lived through thirty years we may guess, but we cannot tell. The early writers battled it a great deal, stating it in this mechanical phrase: "Did the Holy Spirit come on him at his baptism for the first time?" We ought to be free from such wooden habit of limiting the work of God, — of Infinite Unlimited Spirit. Enough for us to know that when Jesus went to John his life for us begins. From that

moment the duties of a carpenter of Nazareth, careful for his mother, watchful of his brothers and sisters, give way to the infinite duty of a Saviour of the world. By going down to the wilderness, Jesus shows his estimate of John's work, and he shows also that he is not outside or above John's work. He virtually says, when he goes down there, that he comes in the order of Providence, not outside of it. Centuries have been seething in the great cauldron of history; conquerors have risen and fallen; armies have rallied, fought, and passed away; and now a whole people has waked to the only voice that would wake it, — all, that Christ might come and see and conquer. It is wretched superstition which supposes that this mission was all outside the world, that it was foreign to the world's own strivings and hopes for salvation. It is, on the other hand, all wrought in with the world's own effort. All history since has flowed from it and is tinged by it. At the moment the world needed him, at the moment he could serve it, its Saviour came. Nay, for that moment he even waited, an obedient son, caring for his widowed mother in her home in Nazareth.

"How does the baptizer look upon him? With a quiet countenance, as he would regard an ordinary person. Had he not already conceived for Jesus an unspeakable reverence? He has just now refused to baptize him, before whom he felt himself as nothing. Again and again he has said that he was not worthy to unloose the latchets of Jesus' shoes. To John's mind the moment was one of breathless excitement." These words are Dr. Furness's, and he goes on to say, "To Jesus as well the occasion is of untold interest. Whatever it was to others, the rite was no formality to him. We can scarcely conceive what were his feelings. Binding himself irrevocably, and in spotless pureness of spirit, to the work he undertakes for the world; giv-



ing himself up [how much that means!] — giving himself up to the perfect will of God, he has now, if he never had it before, a complete certainty of his own life and destiny. He makes real before the world the wish, the purpose, the eager desire, which has before existed in the depth of his own bosom." God knows now that he is willing. Men know now that he is devoted. And in that hour of self-consecration he knows that God is with him. The spirit of God is with him, is upon him, and from that moment he has no fear that he is left to human mistake or human failure.

This certainty in his own heart, this consecration before men, this surrender to the will of God, all show themselves in the illumination and glory of face and bearing, as John leads him to the sacrament, and as the solemn service passes. It is expressed in language not unworthy in the gospels, when they write, a generation after, that, "coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens open. He saw that the spirit of God descended upon him, and lo, a voice from heaven: 'This is my beloved son. In him I am well pleased.'"

What if that voice from heaven was heard by himself alone? He heard it, and from that moment it was the key to his life. "Thou art my son, and I am thy Father." And if John Baptist did not hear the voice, he knew the truth.

He knew that the very spirit of God was shed, then and there, on him whom he baptized. "Why, I saw it," he says, — "I saw the spirit descend, as a dove descends." Poetry and art have caught up the word not unfitly, and the gentleness, the purity, — shall I say silence? — of the swooping dove have been from that moment the types of the gentleness, the purity, the silence, and the certainty of the work of God's own spirit upon his child.

Silent, pure, loving, gentle, and sure. And therefore it is not in the noise and bluster of John's great camp meeting that the Saviour stays. He has been willing to show that he is of the world, and not above the world. He is son of man, though he be son of God. But his kingdom is not of observation. His reign is not to be marked by camps, or the gathering of armies. Let John Baptist complete his work of preparation. Not till preparation is over will the Nazarene begin. So is it, — very likely to John's disappointment, perhaps to the surprise of Mary Mother and of the others who knew that his leaving Nazareth meant something for mankind, — so is it that, all willed with God's own spirit, Jesus leaves the camp, leaves the throng of men, and goes alone into the wilderness. It is not in camps, it is not in throngs, it is in the lonely life of the obedient son, that the rescue of the world is to begin.

*Edward E. Hale.*

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## HINDU HUMOR.

"ALL that we are is the result of what we have thought," is one of the many wise passages contained in the Dhammapada of the Buddhists; and the Hindus, among whom Buddhism originated, illustrate the truth of this saying. The earliest civilized of the Aryans,

they have witnessed growth and decay and new growths in the other branches of the great Indo-European family; their country has been invaded by Persians, Greeks, Arabs, Moguls, Portuguese, Dutch, and Danes, and has finally succumbed to the English rule; their



primitive religious creed has been modified and corrupted by the mysticisms of philosophers, the innovations of Buddhists and Jains, and the proselytizers of Islam and Christianity. But through all these centuries of change, the Hindus have retained not only the physical, but the mental and moral characteristics which distinguished their ancestors in the long bygone ages, when Hindustan had not come into contact with other nations. Up to a certain point, the Indo-Aryans developed rapidly. Free from foreign influence, and living in a country where the actual necessities of life were easily satisfied, they met with few difficulties to impede their progress. While Persian, Greek, and Roman struggled and fought, the Hindu thought and dreamed. His dreams and meditations are embodied in his religion.

The history of every nation is colored by the people's conception of the supernatural, and their theories of life and its meaning; this is preëminently the case with the Hindus. Their every word and every action are the direct outcome of their religious beliefs, and to study their literature intelligently, and duly comprehend what there is in it of sublime or of humorous, is impossible without the knowledge of the principal tenets of their faith. The belief in Nirvana, or final annihilation, which is the basis of their religion, developed from the physical features of their country. From their primeval home in Central Asia, they had crossed the snowy Himalayas and settled in the neighborhood of the Seven Rivers, where the sky was unclouded, the land fair and fruitful, and the air soothing. The enervating climate generated in the soul of the Hindu a dreamy languor and a great longing for rest. It was the *dolce far niente* of the Italian, or the *Kaf* of the Mahometan, intensified. Like the lotus-eaters, he felt that "there is no joy but calm." Yearning for a state of passivity, he was nevertheless forced into activity by the cares

of life, and mere existence seemed to him a deadly curse. It has been natural to men to represent those pleasures which they ardently longed for, but could not obtain, in this life as the supreme joy of the life to come. Mahomet promised his converts an eternity of black-eyed houris and sensual enjoyments. St. John, like the Talmudists, drew glowing pictures of an expensive heavenly city, with walls of shining gold and streets of precious stones. But the Hindu, who believed activity to be the cause of sin and misery, and individuality the greatest evil, imagined perfect happiness to consist in annihilation, in a final absorption into Brahm, the Atman or One Great Self. Reformers arose. Buddhists and Jains rebelled against the cruel distinctions of caste; schools of philosophy were formed, and Sankyasts and Nyayists dived to depths of metaphysical speculation unfathomed by Neoplatonists or German mystics; in the course of time Vishnu, Siva, and Krishna were respectively worshiped as the greatest of the gods by devotees separated by deadlier difference than that dividing the Christian sects. But in the chaos of dissent there was at least one point upon which all agreed: they aimed at exchanging the activity of existence for an eternity of rest. Call it by whatsoever name they would, — Mukti, Moksha, Nisreyasa, Apavarga, or Nirvana, — all looked forward to the final destruction of the Ego and a glorious release from action. Never has a people's religion been so cruelly at variance with the reality of life. When a man's grows with his growth, and widens as his intellect expands, there is progress. The more the Hindu strove to attain his end, the further he seemed from it. His first-formed ideal in its very conception implied non-activity, and hence the essence of progress was wanting. "There is nothing real but Brahm" was his profession, while his humanity rebelled against the belief in a world of shad-



ows, and love for wife, family, and fellow-man refuted his theory of eternal truth. This doctrine has left a deep impress upon the Hindu character and mind. It has been an insurmountable obstacle to the higher forms of civilization, and with its intense pessimism has hindered any great development of the nobler passions or of the intellect. Genius, under such a system, is crushed, and the soul of poetry and art is missing.

The Hindus have their epics, their dramas, their popular tales, and their poetry. Their Vedas contain passages sublime as any to be found in the sacred books of other nations. Their law-books are full of wise and humane counsels. Their epics celebrate the actions of men and women not unlike the heroes and heroines of Homer; and their dramas bear a strong affinity to ours, — a fact which led Schlegel to declare that the English version of the *Sakuntala* of Kalidasa presents so striking a resemblance to our romantic drama that we would conclude its translator to have been unduly influenced by his love for Shakespeare, if his accuracy were not well established by all Sanskrit scholars. But still, we cannot look to Indian literature for an *Œdipus*, a *Hamlet*, or a *Faust*, nor, conversely, for an *Eulenspiegel*, a *Panurge*, or a *Sancho Panza*. The dogma of quiescence prevented the creation of the great types of tears or of laughter which have been the glory of the literatures of other countries, and which will live forever. According to our conception of the tragic, the Hindus have no tragedies, and the humor which many of their writers possess is a humor distinctly their own. While the true humorist laughs at the follies of mankind, and, even as he laughs, loves them because they are so human, the Eastern humorist, inspired by Brahmanism or Buddhism, laughs at men for rejoicing or despairing in a world which has no reality. He never could thor-

oughly understand the "brotherly sympathy with the downward side" which was the inspiration of Shakespeare, Rabelais, and Cervantes.

It is at first difficult for the Western reader to define what is earnest and what is humorous in Sanskrit works. That which strikes us as grotesque and ludicrous is to the Hindu sublime and serious. The difference in the standards of taste adopted by Eastern and Western Aryans is admirably exemplified in their types of godhead. The Greek gods and goddesses are beautiful and perfect in form; *Hephæstos*, whose trade is little suited to divinity, is misshapen; and the horns, tails, and goats' feet of *Pan* and the satyrs harmonize with their semi-bestial natures. The Norse gods are strong, brave, and energetic, and are models of complete manhood. The Hindu gods, however, are tremendous monsters, with eight arms and three heads, like *Siva*; with an elephant's head, like *Ganesa*; or black, bloody, and terrible, like the much-feared, much-honored *Durga*. In the *Mahabharata*, *Aryuna* begs for one glimpse of the infinite, universal deity, and *Krishna* appears, with many arms, stomachs, eyes, and mouths with projecting teeth, in which the sons of *Dritarashtra* are sticking, even as the pilgrims, concealed in the salad, were held fast in the teeth of *Gargantua*. There is, moreover, the same wild luxuriance in everything Indian. The *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* are the longest of all epics. The *Pansha-tantra* and other popular tales consist of stories connected by a single thread; and there are stories within stories, until an uninitiated reader, before he is half-way through this labyrinth of incident, has lost the thread that was to guide him. It is in keeping with the rich fertility of the Hindu imagination that the early metaphysicians evolved the most tremendous humorous conception that has ever entered into the mind of man.



When the philosopher paused, in his speculations on the infinite, to look out upon the world about him, he saw a land teeming with life and beauty, and men and women who lived and struggled, loved and hated, laughed and cried. The contrast between the truth which he in his wisdom had divined and life as it seemed aroused within him a grim sense of the humorous. After all, he asked himself, what was the world, what was creation, but *Maya*, a delusion? — a joke, colossal in design, which *Brahm*, the one reality, had imagined for his own amusement. It was even as *Heine* fancied it might be, the dream of a jolly, tipsy deity.

There is an incident in the Scandinavian mythology that is very suggestive of this idea of *Maya*, and which may be a survival of the pre-Sanskrit or early Aryan age. *Thor* and *Loki* once were entertained for a night in the burg, or castle, of *Utgard-Loki*, and while there they were subjected to mortifications and trials so keen that at the first appearance of dawn they hastened to depart upon their journey. *Utgard-Loki* accompanied them for a short distance, and after taunting the two great *Asas* on their late experiences told them that all their adventures in *Jotunheim* had been deceptions, which he, the great *Jotun* juggler, had continued for their discomfiture and his own amusement. Upon this, *Thor*, with eyes flashing and knuckles grown white, lifted the mighty *Mjölner*, and turned to crush his tormentor. But lo, giant and castle had disappeared, and there was nothing to be seen but the great grassy plain in which the duped *Asas* were standing. The fairy foxes, in the minor mythology of Japan, are sometimes represented playing tricks like this one of *Utgard-Loki*'s. But when compared to the stupendous satire which has for butt existence itself, the humor of the *Jotun* and the fairy foxes seems like child's play.

The supernatural enters largely into

Indian literature, and it was as necessary to the Hindu poet and story-teller as the doctrine of fatalism was to the Greek dramatist. *Homer*, *Æschylus*, and *Sophocles* made good use of the Greek Pantheon, but their deities are more like men than gods; even the Titan *Prometheus* awakens our loving commiseration, because he is the champion of humanity. In the mediæval romances, fairies and demons and unearthly monsters are as plentiful as bees in a flower garden, but here, as in the Greek myths, the human element predominates. With the Hindu, the human is strictly subordinate to the supernatural, and our interest is checked and our sympathy withdrawn when we discover that the characters are not men, but gods. *Rama* is an incarnation of *Vishnu*, and the favorite Indian hero *Aryuna* is a portion of the essence of *Indra*; while *Sita* and *Draupadi* "with her dark skin and lotus eyes" are forms of the goddess *Lakshmi*. The result of the battle described in the *Mahabharata* is dependent upon *Krishna*, and in the *Ramayana* the hero, aided by the monkey-god *Hanumani*, has for enemy *Ravana*, the demon with ten faces, twenty arms, copper-colored eyes, and bright teeth, "like the young moon;" who, by the practice of austerities during ten thousand years, had become greater than the gods themselves. The contempt of things earthly led to this exaggeration. It naturally follows that in the Sanskrit masterpiece of humor the true hero of the tale is a demon, who proves himself to be greater than royalty, and superior to that asceticism which of all human prerogatives the Hindu most respects.

This masterpiece is the *Baital Pachisi*, translated by Captain Richard F. Burton as *Vikram and the Vampire*, and is a work essentially typical of Indian humor. It is the most thoroughly mischievous satire that has ever been written, in any age or in any country, but



the satire has nothing in common with Western humor. The nominal hero of the book is the Raja Vikramaditya the Brave, usually called Vikram, who is the King Arthur, Charlemagne, or Haroun-al-Raschid of Hindustan. He is represented as having possessed all the virtues of a monarch and a sage. He was fully conscious of his superiority to the rest of mankind, and, intoxicated with pride and power, held himself to be unrivaled. He was, in fact, *Wisdom* incarnate. Now, according to the story, there was a Jogi, or anchorite, who, many years before Vikram had become king, had been terribly and miserably duped, and resenting his wrongs, and laying the blame on Vikram's father, he determined to be revenged upon the son. Disguised as a merchant, and calling himself Mal Deo, he came to the city of the Rajah, and presented him with fruit, which was found to contain rubies of rare size and brilliancy. When asked by the Rajah what he would receive in return for such lavish gifts, he answered, "I am not Mal Deo, but Shanta Shil, a devotee. I am about to perform magical rites on the banks of the Godavari, in a large *smashana*, a cemetery where bodies are burned. By this means the eight powers of nature will all become mine. But, to perfect my spells, I must be aided by a king. This thing I ask of you as alms: that you and the young prince, Dharma Duay, will pass one night with me, doing my bidding. By your remaining near me my incantations will be successful." This Vikram consented to do, though, having formerly received a warning of the anchorite's vow of vengeance, he began to suspect who the so-called Mal Deo really was. However, as duty and law exacted, on the night appointed, he went with his son to fulfill his promise, and the sight which met their eyes when they first found the Jogi was a grand moral exhibition of ghosts. Nothing daunted, the valiant Rajah asked,

"What commands are there for us?" To which the Jogi replied, "O king, since you have come, just perform one piece of business. About four miles hence, in a southerly direction, there is another place where dead bodies are burned, and there is a siras or mimosa tree, upon which a body is hanging. Bring it to me immediately."

The king and his son started off, and having passed over a rough and rugged road, in the midst of thunder, lightning, and a deluge of rain, followed by goblins and surrounded by every conceivable horror, they arrived at the place described by the Jogi. Approaching the tree, Vikram saw the body. It was bloodless and apparently lifeless, save for the whisking of a ragged little tail; its eyes, face, and hair were brown, and by these signs the king knew it to be a Baital, or vampire. Its appearance was certainly not prepossessing, but the Rajah, always brave and fearless, climbed the tree, cut down the body, and, descending, proceeded to secure it. Scarcely had he laid hands upon it when, with a shout of discordant laughter, it slipped from his grasp, and quicker than thought refastened itself to the tree. Six times did the discomfited and angry Vikram climb the tree, and six times did the wily Baital, with jibes and jeers, elude the efforts of the mighty king. It was only at the seventh trial that it allowed itself to be made captive. His failures had been hard enough to bear by the Rajah, whose slightest inclination had never before been thwarted, but they were insignificant in comparison with the mortifications which still awaited him. The Baital, who was an intensified Indian Mephistopheles, consented to go quietly with Vikram only on one condition. It was, it said, of a loquacious disposition, and would need to relieve the dreariness of the journey with the telling of sprightly tales. After each of these it would ask him a number of questions. "But," it concluded, "when-



ever thou answerest me, either compelled by fate or entrapped by my cunning into so doing, or thereby gratifying thy vanity and conceit, I leave thee, and return to my favorite place and position in the siras-tree; but when thou shalt remain silent, confused, and at a loss to reply, either through humility, or a tacit confession of thy own ignorance and impotence and want of comprehension, then will I allow thee, of mine own free will, to place me before thy employer. Perhaps I should not say so,—it may sound like bribing thee; but take my counsel, and mortify thy pride and assumption and arrogance and haughtiness as soon as possible. So shalt thou derive from me a benefit which none but myself can bestow.” At these impudent words Rajah Vikram winced. He said nothing, however, but seized the bundle in which the vampire had been tied, threw it over his shoulder, and turned in the direction of the Jogi. In a few minutes the Baital began his first tale. By this peculiar commencement the Hindu humorist not only accomplished his own immediate end, but contrived to introduce into his work the short stories so dear to Hindu readers. Each of these is admirable in its way, but they have no immediate connection with the main plot. The ingenuity of the author converts them into snares, by which the mighty Vikram was entrapped.

The first story was interesting, and the Baital told it cleverly. The plot was one of love and intrigue, in which a young prince, his friend, and a fair princess were the leading characters. When it was finished the Baital asked the Rajah to decide as to the conduct of these three, and their influence in bringing about a certain catastrophe. Now it mattered not a farthing to the true interest of the story whether or not this particular point was discussed. The Baital's proposition was like the problems of the Greek sophists, and it

would have been best to have left it unsolved. But Vikram, with an overweening conceit in his knowledge of the law and its administration, and confident of his superior abilities as a judge, logician, and moralist, gravely and silently considered the question, and finally favored the Baital with a decision. Whereupon the latter gave a loud mocking laugh, and flew back to its original position on the tree, whither Vikram was obliged to return, and once more begin his task.

This performance was repeated at the end of each story. Rajah Vikram, despite himself, listened attentively, and was always ready to give an autocratic verdict. And when he did so, slip went the vampire. Wearied with his walks to and fro, he at last determined to sit at the foot of the tree, and there listen. He hoped, too, in this way, to clear his mind of distraction. But all in vain. As soon as the demon began to talk, the Rajah became interested, and was again inveigled into laying down the law. It was not until the Baital had related twenty-five stories, and propounded with every one a problem which could not possibly be solved, that Vikram remembered it would be better to hold his peace, and thus realized that silence is sometimes the highest wisdom. It was a difficult lesson to learn, but once learnt the mighty Rajah was great and invincible in his new power; not all the sneers and insinuating temptations of the vampire could induce him to open his mouth. Yet to do this,—and here is a most delicate point of insulting and mischievous satire and true art,—the Baital made his last story so transparently a mere catch, or satire on the king's wisdom, that even a child would have scorned to comment on it. The Baital found that he was at last vanquished, and prepared to depart out of the dead body he had been animating. As a return for the wearisome journeyings backwards and forwards which poor Vikram had taken, the vam-



pire explained to him the wily intentions of the Jogi, and thus enabled him to escape being sacrificed to Durga, — which would otherwise have been his fate, — and to offer the anchorite in his stead. It is to be hoped Raja Vikram profited by the practical lessons of his tormentor. Rabelais is *funnier* and far more grotesque in satire; Tyll Eulenspiegel more broadly human in his mischief; Reinike Fuchs more accurate in the analysis of social evils; Sterne more searching in self-examination; but, as a subtle and most logical indication of the weak side of the greatest wisdom, and the grain of evil in the highest human ideal of religion, conduct, or morality, the Baital Pachisi surpasses them all. No humorist ever felt so deeply as its author that man can literally imagine nothing perfect, or be devoid of vanity; and he treats the discovery in a spirit of the purest mischief, as a monkey might behave with a polished gold vase which he had found in some ancient tomb, holding it up to all his mates that they might grin with him at their own ugliness, reflected in what was made to be beautiful. The deepest points of Hindu wisdom are here examined with perfect intelligence, simply to be shown with eccentric humor as imperfect, — very fine in their way, to be sure, but not quite what men think they are. The real lesson which the vampire teaches to the many is that personal vanity is always to be found in all human thought, and this teaching involves the extreme of skepticism. Its author was not an inquiring Agnostic, nor a believer in anything, nor yet a disbeliever. He was a genius as to construction, for he has formed his stories with a few master touches into a masterpiece of a plot. The Baital, who talks like a genial blackguard, — a Voltairean Père Duchêne, — and whose dearest delight seems to be to insult decency and dignity and corrupt the morals of the young, appears in the end as seriously wiser than the king, and as a great and

good spirit, the agent of the gods, who were all anxiously engaged in a stupendous drama or scheme of life, whose object was to teach the wisest man who ever lived the last and highest lesson of wisdom, — “not to slop over.” Not to pour more water into the vase than we can carry is all that the king requires to fit him for royalty in heaven. This is the very *ne plus ultra* of daring satire; nobody but a Hindu could have conceived it. Therefore, the author, with apparent sincerity, in his introduction, commends the work as one which will effect the eternal salvation of all sinners who perfectly master its lesson. And if Brahmanism or Buddhism be true, he is perfectly right. If man can be saved by his own wisdom, that wisdom must be perfect, and the Baital puts the finishing touch to every sage who ever lived, — even unto Solomon, who admitted, it is true, that all is vanity, but unlike King Vikram did not practice strictly as he preached. There is no work of Western fiction that in the least approaches to the keen irony of the Baital Pachisi.

It is almost impossible for an Oriental not to speak in parables or fables, and India is probably the birthplace of the practice of story-telling, which, after becoming so popular among the Persians and the Arabs, found its way into Europe. The Hindu stories are always intended to convey a moral to the listener or reader. The actions of one man are explained by relating those of another, and these again may receive illustration from the ways of the animal creation. This method of instruction was always used by Buddha, who accounted to his followers for present circumstances by recalling events which had taken place in their previous lives, and many of the Jatakas, or Birth Stories, as they are called, are full of humor: as, for example, when, to explain the improper behavior of a monk, Buddha showed how, many, many years before, this very



monk, then a peacock, had committed a similar offense; for then his plumage was so beautiful that he was chosen to be the husband of the daughter of the Golden Goose, and his vanity and self-satisfaction were so great that he danced exultingly in her presence, and in doing this committed a heinous crime. Again, Buddha accounted for the fact of another monk falling victim to the charms of a fat girl because, in a previous existence, he had been born a pig, and had been served up in sausages to the same girl. Ludicrous as this seems, it was very serious matter to the Orientals. The Jatakas are to the Buddhists what parables were to the Jews and the early Christians. As Christ expounded his doctrines in parables suited to the comprehension of the populace, so Buddha successfully appealed to the believers in the transmigration of souls by his birth stories. It is more than probable that on these all fables, and possibly all parables, were originally based. They declare that a soul, whether in a human or other form, had the same characteristics, and repeated, as in a parody or an idealization, the same acts. Hence humor is manifested. Hence parables are a natural logical result of a belief in transmigration of the soul. It is plain enough that the same doctrine of metempsychosis existed among a few of the Jews, and it is thought to be admitted in the New Testament.

Many of the wonderful tales in the Arabian Nights, and even in the Decameron and other collections of stories which so delighted Europeans during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are imitations and new versions of incidents related in the Pancha-tantra and Hitopadesa, the two earliest works of Sanskrit fiction. While the Vedas and the sacred books were particularly the property of the Brahmans, these tales which dealt with real life and its duties and pleasures were popular with the other castes. They are like a mirror, in

which the prevailing tastes and ideas are reflected. Therefore the rôle given in them to the different characters becomes significant. The humorous description of the Brahmans in some of these stories at first appears in direct contradiction to the Hindu's most cherished prejudices, but closer examination shows it to be their natural result. The accumulation of power in any organized religious system leads in due time to ridicule and invective. With the Hindus, in addition to the respect exacted by the dignity of the priesthood, there was that arising from the distinction of caste. It was this pernicious system which made possible the sect of the Maharajas, who for pious immorality have never been equaled. In this sect the Gurus declared themselves to be incarnations of the great god Krishna, and more powerful than the god himself. "When Hari [Krishna] is displeased with any one, the Guru saves him," so they declared; "but when the Guru is displeased with any one, who can save him?" Many people were weak enough to be awed by this assumption of power. It is very strange how often men have delighted in allowing themselves to be trampled on. There were Hindus who were easily induced to worship men no better, or rather worse, than ordinary mortals. As token of their humble adoration, some were carried to such depths of degradation that they drank the water with which the Maharaj performed his ablutions as if it had been ambrosia or their own divine soma. This shows the state of servility to which the proud and arrogant Brahmans reduced their inferiors by caste; yet with all their superiority they could not wholly crush the spirit of satire. The same incentive which inspired the mediæval artist in his caricatures of the monks goaded the "mild Hindu" to the wildest ridicule of the Brahman. In the Sanskrit drama, he appears as Vidushaka, or jester, and plays the part of the servant or slave in



the Greek comedies, the French valet, or the Spanish Gracioso. He is a mixture of the clown and pantaloon of our modern pantomimes. He excites mirth by his silliness, and only occasionally by his wit. He is represented as hideously ugly, deformed, and attired in absurd fashion. He is the companion rather than the servant of the hero, and his buffoonery and sensuality are a humorous contrast to the earnestness of the other. In *Sakuntala*, the love-sick king tells Matharya, the Brahman, that he will require his services shortly, but in a matter which will give him no fatigue. "In eating something nice, I hope!" is the characteristic exclamation of the unsentimental, greedy Matharya. The *Vidushaka* differs from court-fools and from Shakespeare's clowns in being always the butt, and not the contriver, of the jokes and jests.

The humorous satire directed against the Brahmans is fully perfected in the story of the Guru Simple and his five disciples, Noodle, Doodle, Wiseacre, Fooyle, and Zany. This work bears, it is true, the name of a Jesuit missionary, but it is in reality a collection of older Indian tales. In it a Guru, by virtue of his rank, is supposed to be competent to teach the people and direct them in every matter, either spiritual or temporal. This is what should be; the Hindu satirist describes what is. He draws the picture of an old man, who to the ignorance of childhood joins a great affectation of authority and sagacity. He is as full of gross superstitions as an African fetich-worshiper, and as unversed in the wisdom of the world and the ways of mankind as the babe unborn. Credulous as the Bruin of legends, he is gulled and fooled by every Reynard he meets. As Guru he is frequently referred to as umpire in disputed cases, and on these occasions his shrewd decisions, born of simplicity, recall the sagacious sentences passed by honest Sancho Panza while governor of his famous

island. The idiotic stupidity of the five disciples is as humorously naïve as the easy credulity of the good old Guru Simple. They excel in the wisdom of folly, but are pleasingly confident in their own merit. Their religious duties are so arduous as to leave them absolutely no time for self-improvement, and they are in consequence extremely ignorant. The daily occupations of Doodle are cited to satirize the way in which the Brahmans waste their time in useless ablutions and superfluous detail of sacrifice, to the neglect of more important duties. Their real laziness, though concealed under the cover of great assiduity and faithfulness in the proper observance of religious rites, early attracted the attention of the satirist. Professor Max Müller has translated a hymn in the *Rig-Veda*, in which a so-called Panegyric of the Frogs is really a satire of the Brahmans. Another of the hymns has this line: "Do not be as lazy as a Brahman." To the Kshatriya and Vaisya, who had plenty of real honest work to do in this world, duties which consisted in too frequently washing the teeth, rinsing the mouth, painting the face, and so on were as unmeaning as would be the efforts of a man to empty a lake of its waters with a sieve.

The last incident related in the *Guru Simple*, which resulted in the Guru's death, is perhaps the most truly humorous. To appreciate the satire it is well to remember the serene self-complacency of the Guru. One day Wiseacre, who, if possible, surpassed his companions in imbecility, went to cut some banyan leaves for his master. Climbing the tree and sitting astride one of the branches, he began, like Hogarth's sawyer, to cut away at that part which was between himself and the trunk of the tree. A stranger, a wise Pandit, passed, saw his danger, and warned him of it. Wiseacre, in return, reviled him for his interference. He continued lustily chopping, until in due time down came the



bough, and Wiseacre with it. Impressed by this catastrophe, and holding it to be a proof of the stranger's prophetic power, he ran after him, apologized humbly for his own boorishness, and begged him, since he could so clearly see into the future, to make known to him the length of time which his much-loved master, the Guru, had still to live. The Pandit at first tried to escape Wiseacre's importunities, but to no avail. Therefore, as a last resource, but not without sly relish of the joke, he turned around with the utmost solemnity, bade Wiseacre listen to the message of the stars, and slowly and impressively said, in a Sanskrit phrase which is at the same time almost Rommany, or common Gypsy, *Asvanam chitam jivana nasham*. Wiseacre was deeply impressed with the mystic sentence, but, uncertain of its meaning, he asked the stranger to explain it. Whereupon the latter declared it to be the language of the initiated, and interpreted it as "Cold in the rear when death is near." The poor old Guru, when he heard these words, pondered long over them, and laid them so deeply to heart that when, not long afterwards, he caught cold, he imagined his last hour had arrived, and prepared to die. Once he was aroused by the intervention of the jester of the village, the common sense of the latter contrasting pleasantly with the folly of the would-be wise. But the old man only rallied for a while. By accident he took fresh cold, and, distracted with fear, fell into a deep swoon, and lay as still as death. His disciples hastened to perform the necessary funeral ceremonies. To purify the body they carried it to a neighboring stream, and immersed it in the water. The cold bath revived the Guru, and the rubbing which was part of the ceremonial made his blood circulate more rapidly. Consciousness returned, but he was completely under the water, and could not call out for help.

He made a few violent struggles to break loose from the clutch of his too devoted pupils, but they, in their superstitious ignorance, thought a baital or demon was animating the body. The more the Guru fought, the more firmly they held him. His strength was almost gone, owing to his late illness, and he soon perished, the unfortunate victim of his own and his disciples' credulity. In this manner was accomplished the Pandit's prophecy, *Asvanam chitam jivana nasham*.

To all who can read between the lines these tales of the people are deeply significant. There is no nation whose whole history can be so clearly traced as that of the Hindus, though in India there has never been an Herodotus, nor a Tacitus, nor a Gervaise of Tilbury, to record early facts and dates or gossiping tales. But more important than the getting by heart long lists of sovereigns and the chronological order of battles and sieges is an insight into the spirit of the people. What matters it now whether the Indian Chandragupta really lived and died, save that his name stands as a signal to indicate the first meeting of Eastern and Western Aryans after their long separation? But that which will always be of undying interest to poets and historians is the ideas of men and women, first as to the world around them, and then as to the great beyond, the mystery of which humanity earnestly and persistently seeks to fathom; and these ideas and their influence upon the Hindu's character are recorded in the Vedas, the Code of Menu, the epics, and the lighter writings. Humor and pathos, the sublime and the ridiculous, all tell the same tale in Sanskrit literature. They reflect the aspirations of a people whose every thought was centred on the future, and so help us to read as plainly as if the facts were printed the virtues and the defects of Indian civilization.

Elizabeth RooUing



## STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

ONE of the things oftenest in my mind in the South during the war was the wish to see the country in time of peace, and in connection with the activities and conditions of the normal or ordinary industrial and social life of the regions visited by our armies. I desired to learn as much as possible about the country and the people, but found it extremely difficult to acquire any definite idea of the impressions and judgments which would result from traveling through the Southern States as a peaceable citizen of our common country. I felt that I could not rightly estimate the soil of a region, or any of its resources, from having passed through it when its fences had been destroyed, its houses dismantled, and its grain-fields trodden into mire or dust by the horses of our cavalry; and I knew that it would not be fair to judge the whole character of the people by the traits and feelings which were naturally brought into prominence by a state of civil war.

Always interested in persons, I often, at that time, met Southern men, officers accompanying flags of truce, surgeons, and prisoners in our hands, whose intellectual character appeared to be worthy of some study or observation, and I wished to know, more fully than I could then learn, what were the qualities or ideas which made them different from Northern men. I also saw something of Southern women as they appeared to foraging parties of Union soldiers, and in various other ways.

I remember a day when, after an engagement that had raged and wavered around a mountain farm, and had at last been decided by a struggle in the grounds about the farm-house, I walked across the green slopes and through the orchard and garden, where hundreds of ~~who~~ <sup>and</sup> wounded men were lying, and

felt the horror of having a battle in a place so fair. The fruit trees were broken and splintered by cannon-balls, and in the garden a young officer, with his sword still clutched in his dead hand, lay across a bed of pinks in bloom. The flowers were splashed with his blood, which had run two or three yards down the hard path or walk.

As we were gathering up the wounded, and bringing them to the surgeons' tables in the door-yard, I was startled by a woman's voice. Looking up, I saw a lady and two young girls. She was the mistress of the house, and had come, with her daughters, who were perhaps sixteen and eighteen years of age, to ask permission to look over the battle-ground to see if any of her relatives or friends had been left upon it, and to assist in caring for the Confederate wounded. As I went with them to headquarters, I noted the mother's firm step and quiet tones, and the white, frightened faces of the girls. The officer in command allowed them to remain as nurses. Many days passed before we left the place. The house was full of wounded men, from cellar to garret, its very closets being occupied, and all the sheds and out-buildings which remained standing. Great tents were set up near by for additional hospital accommodations.

The Southern dead were buried in a great trench dug across the lawn. I thought I should like to see the place again, after time had in some measure healed the ruin the battle had made, and to know what the war brought to this lady and her daughters. Their womanly strength, efficiency, and refinement interested me. Innumerable incidents and experiences contributed to strengthen the desire to know more of this portion of our country, and of its inhabitants, and since the war ended I have often



wished to go back to the mountain farm, and learn what became of the family who had dwelt there, and whose home had been the very centre and object of the fiery storm of battle. And as time has brought changes in the life and the thought of the nation, I have longed to return to the South, and study the country and the people under the new conditions of life which have arisen in that region.

What I saw as a soldier has given me a feeling of unreality, or at least of uncertainty, in regard to much that has been written respecting Southern affairs at various times during the last fifteen years. But I was never able to go back to the South, to see and judge for myself, until last winter. The opportunity which then came was a welcome one, and I made a journey of some months' duration, passing through every Southern State except Florida (through most of the States twice), studying the country and the people from Norfolk and Savannah to San Antonio and Sherman, Texas, and from Memphis to New Orleans, with many excursions away from the railroads, and much observation of the life of the people in regions not often visited by writers for the press.

#### A LARGE SUBJECT.

And now what have I to say of "the South"? This, first of all, and most important: that the South is so extensive, and, in respect to the character of the country and its people, so complex, that no one statement or brief description which sums up or expresses by any one term its most important features or qualities can be true or valuable. The essential elements of the present condition of the Southern States of this country do not all belong to any one class. Contradictory accounts of things in the South may be true in a sense, for an impartial observer soon discovers contradictory facts. Opposite tendencies are manifest in the intellectual, social, and political

life of the South, and the value of any comprehensive statement or final judgment regarding existing conditions there must be largely a matter of relative emphasis, and of the competence of the writer to distinguish what is essential or most significant, among the facts and tendencies of the time.

Since my return to New England I have met many persons who think the condition of the South can be accurately portrayed in very few words, and who are disappointed because I cannot assure them that their phrases fit the case exactly, or fully describe what I saw in my recent journey. And I observe that some writers for the press are inclined to dispose of the subject in similar epigrammatic fashion by saying that the South is "all Bourbon below a certain line," that "there is no improvement except where Northern people have gone in," and by the use of familiar political epithets to describe the principal classes and types among the Southern people. But any presentation of the matter must be inadequate and superficial which does not recognize the existence of many types among the inhabitants of the Southern States. None of the names by which different classes are popularly designated have much value for thoughtful people. These terms do not, in any important degree, represent or suggest the character or qualities of the persons to whom they are applied. The Southern men whom I have seen are not all alike, and it is clear that Southern women do not all belong to the types that have been most written about since the war; and within the various special classes there is much variety of character. Even the negroes have developed several distinct types among themselves; and among both republicans and democrats individuals and classes differ from each other as widely as do these two parties, and in such cases the hostile factions bearing the same name often evince special bitterness of feeling



against each other, and readily form alliances with their ancient political foes for the sake of temporary advantages in a struggle for the possession of office. The "Bourbons" themselves, as I have studied them, are not all alike, but represent many conflicting ideas and opinions. I write only of what I have seen, desiring to report accurately and without distortion or coloring what came under my own observation, with the impressions and conclusions resulting therefrom.

#### THE SOIL.

The character of the soil in different parts of the South is a matter of great interest, on account of the necessary relation between its qualities and the industries and civilization of the people of the country. The usual Southern idea or estimate of "good land," as expressed by Southern men whom I have met, differs somewhat from that which prevails in the most fertile portions of the Northern States. There is of course much rich land in the South, but there is a great deal which is called good by Southern farmers that would not be regarded as rich by men acquainted with the soils of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, or of the portions of Pennsylvania and New York which are best adapted to agriculture. The "pine land" in the Southern States is only moderately fertile, but, as the cotton-plant will grow upon it, and produce a fibre of marketable quality, it is always spoken of by its cultivators as "very fair land."

I have rarely heard Southern men say anything unfavorable or disparaging regarding the soil of their region. They seem usually to have an affection for it which sometimes appears to make them blind to its defects.

Where the soil is poor, the people often manifest a kind of good-natured, patient fatalism, submitting without complaint to the inconveniences resulting from the scantiness of the returns for their labor, as if poor crops were

a part of the order of the universe, a divine ordainment not to be criticised or remedied; though in truth much of the sterility is in the methods of the cultivators rather than in the soil itself. But in many places in the South the soil will not yield what an average Northern farmer would regard as "a living," and many emigrants have gone thither and begun farming only to learn, too late, that they had made a ruinous mistake in selecting land. They often feel much resentment because they imagine they have been deceived by their Southern neighbors in regard to the quality of the soil; but of course there is, usually, no intentional misrepresentation in such cases, the error arising from the difference of standards just mentioned. (But the statements made by railroad companies having lands for sale in the South should commonly be taken with large allowance, as they frequently contain grossly exaggerated accounts of the productiveness of the land.) There is a large class of farmers or "planters" in the South who do not require or expect so much from the ground as Northern men demand. They are satisfied with a lower degree of fertility, and their comparative estimate of the grade or quality of land differs from that of most immigrants from the North. An average Southern family needs much less for "a living" than Northern people require, and on much of the land of the South Northern people are unable to live by the methods of agriculture to which they have been accustomed in their old homes; nor can they succeed by those of the Southern men around them, unless they will adopt the scale of living and expenditure which satisfies their Southern neighbors. The habits and tastes of the poorer white people of the South are in a remarkable degree adapted to their circumstances and the conditions of their life, but Northern methods of living require a very different environment.



## SOUTHERN TYPES: THE OPTIMIST.

But I shall have more to say of general impressions resulting from what I saw in the South, and by way of comparison with various elements and conditions of Northern life and character, after I have described some of the principal Southern types or classes of individuals studied during my recent journey.

One of these is the Southern optimist. Though neither so important nor so interesting as some other representative Southern characters, he is yet worth a moment's attention. He is a white man, who regards everything Southern as very nearly perfect. I met a good specimen of the class in a prominent interior town, early in my journey. On making some inquiries of the courteous and communicative gentlemen around me at the breakfast-table at the hotel, the answer nearly always elicited was, "I am sorry to say, sir, that I have not given the matter much attention; but Judge Blank is sure to know all about it. Have you met the judge?" "I have not yet had that pleasure." "Then I shall be happy to introduce you, sir." I soon found that the judge appeared to have in his keeping whatever information the community possessed regarding matters of interest, and concluded that it would be well to look around a little before calling on him. But everybody was desirous that I should see the judge at once, and I prevented the formation of a procession to escort me to his office only by setting off in a pouring rain on an errand to the railway station. This accomplished, I proceeded to the negro quarter of the town, where I spent some two hours in a rapid inspection of the huts, inside and outside, and in conversation with their inmates. Then I walked two or three miles into the country, to a settlement of "poor whites." I had seen the women and children in the streets, engaged in selling little bun-

dles of "fat pine," and their appearance, manners, and talk had made me aware that they belonged to a class which I had come to study, and that I ought to see them on their "native heath."

## NEGRO CABINS.

I found many of the black people in extreme poverty and squalor. Several of their cabins had no floor but the earth, and the rain was driving in at so many places that everything inside was extremely damp, often thoroughly wet. One very old man had "de rheumatics powerful bad," he said. He sat in the driest corner of his hut on a stool, and held an old umbrella over his head to protect him from the streams which came through the roof. Some of the cabins were the homes of women who supported their families by taking in washing. Many of the children and old people were sick. At one of these places I met a colored clergyman, and he accompanied me during the remainder of my round among "the Kaffir huts," as a lady in the town called them. Most of the houses were sadly in need of repairs, and several of them were fit only to be pulled down and burned, as their unwholesomeness was past all remedy. They were all on land belonging to the same estate, and the rent was in most cases unreasonably high. I wondered (as I do in Northern factory towns, sometimes) how any man with a heart or conscience could bring himself to rent houses which were so murderously unhealthy for their occupants. Some of these black people appeared to be industrious and honest, and to be making a brave fight against odds in the endeavor to "be respectable," as they said. But there were too many of them; there was not work enough, no adequate demand for their services. The black minister was intelligent, and seemed to be a faithful man, a true friend to the poor people about him. He told me the stories of some of the



families about us. Elements of pathos and tragedy were of course not wanting.

"POOR WHITES."

I found the "poor white" people very poor indeed, but more provident, and generally with more adaptation to their environment, than was apparent among the negroes. Some of the women were evidently persons of character in their way. They were reticent at first, but I soon found means to render them social and communicative. The children interested me, especially the girls approaching womanhood. Some of the men had drinking habits, and did but little work, so that the burden of care and toil for their families came chiefly upon the women. It was mostly a sad kind of life, with enough that was good and human in it to make one regretful for its evil, waste, and failure. There was much affection and helpfulness among the women and children, and a brave standing by each other through hardships brightened by no prospect of improvement; but the tendencies most manifest were, in the main, not hopeful or encouraging.

One thing I saw here which was repeated and emphasized by my observations everywhere in the South: that is, that "the best society" is not independent of the influence of what is vicious and injurious among either the negroes or the "poor whites," or secure from its taint. Here, at the outset, I had glimpses of the evil and sorrow that may reach the highest along the lines of those relations which fate and circumstance sometimes develop between those who are separated most widely by social chasms.

I returned to the town late at night, finding my way over unfamiliar ground with some difficulty, having refused the offer of "company" from the last house visited, as the man would have to return in the rain, which was still falling. I was eager to meet Judge Blank, and to

learn how he regarded the social conditions and problems of the region. Early the next forenoon I called at his office, and received a cordial greeting. When I inquired regarding the state and prospects of the community in respect of education, morality, physical comfort, and the other chief elements of civilization, the judge entered upon a eulogy of the town and of the State, and of their inhabitants of both races and of all classes. Everything was lovely and perfect, and was rapidly improving. The negroes were all honest and industrious, and their homes were temples of all the virtues and graces of civilized life. They were all acquiring land, laying up money, and sending their children to excellent schools. The relations between the two races were all that could be desired. In answer to special inquiries, the judge admitted that some of the white people were "not *very* well off," but insisted that they were all comfortable. They had enough, and were contented. In short, the judge made an eloquent little speech upon the various topics concerning which I sought information, and assured me particularly that there were "no low-down negroes" in that neighborhood, "nor any poor whites."

I had something of the sensation of having made a narrow escape. It was easy to imagine what kind of an account of the region might have been written by a "special correspondent," who had been so fortunate as to have a long conversation with "the best informed and most distinguished citizen of the place." The oration which he delivered in response to my inquiries was very fine and interesting, but this gentleman had really no acquaintance with the life around him outside of his own class in society. In regard to the history and fortunes of all "the best families," I found his information extensive and accurate, and his memory something remarkable. The careless "hopefulness"



of such men is an evil influence in the South. It often prevents the attainment of any real knowledge of existing conditions and needs. No wise or successful work for improvement is so likely to be done while the most important features of the present state of things are unknown to the leaders of society. The popular optimism of our time is everywhere remarkable for its lack of any adequate sense of the value of facts.

#### "OUR ANCESTORS."

It was wonderful to me to see how large a part of the conversation of the best Southern families is devoted to genealogy; how much time and thought are given to repeating family histories. Some of the people appear to live almost wholly in the mental sphere of these stories and the subjects suggested by them, so as to have little attention or vitality for the present or its demands; and I am sometimes inclined to wish that they did not care so much about the social or official position of their ancestors who lived two hundred years ago. But these habits of reminiscence are admirable as a means of preserving and strengthening family ties, and, within due bounds, they are useful in conversation. Before the time of cheap printing such recitation of genealogical narratives was a valuable part of the education of children and young people by their parents and older relatives and friends, and our modern life shows that we have lost much by the change which takes our children in so great measure out of the hands of their natural instructors, and delivers them over to any ill-educated and irresponsible person who can write "stories" and have them printed.

#### ANOTHER TYPE.

In the South one soon meets the young man, a lawyer, or editor, or physician, who will talk for hours, to any one who will listen, of the superiority of

the South, its people and its civilization, over the North and everything Northern. He always talks well, and is usually a very good fellow, but he proceeds entirely upon the *a priori* method, and his conclusions have little relation to the facts of life. He knows little of his own region of the country, and nothing whatever of any other. Young men of this type always dwell with proud and endless iteration on "the superior purity of Southern women." Their persistence always brings the mere fact of chastity more nakedly and definitely before the mind than seems wholesome or desirable to persons who have seen more of life and of the world. These youthful eulogists appear to think that it is a virtue which is almost unknown except in the Southern States. They do not recognize the fact, which is of great importance in any real discussion of this feature of our civilization, that the women of another race, formerly helpless and now degraded, have always formed a protecting barrier between the licentious passions of Southern white men and the women of their own race. I do not suppose the best women of the South have any superiors on earth, but their immunity from temptation and wrong has cost other women dear.

What young men of this class most need is a wider observation and larger knowledge of the world, or, especially, of their own country. They would thus, in time, understand how much better it is for our young men to be penetrated and inspired by the idea of being Americans than to be always dwelling upon the fact that they are natives of Virginia, or Massachusetts, or Arkansas, or New Jersey. There is really no harm in these young gentlemen, although their vehement utterances regarding subjects with which they have but slight acquaintance have sometimes furnished convenient material for the use of Northern politicians who were hostile to the South.



## THE MOONSHINERS.

I came to feel much more interest in the "moonshiners," or illicit distillers, than I had anticipated. This is a pretty numerous class in various parts of the South. I had sometimes thought there might be materials for a little study among them, and had wished that I could have such opportunities of seeing them and their life as had been given to many persons who had not found much that was worth their attention. After I had been long enough in the South to see clearly that my journey was not likely to be rendered interesting or picturesque by any experiences of difficulty or danger, and that I should probably be welcome to go anywhere and see everything precisely as in the North, I heard now and then of "trouble with the moonshiners." Some people were very reticent in regard to them, but I heard many wild stories of their life and actions. I thought the matter over one evening, and concluded to try to see them at home. On my asking the landlord of my hotel at what point I should leave the railroad to obtain readiest access to one of the worst "moonshining" regions, he looked at me sharply, and asked if I was an officer. I said no. "Got any business, so 't ye hev to go?" "No." He advised me strongly to stay away. On the railroad, the next day, there was much talk about the region which I wished to see, and many stories were told of its peculiar inhabitants. I left the train at dark, at a station in the woods, and crossed the fields to a farm-house, where, as the railroad agent said, "they keep people sometimes." It began to rain, and I was glad to gain a haven and shelter for the night. Reaching "the bars" at the entrance to the door-yard, I shouted halloo. After a furious chorus by the dogs, a man's voice replied from the door, "Hello! What 'll ye hev?" "Supper and lodging, if you please."

"Well, I'm one of John Morgan's horse-thieves! Ye kin come in, ef ye ain't afraid." "All right; I'm coming in," I said; and the man came down to the bars to meet me, giving his name, to which I responded with my own. I found him somewhat rough, but a kind and obliging host. He was a man of powerful frame and great energy. Besides the family, there were three or four "work-hands" around the great fire-place, in which a huge pile of logs was blazing. As the children arose to give me the best place, there appeared to be enough of them for a pretty good Sunday-school.

We were soon called to the supper-table, where we at first all gave our attention strictly to the business before us; but talk sprang up, and increased as our appetites were appeased. Then came the usual courteous endeavors to find out what my business might be. "Lookin' at land, I reckon." "Yes." "Think o' buyin' 'round hyur, now?" "No. I wish to see the country and the people; am going farther South." "Well, this is a rough country about hyur, an' the people 's a sight rougher 'n the country. I'm afraid you wunt find us mighty good-lookin'. Whar ye from, young man?" "I'm from the North,—from Boston." "Well, I'm s'prised at ye. We eat people from Boston down hyur,—jest eat 'em alive. I reckon *you* wunt never see home ag'in." "Pass the bacon this way again," I said. "I must have something to eat myself, or I shall not make much of a meal for cannibals." My host laughed with an animal-like roar, and afterward asked if I wanted to see any particular men in that neighborhood; whereupon I told him I was going up into the mountains to see the moonshiners.

"Got any business with 'em?" "No; only to see them." "Better let 'em alone. They might have business with you." "Well," I said, "I want to see how they live and what kind of peo-



ple they are, and hear what they have to say for themselves." "They 'd jest as soon shoot ye as look at ye. How ye goin' to do?" I told him that I should try to see their head man, put myself in their power, and tell them the exact truth about myself and the objects of my visit to their mountain region. "Well, I reckon it's all right, ef ye've got sand in your craw."

It grew cold in a few hours, and the next morning was clear and bright. "Everything's froze up solid. It's a good day for your trip," said my host, as we sat down to the early breakfast. I left my baggage, and set off on a woods-road that led up among the foothills. All trace of civilization and of human occupancy of the region, except the road, which was a mere winding wagon-track, was soon left behind. The snow deepened as I ascended. It had been mostly carried off from the low country by the rain. The air was pure and bracing, and the mountains seemed to be rising and closing in around me on every side. The utter wildness of the scene exhilarated me. After an hour and a half of steady climbing, as I approached a steeper ascent, at the foot of which the road forked, I saw two men standing by the path, leaning on their long guns. I said, "Good-morning." They returned my salutation, and the elder of the two added, "Goin' up this way?" "I want to see the head man of this part of the country; — —, is n't it?" I said, — "the man that's the best shot anywhere about, and that kind o' looks after things around here." "I reckon — — 's the man ye're lookin' fur. He's got sand in his craw." "Well, can you tell me how to find him?" "Got any business with — —?" "I wish to see him. Take me to him, and I can satisfy you." They were at first disposed to let me find my way alone, but I prevailed upon them to conduct me to the home of the leader, which they said was about four miles farther

on. As I was about to set forward the younger man asked, with a grin, "Got anything to shoot with, stranger?" "No." I had my overcoat on my arm, and now held it toward him, offering to lend it to him for the remainder of our journey over the hills, and added that I would walk in front, if they preferred that arrangement. But they laughed, and said that it made no difference, and we walked on, the elder man remarking, "Heap o' people gits shot about hyur." "Well," I said, "they ought to attend to their own business; then perhaps they would n't get shot." "That's a fact, stranger," he rejoined impressively; "that's jest what I tell 'em."

We traveled chiefly in silence for awhile. The walking was difficult and required most of our strength. But the elder mountaineer made several inquiries about my business, where I had come from, etc. I told him I preferred to say nothing of my objects in visiting them until I could see their leader. He "reckoned" that was "all right," and after a little I drew them into conversation about game and hunting, and the mountains and streams of the region. Once or twice they seemed to remember that caution was necessary, but for the most part the talk was frankly natural and interesting.

When we reached the leader's house, a substantial and rather large structure of logs, my two comrades went in first, but came to the door after some minutes, and invited me to enter. A tall, spare woman, with bright black eyes, sat at one side of the fire-place, smoking a pipe. She looked at me defiantly, but rose courteously to meet me. A young woman, with blue eyes and a good face, was at work in the room, and two little children, perhaps two and four years old, were playing near her. "Take a cheer. You want to see my son, I reckon." "Thank you. I want to see Mr. — —," I replied. "Got any business with him?" "Yes; I wish to see



him." "Well, he ain't at home; but you can stay hyur till he comes, I reckon." "If you please. When will he be at home?" She did not answer, but took her pipe from her mouth, and seemed to be preparing to speak. The three other persons had drawn quite near, eager to hear what might be said, and I noted the dignity and naturalness of their bearing as they listened and waited. "Got anything to shoot with, young man?" the elder woman ejaculated, so suddenly and fiercely that I was startled. But I laughed, and said, "No; I don't want to shoot anybody." Taking up my overcoat, which I had laid on the back of a chair, I handed it to the young woman, telling her that she could see what was in it, and might take care of it for me, if she pleased, till I should be ready to go away. Then I stepped to the old lady's side, took off my coat, handed it to her, and said, "You can see what I have about me." Her face brightened, and she passed her hands deftly over my various pockets. "What's this in hyur?" said she. I told her to take it out, and she held up my pocket-book and a package of my wife's letters. "You can keep them while I stay, if you will." The members of the group surrounding me looked at each other inquiringly, and the old woman said, "No; I hain't no use for other people's things." Then, as the men were about going away, she added, "Mebbe you'd like to see some more o' the neighbors." "Oh, yes, I'd be glad to see any of them. Will you send for them to come in? But I wish most to see your son." "Well, I reckon he'll be hyur before long."

#### THE LEADER.

The dinner was made ready, but the family waited for the coming of its head, and there was not much conversation. When he presently came in there was a rapid exchange of glances between him and his mother, and then he laid his gun in its hooks on the wall,

and greeted me with a frank, easy manner. His mother looked at me, and said, "Bring your cheer, and take some dinner with us;" and he added, "We'll talk about business after we've had something to eat." The meal was a good one, and we all ate heartily and rapidly, and with little talk. Before we had finished three men came in, and were invited to join us at the board. Two of them did so, but the other said he had "ben to dinner." As we left the table the man of the house turned to me with the inquiry, "Well, stranger, is there anything I can do fur ye?" I replied that I was traveling through the South, and wished to see all I could of the country and the people; that I had heard and read much about the men who had trouble with the government because they made their own whisky, and that I wanted to see them and talk with them in their own homes. His face darkened, and he seemed surprised and angry. He again looked inquiringly at his mother, and after a short silence asked me, "Do you belong to the government?" "No more than you do." He then began a long course of questioning—in which some of the others joined from time to time—regarding my place of residence, my business, family, and acquaintances, the objects of my journey in the South, and the men I had met in various places which he named.

When I had answered everything, he observed, severely, that it was a foolish and dangerous undertaking, and added, "What made ye think ye could git along without any trouble through hyur?" "Oh, I supposed you would know an honest man when you saw him," I answered, laughingly. But he replied with a growl, "We don't take nobody for honest in this part of the country till we've tried 'em. Why they's men about hyur would shoot ye like a dog." "I presume they will do as you say about that." At this he



laughed, and went on: "Well, I could tell 'em to shoot ye, then." "Oh, well, shoot, if you want to," I said, scornfully; "but that can be done any time. It's not worth while to talk so much about it." I told him I wished to learn about their ways of living, and to hear their side of the story regarding the government prosecutions; that there were many people in the North who would like to know the truth of these matters, and that I should write and publish an account of what I saw and heard among them; that I could only give him my promise not to use my knowledge to injure them, or say anything that would help anybody to find the way to their region. "I should like to stay among you a day or two. You can all watch me, and if you think I lie to you, then you may shoot."

By this time there were about a dozen men present, and they debated the matter. Most of them thought I might be allowed to remain, but two or three distrusted me, and said that I should be sent back to the railroad at once. The mother of my host was evidently the real leader, and the question was at last left to her for decision. "I don't believe he's a lyin'," she said; "he seems like a human sort of a man, an' I'd like to hev some more talk with him." So it was arranged that I should stay there that night. I did not care for any farther promise. The assembly broke up. Two old men stayed, and towards evening the young wife of one of them and the daughter of the other came in for a visit, and to see the stranger. They all became frankly communicative, and we talked incessantly. I learned much regarding their methods of living, their ideas of the objects of life, and their thoughts about the great world of which they had seen so little. In return, I told them of New England, of the life and people there, of my home and family, and of my plans and wishes in regard to my Southern journey.

#### ON THE WAY TO THE CAMP.

It was late when our talk ceased. The neighbors who had come in for the evening went home. The day had been a busy one, and I thought I had but just fallen into a deep sleep when I was summoned to breakfast next morning. Before we left the table the man of the house asked me what I would like to do during the day. I told him I wished to go up to their camp in the hills, and see the men at work. He smiled, and asked if I thought I could "stan' it;" and his mother said, "It's a pretty rough road up thar, an' pretty rough after ye git thar, but I reckon you can make out."

The morning was clear and cold. We set out a little after sunrise, my host and I, accompanied by three dogs. My comrade carried his gun, a long rifle, and a basket of provisions. I had no incumbrance but my overcoat. We struck into the woods, and soon came to a small river, which ran through a rather narrow but deep valley, which we began to ascend. In some places the stream ran close at the foot of a precipice on one side; in others the hills were so near on both sides that the valley was a mere chasm or cañon. It seemed all the way, indeed, to be only the channel worn or carved out by the river, which in other ages may have been much larger than now. Along the sides of the valley the rocks in some places rose in a sheer wall to a height of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet, and now and then projected overhead some distance beyond the base, so that our path at these places lay beneath the overhanging shelf or mass of rock. There was a peculiar ice formation along the sides of the valley, with which I was not before familiar. During the recent warm weather, the rain and melting snow had run in streams over the precipices from above, and, as it again grew colder, these had frozen in enormous



icicles, which extended from the top of the cliff to its base, and were often of the thickness of a barrel, and were sometimes four or five feet in diameter. These great columns of crystal glittered in the sunlight, reflecting it in rainbow hues; and where the valley was narrow, and they appeared on both sides at the same time, they suggested the lofty pillars and interminable corridors of a vast temple. At several points where the cliff jutted beyond its base, the ice formed a great sheet, or apron, reaching to the ground, behind which we walked, with a wall of rock on one side of us, and a wall of ice on the other. This ice scenery was so strange to me, and on so grand a scale, that I could not repress exclamations of wonder and pleasure. My companion glanced apprehensively along the cliffs from time to time, and at last observed, "It'll be bad for us if it keeps gittin' warmer." "Why?" said I. Just then a strange crash and roar came down the valley, followed by echoes, which repeated the sounds with increasing faintness for some seconds. "You see," said my guide, "the snow's a meltin' up there, an' it'll loosen these big icicles, an' we'll have to look out for 'em, I reckon." We heard the sound of the fall of ice-columns with increasing frequency as we went on, and we came to three or four places where great masses, of many tons weight, had fallen and been shattered to pieces in our path, or plunged farther down into the river below. We did not happen to see any such fall on our side of the valley, but once an immense ice-column, loosened from the face of the cliff on the other side of the stream, came flashing and thundering down almost opposite to us, and the noise and concussion were so great that I almost feared the whole wall or line of columns near us might be shaken down at once. At one point, where the cliff overhead projected far beyond our path, a seam in the rock

had allowed the water to come through from above, and it had frozen into a wall which completely barred our way. My guide crept dexterously around the foot of the outermost column of the ice to a secure footing on the other side, and then reached the breech of his gun back to me. Clinging to this, and finding such precarious foothold as I could, I scrambled around the pillar of ice, and was drawn up by my companion. If it had been worth while to wish, just then, I should have wished that I had not come.

We reached "the camp" safely, and found it in a shelf or notch in the face of a precipitous cliff, where a considerable stream, falling over the face of the rock, appeared to have worn and cut its way backward and downward from the top of the fall. About one third of the way down the rock was harder, and therefore was not disintegrated, as was that above. This harder stone remained, as a floor, or tolerably even surface, which had been leveled and extended for the purposes of the distillers. The stream still descended at this point, thus affording, at all times of the year, sufficient water for the industry pursued here. The rock-walls above this platform were so steep that they could be ascended only by means of ladders, and were, I should judge, from fifty to sixty feet high. The corn to be distilled was brought on horseback along trails or paths through the woods and over the hills above, and was let down by ropes, and sometimes from a windlass, from the top of the wall.

#### ON THE SPOT.

We found fourteen men at the camp, as it was a time of unusual activity. A house, or large hut or shed, had been built of logs, boards, and rocks, at one side of the open space of the camp. It had a rude fire-place, which extended nearly across one end of the building. The machinery or apparatus for dis-



tillation used here is very simple, all that is essential being a closed boiler with a long pipe running from the top. This is coiled in a box or barrel, through which a stream of cold water is kept flowing. Some "improvements" were in use at this camp, and, as I was informed, at other similar places; but I found that some of the men felt disturbed and apprehensive when I began to examine the stills, and at the suggestion of my guide I promised not to describe them particularly. Of course I cared little about the machinery, being chiefly desirous to see the men; but they were under obligations to the makers or dealers from whom they had purchased some of the fixtures, and feared they might be wronging their friends, and "gittin' them into trouble, by showin' the works." If I were not restrained on this account, I should like to tell my Northern readers where some of the stills were made.

My guide was the "foreman" or commander of this company of men, and when we arrived he introduced me to them as they came around to meet him. He told them I was a stranger from the North, but that he thought I was "all right." Said he, "I am satisfied, but he'll not stay unless *you're* satisfied." Then, turning to me, he said, "The men 'll want to talk to you, stranger, an' you'd better answer fur yourself." "All right," I said, and sat down on the end of a log, drawing my overcoat on as I did so. I saw they waited for me to begin, so I told them briefly where I lived and why I wished to visit them. They were evidently surprised and somewhat excited, and several of them asked questions rapidly. I was tired, and allowed them to do most of the talking. There was no rudeness, but they denounced "reformers" with great bitterness, and referred to cases of treachery on the part of strangers, who, after having received much kindness at their hands, came back to the mountains as

guides to the government officers, and assisted in making arrests and in procuring testimony "agin the moonshiners." Some of the younger men "warmed up" as they talked, and seemed to assume either that I sympathized with the men who had repaid their hospitality with treachery, or that every stranger was to be suspected of hostility. But as I had come to hear them talk, I did not care to interrupt them to suggest any other view. They soon felt that they had gone rather far in taking so much for granted, and good-naturedly recognized the one-sided character of the conversation. "But you ain't a sayin' anything, stranger," said one of the principal speakers. I laughed, and replied, "I'm in no hurry." "The boys is rather rough on ye," remarked an old man, who stood behind those who had been talking, and chewed tobacco with much energy. "We're a rather rough set about hyur, but you shall have a chance to speak for yourself. *I've sarved my time*, young man, an' they's some things I know, an' they's a heap o' things I *don't* know. I should like to hev a talk with ye." I said I should enjoy it. "Well, I want to ask ye ef ye expect to git along comfortable, a goin' through this country an' inquiren' into everybody's business like." "No," said I, "I do not wish to meddle with anybody's private affairs. I try to be civil and polite to people. Of course I have no right to go into any man's house or place of business unless he is willing to have me visit him, but I have a right to travel everywhere, if I behave myself. It's a free country." "No, it ain't a free country, nuther; not by a long shot. I'd orta know, for *I've sarved my time*." This old man's talk was interesting, from its quaint forms of expression, and from its qualities of shrewd good sense and just perception. He had evidently been a keen observer of the life around him. Besides the saying about having served his time, he had another, with



which he often concluded his remarks : "I've thought about things a good deal, accordin' to the light I've hed hyur in the woods, but mebbe ye can tell me whar I'm wrong."

There was no decision of the question whether I should be permitted to stay or not. We had soon gone too far for that. We talked till supper was ready, and after the repast, a very substantial one, was finished, the conversation was resumed. It continued till nearly midnight. Before going to bed I looked around the camp for a few minutes, and noted the glitter of the firelight reflected from the ice and snow on the surrounding cliffs, the solid darkness of the pines, and the soft, deep, steady roar coming up from the foot of the waterfall, which seemed not to disturb or displace the silence of the great forest. The stars sparkled, and the pure air seemed like draughts of an ethereal wine, it was so exhilarating; yet it had a softness which is of the South, and is not known in New England. As I turned to go into the hut I remembered the counsel of a friend to "stay as much as possible at the best hotels, and avoid rough, out-of-the-way places." I mentioned this advice as I rejoined the company, and it caused much amusement.

The next morning I went home with the old man whom I have described. We climbed the ladders, and took our way up the ravine through which the stream descended to supply the camp. It was narrow and rugged, and we soon came to a house which had been built in one side of the gorge, so as completely to command and protect the only approach to the camp from that direction. This was a residence and boarding-house for some of the men, whenever the camp was occupied. I stayed with the old man during most of two days. He lived near the home of the leader of the company, and I had calls from various neighbors, and much talk with the family first visited.

#### THEIR REASONS.

I asked these people, "Why do you go on with this business? Why make whisky, when you know it is a crime, a violation of the laws of your country, and will bring so much trouble on you?" The men said that they had always made whisky. Their fathers and grandfathers had made it. "It don't do nobody any harm. It's about all the way we hev of makin' any money in this wooden country. It don't go into the general trade of the country enough to amount to anything." And the old man went on, while his neighbors expressed approval of what he said: "Who made it a crime to make our own liquor out o' our own corn, an' sell it to git somethin' for our women an' children to eat an' wear? We did n't make the laws that says it's a crime. Who did make 'em? Some o' the men at Washin'ton, that wants to make whisky theirselves, or that's ben paid by the big manufacturers. S'pose they'd see they was money in it, an' a good chance for stealin', would n't they make it a crime for a pore man to keep a cow an' sell milk without a big license? Course they would. *I know, for I've sarved my time.* Would that make it *railly* a crime to make milk an' sell it? Ef I was a painter," he continued, "I'd make a pictur' of a lot o' 'nited States officers, with their eppalets an' fine feathers, a chargin' on to a little ole man up hyur in the bresh, an' a knock-in' down his wife an' darters with the butt-eends o' their pistols, to uphole the *l-a-w-s* o' the country; an' up thar at Washin'ton I'd make the head giner-al an' the presidunt a takin' pay from the whisky thieves, what's stole millions o' dollars, an' broke all the laws, an' a lettin' 'em git away, when they'd orta every one be put where the dogs would n't bite 'em."

I had remarked a scar on the forehead of the young woman of the house where I first called, — the wife of the



captain of the band. One evening her husband bade her show it to me, and then gave me its history. A revenue officer and two soldiers, accompanied by "the reformer," had come to the house to arrest the husband, a few months after their marriage. The distillers rarely resist arrest at their homes, and the young man submitted; but the wife was greatly excited, and clung to her husband, disregarding alike his entreaties and the commands of his captor. But at last, loosing her hold around her husband's neck, she sprang at the officer, and seized him by the hair, whereupon he struck her in the face with his revolver, knocking her down. A fierce struggle ensued, but the moonshiner was overpowered, and had to content himself with warning the officer that his life would certainly pay for this outrage. They did not tell me, but others did, how the threat was fulfilled. The young man was convicted and imprisoned, and "served his time," and a few months after its expiration the officer was surprised in the woods, in a distant part of the State, by two of the band. He was seized before he could make any efficient defense, and his hands were tied behind him. He was reminded of the scene in the moonshiner's cabin, and of the "promise" made to him there, and was then slowly shot to pieces. This was their story. I have no means of knowing whether it was true; but business men in the towns of the region told me there had been several such cases, and added that these mountaineers never allow any insult to their women to pass unrevenged.

They all seemed to think it entirely right to go on making whisky and selling it, as their fathers had done before them. For law in general they appeared to have as much regard as any Northern community with which I am acquainted, but they did not think it wrong to disobey the revenue laws. They said that all the prosecutions were

"got up by low fellows that has some old spite agin their neighbors," and who took this method of obtaining revenge; or by the more degraded and despicable wretches who undertook to obtain information and aid in prosecuting the distillers for the sake of their share of the fines. Everywhere the moonshiners reminded me again and again, with great earnestness, that "*the reformer gits half.*" They have a degree of respect for the ruffian who brings about a prosecution to gratify a long-standing grudge; that is legitimate warfare. But to do such a thing for money is the lowest possible depth of baseness, and the man who is guilty of it has forfeited all natural rights. He is an outlaw, and may properly be killed by anybody, or tortured or mutilated in any imaginable way.

The moonshiners all use whisky, but none of them that I saw appeared to drink very much. The men whom I met are by no means low, or in any sense, so far as I could discover, bad people, if we leave out of consideration their offenses against the revenue laws. Many of them were leading and substantial members of the churches of their region. The business men in the towns said that the moonshiners were strictly honest and truthful, "first-rate people in everything but this whisky business," as good citizens as could be found anywhere. The business men all sympathize with the moonshiners. I talked afterward with a prominent revenue officer about them. He praised them highly, and said he was always sorry to have to arrest them, as it did no good. He told me that on one occasion he received information against a very poor man who lived far back in the hills. "He was one of the best men I ever knew," the officer said, "honest and kind, and he had had a great deal of sickness in his family, and I felt bad to be obliged to take him from his home." He confessed to having felt some dread



of the reception which the man's neighbors would probably give him, when he should attempt to arrest their comrade. But one day he saw the man in town. He halted him in the street, and told him he had information against him. "Well," said the moonshiner, "ef ye can let me go home to-night, I'll come back to-morrer. My wife's ben mighty bad, an' I'm afeared ef I don't go home to-night she'll worry so 't 'll be hard for her, bein' she's so peaked." "I told him to go," said the officer; "an' how I wished he would lie, an' would stay away! But I knowed he'd come back, as he said, an' so he did. He never saw his wife again. He was convicted an' sent to a Northern prison, an' she died while he was away. He has no grudge agin me, but the man who gave me the information aginst him was found dead in the road a few days after the prisoner got home."

Many of the men thus arrested are taken long distances from their homes for trial, and it often occurs that when brought into court they have no money, and no acquaintance with anybody in the region where the court is held, and in consequence cannot employ any one to conduct their defense. The lawyers say that in many cases the "trial" is extremely brief, and before the dazed backwoodsman is aware that even the preliminary arrangements for the examination have been entered upon, he is ordered to "stand up," and the sentence is pronounced which consigns him for many months to confinement in a distant prison. It was frequently asserted that some of the judges seemed to feel required to convict and punish every man charged with offenses of this class; of course I do not report this as true, but merely as what was said by prominent men in various parts of the South. I was told of one "poor devil," as the narrator called him, who "raised" a little tobacco on spots where he had burned brush-heaps, near his cabin in

the woods. When it was ready, and he wished to press it, he pried up one corner of his house, which was a mere pen of light logs, and placing the tobacco between two boards, let the building down upon them to serve as a press. But some one gave information against him, and it was held that he had violated the law against "pressing tobacco" without a license, and he was imprisoned accordingly.

#### THE MOUNTAIN ARISTOCRACY.

These mountaineers are a race of aristocrats. They despise the life of towns and cities, and think the inhabitants of such places much inferior to themselves in wisdom, character, and happiness. They are all republicans in politics. I asked the leaders in the mountains how they could support the political party which makes and executes all the laws and carries on all the prosecutions against them; but they said, "Jest so; yes, we know; but that makes no difference. We know a lot o' them big men's got the gov'ment now, an' runs it for what they can steal. But we've always voted agin them fine chaps down thar in the towns, an' we always shell." Both the moonshiners and the business men in the towns said that the continued manufacture of whisky in violation of the laws was partly a feature of the old warfare of the mountaineers against the civilization and the people of the towns. Yet, in many instances, this caste feeling seemed to be an abstract or general idea, rather than a personal feeling, as the relations between individuals belonging to these two opposite classes are often very kindly. But whenever there is any display of the patronizing spirit, or feeling of class superiority, it is on the side of the mountaineers.

I was soon informed of the meaning and origin of the old man's often-repeated saying, "I'd orta know, fur I've sarved my time." He was one of the first men ever convicted and pun-



ished under the revenue laws in that part of the country, and he had really "served his time" in a Northern penitentiary. On his way home he had been in New York and Philadelphia, and had acquired some definite—if not entirely correct—ideas regarding Northern civilization. Neither he nor any of his class felt that there was any degradation or disgrace involved in their punishment for crime against the revenue laws. They did not regard themselves as criminals, but appeared to accept the resulting hardships as a part of the "fortunes of war." They seemed to feel no personal hatred against officers who had arrested them without unnecessary harshness or insult. They often used the expression, "I ain't nothin' agin *him*. He only done his duty." But their detestation of "the reformer," as their phrase is, is most intense, and their thirst for revenge is not extinguishable by time.

#### WHAT IS COMING.

I asked the old man if the unlawful distilling would always be kept up. "No," he said, "it won't last long. But the gov'ment will never put it down. But this hyur country's all a goin' to change. It's a goin' to be most everlastin'ly *improved*, ye see. *I* sha'n't never be improved; I'm too old. But the old ways is a comin' to an end. They's men a buyin' up thousan's of acres of this land. They'll be railroads built, direc'ly, hither an' yan, more 'n 'll do anybody any good. They'll cut off the woods for fuel an' lumber, an' they'll be mines an' quarries up hyur, they say. An' they'll be mean, dirty little towns laid out, all about. Then, instid o' people drinkin' a little healthy whisky, as we've always done, they'll be forty times as much miser'ble p'ison stuff sold an' drunk, an' whoever drinks it'll begin to steal an' lie. I reckon

they'll be some mighty fine houses built som'eres along this river, an' they'll put big scientific locks on to their doors, an' thieves'll come up from Cincinnati an' Chat'noog', an' break into 'em. They ain't never ben a lock on to a door in these mountains. But they's a goin' to be the all-firedest improvements about hyur, an' I s'pose our people'll larn to steal too; haf to, to keep up an' live. An' they'll be some o' them city women hyur, I reckon, from them big places, with their fine feathers, an' their dresses a draggin' on to the ground, an' they'll be the devil to pay among our young men. That's what they call *civ'lyzation*, ain't it, stranger? I tell ye, this country'll soon be improvin' like hell, but I sha'n't live to see much of it, I reckon. I've pretty nigh about sarved my time; but ef you come round hyur in about twenty years, mebbe ye'll remember what I've said. Our folks is been hyur nigh on to a hunderd years, an' no man 'u'd ever say that one o' the name 'u'd lie, or that anybody ever needed help an' didn't git it from the Foljambes; but they'll be more *enterprise* arter a while, I reckon, an' we'll all be a cuttin' one another's throats."

After my visit to this neighborhood and camp, I had no difficulty in gaining access to the people who were engaged in the same occupation, wherever I went, or in obtaining any desired information from them; and I visited some of them in various parts of the South. I found that as to the principal features of their character they commonly belonged, everywhere, to nearly the same type, except that the illicit distillers in level portions of the country were usually lower and coarser in personal qualities, and appeared to have much less independence and strength of character, than those of the mountain regions.



## THE PROMINENCE OF ATHLETICISM IN ENGLAND.

I BELIEVE it to be almost impossible for an American thoroughly to realize the overwhelming importance that is attached to physical exercises and field sports in the minds of the well-to-do classes in Great Britain. After the closest personal investigation, he can do no more than wonder in perplexity at the unswerving and solemn perseverance with which two thirds of that great and privileged class, on whom every luxury, both material and intellectual, every opportunity, every advantage, has been showered from youth up, devotes its time to pursuits at which it can scarcely hope to arrive at equal perfection with the Boers of South Africa or the Indians of the Western plains.

It will seem strange to men who, even if they have not ambition themselves, have at any rate been brought up to consider ambition as possible only in connection with one or other of the great walks of life, — with politics, commerce, literature, art, or war, — to see it burning with intense vigor in the breasts of thousands of educated and proud men, whose highest apparent aim is the position of an amateur stage-driver, the command of forty or fifty fox-hounds, the art of striking a ball with a bat more accurately and harder than any other individuals in his country or his country, and the ability to shoot nearly as straight as a market pot hunter, and stand as much hard work and exposure as a Scotch shepherd.

"English cricket," remarked a well-known peer at a public dinner given in London, not long ago, by the lord mayor, "has reached a pitch of perfection of which the country may well be proud." The noble lord, who has devoted his life so far to playing games, and is considered in his country a rare patriot, doubtless had in his mind a picture of the as-

sembled nations of Europe, frenzied with rage and envy, and pale with apprehension, watching the mighty strokes of Kentish cricketers, as vaguely but forcibly typical of some overwhelming British supremacy in Europe.

The unfettered mind of America cannot help condemning, with feelings of irrepressible contempt, that miscalled, bastard energy that expends itself alone in frivolity and the destruction of time. In what precise form of self-indulgence the hours and days are passed, what matters it, — whether in toiling after deer on Scottish hills, or in the softer listlessness of fashionable lounges? The difference, of course, between the existence in the one case and the non-existence in the other of what is called an idle class will be admitted, and allowance made; but still the difference between justifiable recreation and an utter abandonment of all life's duties under the veil of a spurious energy that seeks outlet only in those pursuits that are shared by the lowest races and classes of mankind, and shuns with horror, and sometimes even with a shrug of contempt, those paths in life that the accident of nationality, of birth, and of wealth would seem to have combined to fit them for, is immense. To the average American of wealth and position, even inheriting as he does to a marked degree the Anglo-Saxon love of field sports, a life devoted exclusively to a pack of fox-hounds would seem a barren and dreary waste; and I think I am right in saying he would see nothing in such a position worthy of a moment's consideration, — nothing but what was puerile, childish, and unworthy of discussion. Public opinion, too, is all powerful in such matters, and public opinion applauds in the one country what in the other she condemns.

In my humble opinion no difference,



out of the many that exist between the two great branches of our race, lies so deep as this.

In the one country, so long as birth and wealth are present, and no obnoxious quality is prominent, a life through which no beam of intelligence shines, in which no thought, no wish to be anything but a time-killer of the heaviest description, can be detected, will command among the mass of the people a full quota of thorough respect, untainted with the faintest suspicion of deficiency, or consciousness of there being the least failure of duty. In the other, is it too much to say that position, however materially supported, could scarcely be maintained under like circumstances? — while respect would be out of the question.

The American view of such matters, if it has been partially framed by circumstances, is at any rate an unanswerable one. Who would wish it otherwise? The European critic invariably fails in the discrimination between the greed of gain and the inborn desire to be busy, that is quite universal in America only. He is unable to understand reproach attaching to what he considers justifiable idleness, and launches forth on the well-worn platitudes concerning the almighty dollar. If he is a bookmaker or a literary light, he is probably not accustomed to the crash and hurry of Birmingham, Liverpool, or Manchester; and having inherited the tradition that the Yankee in quest of the almighty dollar seldom eats, and always traverses the streets at lightning speed, with his brain immersed in gigantic and probably questionable speculations, Broadway and its adjacent thoroughfares appear to his well-prepared mind a great arena for an immense "go-as-you-please" competition.

The ordinarily accepted term, as used in this country to describe that large class in Great Britain who are raised above the necessity of working for their

living, demands, of course, strong qualification.

It is not necessary for our purpose to inquire how large a proportion of this class would have to be deducted to allow for that admirable body of men who, aided by wealth and social positions, coupled with talents or industry, or both, transact a great part of the business of the nation, are busy in the front rank of the arts, both of peace and war, and bring the talents and capacities of leaders to high posts that a still surviving tradition is ever ready to keep vacant for them; nor by more directly alluding to those whose spheres are most elevated should we forget the thousands to whom occupation is not necessary, either for their comfortable support, their social position, or their character, who give their whole time, sometimes their very lives, for the good of others; nor yet could we for a moment include in our category those to whom wealth and leisure have given the opportunity, and not robbed of the desire, to follow even one useful or elevating pursuit.

As to the mere fox-hunter, grouse-shooter, cricket-player, what is there admirable in such a life? If there were any attempted excuse, or any apparent consciousness of deficiency, on the part of such a man, there would be something tangible to take hold of, and the question would cease to be one of interest and curiosity: but, on the contrary, when, by carefully laid plans, by long drives and railway journeys, by much time and thought, he prevents the cricket season from clashing with the grouse, and the grouse with the partridge; when, in defiance of the weather, he is unswerving in his attendance at the covert side; when a month's frost and consequent abstinence from hunting finds him utterly devoid of resources, and a vacuum in his brain like that of a day laborer's on strike, he not only fails to see anything unworthy in his career,



but is firmly persuaded that he is leading the ideal life of a manly Briton. He would, I think, honestly fail to see anything in it trivial or shallow; he would most likely consider himself an energetic, hard-working man, and be utterly out of reach of any argument, and very probably inwardly despise any one who could not look at the matter through the same strangely colored glasses as himself.

"I care for *nothing* but hunting, shooting, and fishing," writes an ex-landlord, quite lately, while inquiring through the columns of *The Field* for a cheap residence abroad. You must be an Englishman to understand the exact spirit in which this is written, and the spirit in which it will be taken by the masses. Such a confession in the columns of the public press in any other country would be taken as the apology of some harmless idiot. Not so here, however. Impossible as it may seem, an Englishman will recognize it instantly as having a great deal more of the boastful than the apologetic, and two thirds of the rising generation, on reading it, will mentally chronicle that unknown curiosity as "a fine fellow."

The singularity, however, lies not so much in the fact of a vast number of individuals, whom accident has made independent of occupation as regards their living, devoting themselves with business-like energy to self-indulgence, as in the more than toleration, the semi-admiration, with which the workaday world, in its intervals of labor, from the prime minister to the agricultural laborer, looks on and cheers the barren feats or the school-boy gambols of grown-up children. Physical superiority, in short, is the fashion in England, and the public will shout louder and longer at excellence in amusements than they will at excellence in those qualities which help to advance their country, and the cause of civilization, and the good of men.

It is not necessary to be an Englishman to realize that truism, nor, like the writer and hundreds of others who say nothing, and thousands more who may be unconscious of it, to have had the intellectual life of their youth crushed out of them by the absorbing demon of athletic or sporting ambition. English novels, even the daily press, bear ample witness of the exalted pedestal on which mere frivolous pastimes are placed. Social position in England is everything, and social position prides itself on being independent of the necessity of a cultured mind. It prides itself very much on being, at any rate, considered as possessing all those qualities that are demanded in the recommendations of a stud groom, a gamekeeper, or a coachman! My eye rests on an article in an English paper, just to hand, descriptive of a meet of the four-in-hand club. "It was a treat," says the writer, "to see the way the Duke of B—— brought up his coach in the unmistakable manner of a master of the art. But then coachmanship is hereditary in the S—— blood." Noble trait for a ducal house! Again, "By the side of Mr. —— was that fine old country parson, the Rev. ——, of whom the fair county of —— is so proud." It was my lot in early youth to reside for many years in the immediate neighborhood of that fine old country parson, and to share to a full extent that admiration which, as the reporter truly says, his native county accords him. Why is he admired, petted, courted, noticed by royalty? For powerful sermons, for untiring energy in parish or diocesan work, for a pure, unselfish, and devoted life? Not at all; but because he has spent a considerable portion of his ministerial career in the saddle, kept for several years a pack of hounds and hunted them himself, and because he combines a firm seat in the saddle with a topographical knowledge of his own locality that is said to be unrivaled. That he has not entirely neg-



lected his parish work, preaches as well as his neighbors, and has sometimes ridden fifty miles on Saturday night to be in time for Sunday morning services is looked upon as so much evidence of condescension and self-denial as would greatly enhance any popularity he might have had if he had been a country squire. That, as a parson, he is the "pride of the fair county of ——" is an excellent instance of that singular and unaccountable Philistinism, not un-mixed with snobbishness, more clearly felt than described, which pervades the country. What an encouragement, the foreigner would feel tempted to say, to the hard-working self-denying, earnest young clergy of that fair county!

That clerical monstrosity, the fox-hunting parson, is, fortunately for the credit of the church of England, rapidly disappearing from her lists; and if ritualism has taken too firm a hold of ecclesiastical matters for some people, it would be hard indeed for the most prejudiced to deny that that movement has been the most powerful agent in sweeping away the musty cobwebs of neglect and sinecurism that disgraced so many of her remote districts.

When we read, in the local paper, that at a public dinner in the town hall Sir John Sabretasch, K. C. B., occupied the left of the chairman, and Mr. Reginald Redcoat, M. F. H., sat upon his right, no sense of the ridiculous is supposed to strike us in the unconscious but still seemingly apparent equality in importance at which these two affixes are rated. The one marks, perhaps, the successful leader of some campaign in which the honor of the nation and something more has been at stake; the other the ownership of a pack of hounds, which are as often as not intrusted to the sole charge and management of a hired servant, who in turn, from the mere fact of his being connected with field sports, will be treated as an incomparably more important person than his brother, the

thrifty tradesman, and will combine in the highest perfection all those offensive characteristics, which so often distinguish the dependents of great establishments.

I think I am not wrong in saying that the title of M. F. H. would be more deeply respected, by one half of the rising generation of England, than all the other letters indicative of military or intellectual distinction that her majesty or her institutions could affix to a subject's name. Of course this is very droll, — no contemptuous epithet could be found strong enough to apply to it; but it is nevertheless a part of our social system; it has eaten into our lives and become a part of our traditions. So great is the human material we have to draw upon, so great our wealth, so great the vigor of the middle classes and the working portion of the upper classes. This monomania is powerless to arrest for a moment the stream of our national life and industry. It pervades only that quiet backwater which plays around with bats and balls and fishing-rods and guns, and which, by an odd paradox, calls itself "the world," and by the still stranger force of habit exacts the tribute of admiration and respect, and whenever possible of imitation, from the busy stream that turns the wheel that makes Great Britain what she is.

It must be borne in mind that the cant we are accustomed to hear from youth up, to refresh one another's national pride with and to believe as an article of faith, maintains that a great part of our country's prosperity and glory is owing to the fact that three fourths of our male population who are raised above the necessity of work have employed their time in cultivating their physical rather than their mental qualities. That cricket and football, hunting and shooting, etc., have made England what she is, is firmly believed by nearly every British upper-class youth.



That Wellington is reported to have said, while watching the games in the playing-fields of Eton, that "it was here where fields were won" is handed down from generation to generation of British school-boys, oblivious of the more famous exclamation of Napoleon, who, in his rage and despair at the unyielding red squares that defied his cavalry on the field of Waterloo, "swore that with British privates and French officers he could beat the world." Now Hodge and Thomas Atkins, when they succumb to the allurements of the recruiting sergeant, have not generally spent their lives in riding blood horses across country, or in shooting partridges; and if they have played a little cricket on the village green on Saturday evenings, such relaxation would have small effect on the muscular physique of men who, in common with the peasantry of all other countries, are accustomed to hard toil from morn till night.

The idea that an army officer requires any brains at all, the Philistinism of young England has always jeered at, and still does to a great extent. A fixed idea that a youth who can ride across country well, and does not care to do much else except, perhaps, dance, and who would look on the studies connected with his profession as an unmitigated bore, is more adapted to handle a company of infantry under critical circumstances than a man who has proved himself to be of more than average mental calibre and of more than average intelligence, is still quite common among the least intelligent half of our educated classes. An inexplicable reluctance to give respect to intellect and mental ability and a zealous eagerness to worship physical prowess characterize a large portion of our people.

It is not that we wish to attempt to prove any extent of damage done to the national life at large by these in some ways harmless eccentricities of national sentiment. The craving of the

privileged and educated man to turn his attention to fields of fame, and demand applause for feats at which the unlettered boor can excel him, is certainly a very odd one; ambition, so to speak, in inverse ratio. The envy with which the American backwoodsman regards the erudition of the city lawyer is utterly devoid of any consolatory reflections that the lawyer could not hit a hat at the distance at which he could drive a nail in with a rifle. The backwoodsman values intellectual accomplishments at a far truer estimate than the British aristocrat; for the former would never dream of comparing the advantages derived from a higher education with the rude arts of which he is a perfect master, and would probably be the first to despise a college-bred man who gave up his career and took to hunting. While little harm, perhaps, is done to the nation at large by the false standard of estimation set up in England by that social body to which the weak and the young especially look as their guide, the unrecognized damage done to individuals is incalculable: the germs of intellect withered at an age that exists only for imitation; the dormant seeds of talent and desire for mental culture natural to a gently nurtured race destroyed often before they have had time to sprout.

Immense sums lavished on the education of their sons by parents who can sometimes, perhaps, but ill afford it produce nothing, too frequently, but a certain stereotyped manner and general bearing, that a certain portion of the British public calls "good form," but is a thing in itself quite distinct from what the outside world calls "good breeding," although it may or may not, of course, be accompanied by that desideratum, a matter dependent on home influences and home training. The result, however, is very often skill in one or two athletic games so wonderful that great and historic universities will frequently, while the subject is yet a school-



boy, become quite agitated for the honor of his presence. These advantages confer also on the youth the much-prized distinction of being able, in after life, to write himself "a public-school and university man," and up to the time he leaves college, at any rate, and sometimes all through life, to feel a sort of mild, contemptuous pity for all those unfortunates who have not received what he considers to be the only complete training the world affords. This feeling, which has no offensive aspect about it, but is rather a deeply rooted tradition, is of course most vigorous and intolerant in the breasts of those whose minds have most successfully resisted the great intellectual opportunities that such a career has put constantly within their reach, and have nothing to show in the way of tangible benefits but a sideboard covered with trophies of the river and the running path.

A deep sense of the actual benefits of culture and education has no part in creating this overweening and narrow estimate of excellence. You could not touch the pride of an average English school-boy by comparing the intellectual attainments of his school-fellows unfavorably with those of a rival institution. "Swotting," "sapping," "mugging," "grinding," "fagging," imply by their sound the contempt in which the common herd of public-school boys hold all independent efforts at mental culture and future distinction, and with such he has less than no sympathy. Hint, however, at similar comparisons in the more important matters of cricket and football, and all his quickest susceptibilities will be aroused; all the force of an *esprit de corps*, resting almost purely on a basis of athleticism, will flash out. There is no class of civilized beings upon earth more governed by habit and custom, and more intolerant of everything outside their own narrow circle, than the *average* young English gentleman. (I lay stress on the word "aver-

age," as implying the majority that come between those whom talent or mental ability or mental refinement has freed from the common ruck and the hopelessly coarse and dissolute.) To him every difference of a manner from his own that he sees in his travels is a difference for the worse, and leans of necessity in the direction of snobbishness or vulgarity. In every fellow-creature whose coat is not cut upon his own lines he is too apt to see at once the "beastly cad."

Speaking again of the universities, there are certain colleges, both at Oxford and Cambridge, whose under-graduates actually pride themselves (or used to, a very few years ago) on being unrepresented on the honor lists, and who indignantly resent fancied attempts to make their institution a "reading college," on the part of freshly elected Fellows and tutors, as a direct damage to its *social prestige*. Could a parallel to anything so ludicrous be found in any other country? The inclination of a proportion of young men, and especially rich ones, to be idle is natural everywhere, but the inexplicable sentiment that takes a pride in being so, and jealously cherishes a reputation for the same, may safely be said to be peculiarly British. So immense is the importance attached to physical prowess that the standard of a certain class of college in Oxford and in Cambridge may, without exaggeration, be said to depend, to a great extent, on the position of their boat on the river. As an instance of this, in the writer's college days, Jesus, Cambridge, though an eminently respectable foundation, did not pretend to rank among those colleges of Oxford and Cambridge which the traditional or temporary patronage of birth, wealth, intellect, or athletic fame entitled to the appellation of a first-class college, speaking relatively. Since that time its boat has been distinguished in numerous aquatic contests, and con-



sequently the whole standing of the college has undergone a complete change. There has been of late years a demand upon its resources by youths of the description that are supposed by the un-intellectual public, at any rate, to reflect lustre upon such institutions, and who would, a dozen years ago, have to a certainty omitted Jesus College from their list for selections.

At the period to which I have just now alluded, to have spoken of Brasenose College, Oxford, with anything but deep respect, in any representative audience of public-school boys and undergraduates, would have been deemed by a large majority unmitigated heresy. Brasenose at that time had six or seven members in the university cricket eleven, and its boat was head, or nearly head, of the river; in addition to which it was well represented during the hunting season at the meets of neighboring packs of fox-hounds, — in short, “a good college *all round*,” in the eyes of every one but the distinctly intellectual few. It was a matter of no importance that its reputation for teaching and scholarship was at zero, and that the character of its entrance examinations was such as, whether rightly or wrongly, to furnish amusing anecdotes to the admiring youth of the day. The examiner, for instance, would be depicted listening to a well-known athlete, fresh from school, and in a genial, gentlemanly manner discussing with him his late performances in the playing-field, and finally concluding the interview with a cordial shake of the hand, and an assurance that he might consider himself a member of the college. Whimsical reports, too, used to circulate that the “chief” was in the habit of making furtive visits to the playing-fields of the great public schools, with an eye to strengthening and maintaining that athletic prestige of his college on which he was supposed, with undoubted justice, to lay such stress.

These are but mere instances of the

way in which academic institutions may be affected in popularity and consequent prosperity by success in pursuits that are, whatever enthusiasts may say, diametrically opposed to furthering the higher aims of student life and a cultured state of society.

The University of Cambridge being a seat of learning, and divided into numerous colleges, whose attitude towards one another has through all time necessitated a natural and healthy rivalry, an outsider would suppose that the possession of senior wrangler and senior classic would be considered each year as the greatest possible triumph that one college could win from the others. As it is, however, whatever enthusiasm is felt for the most famous under-graduate of his year is limited to the quiet satisfaction of a few tutors and professors, and a certain flutter among that select minority of the university who, as professed “reading men,” have throughout their youth, from different reasons, successfully combated the athletic mania, and have been free to imbibe the full benefits, and to realize the true value before it is too late, of the advantages offered by one of the most splendid institutions of learning in the world.

About a boat race, on the other hand, words can scarcely describe the engrossing enthusiasm that night after night makes the banks of Cam and Isis the scene of the wildest excitement. The triumph and despair that in such contests, and all others of a like nature, take possession of winners and losers are so ludicrously real and solemn that the ends and aims of colleges and schools would seem to have been almost lost sight of, and their actual importance to have become hopelessly entangled, in the minds of the majority of their inmates and patrons, with the success or otherwise of their crew or their cricket eleven. Masters, tutors, and professors may gnash their teeth at the ugly rival which snatches so many youths, while



still in their declensions, forever from their influence; but the wrong idol has been set up on a pedestal from which it will be hard to displace it, while so great is the force of custom that many of these very educators themselves bow down unconsciously to the brain-devouring god, and aid in that hero worship of the mere athlete that to an outsider must and does look so grotesque.

An American or a German youth has, we may fairly suppose, the same natural tendency to idleness as his British *confrère*; that, however, when he goes to school or college, is all he has to struggle against. Years and years of distinction, and the unbounded praise and adulation of his school-fellows, of that part of the outside world whose applause is most flattering, and to some extent even of his teachers, are not held before his eyes as the possible premium for sticking diligently to his amusements. For him there is no easy and broad road to fancied fame, enticing him away, to his own irreparable injury, at the very gates of life, even before what little of judgment and discretion extreme youth can claim has had time to develop. With the young American it is simply a question of natural apathy or idleness, unendorsed and unapplauded by any class whose opinion even the most frivolous could value, *versus* distinction in that race which is recognized as the only one worthy of competition, one whose prizes confer on their winners not merely the material benefits that are common to all countries, but social position and the admiring envy of their fellows as well. His play hours may or may not be occupied with cricket, baseball, football, and the like; but all these are secondary, mere pastimes, though they are eminently healthy and desirable as such. His position among his fellows depends to a very small extent upon his success in these, and not, as in England, almost altogether so. In another respect, too, he starts at a greater ad-

vantage than the majority of his British kinsmen, for as each generation in America has, with certain qualifications, to depend much more upon its own individual exertions, and receives less shelter, either material or social, from the ægis of its forefathers, so from earliest youth each one is more apt to feel the privilege of a high education from a commercial stand-point. The American youth is brought more face to face with money, and as a rule possesses a knowledge of its purchasing value that in the young Briton of the class to which we allude is conspicuously absent. It is to very few of the latter that an expensive education ever occurs in the light of an investment, but it is rather looked on as a right inherited and as a matter of course. All this is more or less natural, from obvious causes, though to be deplored as offering less resistance to the demon of athleticism.

Take the English lad of thirteen, just entering a great public school, his faculties as yet unawakened, and ready to receive impressions that will probably control his whole future destiny. He is solemnly shown, by his new companions, the god-like forms of the chosen cricketers who represent his alma mater in what his youthful mind already regards as almost historic contests. They occupy in his eyes, and consequently too often in their own eyes, a position with regard to their actual importance and deserts for the absurdity of which it would be in vain to look for a parallel. He himself, unless he is a particularly sickly or weakly boy, is examined as to the extent of his accomplishments in the out-door line, and placed accordingly in the carefully graded list into which his five hundred companions are by various methods divided. One day to climb the dizzy heights now occupied by those heroes who wear continually the distinctive badges that mark them as the athletic champions of their school, and to receive themselves all the adu-



lation, attention, and interest that are bestowed upon those not only by their school-fellows, the public, and the press, but to some extent even by their very teachers, becomes too often the one aim of the young boy's existence. His actual tasks will perhaps be gone through without discredit, lest his play hours should be encroached upon, and if he is naturally bright he will acquire in eight or ten years education enough to pass the ordinary examinations into the professions, and so on; but whatever intellectual life or desire for culture, books, science, art, may have been inherent in him will be soon stifled; the passion for physical prowess will increase as the golden years, teeming with splendid opportunities that can never recur, speed by, their value scarcely recognized; and the only fortunate circumstance is, perhaps, that the national insanity regarding such matters, that permeates all classes and all ages, prevents a great proportion of those regrets which, under other circumstances, would with maturer years too surely follow such a wasted youth.

The idle and the vicious alone are benefited by the absorbing mania, or made, at any rate, temporarily less objectionable. To actual morals, ultra-athleticism may, among school-boys, be also of some slight service; but the few that are thereby kept for a time out of mischief and bad habits, which, after they leave school, are quite as prevalent among sportsmen and athletes as among others, are hardly worth the enormous intellectual sacrifice that unceasingly continues to smoke upon the altars of this mock heroism.

The specially gifted few, the vitality of whose intellects is too strong to be repressed or warped by the most overwhelming pressure, even of such Philistinism, at the tenderest stage of their

development, are outside our present argument, and in all probability derive more unmixed and lasting good from an English public school than they or their equals could from any other educational establishment on the face of the earth.

It is the immense majority that come between these two classes whose weaker, or often only later, mental development is put to a test that is most iniquitously unfair, and the force of which it is almost necessary to have been an English public-school boy thoroughly to realize. To localize the blame is an impossibility. To combat a resistless national mania, that seems to increase rather than lose in strength with the advance of civilization, would be a hopeless undertaking for one set of individuals, if, indeed, any such are to be found entirely uncontaminated, in spite of themselves, from very attrition, with the fetish worship of this grotesque idol. For several generations we have been rolling in wealth, with a teeming population. The millions created by a powerful, enterprising middle class maintain an enormous army of hereditary income holders, great and small, who perpetuate the feudal tradition, shared by the red Indian and the Jamaica negro, that idleness is becoming, but whose innate Anglo-Saxon energy breaks out by a curious perversity in every imaginable kind of useless exertion, which demands no mental qualities, and in which the advantages of education have no influence. It is fortunate that a good standard of morality and honor, as a whole, prevails, and that a physically robust and honest, if aimless, existence leaves nothing worse than an absurdity in the spectacle of a gentleman of birth and fortune devoting himself with intense earnestness to the business of an amateur stage-driver, and being respected or at least not ridiculed for it by four fifths of the public.

*A. Granville Bradley.*



## A MIDSUMMER FÊTE IN THE PUEBLO OF SAN JUAN.

MUCH time and ingenuity have been spent in seeking traces and proofs of the connection between the Pueblo Indians of Mexico and the ancient Aztecs. The connection is no doubt real, but the links are hard to find; and I wonder that the archæologists, by way of recreation and diversion from their arduous labors, have not made a collateral research as to the connection between the Pueblos and the mud-sparrows, of which traces and proofs are plenty wherever either mud-sparrows or Pueblo Indians have builded.

The mud-sparrow, I believe, builds now only two-story houses, while the Pueblos run them up sometimes five and even seven stories high; and the mud-sparrows do not go in and out, up and down, by ladders, but neither would the Pueblos if they had wings. The ladders are only an arrangement necessary during a stage of imperfect development, and may be done away with later.

Meantime, so far as any architectural argument can go to prove relationship, it seems clear that the mud-sparrows come in somewhere among the Toltecs, Aztecs, and Pueblos; very likely were first, and the instructors of them all; for there are certainly not on the earth any two types of building more like each other than the mud-sparrow's nest and the Pueblo Indian's house. Material, the same: mud. Method of treatment, the same: building up in layers, wet, left to dry by the sun. Shapes, similar; in some instances nearly identical.

Does archæology often make out three points so strong? And whoever has seen a Pueblo Indian woman, up on a ladder, plastering the inside wall of her house, might be tempted to add a fourth point,—of the similarity of implement and handling. She has her wet mud in a bowl before her, on a round of the

ladder, dips her hand in, claws all she can, and with a swift and dexterous stroke slaps it on the wall, and dabs it down. Handful by handful she patiently keeps on, until her hand is crusted thick with mud, and looks far more like a bird's claw than like a human hand. The dabs which a mud-sparrow, building, gives with its beak to each little morsel of mud it adds are wonderfully like these strokes of the Indian woman's hand. No one who has seen both motions can fail to recognize their kinship to each other. And I think no one familiar with mud-sparrows' villages can come suddenly upon an Indian pueblo without being at once reminded of them. It was my first thought at my first glimpse of the pueblo of San Juan.

We had just crossed the Rio Grande at a point where its meadows were brilliantly green. Rising abruptly out of this vivid green meadow, and barring our way, like a colossal ant-hill, stood a great drab mound, with broken lines, suggesting walls and roofs at top. Our road led right up and into this mound. Not a green leaf, not a green blade; blank, shadeless, shadowless, drab, dust or sand under foot on all sides, shifting, solid: piles and banks of it, shifting at each step or each breeze; walls and banks of it, solid, and perforated here and there by small openings. These solid walls and banks, we presently perceived, were in tiers,—tiers of terraces; and the perforations were of various sizes. Each terrace was spread out, flat at top, and a few feet wide; at back of this another straight terrace, spread out, flat at top; this, again, surmounted by a third; and so on, till in some places they were five stories high. Queer strips of lattice-work stood on these terraces, slanted, tilted, propped irregularly here and there; they also were of a drab color, as if walls,



roofs, ladders, all had been run, wet mud, into a fretted mould, baked, and turned out, like some freaky confectioner's device made of opaque, light-brown cough candy. At intervals on these terraces, or on the ground near the base of the walls, stood low oval mounds of the same baked drab mud, shaped like the half of an egg-shell, with an aperture left in the small end. To have seen a big swallow's head sticking out of any one of these would have seemed only natural. There were also here and there on the roofs, lifted a few feet above them, queer little thatches of brush; ragged and unfinished, like the first rough platform of twigs and mud the robin lays for her nest.

This is what one sees at the first glance, on looking at an adobe pueblo. After discovering their plan and the arrangement and uses of the odd structures, they can never again wear precisely the same expression. The tiers and terraces are the stories and roofs of the houses; the holes are doors and windows opening into rooms under the terrace roofs; the strips of lattice-work are ladders, the only means of going from one terrace to another above or below; the little oval mounds are ovens; and the queer brush thatches are the Pueblo Indian's pleasure-bowers, summer-houses, arbors, sheltering him from the sun, when he would lie down on his terrace roof. Also, being thrifty, and driven to expedients in his narrow quarters, he sometimes uses these thatches as drying-ground for red peppers, which make a fine show, topping off a pile of the drab terraces. There were four or five of these terraced piles, some larger, some smaller, yet without any regularity, and a small open plaza. On one side of this was an old church, also of adobe: long, low, with two square, white-washed towers, and an archway on the front.

When we drove into this plaza it was swarming with Indians and Mexicans, — a kaleidoscope of all the hues of the

rainbow. On the terraces were standing hundreds of the Indians, all decked in the gayest colors: bareheaded, wrapped in blankets, motionless, most of them, as statues. The gorgeousness of the pictures they made, relieved against these walls and banks of drab, and kindled by the brilliant blue of the sky overhead, could never be told either by pen or by brush. It was a dazzling blaze of color. Adding to the bewilderment of the scene came the sharp, plaintive notes of the old bell hanging in the white archway of the church. It was Saint John's Day, and the bell was ringing for morning mass.

Not the least among the adroit and kindly diplomacies of the Roman Catholic church, in her proselyting, has been her method of grafting her own ceremonies on the days and observances she found already established and beloved among the peoples she sought to conquer. From this habit of hers have come by degrees strange transitions and transformations in calendars and ceremonies; saints' days being kept on pagan sinners' days, and fast days on feast days, with increasing confusion, century after century. Nowhere, perhaps, can this sort of antithesis be better seen than in the pueblos of New Mexico on the fête days which the church and the Indians keep together.

We were too late to get admission to the church by the front door. A close-packed throng filled the approach to it, and rows of Indians, armed with guns, stood on guard on either side. By mysterious turnings, gates in walls, stable yards, and inner courts, we were led round to a side door used by the priests. Just as our guide was about to open one of these gates in a mud wall, it was suddenly flung open from the other side, and there leaped through a huge Indian, wrapped in a scarlet blanket, two thirds of his face covered thick with vermilion paint. A more startling apparition, coming of a sudden, and so close, could not



be imagined, or a more splendid picture than he made for the half second that he stood framed in the drab-colored gateway. He was evidently as much startled as we, at first; but in a moment there spread over his face a broad, kindly smile, in which all his fierce savagery seemed to melt away at once.

The mud floor of the church was crowded with kneeling and squatting Mexicans and Indians; silent, devout, sad-eyed, their faces were studies. The blackness of their hair and their eyes might almost be said to darken the place. The women wore shawls on their heads, sometimes close drawn around their faces, sometimes held gracefully with one hand, sometimes allowed to fall free. There is a mystic spell about a shawl on a Mexican woman's head: it never comes off; it may trail on the ground at one side, but the other end will cling on, if it is only by a fringe. Some of the well-to-do ones, who evidently considered themselves in full dress, wore white cambric sun-bonnets, the full crowns and the long capes fastened on by shining steel buttons at each plait. It seemed inexplicable that they could not perceive how much better the raggedest beggar woman there looked, who had a shawl over her head, than they did in their stiff white bonnets.

Even up to the chancel rail they had crowded, and on the very steps some of them were squatting, every one with upturned face and a look of rapt attention. On the highest step, leaning against the rail, sat an old man, — so old that when his eyes were shut his face looked like the face of an Egyptian mummy. His long gray hair floated in the air. Hugged up between his knees he had a guitar, which looked as old as he; his right hand lay on the strings, as lifelessly as if it had fallen there, out of his control; every now and then it clutched the strings, and brought out a few wailing, spasmodic notes, these also seeming to be out of his control. Opposite him, at

the farther end of the rail, knelt a woman, older still, if possible, than he; everything about her might have been centuries old except her eyes. They glowed out from under shaggy white eyebrows like coals of fire, fierce, revengeful, insatiate. Her bony arms crossed on her breast, her rosary hanging untouched, her head propped against the wall, the fierce eyes devouring every motion of the priests in the chancel, she suggested unfathomed and unfathomable mysteries of hate and suffering.

The shrines were gay with tawdry flowers, and high candles burned on all sides. In front of the rail were half a dozen shabby little flaring, smoking tallow tapers, — tokens of expiation or entreaty from some of the poor souls who squatted close behind, watching their struggling flames with piteous earnestness. Ten priests, gorgeous in white robes and brilliant vestments, were there to assist in the mass. On occasion of these fêtes, the priests from all the mission stations within reach gather together, to add dignity and splendor to the observance.

The Santa Cruz church, one of the oldest in the country, is only twelve miles distant from San Juan. Here, cherished with great pride, are still to be seen vestments sent over by queens of Spain in the days when Spain thought to found a new Spain here. Only a few miles beyond Santa Cruz stands another mud church, built in the name of Santa Clara, over two hundred years ago.

A young French priest has these parishes in his keeping, and is working to-day with the same simple, unquestioning, inexhaustible faith and indefatigable energy which made splendid the lives and the deaths of the earliest Jesuit missionaries in California and Mexico. He is a man of culture, and used, in the Old World, to surroundings of refinement. Delicately wrought silks and satins, with embroideries of the finest that women's hands can do, come to him



often from France, with the love of women of degree who are his kin. He wears them as reverently and gladly in masses said in these mud churches of the Pueblo Indians as if it were in the Madeleine of Paris.

Moving back and forth among the priests, assisting in the ceremonies of the mass, were two Indians, wrapped in their blankets, and wearing the fringed leggins, necklaces, and decorations of their race. One of them swung the censer; the other had the charge of the robes, and helped in all the changes; the dexterous manner in which he contrived to keep himself wrapped, in true Indian fashion, in his blanket, while using both hands to robe and disrobe the priests, was marvelous. The sharp contrast between these purely savage figures, the simplicity of the lines of their drapery, their barbaric faces and decorations, the immobility of their countenances and attitudes, and the complications of genuflection and pose and adornment of the priests was impressive: and the savage man stood the comparison best. There was but one drawback on the dignity of his bearing, and that was one for which he was in no wise responsible. Exactly in the middle of his red blanket, conspicuously branded in black, were the letters U. S. I. D. To see these huge black letters, every now and then swinging slowly into view, stamped on the Indian's back was ludicrous enough; and the slower the motion, and the more majestic the attitude, the more ludicrous became the letters. It was too bad. Perhaps to the Indians, and even to the Mexicans, the letters might have seemed decorative, and of value as symbols of the power and goodness of the "great Father in Washington;" but to eyes enlightened as to some of the doings of the United States Interior Department, and aware of the cost of such blankets to their wearers, the label was a strange mixture of sad sarcasm and joke.

Whenever the Indian in the chancel rang the bell, at the elevation of the host, the Indians outside fired their guns. The first of these volley echoes gave us a momentary shock of real terror. How could one suppose it to be part of the religious ceremony? A softer and more assonant reply came more than once in the sudden whirring above our heads of the wings of doves, that flew in, and once, in a sweet sort of reverent irreverence, alighted on the top of the big crucifix. After the mass came a short sermon in Spanish by an old priest, with a fine and benevolent face. His voice and gestures were impressive, and the smooth, open vowel sounds full of melody. It was easy, in spite of ignorance of the Spanish language, to gather the meaning of much that he said. Love, charity, charitable giving, were the burden of his commands to the people; the latter being difficult of fulfilling, it would seem, by most of the poor souls who listened to him.

As soon as the services ended, the throng poured out of the church in an irregular procession, in the middle of which, under a canopy, were carried images of Christ and the Virgin Mary and Saint John, the patron saint of the day. The Indians with guns ran alongside, firing at intervals; green branches were waved; wild Indians on horseback, splendid in paint and feathers, dashed back and forth; the little bell tinkled; the close-shorn heads and black robes of the priests flitted in and out among the streaming long-haired visages and red and yellow and blue wrappings and trappings of the Indians. The whole plaza seemed to surge and glitter under the hot sun, as the crowds ran to and fro. The sacred images were set in a small booth, built of green boughs; there to remain all day, to receive any offerings which the devout-minded might wish to make to them.

This was the end of the church's part of the fête. The Indians were free now



to keep the rest of the day in their own fashion. In a few minutes, hundreds of them had clambered up and out on the ledge-like roofs of their strange, terraced houses; standing, squatting, lying down, they grouped themselves, from end to end of the town, as if with no other thought than of pictorial effect. It was a scene to make an artist beside himself with delight, — no two groups on a level; no two groups alike; men, women, children, babies, every living creature of them all wrapped and decked in brilliant colors, which were thrown into a positive splendor of relief by the soft, pale, half-brown, half-yellow color of the walls behind, above, and below them. Over it all a sky of blazing blue, such as only a Southern latitude, Southern summer, and Southern sun together could make.

From roof to roof, group to group, scrambling up and down the break-neck ladders, swinging ourselves, we hardly knew how, from ladder to terrace and terrace to ladder, over parapets and chimneys, we roamed about, high up in the air, among them, and looking down on the glittering spectacle below. The heat and the glare reflected from the baked mud surfaces were almost intolerable; the air felt like the flapping of red-hot wings in one's face, and to step for a second out of shade of an umbrella made one dizzy and blind. Yet the Pueblos basked in it, bareheaded, as content as lizards.

With no more distinct invitation than a succession of friendly beckoning smiles, we entered one of the low doors. The mud floor had been swept smooth and clean for the festival day. There was no furniture excepting low cushions or divans ranged round the walls. These were their beds, rolled up and covered with gay-colored blankets. Rough-hewn log posts, whitewashed, supported the roof. Clay vessels, of curious shapes and colors, filled with water, stood in the corners. The fire-place was a raised

stone platform, square, and roofed over with a dome of adobe. Near it was the family mill, — an oblong stone trough, five or six feet long, divided into three compartments; in each of these was a flat stone, perhaps two thirds the size of the compartment. When meal is to be ground, the leisurely Indians sit down on the floor by these mills, put the grain into the trough, and slowly rub it fine with the flat stones.

The lady of the house was short, fat, swarthy; silent, but more radiantly hospitable than one would have thought it possible for a speechless hostess to be. A dozen Indians, men and women, were squatted around the room, against the walls; motionless, grave, their bright dark eyes following our every motion. With the keenest observation, they actually embarrassed us by their stillness; but their expressions were friendly and gentle. The women wore leggins of deerskin, as white and smooth as the finest kid; moccasins of the same, or of yellow buckskin; short black petticoats, gay bead belts, blouses of white, or black, or bright calico, ear-rings and necklaces of silver and coral beads. Their coarse black hair came short and straight over their foreheads to their eyebrows, as correctly and evenly "banged" as if it had been done by a civilized barber of fashion; behind, it fell long and loose over their necks.

Hanging from the middle of the ceiling was the baby, strapped tight into a tiny wooden trough-cradle, a low wickerwork hood covered with white cloth over its head. There it swung, back and forth; out of harm's way certainly, and as comfortable as in a cradle on rockers. Its eyes were the only things it could stir; arms, legs, feet, hands, all strapped tight to the board. The mother understood no English, except that which we spoke in praise of the baby's pretty bright eyes; of that she understood every word. When we left the house all the men and women rose and accompanied



us to the door, and stood there silent, smiling, and nodding their heads to our good-bys.

As we turned to walk down the roof, there suddenly appeared, within a few feet of us, coming up through the roof, the head of an Indian, crying, "How! how!" in a hoarse, grunting voice. He sprang up through the opening, ran like lightning across the roof to the parapet, over the edge, and out of sight in a twinkling: naked, except two long narrow strips of calico floating down before and behind; painted from head to foot, in bands of lead color with black stripes and white polka spots; a fringe of hens' feathers down each leg, where the outside seam of trousers would come; his long black hair stuck full of hens' feathers; a wreath of green cotton-wood leaves on his head, and a cotton-wood bough in his right hand. He was an eldritch creature to pop out on one in that fashion. It is not too much to confess that we jumped back in some terror; but before we had recovered our breath, "How! how!" came a second, a third, more, all through the same opening: tumbling up in a helter-skelter crowd, all grunting, ejaculating, and waving their green boughs. A dozen of them had darted out, across, and down before we could believe our eyes. These were some of the braves for the war dance, which was to be the great feature of the day. On other roofs we could see similar irruptions of the same impish figures, darting out and down the ladders, their feet seeming barely to touch the rounds. Soon we saw them gathering in two long straight, parallel lines, just outside the highest part of the wall. All eyes were fastened on them; even little children crawled to the extreme edges of the roofs, and lay down flat on their bellies, with their heads lifted like turtles, looking over and off.

There were two rival bands to take part in this dance, a hundred in each

band. After the two double columns were arranged in line, fifty rods or more apart, they began to move slowly toward each other, sidewise, with steps which were little more than a shuffling of the feet in the sand, — certainly, they did not move more than the width of the foot at each step; their bodies slightly bent forward; their arms close at their sides; heads up, swinging slightly at each shuffle; the cotton-wood wreaths and boughs waving; the drums beating a dull, monotonous note; gourds rattling; and loud, discordant voices all grunting and whooping: it was a finer Bedlam than Bedlam itself could have shown. They stood so close together that their arms and legs seemed to touch; this gave to the whole column, in its slow, shuffling motion, an expression like that of a huge snake wriggling itself along. It seemed to take an interminable time for them to move a few yards. As the columns came closer and closer they quickened their speed till the second of meeting, when they fell back instantly into the same slow, vibrant shuffle, and retreated from each other to their first position. They repeated this twice, and then broke up, preparing for the races which were to follow.

The Indians themselves appeared to be more interested in these than in the dance. They crowded up close to the course, and cheered or groaned derisively at each success or failure. Sometimes the friends of a runner, as they cheered him, would lean forward and beat him with cotton-wood boughs. Conspicuous everywhere among the lookers-on were the mounted Apaches, — splendid, dashing creatures, with scarlet cheek-bones and scarlet blankets, and their long hair twisted into braids with strips of fur, till it looked like *jabots* of cats' tails down each shoulder. Often a man and a woman rode together on one pony; and they had come fifty miles to see this fête. From one of these conjugal "mounts" I bought a couple of



beautiful baskets which they had made. The Apache basket is as fine a thing in its way as the Navajo blanket; it holds water as well, and is as artistic in its devices of color. Neither the man nor the squaw understood or could speak one word of English, except "dollar." But this and fingers were all that they needed to compel us to give them their own price for the baskets. The gentle Pueblos were less exacting, or else more anxious to get money. They were ready to sell the ear-rings out of their ears and the bangles off their arms, usually for the prices offered them. There was one thing, however, the women could not be induced to sell: not one of them would part with her necklace. And no wonder, for they were necklaces to be coveted. They were made of cut coral beads and beaten silver crosses; sometimes twenty or thirty crosses on a necklace. Some of them were very old; they had belonged, the women said, to their grandmothers. These older and finer ones had, in addition to the little crosses, one large one, also of silver, — the old Jesuit cross, with the heart of Jesus at the bottom. The coral of these beads had been carried from the California coast across the deserts to the Navajo country, and bartered there; and the silver came out of old mines, of which the Indians know the secret; but who taught them to work the coral and the silver there is no telling.

After the races ended, many of the Indians withdrew into their houses, and the Mexican element became more noticeable in the throng. Compared with any other human creature except an Indian, the Mexican is a triumph of the gay and picturesque; but by the side of these Indians he was tawdry and cheap. Tawdriest of all were the richest, — they who could afford to wear silks and satins and jewelry. There was a sharp lesson in the insignificance of all these in the presence of the wild blanket, leggings, feathers, paint, of the savage; also

in the contrast between the repose of the Indian's stillness and the laziness of the Mexican's. The Indian, motionless, was always and everywhere statuesque; the Mexican, motionless, looked always and everywhere inert.

The grandest dame there of Mexican blood was a widow, who had recently recovered a small sum of money from a railway company, for the death of her husband by an accident on their road. She had apparently expended most of this money in providing herself with a black satin gown, and a negro wench for a servant. The satin gown was profusely decorated with jet, and so long that it trailed far behind her, and lay on the dusty ground, hardly less gray than the dust itself. Only a few inches back of the edge of the satin train minced along the negro, in fiery pink from top to toe, — pink gown, pink hat, pink roses, pink parasol; all, evidently, old finery which the mistress had discarded for her black satin weeds of woe. The unconscious caricature in the wench's strutting step, as she followed her mistress up and down the street, was inimitable and indescribable.

As the day wore on, the heat grew hotter and hotter. Walking was like stepping on hot iron plates; along every roof and wall edge the scorching air shimmered dizzily, as around a furnace mouth; to look up was like turning one's face toward a foundry cauldron in full blast. Still, the Indians, bareheaded, bare-skinned, basked, content as lizards. But we were forced to seek shelter. We took refuge in the only building occupied by whites in the pueblo, a long, low adobe house; the whole front a shop, crowded with the most multifarious merchandise. Behind this shop was a room used as a bedroom by the traders. They kindly placed it at our disposal, and, as we entered it, its dark refreshing air seemed like the cool air of a subterranean vault; but it was only by contrast with the white heat



outside. Even in this room the mercury was well up in the nineties.

Here we presently found ourselves, half involuntarily, the centre of a commercial crisis in the community. The news had run through the town of our readiness to buy decorations of one sort and another; and as soon as the Indians discovered our place of retreat, a stream of speculators set in. At first it was infinitely entertaining: the silent, shy, intent, eager creatures, crowding and holding back all at once; seeming stolidly indifferent to the occasion, but standing doggedly still until their ornaments were observed; shaking their heads and laughing, and now and then speaking a word; counting over and over again the silver moneys paid to them; joking freely with each other, no doubt, at our expense, and perhaps to our great discomfiture, if we had but understood what they said. The scene was as exciting as it was novel. But when it came to the pass that there were twenty, thirty, or more of them crowding in and around us at once, and that, familiarity having had time for its own peculiar swift and prolific breeding, they began, in their turn, to stretch out curious hands, finger our ear-rings or belt clasps, and ask roguishly, "How much?" or make signs that we should barter them for theirs, we were forced to put up again some of the restraints

we had removed. But they were gentle as children, and went away quickly as soon as they understood that we wished to be alone. Gradually the village quieted down; long, low, white-covered wagons, full of Mexicans, crawled away across the meadows, at a pace as slow as was compatible with motion at all; parties of Apaches galloped off, swift and splendid as Bedouins in the desert; groups of green-wreathed Taos Indians set off, lithely running, on their sixty miles' journey home; the San Juan women came out of their houses with gay pottery vessels on their heads, going down to the river for water, for their evening meal. The saints were taken out of the green booth, and carried back to the church, richer by a few melons and sacks of meal and a basket or two than they were in the morning. As we drove away, the sun was sinking in the west, sending red and gold beams across the Rio Grande meadows, and kindling the pale walls of San Juan into a ruddy glow.

The scene was closed, the day nearly over; already they both seemed unreal, incredible, — phantasms wrought by a spell. And with each day since, the memories of them have seemed to vanish farther and farther into a shadowy realm of unreality, as if they were but the recollections of some strange Midsummer Day's Dream.

*H. H.*

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#### FLOWER AND FRUIT.

In the spring, perverse and sour,  
He cared naught for bud or flower,  
Garden row or blossomed tree:  
Rounded fruit he fain would see,  
Vintage glow on sunburnt hills,  
Bursting garners, toiling mills.  
Sheer unreason!

Pity 't were to waste the blooming season!



What's the matter? Now he sits,  
 Deep in thought; his brow he knits.  
 Here is fruit on vine and bough,—  
 Malcontent! what seeks he now?  
 Would have flowers, when flowers are none,  
 So in love with springtime grown!  
 Sheer unreason!

Pity 't were to waste the ripened season!

*Edith M. Thomas.*

### SOME MEMOIRS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

ELEVEN years have passed since the fall of Napoleon III., and the Second Empire is beginning, as the French say, to design itself. It appears to have been almost as much of a riddle, while it lasted, both to its willing and unwilling subjects, as it certainly was to the world outside of France. The time has come, however, when personal recollections are not only interesting to hear, but perfectly safe to tell, and they are being offered in great numbers. Letters and notes of conversations, reserved for private or political reasons while those most interested in them still lived, are handed over to the world as their authors pass out of it, and the ever-accelerating rush of events entirely severs from the present the men and things of the last decade but one. The reflections made and the judgments passed on that imperial *régime* of twenty years are sufficiently diverse, and even contradictory, but we are learning many new facts, and from the whole mass of testimony much information may be collected.

Following the publication of the third series of Mr. Senior's interesting Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire<sup>1</sup> we have the letters of Prosper Mérimée to An-

tonio Panizzi,<sup>2</sup> beginning December 31, 1850, one year before the *coup d'état*, and closing September 13, 1870, ten days only before the death of the distinguished *littérateur*, and three weeks after the surrender at Sedan.

The antecedents of the author of *Carmen* and the *Lettres à des Inconnues* are sufficiently well known. Panizzi, an Italian political refugee of 1820, had risen, by virtue of his extensive learning and his no less remarkable executive ability, to a responsible post in the British Museum, of which he was afterward made director-in-chief; the great library having been entirely reorganized under his auspices. A negotiation good-naturedly undertaken by Mérimée for the sale to the British Museum, on behalf of the sister of *Stendhal*, of certain curious manuscripts which the author of the *Chartreuse de Parme* had had copied in the Vatican, was the occasion of the first letter. The negotiation was successful, and the acquaintance to which it gave rise ripened into a most congenial friendship. The correspondents began to exchange views on subjects of general interest, and soon found themselves very much in accord; first of all, on the importance to mankind at large of the Vatican library, and

<sup>1</sup> *Conversations with Distinguished Persons during the Second Empire*, from 1860 to 1863. By the late W. NASSAU SENIOR. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1880.

<sup>2</sup> *Prosper Mérimée. Lettres à M. Panizzi*, 1850-1870. Paris: Calmann Levy. 1881.



the pressing need that its nominal custodian should be somehow or other removed out of information's way. The sentiment toward Catholicism and the Pope on which this clever pair first united, and which furnishes the *motif* for so many of Mérimée's best *bonmots*, hardly deserves the sturdy name of hatred. It was one of impatience rather than indignation, and found fitting expression in *persiflage* of the lightest order, admirably adapted to set off an epistolary style, but fatiguing the reader a little, after a time, by its incessant occupation with a single theme. "The point most open to objection," says Mérimée, in 1859, of that provisional settlement of the Italian question which followed the unexpected peace of Villafranca, "is that which ordains that you and I are to give so much a year to our Holy Father the Pope. In my opinion, *we should have been left to the impulses of our native generosity*. We should not have failed to proportion our bounty to the advantages which we derive from the Roman Catholic church."

A year later, during the Italian war of independence, he writes, after a Piedmontese victory, —

"I saw, where I have been staying in the country, certain mothers and aunts of pontifical volunteers who were making loud lament. There seemed to be no occasion. A religious and charming young man had been captured by the Piedmontese, and five minutes afterward — a thing unheard of in war! — his watch, which his aunt had given him, was gone. I consoled the unfortunate ladies by telling them that it was the custom of soldiers to inquire the time, but that their victims went all the quicker to Paradise where the elect are provided with Brequet's chronometers. And how does yours go?"

"The curé of St. Germain l'Auxerrois told a friend of mine that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to our Holy Father, and told him that, having need

of a martyr, she had made choice of him, the Pope. After thanking her for her selection, he ascertained that he was to traverse Christendom as a mendicant, undergo many tribulations, etc., whereby Catholicism would be revived. You may rely on this apparition. The Virgin is very busy this year, and hence there is some reason to hope that we may this year find ourselves in the Vatican. *Utinam.*"

"Have you read Guizot's address? . . . He is very indulgent toward the Pope. He considers himself the Protestant Pope and has naturally a friendly feeling for his *confrère*."

The two volumes bristle with *malices* of this kind, so very neatly and demurely expressed that they can hardly fail to amuse even those who are unaffectedly shocked by them. But they would be rather more respectable, more intelligible at least, if Mérimée had been an ardent liberal and devoted to the cause of Italian unity. On the contrary, he had even less charity for Garibaldi than for Pio Nono, and the one thing which he disliked and dreaded more than Catholic Christianity was that vague, impersonal terror, the revolution. For the church, he is capable of admitting that it would be hard to devise a substitute. "One never has the last word with a priest, and this is why I regret the success of St. Bartholomew and the abjuration of Henry IV. The machine is very old, but it is still strong, and the very skepticism of these times insures it a long duration; for *what could we put in its place?*"

Against Garibaldi, however, and against Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, for stooping to ally themselves with Garibaldi, he is implacable, and, for so mocking a philosopher, almost stern. For example, in November, 1860, in the midst of the Neapolitan insurrection, he writes, —

"To my mind, Garibaldi has heavily compromised the Italian cause. To im-



partial people, and especially to those not perfectly acquainted with Italy, what is passing at Naples is the height of abomination. The territory of a prince who is acting on the defensive, and whose army is still faithful, is being overrun, in the name of that army, by insurgent peasants. Elections are being held, in whose sincerity no one believes. Finally, and worst of all, we see the revolutionary party taking command of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour."

"You Italians are impatient. M. de Cavour might have been able in the course of some years to do well what has been ill done in six months, and to refrain from doing what he will now be forced to do in the spring. Garibaldi is in reality the instrument of Mazzini, and the evil genius of Italy. What is passing at Naples proves how unprepared the country was for a constitutional government. All the rowdies [*tapageurs*], who would rather fight the Neapolitans than have to do with the Austrians, were sent to Naples; then, as soon as the Neapolitans began to show a little energy, these gentlemen withdrew, and left the Piedmontese to bear the brunt. It is always the revolutionary method to set fires at random, and never mind who is burned."

Quite true. But is it not almost painfully easy, at this distance of time, and after so many tragic facts accomplished, for the simplest reader of these brilliant letters to see what, for all his wit, was hidden from the writer, — that his own position, midway between the contending forces of order and disorder, was impossible? And he did but theorize, or attempt to theorize, the course of his uncommunicative master, who, however, had begun by flattering alternately the clericals and the liberals, and who ended by betraying both. Mérimée, with the rest of the world, seems, at this time, to have credited Louis Napoleon with a deep and fixed policy. He calls him a *sphinx*, even in the abandon of his let-

ters to Panizzi, and wonders whether or no he has read his face aright. But those best instructed in the real course of affairs will tell you to-day that the sphinx evolved nothing, but was always an instrument. The impenetrable calm of manner, which was popularly supposed to hide so much, came of stolidity rather than self-control. He had to be pushed and primed even for the coup d'état by spirits more daring and ambitious than his own. It was the Duc de Morny who made the imperial plans; and when the Duc de Morny died, the brain of the empire was paralyzed. The "machine" — to borrow Mérimée's figure — ran on automatically for a few years, and then crashed into inevitable ruin. Long before the catastrophe, Mr. Senior had said of Napoleon III., "He is a man who generally has no plan, and when he has one conceals it, and plays the statesman *en conspirateur*."

At the period where we are arrived, 1860, Mérimée was already a senator, and living on terms of the closest intimacy with the imperial household. He had been, in his youth, the friend of Madame de Montijo, the mother of Eugénie de Teba, and had led the future empress by the hand through the Tuileries gardens, and regaled her with cakes at a *pâtisserie*, when she was an exquisitely beautiful child of six years. Naturally, therefore, when it became time to summon men of letters to the imperial court, Mérimée was one of the first to be approached, and as he happened to have no scruples, moral, social, or political, about accepting service there, his aid became invaluable in the compilation of the great Napoleon's letters, and in collecting materials for the Life of Cæsar. Yet Mérimée was no menial servant of Napoleon III. He grumbles a little to Panizzi, now and again, about the wearisomeness of the courtier's part, but he never seriously compromised his personal dignity and independence, and he proved the disinterestedness of his



friendship for the empress by frank remonstrances, urged in the height of her power and prosperity, against acts that he thought unwise, unpatriotic, or unqueenly, and by a most loyal adhesion to her, so long as his own life lasted, after the era of her great misfortunes had begun. Mérimée is very cautious what he says about the members of the imperial family, even to Panizzi, whom he had introduced to them, and whom they seem even assiduously to have sought. He usually mentions them as "*Monsieur, Madame, et leur fils*," or as "our host and hostess of Biarritz." The character of the empress, as he incidentally portrays it, seems that of an amiable, impulsive, pleasure-loving woman, impatient of court etiquette, and somewhat addicted to playing Marie Antoinette after she had become too old for the part. She fatigued her witty counselor a little at times by the poverty of her mental resources. "The emperor," he once permits himself to write from Biarritz, "does not seem in any great hurry to join us; but, for my part, I wish he would come, for, without amusing ourselves particularly, we are not quite so serious as befits such respectable people as we all are. In spite of all that can be said against *blue stockings* [sic], they have their excellencies, and it is a great resource for passing the time." Always, however, upon serious occasion, the empress revealed the ground-work of a fine nature beneath her frivolities. She had a warm heart, and a capability for generous imprudences, — like visiting the cholera patients at Amiens, and insisting that her own physician should attend the child of one of her friends in diphtheria; and when the hour of overwhelming calamity arrived, she rose to the full height of the situation. "I saw the empress the day before yesterday," writes Mérimée, just before Sedan. "She is as firm as a rock, though she does not in the least disguise from herself the horror of the situation." . . .

And again, "Nothing could be more noble than she is at this moment. There is no dissimulation, yet she preserves a heroic calm, an effort for which I am certain that she pays dearly." And finally, on the 24th of August, "Your hostess of Biarritz is admirable. She produces upon me the effect of a saint."

Strange eulogium in the mouth of a man for whom *les dévotes* had been the subject of such inextinguishable laughter! But for Mérimée, when he wrote the short, sad, sincere letters with which his second volume concludes, the end of all earthly things, and not of the Second Empire merely, was near.

Not much light is thrown by these memoirs on the domestic side of the emperor's character, unless it be by way of inclining us to believe that at the hearth, no less than on the throne, his character was as colorless as his face. Mérimée gives a very dramatic account of one of the many unpleasant scenes between the emperor and Prince Napoleon. It was on the occasion of the empress' *fête*, November 15, 1863, and the prince actually refused, point-blank and in the most insolent manner, to drink her health at table. Eugénie, always lady-like at a crisis, passed over the affront with the utmost grace, and even took the arm of the prince when they rose from table. All the rest of the evening, the boorish next-of-kin sulked about the salons, pouting "like the bust of Vitellius," and the philosophic Mérimée was for once in his life strongly indignant. Some little time afterward, Panizzi seems to have inquired what was to come of this scandal. "Oh, nothing," was the reply, "because of his [the emperor's] *incroyable débonnaireté*." The glimpses which we get of the prince imperial, from the day when he is put into knickerbockers and they "become him well," are all charming. Sweet-tempered, high-spirited, quick-witted, with remarkable artistic aptitudes, he was always a creature to be loved, whether



or no he would ever, had his life been prolonged, have proved one to be feared. Mérimée intimates that his father would have spoiled, while his mother controlled him. Unquestionably, he had certain high instincts. He was but five years old when some one remonstrated with him for his dislike of sea-bathing. "Why should you be afraid of the waves, when you do not even wink when they fire the cannon?" "But I can command the soldiers, and I cannot command the sea!"

"Even in a palace, life may be lived well." Whence came to this child, born in the crude purple of the Second Empire, and diligently instructed from his cradle to believe himself entitled to the most splendid position on earth, the depth of character and discipline of spirit revealed by the manuscript prayer found in his missal after his cruel death? "If Thou wilt bestow on this earth only a fixed measure of joy, take away my portion! Divide it among those who are worthier than I, and let the worthiest be my friends! If Thou wilt claim reprisals of men, strike me! Sorrow is turned into joy by the sweet thought that those whom we love are happy." It is the last word of Christian courage and resignation. When one considers all that it may imply to be the ruler of France, one suspects in the tragic fate which so early removed this delicate spirit from worse contingencies the effect of a divine partiality.

When M. Mérimée turns from domestic affairs to foreign politics, his comments are always interesting, though almost always excessively sharp. If the behavior of his own France does not always please him, that of neighboring nations gratifies him yet less. For him the Prussians are *Französesfresser* as early as 1860. The Germans in general are "so deep that one can discover nothing in them but a cavity." The policy of England is always mistaken, always exasperating. England, according to

Mérimée, dragged France into the Crimean war, against her will and against her interest. England positively declined to strike a blow for Italy, yet fêted Garibaldi like a prince, when *ce fou* visited her shores. Above all, England shilly-shallied at the critical moment, and refused to join France in recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy. We Americans have undoubtedly the honor of ranking next to the sovereign pontiff in M. Mérimée's disfavor, and "*affreuses canailles*" is the mildest term he ever deigns to bestow on the people of the North. The *dénouement* of our civil war was of course most distasteful to him, and he asks Panizzi several times, with a somewhat childish relish for the low foreign word, if he does not think a great deal too much *fuss* has been made over the death of President Lincoln. "After all," he adds, with a less successful flight at our idiom, "he was only what the Yankees call a *first second rate man*!"

Perhaps it is precisely because M. Mérimée discharges all his malevolence on public personages and events that he seems to have been in private so very easy and excellent a friend. He never makes ado over his individual woes, but the woes of France become his when she falls into misery and disgrace, and the one outcry, *Finis Gallie!* on the 21st of August, 1870, pierces the heart more than all the lamentations of Jeremiah.

We realize keenly how mournful must have been the change to the survivor of this pair of staunch friends when so fine an intelligence and so astute a critic of the affairs of this world was called away from it. Panizzi lived nearly a decade longer, dying in London in April, 1879.

The infantile days of the Second Empire, which find no place in this correspondence, because they preceded the confidential intimacy of Mérimée and Panizzi, are vividly described in the let-



ters of a remarkably clever English-woman, Miss Charlotte Williams-Wynn,<sup>1</sup> who came to Paris in November, 1851, just in time to witness the coup d'état, and with whom curiosity so far prevailed over panic that she not only outstayed the three days' reign of terror, but remained in Paris through the whole of the disturbed and sombre winter which followed. Miss Williams-Wynn assures her anxious and indignant friends, in England and elsewhere, that Louis Napoleon had, in the intolerable state of affairs in France, every excuse which it was possible to have for his usurpation. The impression of desperate political and social distemper which she received in 1851, from the aspect of Paris, and from her own contact with its people, was uncommonly like that which these things make upon a dispassionate stranger to-day. And one may add that now, no less than thirty years ago, that impression is confirmed by thoughtful Parisians. "Cela se finit" is what they say to you in confidence, beside that scanty illumination which they are pleased to call a fireside.

The fusillades, which were afterward so boldly disavowed by the imperialist party, Miss Wynn mentions with natural horror, but as a perfectly well-understood fact. So, by the way, does Mr. Senior. Her correspondents are, many of them, men of world-wide reputation, such as Varnhagen von Ense, the friend of Humboldt, Baron Bunsen, and the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Her birth and home associations were moreover distinguished, and her Parisian introductions made her free of some of those exclusive circles where the emperor was mentioned to the end of his days as *ce gaillard là*. Again, as the intimate friend of M. Rio, the accomplished author of *L'Art Chrétien*, she saw much of Count Charles de Montalembert and the other ardent Catholic liberals who

rallied so early to the emperor's support, because it was one of the few ascertainable points of his programme to restore and defend religion. Mérimée will have it that he was personally more than indifferent, and a good deal incommoded by the piety of Eugénie; but he seems to have understood that for France, at least, religion means Roman Catholicism, and irreligion means anarchy. All the same, Montalembert's adhesion rendered him most unpopular with his social equals, and he was shown the door of more than one mansion in the orthodox Faubourg St. Germain. As an English churchwoman of a tolerably broad type, Miss Williams-Wynn found it rather difficult to adjust her sympathies with Montalembert and his school, and she fluctuates very frankly between admiration and antagonism. Some one had told her, before she saw Montalembert at all, that she would find it hard to engage his interest unless she appealed to him directly for spiritual counsel.

"You shall know these men," said her friend, "Montalembert, Louis Veuillot, and Donoso Cortes; but they are men entirely without vanity, and so one has no hold on them. If I were to say that a person distinguished for *esprit* wanted to see them, it would fall perfectly flat. But if I could say, You might do good to that person, they would come in an instant. They would give up anything for a religious motive, and for no other. Now, if you would like Lacordaire or Ventura, they would come at once, for they are vain, though they are monks."

Montalembert himself, on the contrary, said to Senior, of Lacordaire, "*He had no vanity*, though continually breathing the incense which most intoxicates, that which is burned before an orator; no love of power, though he reigned over the opinions and consciences of thousands; no wish for money, or rank, or even fame. His

<sup>1</sup> *Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn.*  
London: Longmans, Green & Co.



most valued possession was a heart *détaché de tout*, in which there should be no selfish desires or fears."

Yet another cross-light. When Miss Wynn came to see Montalembert, she found his manners delightful; "but I should not have said," she writes, "that he was so entirely *without vanity* as was represented!"

She subsequently heard Lacordaire preach, a privilege which one is almost inclined to grudge her, since she found him disappointing, and was chiefly impressed by the picturesqueness of his tall figure, towering in the white Dominican dress against the altar-lights and amid the deepening shadows of the short winter afternoon. This is very significant indeed, for Miss Wynn was not prone to æsthetic impressions. She candidly confesses that she cares more for the conversation of a clever man than for all the pictures of the Louvre, and has positively nothing to say of the Sainte Chapelle except that it was "bit-ter cold" there.

Nevertheless, she was a woman of a delightful quality, clever, original, and far too high bred to be otherwise than simple and direct. She was in middle life at the memorable period of her residence in Paris, and certain little asperities and angularities and whimsical Anglicanisms which discover themselves in her at this time disappear entirely from the later letters, which reveal a character that ripened and softened into singular beauty as old age drew on. Witty she always was; almost as much so as Mérimée himself, but after a sort wonderfully different from the French, — dry, involuntary, and, as it were, unconscious. Here are her impressions of one or two rather famous Parisian salons:—

"The visit which I paid with Madame De Rauzan to Madame La Croix was too dull. I was really ashamed of assisting at anything so absurd. Very like the *précieuses ridicules*. Madame La Croix,

who is sentimental, and talks with esprit, gave us a monologue on the way the soul reveals itself before certain natures, as certain flowers to the sun; Madame de Rauzan, of course, being the sun. The compliments between the two were incessant, and the whole thing reminded me of two milliners trying to act fine ladies upon the stage."

Upon another day, she was at the house of the sun herself. "She was by way of being alone, but six men came in, one after another. There was among them a pleasant old Baron Eckstein, but I can get nothing of him there, where one takes one's place as mademoiselle, and is *censée* to be listening only. It saves one a great deal of trouble, but is a new position for me. . . . The conversation is wearying from its *heavy lightness*. They evidently feel that they must not dwell on any subject, and yet, being naturally engrossed by the topics of the day, you almost see the struggle they are making to end with their little epigram and fly off to something else. In short, it is a long persiflage, and I am not used to it, and cannot endure it." Thierry, Lamartine, and Tocqueville, whom she saw *tête-à-tête*, she respected far more. The following is droll:—

"The other day a woman came in whom I had never set eyes on before, and no name announced; so she had to say she was Madame de Montalembert. I was quite astonished, for I fancied she was old and ugly, from the stories I had heard of its being a Christian marriage,—how M. de Montalembert had heard of her piety, and, wanting such a wife, had sent to propose to M. de Mérode for her; went to Belgium and brought her back, and how happy she had been, and he also; how much better it was than love, etc. I thought, therefore, it was a sublime effort of self-denial to choose such a creature; so when a young woman came in, much prettier than most of those I have seen here, with beautiful soft eyes, it never



came into my head that she was the subject of this story, and I had almost told her so."

We find much to remind us of Miss Williams-Wynn's rather caustic comments on modern French society in the *Souvenirs* of Madame Caroline Jaubert.<sup>1</sup> This lady was one of the social powers of her day, in a semi-Bohemian circle; but her day was declining when Miss Wynn came to Paris, nor would they have been likely to encounter, in any case. Madame Jaubert was the friend whom Alfred de Musset called his *mar-raine*, and she was, by her own showing, a sponsor well fitted to cherish some of his more glaring virtues. From Paul de Musset's biography of his brother, one certainly derives the impression that Madame Jaubert was one of the conservative and ennobling influences in that gloriously gifted, but so sadly shattered and squandered life. The correspondence published in this volume is, however, little more than a record of mutual flatteries, more or less artfully disguised, and a dreary pretense of perpetual, and therefore highly artificial, pleasantry. Madame Jaubert had several pet names for the spoiled poet, all of which seem to be rather silly. One was Prince Coffee, bestowed "because," as she says, "to my thinking, the stimulating quality which belonged especially to the poet, by virtue of his manner of listening, of comprehending, and of awakening the intellect, established a sort of analogy with the excitement produced by that black liquid, the use of which has defied all the threats of the faculty." Another favorite although somewhat unwieldy *sobriquet* — the one, in fact, which gave Madame Jaubert an undisputed right to her title of godmother — was Prince Phosphore de Cœur Volant. She was the good-natured recipient of endless confidences on the part of the Prince concerning

the swift flights of that volatile member of his, between George Sand, whom they freely mention as Elle, the Princess Belgiojoso, Rachel, and herself, with intervals of enforced seclusion and Sister Marcelline. Nearly the whole of the second chapter of the *Souvenirs*, which is entitled 1847-8, is devoted to the *affaire* of Alfred de Musset with the Princess Belgiojoso, and to a comprehensive commentary on a little poem of his, *À une Morte*, which designated the princess without being addressed to her, and which is by no means one of his best, though touched with the aerial fancy and the poignant feeling which are peculiarly his own. Madame Jaubert's book is one long chronicle of personal vanity. The greater the man of the moment, the more he abased himself before her. Yet she must have had a kind heart, and she was certainly trusted as well as admired by worthier and weightier, if not more gifted, men than the dazzling author of the *Nuits*. She was made much of — or so she says — by Berryer, the famous legitimist advocate and orator, "in whose voice," says Falloux, "resounded the last echoes of the tribune." To him, also, she gives a chapter, describing his domestic life at Augerville, his country-seat, and his manner of entertaining a party of guests; and she makes each one of the circle whom she met there contribute some feature to the portrait with which her sketch concludes: —

"Every one sought to characterize by some particular phrase the charm exercised over his inmates by the master of the place. 'It is,' said one, 'the seductiveness of a mind appreciative to the point of divination.'

"'And by no means,' rejoined another, 'that sort of spirit which lies in wait, lets fly its arrow, and relapses into silence.'

"'Observe,' added Madame de T., 'how he enjoys having his inspirations comprehended, felt, and shared.'

<sup>1</sup> *Souvenirs of Madame C. Jaubert. Lettres et Correspondances.* Paris: J. Netzel et Cie. 1881.



“‘He is a great artist!’ cried Géraudy, with emphasis.

“On his part,” perorates Madame Jaubert, “the expression may have had a restricted application. Generalized, it becomes profoundly characteristic, and justly applicable to the whole existence of the orator. An artist he was, by nature, and without effort, like certain beautiful women, whose every attitude appears a revelation in art. In Berryer’s case, tastes, sentiments, private life, and public career were all regulated by artistic laws, under their most striking aspect,—that of fitness and proportion.”

Here we have everybody hard at work on his little epigram,—just as Miss Williams-Wynn found them fifteen years later. And in fine, what does it all signify? There is the same sort of vagueness and affectation in Madame Jaubert’s *résumé* of the career of her so-called god-son:—

“‘Tell us, Chevenard!’ I exclaimed. ‘What will be the representative idea which will consecrate the name of the poet who has just left us?’

“‘Madam, Alfred de Musset will forever remain the personification of youth and love!’

“‘Would it be possible,” sighs la marraïne, “to survive in a more enviable fashion?”

The freshest and most satisfactory portrait in this volume is that of Pierre Lanfrey,—the biographer of the first Napoleon,—whose youth explains his fiery one-sidedness, and who disappointed high hopes by his untimely death. There is not much that is new in Madame Jaubert’s reminiscences of Heine, who, however, seems to have clung to her society in his last agonizing days in a manner which argues, on her part, both tenderness and tact. We have an impression of having already seen in print some version of this anecdote concerning the Venus of Milo. In the spring of 1848, under the care of Dr.

Gruby, the condition of the invalid was ameliorated. He recovered the use of his hands and the sensibility of his palate. One eyelid was partially lifted; and a degree of hope seemed justified. Heine wished to make the experiment of going into one of the statuary-galleries on the ground-floor of the Louvre, and he sat down before the Venus of Milo. There, for a half day, under the influence of that divine smile, of that plastic beauty, which henceforth was to be but a memory for him, he remained in a state of ecstasy. The past, the present, the future, appeared to him as one, all confounded in one acute despair. “Ah,” he cried afterwards, “why did I not die then and there? It would have been a poetic, pagan, superb death, and I deserved it! Yes; I *ought* to have expired of that anguish.” Then, after a short silence, resuming his tone of mockery, “But the goddess did not hold out her arms to me. You are aware of her misfortune. Her divinity is reduced by half, like my humanity. And in despite of all the rules of arithmetic and algebra, our two halves could not make a whole.”

This is picturesque, but extremely painful. The following, relating to his wife Juliette, is pleasanter, though not quite credible. He tells Madame Jaubert how he was overtaken at midnight by one of those terrible attacks to which he was subject, and which seemed, for a while, as if it must be the last. His wife rushed to his bedside in an agony of terror, seized his hand, pressed it, warmed it, caressed it. She was weeping wildly, and he heard her say, in a voice stifled with sobs, “No, Henry, you will not do it! You will not die! You will have pity! I lost my parrot only this morning, and if you were to die I should be too unhappy!” “It was a command,” he added gravely. “I obeyed, and continued to live. You understand, *mon amie*, that when one gives you good reasons”—



We are glad to know that the last time Madame Jaubert saw Heine, only four days before the end, although his mind was as lucid as ever, his tone was changed. He quoted La Bruyère as saying, "It is a very serious thing to die;" "and so," he added, "it is not badinage which is becoming now, but constancy." "That last virtue," adds his friend, with more true feeling than she is wont to show, "never failed the courageous martyr for an instant. When I was taking my leave I put my hand in his, as usual, by way of adieu. He kept it for some time, and then murmured, 'Come again soon, my friend. It will be prudent.'" Nevertheless, even to this Madame Jaubert must append her trite little flourish:—

"Feeling himself at once living and dead, the philosopher, no doubt, observed the poet, scanned himself, and the conviction once before expressed by Heinrich Heine must have been his latest thought: 'Il y a un coin de divin dans l'homme.'"

On the whole, we derive from these posed and studied reminiscences the impression that the sap to which French society owed its finest efflorescence has long been running sluggishly. A recent writer in Blackwood has provoked much discussion by an able article entitled the *Decadence of Frenchwomen*, in which he attributes the disappearance of the finer graces and more intellectual developments of womanhood in France to the leveling and debasing influences of the existing republic. Gambetta's godless régime has doubtless much to answer for, but in this particular respect we believe that it is but completing the work begun during the great terror, un-

der the rule of the Goddess Reason, fostered by the brutalities of the First Empire, arrested for a moment only by the anxious amenities of the restoration, and fearfully accelerated by the sordid aims, the headlong extravagance, and the vulgar emulations of the reign of Napoleon III.

If truth is stranger than fiction, fiction is occasionally truer than truth. There fell into our hands, recently, an extremely clever novelette, entitled *A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire*.<sup>1</sup> It is written by an accomplished Englishwoman, long resident in Paris, who saw and was a part of all which she so dramatically describes. She employs a light disguise of fiction that she may tell with greater freedom her startling tale of our own time, and she wisely allows the flagrant moral to point itself. But her people are real, her events are historical facts, and her picture is a marvelous one. All the elements of decadence are in it, hardly less artfully grouped than on Couture's famous canvases: the senseless luxury, the shameless license, the reckless speech, the oblivion of omens, the insensibility to imminent danger. It is also interesting to know that the conversion, under the stress of universal calamity, of the gay queen of that rococo salon to a life of self-denial and good works had also its parallel in more than one instance among the women who hastened, by their excesses of every kind, the catastrophe of their country's shame. While one such conversion is yet possible, Frenchwomen are not quite hopelessly degenerate.

<sup>1</sup> *A Salon in the Last Days of the Empire*. By KATHLEEN O'MEARA. London: Richard Bentley & Son.



## NEW POETRY OF THE ROSSETTIS AND OTHERS.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI has lived long enough to see the school and spirit which he, together with Mr. Morris and Mr. Swinburne, exemplifies ascend from faint beginnings to notable power, and then finally undergo the burdensome honor of travesty, — a form of tribute by which the world repeats, in laughing submission, the dissent which it begins by manifesting with lofty disdain. But he has escaped another phase common to poets when they advance in fame, self-travesty. Mr. Swinburne, for example, has not averted that disaster; and in Mr. Tennyson's latest volume of *Ballads and Poems*, his warm admirers have been forced to recognize the self-echoing strain which in imaginative writers is always the warning knell of the creative faculty. A poet must be always himself, yet at the same time something new; and when his individuality has once become known, if he imitates its previous manifestations he ceases to be himself in the truest sense, being converted into his own shadow. Herein birds, to whom poets are fond of comparing themselves, have the advantage: their few set notes, forever reiterated, are forever fresh and acceptable. But the creature of higher organism, while like them preserving identity, must maintain his superiority to them by constant and unforced variation.

To the test implied by what has just been said, Mr. Rossetti may without detriment submit his claims, as based on the new volume now placed before the public.<sup>1</sup> Affectations there may be in his pages, or at least what some readers will take to be affectations. We can imagine persons smiling, and we can even imagine ourselves smiling at a suggestion of the ludicrous, hard to define, but

probably arising from the effort betrayed by over-intensity, in the line, —

"And stretched her thrilled throat passionately."

Other peculiar turns and similar qualities of expression here and there will excite the same impulse, as was the case when *The Blessed Damosel* first appeared. Their point of weakness has in fact been touched by the heartless satirists who have put into circulation the lingo of "quite too too," and "jolly utter." However, such things, rate them as you will, are by no means the essential part of Mr. Rossetti's work; and in these later poems they are less salient than the depth of feeling, the ripeness of reflection, and the full, solemn music of verse, over which Mr. Rossetti has from the first held easy sway. The three-part ballad of *Rose Mary*, which begins the volume, is weighted with a mediævalism of manner and theme that, notwithstanding the author's natural sympathies in their direction, do to our thinking clog his equally natural genius — at once sensitive and robust — for the straight telling of a tale in exquisitely fit and descriptive words. Nor can we, technically speaking, accord any praise to the labored *Beryl Songs* interspersed with this poem, where the writer has set himself rules of rhyme and measure recalling the restrictions of *Troubadour* and *Meistersinger*, with the result of sacrificing expression to metre. If Mr. Rossetti sometimes seems at his second best here, he is at his very best in *The King's Tragedy*. This is the story of Catherine Barlass, the maid of honor, who, trying to defend James I. from his murderers, thrust her arm through the empty stanchions of the door-bolt, and had it broken there. The narrative is told by herself, and without the flaw of a word from beginning to end; full of dramatic skill, strong, sim-

<sup>1</sup> *Ballads and Sonnets*. By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.



ple, tender, and terrible; but, quite in character, James appears as the chief figure, and the crowning touches are those by which his own poem, *The King's Quhair*, and his own poetic heart are made the central points of pathos in so grim a story of regal woe. It cannot be risking much to say that this noble poem must occupy a high and unshaken place in English literature.

Possibly the author himself may hope more for his century of sonnets, *The House of Life*, than for any other among his productions. These were partially made known over ten years ago, and are now presented in their completion, omitting, however, one sensual and repulsive piece that formerly appeared. No one susceptible to beauty and trained in appreciation can fail to yield the sonnets a large due of admiration; yet as a whole the series, we think, falls short of its promise. It abounds in felicities, that are more than felicities in the cant acceptance; in quiet, perfect matching of language to thought; and in embodiments of intimate moods difficult to be rescued from inarticulate meditation. Take, for instance, *The Kiss*, and *Supreme Surrender*, both of them grazing upon experiences which few are able, or even dare to formulate, and which should be held inviolably shut in one mind, never to be wholly imparted. It is a question whether even this attempt to impart should be made. The loveliness of the poet's utterance and the awe diffused between his lines can hardly be questioned. Elsewhere we find isolated passages, single verses, perhaps, peculiarly satisfying by their grave, rounded harmony and delicate apprehension; as when a voice is spoken of —

"Attuned above

All modulation of the deep-bowered dove," —

or the common revery of two lovers as —

"This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love."

Nevertheless the sonneteer's steady concentration upon the sensuous side of love, his search for heavy-sweet phrase and delicate conceits, his haunting sadness and constant sickly reaction from ecstasy, weary us, and give us the feeling of being made sharers in a morbid condition. At times, the effect is as if a man were to write a succession of poems to his own image seen in a mirror. What, also, does Mr. Rossetti finally tell us of love? He says to his lady in one place: —

"Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor  
Thee from myself, neither our love from God."

In another he says: —

"And when she kissed, her mouth became her  
soul."

There is truth in these and the like presentations of passion, but there is also too much confusion of various elements in the fleshly one. In the second part of *The House of Life*, change and fate are touched upon. From one absorbing love we pass to thoughts of death and destiny, of poetry and art; and here there are some noble strains and elevating images. Ideal beauty is the wanderer's clue; beauty

"which can draw,  
By sea, or sky, or woman, to one law  
The allotted bondman of her palm and wreath."

But, regarded as a whole, these sonnets do not constitute a structure such as we had expected. A dim interior hung with beautiful pictures, a pensive figure passing, gazing on all, and ending with a sigh albeit of hope, — this is the total which they present, and it may be the sum of the author's intention. There is a vagueness in the result not correspondent to the precision of grasp in details. Despite his fine workmanship, too, Mr. Rossetti permits himself an aimless confusion of metaphor like this: —

"Thy mastering music *walks* the sunlit sea."

Of the later lyrics, excepting *Sunset Wings*, there need not much be said. Of the miscellaneous sonnets, the best — and that indeed a deep, devout, hu-



mane, and musical one — is *Place de la Bastille*, lately published in *The Atlantic*. The several in Italian accompanied by English versions show how well the translator of the early Italian poets can translate himself.

There is, in fine, but one really worthless contribution : that is the stiff exercise in alliterative repetition entitled *Chimes*. For the rest, the author of these poems sustains with singular evenness the serious, sweet, melancholy tone of his earlier verse, betraying little, if any diminution of passion or descriptive force ; pursuing steadily his course, while looking — as he advises the painter to do — “ Unto the lights of the great Past, new-lit Fair for the Future track.”

The lights of the past, for him, are in literature the Italian sonneteers and the English balladists ; and in some degree this is true also of his sister. But in reading Miss Rossetti's *Pageant*<sup>1</sup> one finds there more of freshness and simplicity, and, in so far, more originality, though much less of depth and force than her brother has. The piece which gives the title groups the months together under the guise of boys and girls, one after the other coming into a cottage with characteristic gifts and a brief song ; a pretty fancy, of which it strikes us that the authoress has not made enough ; but the verses are sweet and unaffected, so far as they go. Passing and Glassing is another piece which has these qualities, and in the only thoroughly light-hearted one of the contents, *Freaks of Fashion*, they are charmingly united with humor. And what could be more natural than the query, —

“ Did Adam love his Eve from first to last ? ”  
or expressed with more dignity and unaffected grace than the reply : —

“ I think so ; as we love who works us ill  
And wounds us to the quick, yet loves us still.  
Love pardons the unpardonable past ” ?

<sup>1</sup> *The Pageant and Other Poems*. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1881.

By originality we do not mean the freakishness of *Goblin Market*, that *staccato* prose which reappears here in *A Ballad of Boding* and like productions ; nor could one predicate for Miss Rossetti so pronounced an individuality as that of her brother. But his seems largely the product of culture, hers rather of nature. There are many fragments of Miss Rossetti's verse too slight and too ordinary to merit preservation ; and the religious poems do not appear to be marked by freshness or power. Her *Processional of Life* is to the last degree tedious. To our taste the *Later Life sonnets* are the best part of the book ; though they, too, betray faults of execution. Miss Rossetti is hardly careful in evading slipshod phrases ; as one short poem may instance, where she says, “ All we who have ever been born,” — implying that some of us have not been born, — and “ silences *vanish* away.”

In her book there is a chain of sonnets, well conceived and flowing limpidly, representing the poetical responses of an unhappy *monna innominata* to the lover she may not wed. Curiously enough we are given at this moment, in a little book prepared by Eugene Benson and Miss Fletcher (George Fleming),<sup>2</sup> the actual thing which Miss Rossetti had imagined. The story of *Gaspara Stampa* is told by Mr. Benson so exquisitely, in such a delightful style and with such perfect sympathy, that we must refer all readers to him for the pleasure of learning how this beautiful Venetian lady of Titian's time vainly loved the lord of Collalto, and poured out her heart to him in sonnets full of music and sorrow and fine womanly nature. Miss Fletcher has put some of them into English verse, pliant and strong, with manifest reverence for her subject. They move before us like a little funeral train of song, strewn with

<sup>2</sup> *Gaspara Stampa*. By EUGENE BENSON. With a selection from her sonnets translated by GEORGE FLEMING, author of *Kismet*, *Mirage*, *The Head of Medusa*. Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1881.



pale flowers and bedewed with tears. It is impossible to read them without experiencing a pity and a pleasure; pleasure to think of the ardent, pure-minded woman who breathed — one does not wish to say “composed” — them. But it is also interesting to compare them with Miss Rossetti’s sonnets modeled on early Italian love-literature, the reality with the imitation. The English poetess, sharing the nationality of Gaspara Stampa, also shares something of her quality; but the Venetian lady is less deliberate, more intense and direct: a thing perhaps explained in part by a keen remark of Mr. Benson’s. “Most of our poetry,” he says, “which is a flower grown in the rarefied air of our moral and intellectual life, offers nothing like the sonnets of those who may be called the Italian passionists. . . . I sometimes think much of our poetry is like the edelweiss of Alpine heights, which is clad in a flannel jacket and has but faint perfume; but it grows near the snow, and we are grateful for it there.”

Mr. Oscar Wilde, at any rate, does not intend to be relegated to the snow-line if he can help it. In his recently issued first book of verse<sup>1</sup> he starts off with a flaming sonnet to Liberty, approving it because it mirrors his “wildest passions like the sea.” He admits that he has a “discreet soul;” then concludes with the assertion —

“These Christs that die upon the barricades,  
God knows that I am with them in some things.”

The sudden recoil of prudence in those last three words is as amusing as it is prosaic. They give, moreover, the keynote of his mental condition as reflected in most of these pages. But at least he tries hard to ward off any reproach of coldness and restraint. He is obviously, too obviously, bent on giving free rein to his feelings, his sympathies, his passions. He would like to assume a tropical lightness of raiment, one may say,

<sup>1</sup> *Poems*. By OSCAR WILDE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

in order to prove the impossibility of his taking a poetic cold. He luxuriates in images of nudity; his word for lover is “wanton,” and for chastity “unravished;” and in his longest poem, *Charmed*, a narrative, he carefully and completely disrobes Pallas. Yet, with all this, one perceives a trace of effort. The warmth refuses to hold out; there are lapses; we are led to suspect that there is more blaze than vital heat in his inspiration. Yet here is a trenchant and genuine utterance: —

“The joy of passion, that dread mystery  
Which not to know is not to live at all,  
And yet to know is to be held in death’s most  
deadly thrall.”

Many strong or delicate touches come to light in the volume, besides. The *Burden of Itys* abounds in harmonious imagery, and the descriptions of nature in that poem and elsewhere often seem to give to the lines a fragrance of the flowers and grassy fields. *Requiescat* has a tender, reserved voice of sorrow; the Sonnet on Approaching Italy is true and graceful; that entitled *Theoretikos*, beginning, —

“This mighty empire hath but feet of clay,”  
is admirably written and full of austere disdain. Taken altogether, the book is a remarkable one for a man to produce at the age of twenty-five, and its defects come largely from the unformed state in which the author lingers. He is a young Oxonian, a rapt admirer of Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, Keats; now an ardent republican, then leaning towards the “rule of one;” first scoffing at Christ, then appealing humbly to him; glorying in the flesh, yet mourning over his own lost purity; anon smitten with lackadaisical sadness, or seized by an affectation which causes him to head some lines *Impression du Matin* and begin them thus:

“The Thames nocturne of blue and gold  
Changed to a Harmony in gray:  
A barge with ochre-colored hay  
Dropt from the wharf.”

But one must hope that he may out-



grow these things. He certainly threw them from him, for the moment, when he wrote the ringing stanzas of *Ave Imperatrix*. If such verses as these move American blood, how must they stir a British pulse!

"And many an Afghan chief, who lies  
Beneath his cool pomegranate trees,  
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise  
When on the mountain-side he sees  
The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes  
To tell how he hath heard afar  
The measured roll of English drums  
Beat at the gates of Kandahar."

It is to quite a different school that Mr. Trowbridge's *Home Idyl*<sup>1</sup> belongs. We shall not enter now into a comparison of their opposed tendencies; and if Mr. Benson's standard places it above the balmy slopes of song, the climate of New England must take its share of the responsibility. What most attracts Mr. Trowbridge as a poet is the union or effective contrast of the homely or prosaic with the ideal; a thing which inevitably leads to introducing an element of the pensive, the half-pathetic, or else of the humorous. He is not that kind of idealist who rejects things as they are, or selects those parts of experience which lend themselves only to serious, high-poetic treatment. He, in fact, records the real and the commonplace with the fidelity of a Dutch painter; yet over all he throws a soft film of suggested romance. There is a stanza in his *Recollections of Lallah Rookh* which at once illustrates what we mean and in terms describes his prevailing mood:—

"My hands were filled with common tasks,  
My head with rare romances;  
My old straw hat was bursting out  
With light locks and bright fancies."

Sometimes, indeed, the limits and defects of the actual impose upon his work a certain hardness and insufficiency. That seems to be the case with the first poem in this book, which moreover has

<sup>1</sup> *A Home Idyl and Other Poems*. By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1881.

a gloomy tinge; and with *Old Man Gram*, *Pleasant Street*, and other pieces. Mr. Trowbridge himself supplies in the exquisite and lovely stanzas of *The Old Burying-Ground* an example of how the transitoriness of life—the theme of the *Home Idyl*—may be wrought into a result that does not depress, but gently elevates. Ancestors is another very charming poem, mingling rustic boyhood and elderly reflection. *The Filling an Order*, written for Dr. Holmes's seventieth birthday, savors of a wit which none will deny is native with Mr. Trowbridge, and yet it catches with facile accuracy the very note of the autocrat himself. Everywhere, indeed, the finish of a matured literary artist meets us; and if Mr. Trowbridge's themes and manner preclude the classing of his poems with the highest order, he has what the new English school lacks,—faith. They are hardly sure of the worth of the visible beauty which to them is all in all. He at least believes in what he sees, and in some unseen things: in the actual life we live, in the happiness, sorrow and memories of plain human beings, in the existence of some overruling, divine law; and thinks them worth writing about in a plain, sympathetic way.

*The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*<sup>2</sup> tells in sonorous verse a Scandinavian story, which amply provides the substance of love, rivalry, joy, and tragedy that poets delight to work upon, set in surroundings of a picturesque and valor-breeding age. Mr. Houghton has studied this story with a faithful care for details, and tells it with an eloquence and tender interest in its traces of legendary woe, which must secure recognition from the critic and will be sure to engage the sympathy of readers. The tale is dramatic and touching. The author's blank verse is overcome by Tennysonian influ-

<sup>2</sup> *The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk*. By GEORGE HOUGHTON. Second Edition, Revised. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1881.



ence, very much as a mountain valley takes the shadow of a cloud, — not slavishly. We should prefer not to have Mr. Houghton say “holp” for “helped,” or avail himself of such abbreviations as “’bove” and “’cross,” which to say truth mean nothing. But his lines are, in the main, melodious and good, and his style is manly. It would be impossible, here, to quote at length; but these lines —

“Now arose

The white horns of that Norland of the south,  
Helvetia, wrapped about by thunder-caps,”

exemplify a graphic gift in Mr. Houghton which seems to be always at his service. Altogether, the Legend is moving, eventful, well told, and worth reading by those who care for our younger poets.

The appearance of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* in a new edition<sup>1</sup> has revived a discussion always imminent when the name of this writer is brought forward, and always more or less acrimonious. Some persons even imagine it obligatory upon them to deny him all merit of poetic endowment, so violent is their revolt against the offensiveness which Mr. Whitman has chosen to make a central and integral point of his literary method. Such critics stultify themselves by the coarseness of view (and sometimes of expression) with which they meet the grossness they condemn. If they can see nothing in this book except indecency and bombastic truisms, the inference must be that their sensibilities are not delicate enough to recognize the fresh, strong, healthy presentation of common things in a way that revivifies them, the generous aspiration, the fine sympathy with man and nature, the buoyant belief in immortality, which are no less characteristic of the author than his mistaken boldness in displaying the carnal side of existence, and his particularity in describing dis-

ease or loathsome decay. It would be a waste of time to discuss the question whether or not Mr. Whitman is a poet: abundant authority, both creative and critical, has recorded itself on the affirmative side. Nor is it worth while to debate upon the form he has adopted, which — as Mr. Stedman in his temperate and admirable essay has shown — is not the startling novelty which many, including the poet himself, have assumed it to be.

The only profitable point of view from which *Leaves of Grass* can be regarded is one that, while giving distinctness to the serious error of unclean exposure and to the frequent feebleness of form and style which reduce large portions of the work to tedious and helpless prose, leaves our vision clear for the occasional glimpses of beauty that the book discloses. We must also take into account the imagination often informing some one of these rhapsodies as a whole, even when its parts are found to be weak, repetitious, and blemished by inanity or affectation. The absurdities, the crudities, in which Whitman indulges are almost unlimited and all but omnipresent. For illustration, he gives utterance to phrases like this: “I effuse my flesh in eddies and drift it in lacy jags.” Following a vague impulse, without depth of reflection, to find new modes of expression, he cries: “*Eclaircise* the myths of Asia!” “*I exposé!*” is another of these exceedingly pointless inventions; and we cannot see that the ends of freedom in art, or grandeur of any kind, are served by adopting as the symbol for a writer the term “*literat*.” To call him an “*ink-rat*” would be much more forcible and original. On the other hand, these pages bring to light a mass of vivid and well-chosen though sometimes uncouth epithets. The swimmer is graphically described as swimming “*through the transparent green-shine*.” The “*blab of the pave*” conveys its meaning ac-

<sup>1</sup> *Leaves of Grass*. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881-2.



curately and with novelty. What delicate and refreshing aptness there is, too, in this sentence: "The carpenter dresses his plank, the tongue of his foreplane *whistles its wild ascending lisp!*" Nothing could be better. In the long pieces where much is trite and tame — malformed prose essays they are, rather than poems — there still exists a relation, an order which often brings some very simple and common thought into a light of unexpected significance. But it is sheer fatuousness in the poet, and would be in us, to assume that these two lines, headed *To You*, constitute a poem, or anything but worthless print: "Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you not speak to me?"

And why should I not speak to you?"

Then, to learn the better side, read *Pioneers*, O *Pioneers*, with its steady, splendid, masculine swing, as of a people marching, and its inspiring sense of comradeship and New World progress; the terse and imaginative lines to the *Man-of-War-Bird*; or the wonderful sea-shore elegy that begins, "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking." These are full of strength, pure emotion. The same may be said of that night-poem on the death of Lincoln, which contains an impressive chant to Death, the "dark mother always gliding near with soft feet." What could be fresher, fuller of our native coloring, than the picture of spring in this poem?

"With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,  
With floods of the, yellow gold of the gorgeous,  
indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding  
the air,  
With the fresh, sweet herbage under foot, and the  
pale green leaves of the trees prolific,  
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the  
river, with a wind-dapple here and there."

The lines *To a Locomotive in Winter*, wherein the author hails it as the

"Type of the modern — emblem of motion and power — pulse of the continent,"

offer the finest embodiment of the grandeur of applied mechanics which Amer-

ican poetry has yet produced. And, throughout, the sentiment of democracy, of manliness, of hope for humanity, is something to be valued in Whitman's work. He sings, "Muscle and pluck forever!" "We have had," he declares, "ducking and deprecating about enough." He aims to increase virility in manners, thought, and writing; and from this effort, whatever the mistakes or limitations of its method, American life and literature are not likely to suffer harm.

But when we consider Whitman's laudation of the flesh, the case is different. It is fitting to recall here the cardinal points of his creed in this regard. He himself says, "Nor will my poems do good only, they will do just as much harm, perhaps more." He claims to be the poet of the body and the soul, and says that the soul is not more than the body, — in this showing an identity of thought with Rossetti; yet he looks forward (in *The Mystic Trumpeter*) to "a reborn race . . . women and men in wisdom, innocence and health — all joy." In his final manifesto occur these words: "I announce the great individual, fluid as Nature, *chaste*, affectionate, compassionate, fully armed . . . a life that shall be copious, vehement, *spiritual*, bold." All this shows clearly enough that his ultimate aim is good, and that he does not set out to revel in indecency. But the plan he pursues results just as badly as if this had been his purpose; for he makes public and permanent all that which nature has guarded, in both the savage and the civilized, with mystery, holiness, and the delicate, inexorable laws of modesty. Oddly enough this elaborately natural poet breaks one of the deepest and finest of natural laws; and instead of making the body sacred, he despoils it of the sacredness which mankind now generally accords to it. He degrades body and soul by a brutish wallowing in animal matter as animal matter, deprived of its spiritual attributes.



Mr. Whitman prides himself on his healthiness. What is health? Nothing else than the buoyant, normal exercise of physical faculties, in easy unconsciousness of their mode of acting. The moment there is friction, the moment we become *conscious* of these functions — in heart, stomach, or brain, for example — which ought to be carried on without sensation, health is broken, and sickness supervenes. In like manner, when Mr. Whitman begins to finger over and brood upon the secret processes of certain functions which should work unobserved, he becomes unhealthy. Corrupt he may not be, but he is undeniably morbid. It is his ambition to be “inclusive,” to express extremes of good and evil; to fly from one pole to another, in everything. In the sphere of the body he accomplishes this manœuvre perfectly; for his presentation of man’s physical being is as often diseased as the reverse. He does not seem to be aware of his “inclusiveness” in this direction. If made so, he might reply

with these peremptory words from his *Song of Myself* : —

“Do I contradict myself?

Very well, then, I contradict myself,  
(I am large, I contain multitudes).”

But multitudinousness cannot make the spectacle of his morbidness any more acceptable. It cannot palliate the gross impropriety of which he is guilty, in publishing what is unfit for repetition; an impropriety doubled by the retention of this disgusting stuff in a new edition issued after many years, during which the author has had ample opportunity to free himself from his youthful crudities. Every one imbued with the “primal sanities” must be revolted by this offense, and protest against it. Fortunately, however, the chief damage done will be to the author himself, who thus dishonors his own physical nature; for imperfect though the race is, it still remains so much purer than the stained and distorted reflection of its animalism in *Leaves of Grass*, that the book cannot attain to any very wide influence.

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## THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.

THE Atlantic may fairly claim to have exercised its critical function upon the just completed novels by Mr. James and Mr. Howells before the reader had begun to enjoy them, and to have reserved the right, when the reader should be in full possession, of explaining why and how much it liked them. Yet a book has, after all, a life distinct from the interrupted existence of a magazine serial, and it is quite possible to take up these comely volumes and receive a new impression of the integrity of the stories which they contain. Possibly, Mr. James's novel<sup>1</sup> suffers less than some

others might from being read in fragmentary form, for the minute finish of touch with which the lines in the portrait are applied meets the reader's eye with new power every time that he takes up the story after a fall upon other work; yet this very refinement of manipulation may lead one to overlook the larger consistency of the whole figure. It is worth while to step back a few paces, and fail for a moment to see each individual stroke of the brush.

Come, then, since we have been looking at the portrait of Isabel from the near point of monthly chapters, let us seat ourselves before the book, and, armed with an imaginative tin opera-

<sup>1</sup> *The Portrait of a Lady.* By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.



glass to shut out all other pictures, renew our acquaintance with the portrait. How does it strike us as a whole? What is the impression finally left upon our minds? Have we added to our dream of fair women?

The artist gives us this advantage, that all the elaboration of his work looks distinctly to the perfection of the central figure. One can repeat almost in a single breath the incidental story of the book. That is dissolved immediately, if the incidents deposited are the critical ones of Isabel's meeting with her aunt, her rejection successively of Goodwood and Lord Warburton, her accession to wealth, her marriage with Osmond, her temporary separation, and her final return. A person hearing the narrative might be pardoned if he failed to see the making of a great novel in it, but only when one has recited it does he become aware how each step in the fatal series is a movement in the direction of destiny. By a fine concentration of attention upon the heroine, Mr. James impresses us with her importance, and the other characters, involved as they are with her life, fall back into secondary positions. It is much to have seized and held firmly so elusive a conception, and our admiration is increased when reflection shows that, individual as Isabel is in the painting, one may fairly take her as representative of womanly life to-day. The fine purpose of her freedom, the resolution with which she seeks to be the maker of her destiny, the subtle weakness into which all this betrays her, the apparent helplessness of her ultimate position, and the conjectured escape only through patient forbearance, — what are all these, if not attributes of womanly life expended under current conditions?

The consistency of the work is observable under another aspect. Mr. James's method is sufficiently well known, and since he has made it his own the critic may better accept it and measure it than

complain of it. What renders it distinct from, say, Thackeray's method, with which it has been compared, or from George Eliot's, is the limitation of the favorite generalizations and analyses. If the reader will attend, he will see that these take place quite exclusively within the boundaries of the story and characters. That is to say, when the people in the book stop acting or speaking, it is to give to the novelist an opportunity, not to indulge in general reflections, having application to all sorts and conditions of men, of whom his *dramatis personæ* are but a part, — he has no desire to share humanity with them, — but to make acute reflections upon these particular people, and to explain more thoroughly than their words and acts can the motives which lie behind. We may, on general grounds, doubt the self-confidence or power of a novelist who feels this part of his performance to be essential, but there can be no doubt that Mr. James's method is a part of that concentration of mind which results in a singular consistency.

Yet all this carries an intimation of what is curiously noticeable in his work. It is consistent, but the consistency is with itself. Within the boundaries of the novel the logic of character and events is close and firm. We say this after due reflection upon the latest pages. There can be little doubt that the novelist suffers more in the reader's judgment from a false or ineffective scene at the close of his story than he gains from many felicitous strokes in the earlier development of plot or character. The impatient, indiscriminating objection, It does not end well, although it may incense the writer, is an ill-formulated expression of the feeling that the creation lacks the final, triumphant touch which gives life; the sixth swan in the story got a stitch-weed shirt, like the rest, but in the hurry of the last moment it lacked a few stitches, and so in the transformation the youngest brother



was forced to put up with one arm and to show a wing for the other. Isabel Archer, with her fine horoscope, is an impressive figure, and one follows her in her free flight with so much admiration for her resolution and strong pinions that when she is caught in the meshes of Osmond's net one's indignation is moved, and a noble pity takes the place of frank admiration. But pity can live only in full communion with faith, and we can understand the hesitation which a reader might feel before the somewhat ambiguous passage of Isabel's last interview with Goodwood. The passage, however, admits of a generous construction, and we prefer to take it, and to see in the scene the author's intention of giving a final touch to his delineation of Goodwood's iron but untempered will, Isabel's vanishing dream of happiness, and her acceptance of the destiny which she had unwittingly chosen. We suspect that something of the reader's dissatisfaction at this juncture comes from his dislike of Goodwood, the jack-in-the-box of the story, whose unyielding nature seems somehow outside of all the events.

To return to our point. This self-consistency is a separate thing from any consistency with the world of reality. The characters, the situations, the incidents, are all true to the law of their own being, but that law runs parallel with the law which governs life, instead of being identical with it. In Andersen's quaint story of the Emperor's New Clothes, a little child discovers the unreality of the gossamer dress, and his voice breaks in upon the illusion from the outer world. Something of the same separation from the story, of the same unconscious naturalness of feeling, prompts the criticism that, though these people walk, and sit, and talk, and behave, they are yet in an illusionary world of their own. Only when one is within the charmed circle of the story is he under its spell, and so complete is the iso-

lation of the book that the characters acquire a strange access of reality when they talk about each other. Not only so, but the introversion which now and then takes place deepens the sense of personality. In that masterly passage which occupies the forty-second section, where Isabel enters upon a disclosure of her changed life, the reader seems to be going down as in a diving-bell into the very secrets of her nature.

What is all this but saying that in the process of Mr. James's art the suggestion always seems to come from within, and to work outward? We recognize the people to whom he introduces us, not by any external signs, but by the private information which we have regarding their souls. The smiles which they wear — and one might make an ingenious collection of their variety — do not tell what is beneath the surface, but we know what they mean, because we already have an esoteric knowledge. Mr. James is at great pains to illustrate his characters by their attitudes, their movements, their by-play, yet we carry away but a slight impression of their external appearance; these are not bodily shapes, for the most part, but embodied spirits, who enjoy their materialization for a time, and contribute to a play which goes on upon a stage just a little apart from that great stage where the world's play, with men and women for actors, is carried forward.

Is it a fanciful likeness which we detect between *The Portrait of a Lady* and *Dr. Breen's Practice*?<sup>1</sup> A likeness, that is to say, in the problems which the two novelists have set themselves. We imagined that we caught sight of Isabel Archer unconsciously figuring as a somewhat typical character; with something of the same liberty of prophesying we find in Grace Breen a reflection of the womanly life which is a part of our familiar experience. It would

<sup>1</sup> *Dr. Breen's Practice.* By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.



be a mistake, however, to suppose that Mr. Howells has undertaken to present a type, or that, in choosing for the material in which he should work the experiences of a girl engaged in the practice of medicine, he has simply amused himself with a difficult question of the day. The method of his art quickly contradicts such assumptions. He sees people, and he sets himself the task of discovering what their real lives are, with the purpose of giving his readers just those particulars which seem to be most indicative. The perplexities which beset Dr. Breen are not paraded as triumphant obstacles to the practice of medicine by young women; they are incidents in the life of one young woman, which throw a needed light upon her character and behavior; but inasmuch as this young woman was really the product of a good many social forces, the life which she led, the problems which she had to solve, easily become typical of a class.

It would be interesting to pursue further a general comparison between the heroines of these two stories; to note how the complex and firmer life of the Old World acts upon Isabel, with her free and generous nature, and how the crude, experimental, yet largely ethical elements of New England society have conspired to confine and torture the honest spirit of Dr. Breen. We please ourselves with thinking that the more refined and subtle workmanship of Mr. James belongs to the one subject, as the frank, humorous, and sympathetic treatment which Mr. Howells has made his own harmonizes with the other. That mingled respect for the conscience and playful quizzing of its inconvenient manifestations which characterizes much of Mr. Howells's work is here seen to great advantage, and he certainly has succeeded, as no one else has done, in making New England people see the humorous side of their anxious lives. The atmosphere in which his characters

move is brighter and sharper than the somewhat heavy and thick air which envelops the lives of the people in *The Portrait of a Lady*; and if the texture of his story is more open, if, indeed, it seems almost gauzy by the side of the close and elaborate web of the other, it gains immensely in the naturalness of its life.

For, however we may generalize about these writers, and seek to find points of comparison, we easily come back to a perception of the thorough kindness of Mr. Howells's work. We call it delightful with reason: it possesses such quick sympathy, such lightness and grace and cheerfulness of mood, that we deliver ourselves up to the charm, almost indifferent to the exact turns of the story. There are few writers who manage to establish at once such relations of confidence with their readers; one gets into Mr. Howells's light birch-bark, and is sure that the quick eye and deft hand of its master will keep it out of all shallows, and guide it securely through any turbid waters in the way.

The perfection of Mr. James's art is in its intellectual order, and the precision with which he marshals all incidents and characters; we have hinted at its weakness when we have referred the reader's pleasure to an intellectual glow rather than to a personal warmth of feeling. The imagination which rules governs a somewhat cold world, and gives forth light rather than heat. The oppositeness of Mr. Howells's method intimates the more human power which he possesses. He introduces us to people whom we know with some accuracy as soon as we meet them; then he chooses that we should become better acquainted with certain of the group, and he invites us to their more private society. We end with a more intimate knowledge of some than of others, but we know them all in the same way that we know the people whom we meet in



actual life. That is to say, the unconscious movements and habits which enable us to recognize our friends when we do not see their faces are reproduced in the story with such fidelity to nature that they satisfy us at once. Take, for example, the figure of Barlow, in this story. We know him here in precisely the same way as we do his prototype in real life. The slouch of the figure in the story is entirely sufficient to recall the Barlow whom we have met; we do not know the man with any psychological thoroughness in real life, and we do not care to. The charm for us here is in the frankness with which his limitations are accepted. We have caught his ways and manners at a glance; they are not the outcome of any conscious mutual analysis of which we have been guilty, and the humorous aspect in which he appears is all that we care about. Again, when we are admitted to some degree of intimacy with Mrs. Maynard, we really have all the materials for judgment which we should have were we to pass a summer with her in a boarding-house. Her conversation, her one or two escapades, furnish us with just the data in the story which would be provided in real life for the acquaintance with her character possible to an

ordinary friend, and her personality is as clear as it can be. We are not oppressed with a sense that the author of her being knows her much better than we do, and could make further disclosures for our instruction. Dr. Breen herself, who offers strong temptation to any writer for a philosophical treatise, is more fully made known, because she is best worth knowing, but the means adopted for discovering her life do not differ from those employed in other cases. There is no shameless betrayal of secrets which could be known only to her and the author, and the reader has no guilty sense of having intruded upon a sacred privacy. It is, we repeat, the admirable limitations of Mr. Howells's art which make it so delightful now, and so truthful that we can safely intrust it to posterity as a fair picture of life. We can assure our distant readers that the interpretation is not prejudiced by any peculiarity of Mr. Howells's nature, but that the mind with which he regards these affairs is that which he has in common with the rest of us. It is in the unconscious healthfulness of his literary nature that his strength lies, — a healthfulness which is well acquainted with plenty of fresh air and clear sunshine.

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### RECENT ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

THE range of illustrated books is a wide one this year, both in style and in choice of subjects. The first place in dignity must be given to the stately volume on Greece and Rome,<sup>1</sup> which interests us, however, not so much by its monumental character as by the witness which it bears to the new treatment of antique subjects. Here is a learned

work, but it is not exclusively nor in the first instance for scholars and antiquaries. On the contrary, it assumes at once an interest of the general reader in antiquity, and that the interest is very comprehensive and human. The light which has been thrown on ancient art by the investigations of Dr. Schliemann and others has penetrated the familiar

<sup>1</sup> *Greece and Rome: Their Life and Art.* By JACOB VON FALKE. Translated by WILLIAM

HAND BROWNE. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1882.



and homely scenes of life, and it is difficult to say whether we found the Tanagra figurines, for example, because we had an eagerness to establish an intimacy with ancient personages, and to see them free from conventional classicism, or whether the discovery of these agreeable evidences of Greek and Roman humanity created a sense of our common share of life. At any rate, this great book, with its representations of domestic life, mingled with the more studied reproduction of ancient forms of high art, answers very well to the double interest which the educated public takes in antiquity. We go to the Greek play half to see something different from American civilization, half to discover likenesses.

The pictures in Greece and Rome are of German origin, and partake of the somewhat angular and matter-of-fact character of German art. A hardness of line and the absence of any imaginative concealment render the engravings rather specimens of topography or iconography than works of art, and they are to be taken in the strictest sense as illustrating the text and aiding the writer to present his matter intelligently. It is quite otherwise with the illustrations by W. H. Gibson to Mr. Drake's book on the White Mountains.<sup>1</sup> Here the eye rests upon landscapes of great refinement. Mr. Gibson's art is always possessed of most delicate feeling, and he has caught some exceedingly fine and gentle aspects of White Mountain scenery. The grace of his treatment is what impresses one most, and thus it is the more ethereal views which satisfy one best. Perhaps the most successful pictures in the book are the two winter scenes of Mount Kearsarge and Mount Lafayette from Bethlehem. Snow and frost are more effective even than haze in transfiguring mountain landscapes,

<sup>1</sup> *The Heart of the White Mountains: Their Legend and Scenery.* By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. With Illustrations by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

and Mr. Gibson's poetic, half-fanciful style agrees perfectly with the conception which one forms in such a presence. The same may be said of some of the quiet and diminutive scenes, where the sweetness of the picture is its characteristic. He is only less successful in those views of the mountains which in nature arrest one by the boldness and ruggedness of form. There has sometimes been given an appearance of greater height, as if the artist sought by this means to excite the right feeling; but exaggeration of form is by no means so effective as strong modeling, and it is in this respect that we think Mr. Gibson sometimes fails.

The text of the book is in singular contrast to the illustrations. Mr. Drake is no doubt an enthusiastic climber and an experienced mountaineer, but he manages to reproduce the mountains and mountain life in a literary form which is devoid of grace or beauty, and he gives no sign of the imagination and fancy which mark the artist's work. He has preserved some legends and made some interesting records, but we wish he had not felt it necessary to be humorous and lively. The book irritates one by its unnecessary magnificence. So big a work should have had a poet's text. Otherwise it would have been better had a smaller form been chosen, and the pictures accompanied by a simple, unpretentious text.

The sense of fitness between text and design is not offended by Bayard Taylor's *Home Ballads*.<sup>2</sup> Eleven artists have contributed the twenty-three pictures which make the embellishment of the book, but the variety which is thus secured has no dissonance, and the general treatment responds easily to the sober drab of Mr. Taylor's ballads. The ballads have distinct stories; they have also a little landscape background and

<sup>2</sup> *Home Ballads.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1882.



a flowery foreground; they do not stray far from the farm-house, and the life which they reflect is quiet, uneventful, but deep in its tremulous feeling. Something of all these characteristics reappears in the designs: they do not offend by superfine qualities; perhaps they are best in their pretty suggestiveness; the figures which constitute the central idea both of ballads and of designs are of the homely, rude character which occurs to one on reading the verse. Very successful, especially, is Mr. Hovenden's picture of the mother looking from the window; in this, as in other cases, there has been a happy mean chosen between a too direct reproduction in line of what has been said in verse, and a too enigmatical and oblique reference. One is likely to halt, with some misgivings, before Mr. Millet's picture of Jane Reed leaning on the heifer's neck, but the doubt is inherent in the artist's faithfulness. The imagined scene is pretty and pastoral; the actual scene, which has been distinctly rendered, has a touch of angular grotesqueness about it. The book leaves upon the mind a very pleasant impression through the nice sense of unity which pervades it. It has all the air of having received pains in the planning.

Pleasant feeling and a sketchy style characterize Mr. Bruce's poem of *The Hudson*.<sup>1</sup> He dedicates it to the memory of Washington Irving, and the poem is in truth a reproduction of river effects as seen by one who has looked through the medium of Irving's delightful legends. Its slightness is not ill matched by Mr. Fredericks' pictures, which are scarcely more than memoranda of the points noted. The unassuming nature of the work precludes special criticism. We can only express our pleasure at the simplicity of the whole design, and a certain rest to the mind and eye in this withdrawal from the elaboration and

subtlety of most illustrated books of the day. One, at least, of the pictures, that of the *Man in the Mountain*, is worth returning to, after one has performed the easy feat of reading the little book through.

To say that the illustrations to *Lucile*<sup>2</sup> in the latest edition are good enough for the book is not to condemn either the poetry or the pictures, but to hint at the influence which the work to be illustrated ordinarily has over the mind of the artists who are called upon to furnish the illustrations. The easy-going, business-like verse of Owen Meredith and the well-controlled story reappear in the abundant illustrations which accompany this agreeable-looking volume. The little poetic flourishes are represented by clever vignettes, which give a curl to the printed lines without interrupting them; the airy guide-book passages have architectural and landscape views, generally devoid of any special imaginative quality, — even Mr. Moran's gorgeousness seems to be tamed into place; the personages have the same well-dressed, decorous, and half private-theatrical air. It cannot be said that the figure subjects are the most successful, and the frontispiece is unhappily chosen, for there are better pictures in the book; but the artists seem generally to have drawn their inspiration from the text, and the stream can scarcely be expected to rise above the source. The popularity of *Lucile*, however, must be taken as justification for so profuse illustration, and there is as little to offend good taste in the pictures as in the poetry. Further than that we cannot bring ourselves to go.

It is difficult to find much to interest one in the illustrated edition of Jean Ingelow's *Songs of Seven*.<sup>3</sup> There is nothing unusually good; there is nothing unusually bad, unless one takes it

<sup>1</sup> *The Hudson*. By WALLACE BRUCE. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1882.

<sup>2</sup> *Lucile*. By OWEN MEREDITH. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

<sup>3</sup> *Songs of Seven*. By JEAN INGELOW. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.



upon him to object to looking at the disconsolate widow on page 31. We are told in the poem that she has not wished the happy and fair world to mourn with her; why, then, does the artist insist upon our looking at the situation over her shoulder? It is the prevailing fault of the generality of illustrated poems that there is a lack of imagination in the choice of subjects. The illustrations add nothing to the poem; they go to it for everything they have, and a second-hand imagination is very apt to strike one as a little worn-out and lacking in freshness. For the rest, a certain hardness and stiffness both in design and engraving give this book an uninteresting general effect.

Mr. Locke's story of Hannah Jane<sup>1</sup> is prosaic in its rendering, with a touch now and then of homely pathos, and an occasional bit of apparently unintended comicality. In his anxiety to be idiomatic and quaint in his narrative, Mr. Locke has sometimes forgotten that he is also a poet. The illustrations are chiefly by Mr. S. G. McCutcheon, who shows a curious contrast in style, when his pencil is engaged first on rural, then on civil, society. The frontispiece, despite its unrelieved squareness of treatment, shows a painstaking study of character in faces, and gives promise of even better work. The portraits, moreover, of Hannah Jane throughout the book indicate a thoughtfulness in the artist by no means a matter of course; the change from girl to woman, and the wistful yet uncomplaining face of the household drudge, are given with a skill which attract the attention; but the selfish husband and his fine city friends are by no means so successful, and in the style of drawing used it would almost seem as if the artist hurried over subjects for which he felt little interest. The pencil that could draw the stump-

speech scene ought to record similar rude and native sights; for while there is not the evidence of strength in design, there is clear proof of a truthfulness in reporting.

The vigorous work of Mr. Dielman finds sufficient excuse in the way of subject in *Brushwood*,<sup>2</sup> by T. Buchanan Read. The poem gives a pretty legend of a poor old woman bearing her burden of brushwood up the mountain side, wishing for some one to help her carry it at least to the foot of a wayside crucifix, receiving such help from one also toiling up the hill, and then, as she rises from prayer, finding her burden transformed into blossoming wood; for it was the great Sufferer who had helped and heard her, and now released her from all earthly pain, as the closing lines indefinitely and gently intimate. Mr. Dielman has taken the suggestions of Italian scenes, and used them freely in a series of designs which give a certain richness to an otherwise somewhat pale poem. It is a pleasure to see so much color in engravings, and so much freedom from mere refinement. The drawing is bold and direct; one's eye is turned at once to the emphatic point of the picture, yet discovers that this emphasis has not been gained by any slighting of the other parts. A broad sunshine seems to pervade the landscape and children scenes, while a variety of incident within the scope of the little narrative adds to the general breadth of effect. In the treatment of the final scene, where the Christ speaks to the old woman, the artist has chosen to present her decay of life, — the arms being especially eloquent, — rather than her sudden surprise of glory. The make-up of the book is not quite good enough. One feels that the pictures are cramped.

It was a happy thought that suggested making an illustrated book of Thacker-

<sup>1</sup> *Hannah Jane*. By DAVID ROSS LOCKE. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1882.

<sup>2</sup> *Brushwood*. By T. BUCHANAN READ. Illustrated by designs by FREDERICK DIELMAN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1882.



ray's *Chronicle of the Drum*.<sup>1</sup> The ballad itself was worth being taken out of its place, and given a conspicuous isolation. The spirited, rattling measure, the fidelity to nature in the story, and then the keen, playful, but thoughtful comments by the poet all conspire to make the ballad a memorable one. It is a series of pictures in itself, and sketches the successive scenes so capitally that the artists employed upon the illustrations must have had their imaginations quickly kindled. The result is not uniformly good. There are some striking designs, some of the average commonplace character, and one or two which contribute nothing worthy of the company. Of the artists engaged Mr. Pyle has earned the right to the highest praise for his three pictures, each of which makes a vivid impression on the mind. The dramatic force of the third, where the queen sees through the prison bars the ghastly trophy upon the spear-heads, would have been greatly increased if the spectator had been left to guess everything from the queen's face; yet even with this serious drawback the scene is presented with a firmness and statuesque dignity, and the action by which the queen closes her ears to the terrible beat of the drum is a distinct addition to the

picture which the poet would surely have recognized. The grim solemnity, also, of *mère guillotine*, with the faint suggestion of the coming dawn, illustrates the romantic power of this artist, while the grouping and movement of the frontispiece, in which the drum is significantly given the front rank, show a definite and masterly control of his art. Of the other pictures, praise belongs to the admirable vignette portrait of Thackeray, to the carefully studied scenes by A. B. Frost, and to the vigorous work of H. P. Share, although dangerously near the violent at times. For a piece of violence which is not vigorous, but brutal and stiff by turns, the Brunswicker, by J. E. Taylor, may be mentioned, one of the two or three pictures which prevent the book from being flawless. Yet, in spite of these and of the ineffective half-title designs, the book must be named as on the whole the most original of the illustrated books which have passed under our review. It is not to be expected that publishers, either separately or in combination, will exercise an extreme care in selection; it is certain that time will perform this work, and that of all the wood-engravings of the year not many will be engravings of the generation.

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## REMINISCENCES OF JAMES T. FIELDS.

IF it be true, as has been said, of Dr. Johnson that his sturdy self-respect led him to invent the modern publisher as a substitute for the old-fashioned patron, a fresh item is added to the debt of gratitude which the world owes to the stout old lexicographer. Of the miseries of doing literary work at the

dictation or under the auspices of a munificent patron, few recent writers can have any idea, now that literature has come to be an acknowledged article of merchandise, as much as hops or calico. Yet these miseries were very substantial, and were no doubt injurious to the growth of good literature. The frequent liability to gross insult, hardly relieved by yet grosser flattery; the fulsome dedications, composed in return

<sup>1</sup> *The Chronicle of the Drum*. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.



for scanty stipends grudgingly doled out; the subjection of high scholarship and talent to the ignorant whim of some patronizing duke or princess, — such are the unwholesome conditions under which great writers have too often worked. Among the beneficial changes that have been wrought in the world since the beginning of the last century we should not forget the slow revolution which has substituted the agency of the publisher for that of the *Mæcenas*, in the creation and diffusion of literature.

If Dr. Johnson could have lived long enough to become a frequenter of the Old Corner Bookstore some twenty years ago, he would certainly have congratulated himself upon the fact that the publisher had been invented. To be an "ideal" publisher requires a rare combination of qualities; but in no publisher of our times, perhaps, has such a combination been more admirably realized than in the late Mr. James T. Fields. His success in his own department of activity was certainly preëminent; and this was no doubt largely owing to the fact that he was much more than a publisher. The highest success in any profession whatever is usually achieved by men who are in some sense larger than their profession. The trade should not encompass the man, but the man should encompass the trade, and reach out beyond it; and this largeness was conspicuously illustrated in the whole career of Mr. Fields. From his childhood until the last day of his life on earth, he was a sincere and devoted student of literature. Though not strictly a man of letters, in the professional sense, he possessed in a large measure that sound taste and clear discrimination in literary matters which is the first and most indispensable qualification in a critic. He could recognize good work as soon as it was brought before him. This capacity was based, in his case, upon something wider even than a keen literary sense.

He possessed the faculty of distinguishing, almost intuitively, between sound and flimsy, between neat and slovenly, work of any sort, — a faculty as valuable as the more comprehensive gift (of which, indeed, it forms a large part) of understanding human nature in general. In the matter of scientific work, leading into departments of investigation of which he probably knew little or nothing, Mr. Fields was pretty sure to know whether he was dealing with a person of true merit or not. His intuitions on such a point were generally correct, just as in his youth he used to surprise his fellow clerks by divining beforehand what kind of a book was likely to be wanted by any chance customer who entered the store. Besides this appreciation of intrinsically good work, he had an equally quick sense of the demands of the general public. No publisher can always be sure, with respect to any literary enterprise, whether it is going to be profitable or not, from a pecuniary point of view; but in such matters Mr. Fields exhibited more than ordinary shrewdness. While at the same time it must be said, to his credit, and to that of the house to which he belonged, that he set a high value upon that particular kind of advantage which accrues to a publisher from dealing only in first-rate wares. The imprint of "Ticknor & Fields" upon the title-page of a book was almost a sure guarantee of its excellence. It was generally understood that this was a firm which would publish nothing that was not believed to possess enduring merit.

These qualities made Mr. Fields very helpful to young authors of talent. But the general "helpfulness" which comes of a sympathetic heart and energetic temperament was one of his most conspicuous characteristics. As his biographer says, "If money were to be taken in charge for aunts or cousins, James was the person called upon. . . . Public readers would come to rehearse their



parts, and learn what to read as well as how to read; young lecturers with their lectures; graduates, girls and boys, to know what to do next in life; and of authors and their manuscripts he was never free." Dr. Holmes is by no means the only author who can say, "From a very early period in my own life of authorship, I have looked to Mr. Fields as one who would be sure to take an interest in whatever I wrote, to let me know all that he could learn about my writings which would please and encourage me, and keep me in heart for new efforts." Hawthorne, if our memory serves us, was one who found the friendly counsel of Mr. Fields especially valuable. And this cordial sympathy, as we know, was not reserved for purely literary writers, but was extended to workers in science and philosophy as well.

This volume of biographical notes,<sup>1</sup> in which the principal incidents of Mr. Fields's life are recalled with affectionate interest, is a very welcome memorial of a happy and well-spent life. The reminiscences and anecdotes, of which it is full, cannot fail to be interesting, both on account of Mr. Fields himself and of the many eminent men with whom, in the course of his life, he was on terms of more or less intimate friendship. We get glimpses here of Wordsworth, De

Quincey, and Landor, of Leigh Hunt and the Howitts and Proctors and Brownings, of Tennyson and Thackeray, of Charles Mathews, of Ole Bull, and somewhat more than a glimpse of Dickens. We follow Mr. Fields through those country lanes of England, his love for which, as he said, "almost amounted to a disease;" and we have quaint stories of his rustic experiences in New England, among the farmers of New Hampshire and the fishermen of Cape Cod. Beside the society of his fellow-creatures, it was from rural scenery, from flowers and music, that Mr. Fields got his chief enjoyments,—sure sign of a refined and healthy nature. In his later years he traveled much about the United States, lecturing on English literature, and no doubt did admirable work in awakening a popular interest in the study of literary history. One rustic matron "was amazed to see how interested she got in hearin' about these folks she'd never known nothin' about before." Of the critical value of these lectures it is impossible to judge from hearsay, and we are given to understand that they are not to be published. Of their general character, as of Mr. Fields's work altogether, one gets a very good impression from this thoroughly entertaining volume.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is a very pleasant thing to finish reading a book and feel that one has made a charming new acquaintance. Men and women who are entirely congenial and delightful are by no means common in this world, even if one lives in the midst of its best society; and some of our dear friends are people who live

all the year round in the little three-walled houses made by book-covers. Yet their every-day life is as real to us as our own; their houses and their fortunes and misfortunes are well known to us, and we are sure of a thousand things about them that we never saw in print. The inner circle of our friends might be

<sup>1</sup> *James T. Fields. Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches, with Unpublished Fragments*

and Tributes from Men and Women of Letters. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.



a broken one if it were not rounded and completed with such companionships as these. But one thinks not so much of the luxury of having these friendships as of the necessity for them, and of the good it does everybody to know nice people, of the elevating power a novel may have if it carries its readers among people worth knowing. It is certainly a great force in raising the tone of society; it is a great help in the advance of civilization and refinement. A good story has a thousand readers where a biography has ten. Who is not better for having associated with the ladies and gentlemen to whom certain novelists have presented us? One instinctively tries to behave his very best after meeting them, and admires their hospitality, their charity, their courage in adversity, their grace and good-breeding. How many tricks of speech and manner we have caught in such society! How often we have been moved to correct some carelessness or rudeness, of which we were unconscious until they taught us better! Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, a hundred others, have unwittingly done much more than entertain us with their stories: they have taught many people good manners; they have set copies for us to follow in little things and great. To have spent a Week in a French Country House—as I hope we have all been lucky enough to do—will save us from seeming awkward on any repetition of that charming visit. If we have never been abroad at all we do not feel that when we are in France, by and by, and go down into the country, it will seem at all strange.

There is nothing like having read many English novels to make one feel at home in England. We know the fashion of doing things as well as Englishmen themselves, and we should not be surprised at the minor differences of speech and etiquette. We have ridden to hounds, and have dined in Trollope's comfortable country houses, and have

gone to the county balls, too often to be caught making mistakes; we know the order in which people should go out to dinner, and the order of ecclesiastical rank in the cathedral towns. We have starred it in the provinces, and have spent many a gay and gallant London season. We have gone shooting and fishing through the Highlands and Ireland with as pleasant people as one may find in all Great Britain. We have grown so used to yachting in the Hebrides and all up and down the coast that it seems an old story to join a yacht's company, and to watch the shore and the sunset, to see the daylight fade and the stars come out, as we ride at anchor in some picturesque Scotch harbor.

It is a pity that so little is known of our own pleasantest people from the story-books. The best of our gentlemen and ladies have kept very much to themselves; at any rate, they have few representatives in fiction, and do not mix much with the familiar types of character in American novels. Do they have themselves privately printed, and are they right to be so shy as they are, and to keep their fashion of doing things to themselves? Are the authors who write about American life afraid of seeming to copy foreign stories if they say too much of the people who, from a social point of view, are best worth knowing and reading about? The country life and local dialects and peculiarities, with their ridiculousness and pathos, the energy and restlessness and flashiness and unconventionality, the ostentation, of Americans have been held up for us to look at again and again. There are many of our neighbors across the water who think that the American girl of the period, with whom they have become acquainted, is the best type that can be found. It is too bad that there have been so few stories of agreeable, high-bred American men and women, and that our own best society has been so



seldom represented in fiction. It is certainly not because it does not exist, and more books that show us such characters as these would do much good and give great satisfaction.

In the smaller country towns there are always persons who would have been much more lonely and far more eager for congenial companionship had it not been for their friendships with books. We can each speak with gratitude of our own best loved intimacies of this kind; we can recall the worn copies of books that some of our elderly friends have treasured, and to which they cling eagerly and fondly. This grave and careful woman keeps to her early friendship with some old story-friend with a loyalty and wealth of association that have grown year by year; and her daughter loves the Princess of Thule, and wishes she could have spent that year on Borva before the story began. She would like to wring Frank Lavender's neck for him. Sheila's life before he came to the island was the life, of all others, that she likes best, and never has had a chance to link herself with as she has in the novel, that makes her familiar with it.

We sometimes grow tired of people in books whom we like at first; we think they talk too much about themselves, or about nothing. But we can forget them without ever having to reproach ourselves with fickleness or disloyalty.

It is a great temptation to praise some characters who have been dear to me, but it is perhaps safer not to begin. In a novel entitled *The Sunmaid* I was lucky enough to meet a delightful woman, called the Princess. She is one of the most charming persons I have ever known, and, though little is said of her, I have kept the book carefully for her dear sake, and I shall read about her affectionately again and again. I think it is a great advantage to any one to know her. And there was Lily Dale,

in the Small House at Allington. She was such a nice girl, and I used to feel dreadfully because she was so sad about Crosbie; but I long ago ceased to regret her disappointment. She had a pretty way of saying things, though I think of her now as being a great deal older than she was then, and we have not seen so much of each other of late years.

—Possibly we are too sweeping in our denunciation of slang phrases. Why should any expression that would add vigor, force, or grace to the language be excluded so rigorously from the correct vocabulary? Many of the slang expressions are worthy, in directness and power, to be classed with the purest Anglo-Saxon,—are “sabre cuts of Saxon speech;” and why may not cultured people not only add freshness and vigor to their own conversation, but also enrich the language, by introducing into polished speech and making classic some of those words and phrases now considered “quite the thing” for gamins only? Thus, what could be more forcible, direct, and piquant than the slang phrase “fire it out;” and what could be more expressive of the burst of indignant energy with which a quick-tempered man will rid himself of some obnoxious thing than to say he fired it out? What more happily translates into words the humbled acquiescence finally given by the convinced disputant than to say, “I tumble to the racket”? Perhaps some of Shakespeare's terse expressions, now thought to be jewels of speech, had a similar origin. It is possible that “shuffle off this mortal coil,” or “nip him in the bud,” struck just such shivering horror to the ears of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney as polite culture now experiences when it hears “put a mansard roof on him,” “cheeky,” or “too thin.” Why should it not be just as legitimate to say “wade in” as to speak of “a sea of troubles;” and why has not one just as much meaning as the other? Why is



not "your mind's eye, Horatio," just as reprehensible as its lineal descendant, "all in your eye"? One is just as pure gold as the other; and why should one be legal tender in polished speech, while the other is a counterfeit coin?

Proverbs, too, that "hob-nailed philosophy," in which the richer a language is the more forcible it is, and the more characteristic of those who use it, are closely akin in both form and spirit, as well as origin, with slang expressions. Many of these words and phrases that now sit in the ashes and perform menial tasks need only the godmother of daring genius to show them fit for courtly circles.

—It is a wonder that, since open fire-places have come to be a necessity with us, nobody has set the fashion of burning peat. On one of the railways that goes eastward from Boston I noticed the other day a peat bog, the working of which was evidently under careful oversight, and was being made at least a speculative, if not a permanent, business enterprise. The little blocks of turf were stacked up, ready for transportation, and the deep excavations indicated plainly that great quantities of this excellent fuel had already been carried away. I am waiting to catch the first whiff of peat smoke in some fashionable and æsthetic parlor, and I am surprised that nobody has burnt turf yet in Boston or New York. It would be a pleasing novelty; it makes a very good fire, and it suggests many Scotch and Irish reminiscences and associations that are dear to all our hearts. It might give a fresh impulse to literature; coal fires have little kinship with poetry and romance, and wood fires have been written about a good deal already. A peat fire would smoulder charmingly all the afternoon in a house that is overheated with steam or a furnace; and at twilight how delightfully it would remind one of Robert Burns, and of Sir Walter Scott's novels! Perhaps, to a fa-

vored score or two of huntsmen, it would call up long tramps in misty weather over the moorlands in more recent times, and the coming home at night to warm one's self by its dull glow; it would bring back the idle talk and laughter, the pride in the day's success, the very hunger at supper-time, and even the taste of the smoky whisky that kept the fog and chill from being dangerous, and which had a flavor as if it were the water which had once put out exactly such a fire. In anticipation of the use of peat in æsthetic homes, some one would do well to secure a corner in the bogs that are scattered here and there all over the country, and are counted regretfully by their owners as nothing but waste land.

—A year or two ago there was some discussion in the Contributors' Club as to whether a *chalet* should have a gable-roof in print, as well as in fact. The word being a contraction of *chastelet*, it seemed proper to put the circumflex accent over the *a*. But this excellent argument *a priori* was quashed by the stubborn fact that the word *chalet* is written (and pronounced) without the accent by all French authorities. I have just stumbled upon another case of unaccountable omission of the circumflex in French. The word *noce* is a contraction of *nopce*. Indeed, Brillat-Savarin assures us that the *p* was not silent in the expression "*nopces et festins*," common with a certain class of *bourgeoisie* in his day. Yet the *o* in *noce* has no circumflex, any more than the *a* in *chalet*. Stern rules do not help one in French much better than they do in English, and there are some curious freaks in the language, which even the French themselves cannot explain. For instance, who can account for the Académie's command to pronounce *je désire* as if there were no acute accent over the first *e*? Why is the so-called "aspirated *h*" practically silent in every word in which it occurs, in the French



language, except in *à haine*, in which it is really an aspirate? Why is the name *Montaigne* pronounced like *montagne*? And, finally, what explanation can be given of the fact that the apparently vulgar pronunciation of "*quatre-*

*à-quatre*" has become so thoroughly authorized that even Delaunay, of the Comédie-Française, once said, "*Même en scène je dirais 'catte-à-catte; ' bien décidément ' quatre-à-quatre ' n'est pas français*"?

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Poetry and the Drama.* Charles Scribner's Sons have begun a reissue in uniform volumes of the writings of the late Dr. J. G. Holland, and his poems, Bitter-Sweet and Kathrina, are the first of the series on the poetical side. The page is a good one, if the type is a little small. — Miami Woods, A Golden Wedding and Other Poems, by William D. Gallagher. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) The labor expended upon the blank verse which occupies the first part of the volume appears to have affected the author's ear in the more lyrical portions. — Gems of Poetry and Song on James A. Garfield (J. C. McClenahan & Co., Columbus, Ohio) is a collection, made with reverence for the president's memory, of the principal poems called out by his sufferings and death. A portrait and the eulogy by Rev. Dr. Storrs preface the volume. — The Whittier Birthday Book, arranged by Elizabeth S. Owen (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may be named as in some respects the most successful of its class, since Whittier's sentiment is largely personal and always pure, and in the assignment of verses to names a delicate taste has been employed. The book, besides its special use, is a delightful anthology.

*Philosophy.* Evenings with the Skeptics, by John Owen (Longmans, London; Bouton, New York), is a historical and philosophical examination, in two volumes, of the pre-Christian and the Christian skeptics; the word being taken to indicate those minds which, by their nature, question and suspend judgment, rather than dogmatize, the analytic rather than the constructive, — Socrates thus being the preëminent pre-Christian, Augustine, Abelard, and Aquinas being included among the Christian skeptics. The conversational form is chosen to lighten the subject and to justify some discursiveness, but the author is not a novelist who has fallen upon philosophy; he has that art yet to learn. — Is Darwin Right? or, The Origin of Man, is the title of a small volume in which the author, William Denton, aims to show the insufficiency of Darwin's theory, since it fails to take account of the spiritual side of the universe. He is ready to grant a natural origin to the material man, but he cannot find an explanation in that of spiritual faculties, and he calls the source of these "the infinite spirit." He seems careful not to call the spirit God. (Denton Publishing Company,

Wellesley, Mass.) — The Artist and his Mission, a Study in Æsthetics, by Rev. William M. Reily (John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia), is a reproduction of lectures delivered before a college class, and while somewhat ungraceful in form, and thus discrediting its theme, is a serious and sincere effort to discover and express the ethical side of æsthetics. — Mr. W. W. Kinsley's Views on Vexed Questions (Lippincott) concern the supernatural, the origin of species, Satan anticipated, the character of Shelley, and other topics. The anticipation of Satan may not strike the reader as being a question which has ever vexed him, but the title really covers a chapter on the origin and prevention of evil.

*History and Biography.* Memoirs of Count Miot de Melito, edited by General Fleischmann, and translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, has been republished in America (Scribners), with notes and an index prepared for the American edition. Count Miot, who was born at Versailles in 1762, was closely connected with the Bonaparte family, and his memoirs, which are transcribed from diaries, and have therefore special value as contemporary accounts, deal especially with the fortunes of Prince Joseph Bonaparte. But there is no record in full of Count Miot's sojourn with the prince in the United States. It is a pity that we could not have his notes on American life of that day. — Mr. Charles Dudley Warner leads off a series of American Worthies, which the publishers (Holt) anxiously promise shall be light and airy, with his Captain John Smith. It is to Mr. Warner's credit that when he sat down to laugh he rose to make remarks, and has produced a discriminating sketch of Smith's career, in which the truth is patiently sifted from the exaggeration of Smith's own tropic imagination. Still, there are traces of smiles on Mr. Warner's countenance while engaged on this serious task. — Mr. John Morley's The Life of Richard Cobden (Roberts) needs not be disregarded by the reader who is indifferent to the discussion of free trade, for he will find something here better worth his while in the portrait of a typical Englishman, drawn by a skillful and able hand. — The author of the Paine Genealogy, Ipswich Branch, Mr. Albert W. Paine (printed by O. F. Knowles & Co., Bangor, Me.), is fortunate in find-



ing the first of the name a pagan, for it gives him an immense advantage over rival genealogists, who get lost while still within the limits of Christianity. The author means his book in other ways to throw light upon colonial history, especially upon the matter of witchcraft. — The third volume of Von Holst's Constitutional and Political History of the United States has appeared (Callaghan & Co., Chicago), including the period of 1846-1850. The contribution is an important one, yet we think it would have been more effective if the author had more reserve, a scientific manner as well as a scientific method. There are passages which read as if the author had been trained as a newspaper reporter. — In the New Plutarch Series (Putnams), we have Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, by Walter Besant and James Rice. It was a happy thought to set these ingenious novelists upon the legend of Whittington and his Cat. They have produced a clever biography, and instead of there being a grin without a cat, as in Alice in Wonderland, there is a serious and historic cat. Thank Heaven, one story is left to us! — Another volume of the New Plutarch Series (Putnams) is Martin Luther and his Work, by John H. Treadwell, a book which appears, unlike the rest of the series, to be of American origin. The author's view is one apparently of almost unquestioning admiration. It is a pity if he has not read Mozley's masterly analysis. — A. P. Russell, already known by his readable mosaic of Library Notes, has written a historical and biographical sketch of Thomas Corwin (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), which will be welcomed by all to whom the man was a striking figure in American life. — Louise, Queen of Prussia, is a translation from the German of August Kluckhohn, by Elizabeth H. Denio (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), of a brief memorial, which gives in an agreeable form the character and behavior of an estimable woman. — By an odd chance the next book on our list is Harriet H. Robinson's Massachusetts in the Woman Suffrage Movement (Roberts), which aims at summing the several steps which have been taken up to the present day, and which have issued in the opportunity for woman now presented. — The Wit and Wisdom of Parliament, by Henry Lathford (Cassell), is a half-anecdotal history of Parliament, or rather a glance at striking and entertaining passages of that history, taken in order of time. It is of interest mainly to those who already have an acquaintance with the subject. — In a series of Diocesan Histories, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, that of Chichester has been issued, provided with a map, list of bishops, and index, and treated with a minuteness of detail which is of special interest only in Chichester. — In spite of the title-page of Mrs. Gustafson's book about Genevieve Ward (J. R. Osgood & Co.), it is neither a sketch nor a biography. It lacks the proper biographical perspective, and it is much too long for a sketch. The work occupies the border-land between domestic history and theatrical advertisement. If the writer had been wiser she would have been less entertaining. If she had had even a mild sense of humor she would have spared the reader that list of persons who have

formed matrimonial alliances with the Ward family since the glacial period. — Another dramatic biography, of a very different temper, is Mr. William Winter's charming account of the Jeffersons, which forms the second volume of Mr. Hutton's American Actor Series. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) — Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have completed their issue of Dickens's Letters by the publication of a third volume.

*Science.* The International Scientific Series (D. Appleton & Co., New York) has for its thirty-fourth volume a book on the sun, by C. A. Young, professor of astronomy in the College of New Jersey. The book was not written expressly for scientific readers nor for the masses, but, as the preface says, for those who, "without being themselves engaged in scientific pursuits, yet have sufficient education and intelligence to be interested in scientific subjects when presented in an untechnical manner." It offers a clear and precise view of what is known about the sun, and is very well illustrated. Whenever the question of what is certain and what men conjecture has come up the author has stated the facts on which conclusions are based, and frequently has indicated how much confidence can be placed on data. — The first annual report of the United States Geological Survey, by its director, Clarence King, has been issued from the Government Printing Office. It is devoted mainly to office reports and a sketch of what the organization is to effect. An excellent map, showing the geographical divisions of the survey, accompanies it. It is a pity that government should not employ a publisher for its reports. The present system is wasteful and inadequate. — Vol. XXXV. of the International Scientific Series is *Volcanoes: What they Are and What they Teach*, by John W. Judd, which gives an outline of the present state of knowledge upon the subject. (Appletons.) — *The Honey Ants of the Garden of the Gods and the Occident Ants of the American Plains* is a monograph by Henry C. McCook, D. D. (Lippincott), and one of interest to the general reader as well as the scientific student. — *J. Milner Fothergill, M. D.*, in his little book, *Animal Physiology* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), has succeeded in telling in an interesting way the "story" of the human body: the action of the muscles, respiration, digestion, circulation, and the construction and functions of the nervous system. As a rule such books, although intended, as this is, for use in elementary schools, and to incite in the young scholar a desire to know more of physiology, are made dull by a superabundance of badly arranged anatomical and technical terms. In this book, however, the reader will find a decided exception. — *The Elements of Integral Calculus* (Ginn, Heath & Co., Boston) has been written by W. E. Byerly, professor of mathematics at Harvard College, as a text-book. It is a sequel to *Treatise on Differential Calculus*, the fifth chapter of which, on account of frequent references to it, is added, and also a *Key to the Solution of Integral Equations*.

*Education.* Perhaps under this head may be included *The Elocutionist's Annual*, No. 9, edited by Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker (National School of Ed-



ucation and Oratory, Philadelphia), a book of "pieces," collected from various sources without much regard to perspective. — The plays of Cymbeline and Coriolanus complete the series of Shakespeare for schools and families which Rev. H. N. Hudson has been editing. (Ginn & Heath.) It is a pleasure to think how much more convenient it is for schools to take up the study of Shakespeare now, under the guidance of such judicious editors as Mr. Hudson and Mr. Rolfe. One may choose one or the other edition, but in either case he gets ever so much Shakespeare. — Mr. Rolfe's latest volume is Antony and Cleopatra. (Harpers.) — William Smith, the veteran editor, issues his appendix to *Initia Græca*, being Additional Exercises with Examination Papers. (Harpers.) The book ought to be serviceable to teachers who wish sight or dictation exercises, where other books are regularly used. — Harper's Classical Series for Schools and Colleges, edited by Professor Drisler, contains the Protagoras of Plato, by E. G. Shiller, Ph. D. The page is a neat one, though we do not like the German style of spacing words to give them emphasis.

*Fine Arts.* Mr. Bouton issues an edition of Chatto and Jackson's *A Treatise on Wood-Engraving*, which, in spite of the many volumes which have appeared since the original publication of this book, and of the varied discussion of the subject, remains a standard and encyclopædic work. It is only a pity that the cuts should have become worn. — The third volume of the seventh year of *L'Art*, sent by the same publishers, reminds one anew of the wealth of illustration offered by this journal, and its importance as a chronicle of contemporary art in the centre most productive and most influential. — Tennyson's *Song of the Brook* (Estes & Lauriat) is announced as the first of a series of similar books. There is little in this to distinguish it from the host of illustrated books which aim at a picture for every syllable.

*Books for Young People.* The *Prize Painting Book Good Times*, pictures by Dora Wheeler, words by Candace Wheeler (White and Stokes, New York), is a performance not to be praised on the part of the publishers who propose, the artist and poet who aid, and the parents who encourage children under sixteen to compete for prizes of seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five dollars, for the best filling in of color upon the black and white ground given. — The fifth volume in G. M. Towle's series of *Young Folks' Heroes of History* is devoted to the attractive subject of Raleigh, his Exploits and Voyages. Raleigh's connection with American history makes it doubly reasonable that boys and girls should know of him. (Lee & Shepard.) — The good work which the lamented Sidney Lanier had previously done in bringing Froissart and Malory into familiar nearness to young people was continued by him in a volume which appears since his death, *The Boy's Mabinogion*, being the *Earliest Welsh Tales of King Arthur* in the famous *Red Book of Hergest*. (Scribners.) Mr. Lanier's own high and honorable regard for the purest literature passes into such work as this. The southern love of joust has been turned to excellent purpose in this series. — The *Floating Prince* and

other *Fairy Tales*, by Frank R. Stockton, is a capital book, if one has lost all his reverence for fairy-tales. If the comparison is not too shocking, it is a sort of atheistical fairy-book, very funny, very clever, and very enjoyable, if one has got over his belief. If E. B. Bensell, as we think, drew the pictures, his name should certainly have been given. Nothing could be more in the spirit of the book. We recommend it to all parents, and they can do as they think best about showing it to their children. (Scribners.) — *A Trip Eastward*, by Edward Abbott, is the third in the series known as *The Long Look Books* (Henry D. Noyes & Co., Boston,) and may cheerfully be commended to all who like honest literature for the young. It is Jacob Abbott with an infusion of new blood. — Shakespeare for the Young Folk (Fords, Howard, and Hulbert) is a presentation of three plays, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As you Like It*, and *Julius Cæsar*, very much as the editor, R. R. Raymond, might read them to an audience of young people; that is, with parentheses of explanation between the more attractive and intelligible dramatic lines. The idea is capital and not ill carried out. — The weekly numbers of *Harper's Young People* for the year 1881, bound, make a liberal volume, which will have all the charm which bound volumes of magazines have for the youthful mind. — Boston is not likely to be hidden under a bushel; it is on three hills, as every one knows, and the season brings three books about it: one by Hezekiah Butterworth, entitled *Young Folks' History of Boston* (Estes & Lauriat), liberally illustrated, and generously annexing, for literary purposes, Concord and Mt. Auburn; one by Samuel Adams Drake, *Around the Hub* (Roberts), also illustrated, in which Mr. Drake's own and hereditary resources easily find outlet; and one by H. E. Scudder, *Boston-Town* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), in which a slight dramatic action is given to the narrative by the introduction of the familiar machinery of a grandfather and his grandsons. — The *Knockabout Club in the Woods* (Estes & Lauriat) gives the adventures of six young men in the wilds of Maine and Canada. It is by C. A. Stephens, already known by similar contributions; the animal spirits of the book compensate for some lack of literary skill. — *Chatterbox* (Estes & Lauriat) is getting to be a generic title of a book. This particular *Chatterbox* appears to be a mixture of English and American literary and artistic scraps. — *The Deserted Ship*, by George Cupples (A. Williams & Co., Boston), is a sailor's story, not unsuccessful in its salty flavor, and likely to be read with avidity by all boys who have been so unfortunate as not to be left behind in the polar regions. — *Driven to Sea*, or the *Adventures of Norrie Seton*, is by Mrs. George Cupples (Williams), the present edition being a reissue of a book published ten years ago, but quite worthy of being kept in remembrance. — Kate Greenaway's contribution this year is a delightful little *Mother Goose* (Routledge), all the prettier for not being too fine in its appearance, though we are well aware that the printing is not rude. — *Little Mook* and other *Fairy Tales*, by W. Hauff (Putnam's), translated by Percy E. Pinkerton, is a volume which



reminds one of some of the best classic wonder-stories by a vexatious nearness in form and distance in tone. — Hector (Roberts) will be welcomed by many when they read upon the title-page the name of Flora L. Shaw, the author of *Castle Blair*. — *Our Little Ones* (Lee & Shepard) is the bound volume of a monthly for young children, edited by William T. Adams, better known as Oliver Optic. It cannot always be commended for purity of English, and its contents in their variety require further editing by the judicious parent. — *The Young Folks' Robinson Crusoe* is an adaptation made fifty years or more ago by an estimable lady, Mrs. Farrar, of Cambridge, and now reissued under the editorship of William T. Adams. (Lee & Shepard.) In her work, Mrs. Farrar has omitted pretty much all of Robinson's mental history and moral and religious reflections. — An ambitious book is J. D. Champlin Jr.'s *Young Folks' History of the War for the Union*. (Holt.) Mr. Champlin is already known by his serviceable *Young Folks' Cyclopedias*, and we commit ourselves to his guidance in this matter with some confidence, which is not lessened by the title of his work. The conception involved in that is an important one. The narrative is full, it is straightforward, it introduces a boy whenever he can be found, and it is written without passion. The illustrations are rather worn, but the author has shown his good judgment in making frequent use of maps.

*Ethics and Religion.* Professor Blackie, whose literary activity takes him in various directions, has published a volume of *Lay Sermons* (Scribners), which are sermons inasmuch as they have texts and presume practical Christianity, and are lay by the accident of the preacher's position. That they were not pulpit deliverances gives a further secular character to the subjects discussed, which include Landlords and Land Laws and the Scottish Covenanters. The author is somewhat garrulous, sometimes crotchety, often vain, but is honest and always Scotch. — Among the sermons called out by President Garfield's death, two by Dr. Henry W. Bellows, *Before and After the President's Death* (Putnams), will remain as a record of the warm feeling which overflowed ordinary pulpit bounds. — *The New Ethics*, by Frank Sewall (Putnams), is an essay on the moral law of use; that the writer frankly confesses his discipleship of Swedenborg should not prejudice the reader against the perusal of a thoughtful and suggestive essay. — *The New Infidelity*, by Augustus Radcliffe Grote (Putnams), is a contribution toward an erenicon in this stage of the conflict of opinions; Mr. Grote would remove the occasion of war between religion and science by discovering to men that the real difference lies in the religious nature itself, with its twofold tendencies to paganism and superstition. The book is a thoughtful one, but the author is perhaps misled by his attachment to one or two theories which are not yet in good working order. — *The Conflicts of the Age* (Scribners) is a reprint in pamphlet form of four articles which have appeared in the *North American Review*, where they were intended to reflect the opinions of the age. They purport to be by an Evo-

lutionist, an Agnostic, a New Light Moralist, and a Yankee Farmer, though some doubt has been thrown upon the authenticity of the last title.

*Fiction.* *Kith and Kin* is by Jessie Fothergill, author of *The First Violin*, and is No. 130 of the *Leisure Hour Series*. (Holt.) Both of these facts give one a prejudice in favor of the book. — *Esau Hardery*, by William Osborn Stoddard, who is best known by a popular boy's story, is called on the title-page *A Novel of American Life* (White and Stokes, New York), and confronts one at once with the most familiar form of American country dialect. There is so much American life that a novel of it needs to be tolerably comprehensive. — The Appletons send out Victor Cherbuliez's *Noirs et Rouges* in Mrs. Sherwood's translation under the title of *Saints and Sinners*. — The latest volume of the *No Name Series* (Roberts) is *My Wife and my Wife's Sister*. — The indignation which the author of *How is Your Man?* (Lee & Shepard) feels toward that system of life insurance which goes by the incisive and ghastly nickname of "graveyard insurance" has driven him to write a story, with the hope that he may catch readers thus who would pay no attention to a remonstrance in any other form. The excuse must serve for an otherwise unpleasant piece of fiction. — In the *Trans-Atlantic Novels* (Putnams) have been printed *The Vicar's People*, by Geo. Manville Fenn, John Barlow's *Ward*, and *The Golden Tress*, translated from the French of Fortune du Boisgobey. — The Baroness Tautpheus's charming novel of *The Initials* has been issued by Peterson. Age cannot wither its charms, nor ofensive typography render it unreadable. — In the *Round Robin Series* (Osgood) of anonymous novels there have been published *Rosemary and Rue*, a pretty, wandering story of France and Newport, and *Damen's Ghost*, which is named with mysterious significance, *Damen* being as shadowy as the Ghost, and neither exercising any influence over the story. — *Eleanor Maitland*, by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement (Osgood), is a novel which recalls the age of serious fiction. — *Against the Stream*, by the author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*, takes its title from the purpose of the writer, who, under the guise of autobiographic reminiscences in the *England of Waterloo*, tells the story of individual Christian effort against the current of popular evil. A second book by the same author, entitled *Conquering and to Conquer*, is a story of Rome in the days of St. Jerome. A third, *Lapsed, but not Lost*, is a story of Roman Carthage. All three of these books, which are published by the London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and sent us by E. & J. B. Young & Co., of New York, labor under the disadvantages of their class of suggesting a frugal masquerade, but they at least offer topics for reflection above the range of much fiction, and they are serious and sometimes even thoughtful in their character. — The latest issues of the *Franklin Square Library* (Harpers) are *The Mysteries of Heron Dyke*, described as a novel of incident, Christowell, a Dartmoor tale, by R. D. Blackmore, and *The Comet of a Season*, by Justin McCarthy.

*Travel.* Lieutenant Schwatka made the longest



sledge journey on record when he made his search in the Arctic for the Franklin records; the account of the journey, made by his first officer, William H. Gilder, in a series of letters to the New York Herald, has been published in an octavo volume, under the title *Schwatka's Search* (Scribners), with maps and illustrations, and is a worthy addition to Arctic literature. — Florida is as attractive to book-makers as it is to those who have not yet gone there. The latest addition to its literature is *Florida for Tourists, Invalids, and Settlers*: containing practical information regarding climate, soil, and productions; cities, towns, and people; the culture of the orange and other tropical fruits; farming and gardening; scenery and resorts; sport, routes of travel, etc. By George M. Barbour. (Appletons.) Mr. Barbour writes with enthusiasm, but with intelligence also, and if he prophesies smooth things there will be many glad to believe him. A full map is in the volume. — *Through Cities and Prairie Lands*, by Lady Duffus Hardy (Worthington, New York), is a lady-like account of a journey which the author and a friend took in America. They brought with them a determination to be pleased, and a willingness to learn. — *Cuban Sketches*, by James W. Steele (Putnams), is a bright volume by an observing man who has lived long enough in the island to have a right to opinions as well as impressions. — A timely volume of travel is in Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's *South Sea Sketches* (Osgood), the report by a cultivated lady of the countries lying along the Pacific coast of South America. Mrs. Dahlgren accompanied her husband when he was in command of the South Pacific Squadron. The author is not only a good reporter of what she sees, but a sensible commentator. — In *A Pickwickian Pilgrimage* (Osgood), Mr. John R. G. Hassard has taken Dickens for a guide in some saunterings which enabled him to identify the local habitation of characters who had become more real to him and other readers of Dickens than the actual people whom he met in his journey. His record is agreeable reading if one carries Dickens in his heart as well as his head. — *My First Holiday*, by Caroline H. Dall (Roberts), consists of a series of letters home from Colorado, Utah, and California. With the conscience of a critic we have read Mrs. Dall's Preface, when, with the irresponsible feelings of a reader, we should have omitted one with so impolite a heading as *A Preface to be Read*. The book as a whole will scarcely add to the accurate knowledge one may desire to have of the country traversed, since he will begin to doubt the qualifications of the writer to report clearly, her own querulous personality always getting in the way.

*Literature.* *Half-Hours with Greek and Latin*

Authors is a volume intended to popularize the ancient classics by a selection from translations, accompanied by biographical notices; the book is in the interest especially of young people in schools. It is edited by G. H. Jennings and W. S. Johnston. (Appletons.) — The reissue of Dr. Holland's writings (Scribners), in uniform style, many years after the appearance of the first, looks like a verdict by the generation upon the endurance of his writings, so we record here the reappearance of Timothy Titcomb's *Letters and Gold Foil*, his *Lessons in Life and Plain Talks*, books which need no apology with a large number of readers. — E. H. Plumptre's translations of Sophocles and Æschylus come in a neat dress in two volumes. (Routledge.) — *Country Pleasures*, the *Chronicle of a Year*, by George Milner (Roberts), is a delightful addition to a class of books which already has choice representatives, reports of nature drawn by one who is equally at home in field and library.

*Criticism.* Mr. Appleton Morgan, whose previous scattered papers on the subject have before this enrolled him in the company of Shakespeare doubters, has published now *The Shakespearean Myth*, William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), in which he employs chiefly external evidence to prove again that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare's works. The apostles of this negative creed may console themselves for the inertia of their audience by the reflection that the world is stupid. He makes a clever hit in publishing in a couple of pages the *Complete Poetical Works of William Shakespeare*. — A new edition of *Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* (John R. Anderson & Co., New York and Chicago) will be welcomed by many who have used up their old edition in a vain search for the word they wanted, and for which they could offer in exchange several words that just failed of being the right ones. We fear that the elaborate analysis by Mr. Roget is the only part of the book never really studied. — A liberal construction of our title permits us to name here Charles Dudley Warner's essay on *The American Newspaper* (Osgood), read before the Social Science Association, and issued now in a convenient form for aspiring editors. Whatever Mr. Warner writes on such a subject would scarcely be speculative. — M. Alexandre Beljame sends his *Le Public et les Hommes de Lettres en Angleterre au dix-huitième Siècle* (Hachette, Paris), an octavo volume devoted to Dryden, Addison, and Pope, and containing a careful bibliography at the close. — A new edition of President Porter's useful *Books and Reading* has been furnished, with a compact, well-chosen, select catalogue of books, by J. M. Hubbard, arranged under topics, but confined chiefly to history, travels, and literature.



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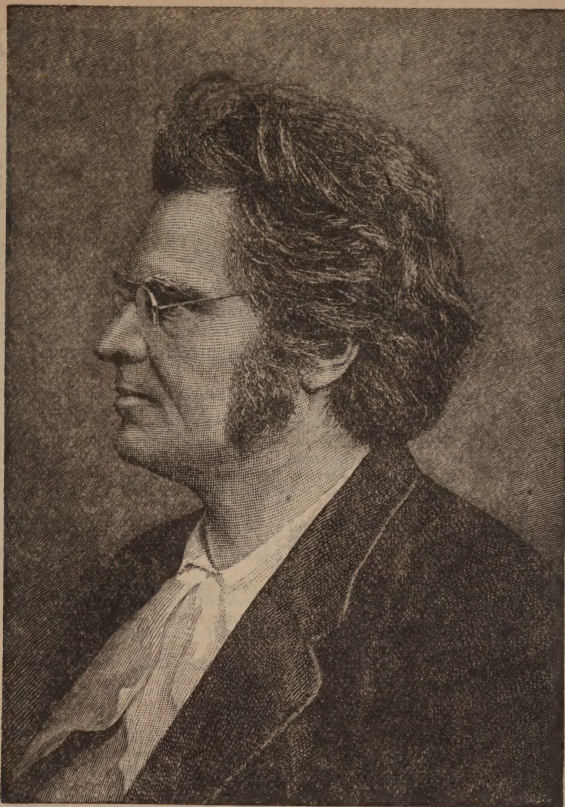
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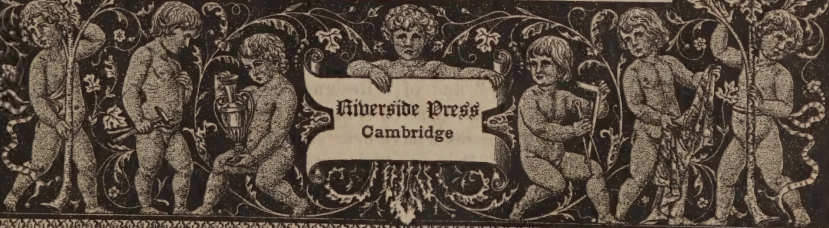
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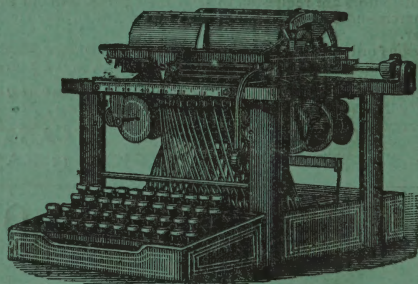
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THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS.

THE skipper sailed out of the harbor mouth,  
Leaving the apple-bloom of the South  
For the ice of the Eastern seas,  
In his fishing schooner Breeze.

Handsome and brave and young was he,  
And the maidens of Newbury sighed to see  
His lessening white sail fall  
Under the sea's blue wall.

Through the Northern Gulf and the misty screen  
Of the isles of Mingan and Madeleine,  
St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,  
The little Breeze sailed on

Backward and forward along the shore  
Of wild and desolate Labrador,  
And found at last her way  
To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below  
Great hills white with lingering snow,  
With its tin-roofed chapel stood  
Half hid in the dwarf spruce wood;

Green-turfed, flower-sown, the last outpost  
Of summer upon the dreary coast,  
With its gardens small and spare,  
Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner lay,  
A fisherman's cottage looked away  
Over isle and bay, and behind  
On mountains dim-defined.



And there twin sisters, fair and young,  
Laughed with their stranger guest, and sung  
In their native tongue the lays  
Of the old Provençal days.

Alike were they, save the faint outline  
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine;  
And both, it so befell,  
Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,  
But the heart of the skipper clave to one;  
Though less by his eye than heart  
He knew the twain apart.

Despite of alien race and creed,  
Well did his wooing of Marguerite speed;  
And the mother's wrath was vain  
As the sister's jealous pain.

The shrill-tongued mistress her house forbade,  
And solemn warning was sternly said  
By the black-robed priest, whose word  
As law the hamlet heard.

But half by voice and half by signs  
The skipper said, "A warm sun shines  
On the green-banked Merrimac;  
Wait, watch, till I come back.

"And when you see, from my mast head,  
The signal fly of a kerchief red,  
My boat on the shore shall wait;  
Come, when the night is late."

Ah! weighed with childhood's haunts and friends,  
And all that the home sky overbends,  
Did ever young love fail  
To turn the trembling scale?

Under the night, on the wet sea sands,  
Slowly unclasped their plighted hands:  
One to the cottage hearth,  
And one to his sailor's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard?  
Nor leaf, nor ripple, nor wing of bird,  
But a listener's stealthy tread  
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.



He weighed his anchor, and fished once more  
By the black coast-line of Labrador;  
And by love and the north wind driven,  
Sailed back to the Islands Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain  
Saw the Breeze come sailing in again;  
Said Suzette, "Mother dear,  
The heretic's sail is here."

"Go, Marguerite, to your room, and hide;  
Your door shall be bolted!" the mother cried:  
While Suzette, ill at ease,  
Watched the red sign of the Breeze.

At midnight, down to the waiting skiff  
She stole in the shadow of the cliff;  
And out of the Bay's mouth ran  
The schooner with maid and man.

And all night long, on a restless bed,  
Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite said;  
And thought of her lover's pain  
Waiting for her in vain.

Did he pace the sands? Did he pause to hear  
The sound of her light step drawing near?  
And, as the slow hours passed,  
Would he doubt her faith at last?

But when she saw, through the misty pane,  
The morning break on a sea of rain,  
Could even her love avail  
To follow his vanished sail?

Meantime the Breeze, with favoring wind,  
Left the rugged Moisis hills behind,  
And heard from an unseen shore  
The falls of Manitou roar.

On the morrow's morn, in the thick, gray weather  
They sat on the reeling deck together,  
Lover and counterfeit,  
Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her forehead fair  
He smoothed away her jet-black hair.  
What was it his fond eyes met?  
The scar of the false Suzette!



Fiercely he shouted: "Bear away  
East by north for Seven Isles Bay!"  
The maiden wept and prayed,  
But the ship her helm obeyed. -

Once more the Bay of the Isles they found;  
They heard the bell of the chapel sound,  
And the chant of the dying sung  
In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

A feeling of mystery, change, and awe  
Was in all they heard and all they saw:  
Spell-bound the hamlet lay  
In the hush of its lonely bay.

And when they came to the cottage door,  
The mother rose up from her weeping sore,  
And with angry gestures met  
The scared look of Suzette.

"Here is your daughter," the skipper said;  
"Give me the one I love instead."  
But the woman sternly spake:  
"Go, see if the dead will wake!"

He looked. Her sweet face still and white  
And strange in the noonday taper light,  
She lay on her little bed,  
With the cross at her feet and head.

In a passion of grief the strong man bent  
Down to her face, and, kissing it, went  
Back to the waiting Breeze,  
Back to the mournful seas.

Never again to the Merrimac  
And Newbury's homes that bark came back.  
Whether her fate she met  
On the shores of Carraquette,

Miscou, or Tracadie, who can say?  
But even yet at Seven Isles Bay  
Is told the ghostly tale  
Of a weird, unspoken sail,

In the pale, sad light of the Northern day  
Seen by the blanketed Montagnais,  
Or squaw, in her small kyack,  
Crossing the spectre's track.



On the deck a maiden wrings her hands ;  
 Her likeness kneels on the gray coast sands :  
     One in her wild despair,  
     And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before no earthly blast,  
 With the red sign fluttering from her mast,  
     Over the solemn seas,  
     The ghost of the schooner Breeze !

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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### SOME TRAITS OF BISMARCK.

THE first time that I saw Prince Bismarck — it was ten years ago — I had a singular illustration of the nervousness which may be bred in the strongest natures by the constant presence of known though invisible dangers. It was at the close of a session of the Reichstag. I happened to hurry down the stairs just before adjournment, and to shoot out somewhat abruptly through a public door, just as the chancellor emerged from an adjoining private entrance, alone and busy with his thoughts. As he saw me he gave an involuntary start, and seemed almost to shrink back within the passage ; but recovered himself instantly, of course, and moved on. The incident was a trifling one, yet it was characteristic of the personal difficulties of statesmanship in Germany. Up to that time the prince had been the object of but one murderous attempt, and the reams of threatening letters received by him he doubtless regarded, in the spirit of the familiar adage, as an assurance of long life and a peaceful death. But to those radical enemies, of whom young Blind was the representative, he had since added the whole French nation, whom his arms and his diplomacy had crushed, and the Roman Catholics of his own country, on whom his ecclesiastical policy had begun to press ; and although the French have not proved to

be assassins, his instincts in regard to the church were correct, for Kullmann must be added to the glorious company of the Gérards, the Clements, and the Ravailleurs, — less famous only because less successful. Now, the recollection of past perils, and the apprehension of others, certain though hidden, would not make a brave man timid, but they would make him watchful and suspicious. They make wise precautions a duty as well as a right ; and in Bismarck's case these have grown more stringent with time, so that now he steps from his room in the Diet directly into a close carriage, and rarely walks abroad in public.

Happily the dispatch which announced the attempt of Kullmann announced also its failure, and despondency was not added to the indignation of the public. But the incident violently revived among the Germans the sense, sometimes dormant, never wholly extinct, of a cruel possibility — for they refuse to concede the necessity — that Bismarck, though he had twice escaped the assassin, was not invulnerable or immortal, and that his death, or even some cause less than death, would some day rob the empire of his services, and throw it upon its own copious but clumsy and untried resources. Since that time a series of events has repeatedly thrown the country into a state of agitation and alarm. The chan-



cellor has been often ill, — several times gravely, once, at least, dangerously. He has twice resigned; and although both resignations were withdrawn, and certain audacious skeptics even pretend that neither was seriously meant, they gave a powerful stimulus to that element of pessimism which, in spite of an outward show of confidence and enthusiasm, is widely diffused among thinking German patriots. The prospect of an appalling calamity grows, therefore, more real from year to year. The nation is aware of this sinister possibility, and in its more resolute moments even treats as probable what seemed once only possible. When it makes one further advance, and recognizes the ultimate loss of Bismarck as a stern necessity, it may begin to make some provision for the future by reflection, by consultation, and by contingent measures, which at the proper time can be changed into acts and institutions. But of this ordinary prudence there is no sign at present. History affords, of course, other instances of this close relation between a single statesman and the fortunes of his country: that of Holland and William of Orange is one, strikingly similar in many respects. And what the brilliant historian of the Dutch republic says of William and the effects of his untimely death will not unfitly describe a crisis toward which Germany is approaching. Habit, necessity, and the natural gifts of the man had combined, says Motley, “to invest him with an authority which seemed more than human. There was such general confidence in his sagacity, courage, and purity that the nation had come to think with his brain and act with his hand.” It is certain, too, that in Germany, as in the Netherlands, there will be “a feeling as of absolute and helpless paralysis.”

Whether the parallel may be completed to the end, whether the character of Bismarck, too, has been “steadily

expanding as the difficulties of his situation increased,” is a question which history and criticism will undertake to answer, and which can be answered with success, and without indecency, only after his career shall have been closed.

The presence of the man still among the living and his continued activity among the working prevent a complete and final judgment; the nearness of the point from which observations are taken may impair even the correctness of a mere portrait. My own acquaintance with the chancellor is indeed so very slight, that I have no right to feel or express the personal sympathy which becomes the friend and companion. But one cannot live for a number of years in the vicinity of so prominent a man, in an occupation which requires while it facilitates close, careful, and uninterrupted study of his character and work, and above all when the study is guided by a genuine regard for the cause and the people that he serves, without feeling admiration pass gradually into personal interest, and interest into a species of immediate affection. Few men have been, in fact, better fitted than Bismarck to encourage this development in the moods of the observer. He is admired or feared much more than he is loved; but he is loved, though perhaps with a vague romantic, rather than a rational attachment, to an extent which it is difficult to realize from a distance, and of which the victims of the passion are themselves not always proud. The most practical and realistic of statesmen, his measures are never wholly free from that veil of mystery which, by concealing ugly features to the sense, often beautifies them to the fancy. With a most robust personality, in which everything is massive and real, he has yet produced finer dramatic effects, and won the attention of larger audiences, than any other statesman of modern times. He is serious, grave, and occasionally even despondent; is irritable and im-



petuous; hates to be forced to convince, though not unwilling to argue; can be cruel even to a fallen if still unrepentant foe; is in short defaced by many faults of temper and temperament: but his proportions are still so vast, and his energies so impressive, that he awes even while inviting the most hostile criticism. The Laocoön is painful and repulsive at first, but time and familiarity make its most cruel contortions lovely to the artistic eye.

One secret of Bismarck's power of fascination over the German people lies without doubt in the intellectual sympathy which was established between them after 1866. Up to that time he had been judged only by the outward, superficial, and transient aspects of his policy, without reference to — for the greater part even in ignorance of — its ultimate aims; and this is equally true of conservatives and of liberals. The conservatives saw him trampling the constitution of Prussia under his feet, and that act of destruction seemed so praiseworthy that they refused to search into his motives. The liberals saw only an arbitrary, violent, reckless course, which the laws did not permit, which no public programme made clear, and which no prospect of success encouraged; they condemned what they could not understand. But Sadowa changed that as by a touch of magic. All parties hastened to embrace and applaud the successful man: the liberals because he had achieved their purpose; the conservatives because he had achieved it with their means. The greatest statesman of the age, he was also recognized as the most characteristic of Germans, — the type as well as hero of the nation; a combination of Luther, Götz von Berlichingen, and Marshal Vorwärts; a brawny, swaggering giant, fond of eating, drinking, and fighting, gifted with a coarse, telling humor, ready with the Latin of a "corps" student, yet with a serious purpose beneath the noise of spurs and beer glasses,

beneath billingsgate doggerel and insolence, and a will which admirably served his purpose. No such picturesque character has appeared in Germany since Frederick the Great, and in some respects he understands his countrymen better than ever the hero of *Sans Souci* did. He has never, for instance, shocked their religious sense by his own indifference. He is a blunt, stern, almost brutal rationalist, while Frederick, except in war, showed a strong taste for foppish, sentimental, and fantastic methods. It is impossible to imagine Bismarck playing an unskillful flute, or composing French ballads, like a lovesick school-boy. The deadly foe of everything like dilettanteism, he saw at once through the shallowness and insufficiency of the liberal plan; put Germany "in the saddle," as he had promised; fought out the battles of his generation with "blood and iron, not with parliamentary speeches;" and restored the mediæval brigands to the place which had so long been usurped by a race of dyspeptic philosophers. Nay, he even confirmed in a startling way one of the favorite theories of the philosophers themselves. They had long taught, some of them, that civilization was but an unsubstantial polish, beneath which was hidden the savage man in all his picturesque ugliness. Bismarck rubbed off this polish, and presented the original, uncorrupted German: a brawling trooper, equipped for desperate work; fighting with Barbarossa, robbing with Carl Moor, burning towns with Tilly, saying mass with the priest before sacking his church, and drinking with the landlord before robbing his till; a strange compound of frankness and ferocity, of depravity and superstition, of barbarian morals and barbarian valor. This personage, little changed by time, with more decorum, indeed, but less humor, more method, but less generosity, he called forth to complete the task on which poets, pedagogues, and barristers had



spent their feeble strength. It was a hazardous game, and, confident of success, the bold gambler did not neglect to provide for failure. A popular legend credits him with the intention of blowing out his brains on the battle-field, if Sadowa had been lost. The plan was worthy of him, and is not improbable; but it has been stated by the prince himself that his more reasonable purpose was to flee to America, in case of disaster, and found a new existence this side of the Atlantic. What a field of speculation is opened by the thought of so illustrious an exile! What a commotion would have been caused among the crude triflers of American politics if this martial figure had stalked upon the scene with helmet and sabre and cavalry boots!

But Sadowa was won, not lost; and the Treaty of Prague introduced the first of Germans to his own people. From an ethical point of view, the haste with which the liberals pardoned and embraced the audacious law-breaker was of course wholly wrong. His crime, though successful, was still crime. But if the prince's profound knowledge of the German character gave him the assurance that a prompt indemnity would await his triumphant return from Bohemia, it is no less true that the act of indemnity was also the public recognition of a man whom the country had hitherto refused to know. Even his patriotism had been denied; but could he still be arraigned as a traitor before the delegates of universal suffrage assembled in a German parliament? The question was clearly absurd. The most astute became also the most patriotic of statesmen, and from this original discovery the Germans have made rapid progress in knowledge. They have learned not only to have implicit confidence in his judgment, but also, by a species of acquired sympathy, to anticipate his judgment, to predict his course in the most complex questions that arise,

to understand and almost to enjoy the shadows which relieve without obscuring the greatness of his character.

As an illustration of this truth one might cite the species of intuition with which the people foresee and welcome his appearance in the debates. The chancellor is not a frequent attendant in the Diet, nor even a regular one. To a foreigner the motives which cause his appearance, or his absence, seem often incomprehensible. He seldom announces his purpose in advance even to his nearest friends, and inquiry of them proves invariably fruitless; yet with no apparent clew to guide them, except a vague opinion as to the course which discussion on any given day is likely to take, the public have an almost infallible instinct for the visit and participation of the prince. The society of the capital seems charged as by an electric current with a subtle prescience of the event. Unfaithful deputies, whose faces are seldom seen, slip into their seats at the sound of the president's bell; an adjutant or secretary from the palace listens as proxy in the name of the emperor; the diplomatists finger their gold-headed canes while they await the most consummate master of their art; the reporters look nervous and important; and from the general galleries a thousand eager eyes concentrate their gaze upon the chancellor himself, or the place which he usually takes.

Such an audience is very rarely disappointed. It may be early or late in the proceedings, the progress of which will have been faithfully reported to the prince at his house, but at the critical moment, — shortly before a vote, perhaps, or during the speech of some favorite adversary, — a door in the rear of the hall swings open, and from a room behind the president's chair emerges a tall figure, wearing the undress uniform of a cavalry general, and resting his hand upon the hilt of a massive sabre. A quick glance over the hall, a bow to



the president, and he strides forward to his place at the head of the elevated seats reserved for the members of the government. His entry seems to conform almost to a scheme of discipline, so loyal is he to his mannerisms. He settles himself in his chair; glances first over the notes taken by a subordinate; reads such letters as he finds on his desk; scans the latest telegrams, conveniently disposed for his use; and after these formalities he is ready to lean back in his seat, throw one leg over the other, and examine the audience through his eye-glass. All this may take ten minutes, and the prince then begins serious work. If the debate is languid, and his intervention is not at once needed, he opens the portfolios, if any have been sent down from the foreign office, and looks at the dispatches and other original drafts, submitted for his correction or signature. Otherwise he listens closely to the speeches, and makes frequent notes, in a coarse, scrawling hand, with a pencil about twenty inches long. He is a singularly fair mark for the shafts of a malicious rival. In parliament, under the keen personal thrusts of men like Windthorst or Richter, the admirable self-command which makes him so accomplished a diplomatist seems entirely to desert him: he becomes nervous and restless; fumbles with his pen, his handkerchief, sometimes ominously even with his sword; and betrays his irritation in many little ways that would be fatal to a man without other opportunities than those of the debater and the orator. Adulation would say that his is the weakness of the lion, which, vexed by the gnat, is condemned to resist only with the weapons and tactics of the gnat. Yet, when he is aroused, he can sting with a repartee equal to the best that the house produces. Unsparing of persons and prodigal of wit, he has one power not possessed in an equal measure by any of his foes,—the power of putting some impressive

truth, some vivid national aspiration, into a terse, homely, yet picturesque form, which at once becomes a maxim, endowed with eternal life. Everybody is familiar with those sonorous phrases, but not everybody is aware how little they depend for effect upon oratorical art, and how much upon the sum of the prince's personal and political opportunities. Mr. Phillips is fond of describing an incident, reported by Lowell, from the later years of Daniel Webster. The young, vigorous, active republican party was growing up about the great veteran, threatening to leave him with only a small group of personal followers. Faneuil Hall made a last effort to avert the catastrophe. A meeting was called; Mr. Webster was the chief speaker; and at the close of his remarks he advanced to the front of the platform, drew his great figure up to its full height, and, with the old manner of the lion once more upon him, said, "You may dissolve the Whig party, gentlemen, indeed; but in that case what are you going to do with me?" The effect, continues Mr. Lowell, was overwhelming. We shuddered at the thought of finding another place large enough for such a Colossus. But if he had been only four feet six we should have laughed, and answered, "Who cares what becomes of you?" In the same way Bismarck's power in parliament depends not on his language or his thoughts, though both are excellent; nor on his manner, which is tame, weak, and vicious; nor even, in an oratorical sense, on his physical presence, noble and commanding as it is, or once was; but rather on the respect that he inspires, and the authority that he wields, through his talent, his courage, his fame, and his position. Thus, if Mr. Deputy Lasker had exclaimed, "We shall not go to Canossa!" the country would have retorted, "What do you know about it?" The chancellor could, however, make such a declaration, in a shuffling, indolent manner, with



no rhetorical force whatever; and yet it thrilled the people like the tones of a mighty prophet, because, as repeated from mouth to mouth, and echoed by thousands of patriotic sheets, it was a pledge given alike to the meanest peasant and the richest burgher by the man who had led Germany through fire, tempest, and blood to Sadowa and Sedan, to unity, strength, and confidence, and had at his command the accumulated culture, the science, the moral and physical resources, of the nineteenth century. The aged patriot heard the words, and revived with a sense of new life. The young man looked abroad over the reunited fatherland, throbbing with ingenuous pride at the energy of its own organs, and in his fancy thousands and thousands of German soldiers were seen hurrying toward the south, scaling the Alps as they had scaled the Vosges, bridging the Po and the Tiber as they had bridged the Seine and the Loire, until that priestly insolence which for centuries had harrassed the fortunes of the country was hunted, like the monster in the Faërie Queene, to its loathsome den, and at last forever silenced.

Incidents like these seem to raise Bismarck, at long intervals, to the height of real oratory. But in general he hates phrases, even patriotic phrases; and, rightly shunning a style of address in which hundreds of paltry rhetoricians, ancient and modern, are his rivals, prefers a grotesque and caustic humor, which is more natural and not less effective. In this he has never had a superior. All his speeches are seasoned with it, and never fail, accordingly, to be entertaining, in spite of the exasperating sophisms which they now and then offer to the specialist. Thus, when interrogated once in the Diet about the part which Germany was taking in the negotiations for a congress on the Eastern question, he made a long explanatory reply; but the substance of the whole was condensed in a significant

figure taken from the language of the exchange. He was nothing more, he said, than the "honest broker" in the transaction, the intermediary who carries out the orders of his principals. The country was at once reassured. Germany's interests could not be very deeply engaged in the business if Bismarck was willing to be a mere agent of the Beaconsfields and Gortschakows, of the Turk, the Briton, and the Muscovite. This gift of quaint drollery the prince uses impartially for the gravest and the humblest objects. I remember an occasion when the Diet seemed inclined to grumble over a proposed appropriation for improving the spacious garden which belongs to his official residence; but he turned all such scruples into ridicule by observing, dryly, that he asked for the money only as the guardian of state property; that if the garden was to be kept at all it ought to be improved; that he, personally, cared nothing whatever about it; and that, so far as he was concerned, the house might, if it chose, "turn it into a turnip patch." The house was of course convulsed, and an appropriation voted, in which the chancellor really had a most vivid interest. For the garden so contemptuously disowned plays no small part in the economy of his life. Under its massive trees, along its salubrious paths, he enjoys all of nature that in latter years Berlin seems to offer him. With no other company than his faithful dog, he there composes his speeches, meditates on the future of his country, and makes and unmakes the map of Europe. It was there that he received the first official visit of Bayard Taylor, and, walking up and down with him under the great oaks, discussed like a poet the secrets of the poetic art. The garden was therefore not only agreeable, but even indispensable to him; and his droll show of indifference covered its enemies with fatal derision.

With all his pugnacity, his temper,



and his wit, he is nevertheless very unskillful in the use of invective. He lacks the power of pathetic and indignant declamation; and the outbursts of childish petulance with which he answers hostile criticism pain the house by their contrast with his vast proportions, physical and political. His passion finds too easy expression in unmanly sneers, which defeat their own purpose. Justly sensible of the difficulties of his place, and knowing that he enjoys the confidence of the country, he resents even the proper suggestions of the country's deputed counselors as fresh obstacles ungratefully thrown in his way. To escape the speeches of Eugene Richter, a persistent but perfectly decorous critic, he had nothing better than the silly expedient of running out of the hall. Lasker and Schorlemer invariably put him into a furious passion. Yet when most angry he is least eloquent in manner and in matter; so that his more judicious friends never fail to be uneasy when, with trembling voice and twitching hands, and a frame swaying with fierce emotion, he strives to answer the personal attacks of cool and practiced debaters. It is likely that he will shock by coarseness of speech, and yet fail through weakness of style. Titanic wrath finds Lilliputian utterance. An Achilles in courage, he is a Thersites in debate, as often as the candid censure of friends or the vicious taunts of foes goad him into the loss of his temper.

The strictures of the editors are borne by the prince with even less patience than those of the deputies. Parliament, though an evil, is a qualified, or at least a necessary evil, while the press is neither the one nor the other, nor anything but an illegitimate and mischievous concern; a vagabond in politics and society; full of idle curiosity which scruples at no means; a beggar by trade, yet stealing where it cannot beg; dull without decorum, impudent without wit,

officious without zeal for the public good, and critical without a sense of responsibility. He tolerates it, therefore, only within the most rigorous limitations. A certain freedom in the discussion of measures, being necessary to its existence, is grudgingly conceded; but personal criticism is made difficult by a variety of ingenious and annoying restrictions, which no other public official enforces so often and so vindictively as Prince Bismarck. It is dangerous for a newspaper to treat him with offensive levity. Skepticism in regard to his political ability is no less criminal than imputations upon his personal honor. There is, in fact, almost no disrespectful newspaper paragraph which does not find the prince ready with a denunciation, the public prosecutor with an indictment, the court with a sentence, and the jailer finally with a cell for the audacious author. It used even to be said that the sensitive statesman kept a supply of blank forms to facilitate his part in this system of justice.

Hatred of the press is a feeling which Bismarck neither controls nor conceals. Of his many prejudices, this is perhaps the strongest; and it is certainly the one of which the gratification most often places him in an unworthy and ridiculous light. To arraign an editor for writing, say, that his highness is but an indifferent horseman makes his irritability public, and therefore absurd. But this form of vengeance can less easily be taken upon personal enemies. Count von Arnim was indeed hunted from court to court, and from prison to prison, until exile became his only relief from the implacable chancellor; and there have been other victims, less exalted, but scarcely less unfortunate. They may all, like Arnim, have deserved punishment, and the tribunals are doubtless just. With the trials of journalism constantly before them, the minister and the diplomatist had no excuse for being ignorant of the truth that whenever a



statesman makes traitors to the commonwealth out of critics of his person or policy, and has power equal to his disposition, the courts of law may easily become agents of torture, and the penalties of crime seem as cruel as the judgments of the Inquisition. But at length a point is reached beyond which even this system fails to work. To abbreviate the path and hasten the triumph of the prince's vengeance is the delight of zealous courts; but an awkward prejudice still requires some formal offense, some tangible misdemeanor, to be proved against the victims. For a large class of obnoxious persons a new method, independent of judge or jury, has therefore been devised.

But since this method is used chiefly against subordinate officials, hardened to bear pain with the fortitude of the savage, and works as an ordinary process of the bureaucratic machine, it escapes the public eye in all except the most notorious cases. Its effects are known through conjecture rather than observation. Certain officials are recognized and pitied as objects of the prince's displeasure, and as exposed to an endless series of personal and professional indignities, which they are expected to endure without complaint. Age, length of service, even transcendent ability, are no guarantee of good treatment. Men who had been writing for the state while Bismarck was still in his cradle, who have loyally and efficiently served three kings, and whose record for official conduct is pure as the untrodden snow have only the alternative of at least outward compliance with every whim and opinion of the despotic minister, or of breaking down under a coarse system of petty and malignant persecution. The best safeguard of official tenure is obscurity; after that, employment in a branch of the service more remote from the prince's observation. Such a department is, for instance, that of justice. In its technical duties he has little

interest; and so long as the public prosecutors arraign all the scribblers who lampoon him in the press, and the judges duly punish the miscreants who throw treasonable beer glasses at his portrait in the restaurants, he allows Dr. Friedberg considerable freedom of action in the conduct of his office. Finance is another subject with which Bismarck once troubled himself but little. In Delbrück and Camphausen he had two specialists fully competent to manage the revenues of the country; and, repeatedly confessing his own ignorance, he deferred implicitly for many years to their better judgment. But in this field his original diffidence was at length overcome. He began to dabble in finance, to have economical opinions of his own, which were quite unlike those of his two experts; and, as a natural result, both of them retired from office. This is a species of independence which ministers of state owe to themselves. Their dignity requires, and their means commonly allow them to resent the affronts which timid, obscure, and peniless subordinates have to bear with equanimity, or ward off by abject submission.

Not all, however, even of the ministers are ready to assert their manhood against the master's imperious will. After Delbrück, for example, had resigned, because he put some value upon the opinions of a life-time, Bismarck looked about for an assistant who could rise above any such fantastic regard for consistency; and he tried Hofmann, the present incumbent. His judgment of character did not deceive him. Never was there an official who sacrificed his own convictions as well as his own self-respect so freely for the interests of the service. I was once present in the Reichstag when Bismarck felt it necessary to explain his own more direct interference in the details of administration; and, with Hofmann sitting by his side, he deliberately observed that when



Delbrück was president of the chancery he could leave everything with confidence to him, but that under his successor he was obliged to look more sharply after things himself. The house shuddered, and Hofmann attempted a genial smile. But he is still president of the chancery, and draws his salary to this day. The late minister of commerce, Dr. Achenbach, is another official equally meek, though he was not rewarded for his meekness in an equal degree. He is a dull, plodding, prosaic bureaucrat, ready to surrender everything except his salary, which he needs, to the real or the supposed exigencies of his chief. But the time came when the chancellor required brains as well as docility in the holder of the portfolio; and, instead of asking Dr. Achenbach politely for his resignation, he openly denounced him in the Prussian Diet for incompetency, and in this cruel style literally drove him out of office. Even then the doctor did not scruple to accept a minor post, better adapted to his capacity. A third case was in the Reichstag. The management of the Imperial Railway Bureau had been criticised; the head of that bureau was on the ministerial bench; and yet, in the most jaunty and cold-blooded manner, the chancellor declared that the management was bad because the place was not sufficiently paid to enable him to engage an efficient man!

To explain this strange heartlessness the Germans are accustomed to say that it is part of a system of government, and is required in each case by urgent reasons of state. It is political cruelty, but not personal, — a distinction which has, perhaps, a certain basis of truth. For it is no infrequent thing to see the prince calmly and benevolently stroking the back of some colleague whom, before an assembled Diet, he has just chastised in the most cruel and relentless manner; while the victim himself receives the caresses as if, in submitting to

the lash, he had performed a meritorious public action. Absence of malice on the part of the stern teacher is repaid by absence of resentment on the part of the suffering pupil, — a relation which carries one into a novel scheme of practical politics. But a delicate person would hardly be encouraged to seek employment in such a state. If he be unfortunate enough to arouse the hostility of Bismarck, he is likely to be tortured, day by day, with unfeeling persistence; yet not even the most complete self-abnegation, the most correct deportment, can give him the assurance that the public whipping-post will not be the ultimate test and reward of his patriotism. Friends feel themselves, therefore, but one degree safer than enemies. The sport of antipathies which are surprisingly keen and eager, and sway his judgment in the most trifling matters, the prince wants the corresponding faculty of strong affections, and never sacrifices a public interest to a personal friendship. He is best served by men who know how to avoid his hatred, and are willing to dispense with his love.

In his domestic and family attachments a gradual decline from extreme warmth to apparent indifference may be traced. The earlier and not the least trying years of his public career present him as a model of the fireside virtues: a faithful husband in the midst of unusual temptations; a father fond without folly, and just without rigor; a brother whose fraternal devotion has been not injudiciously revealed to the world in a most charming and instructive volume of letters. But the infirmities, moral and physical, of his advancing age, his growing absorption in the cares of state, and deepening hostility to all the seductions of repose and recreation have combined to dim the glow, if not the fervor, of his domestic affections. They may continue to burn with the same warmth, but they throw out a weak and ineffectual light. It would be neither unjust



to Bismarck nor dangerous to truth to assume that his private correspondence of the past decade contains few letters to "Malwine" on the proper cut of a lady's boot, and still fewer to his "*liebes Herz*" on the etiquette and ceremony of court balls.

This would be a safe assumption, if only for the reason that, shunning festivities of every sort, as he has done in recent years, the prince has few opportunities to observe and describe the piquant details of social life. His diplomacy never relied greatly, even in his militant days, on the dinner table. He seemed always indifferent to the charms as to the uses of the *salon*, and, for so accomplished a cavalier, little attracted, if not actually repelled, by the society of the fair sex. Nor is it probable that this is wholly, though it may be partly, due to the aversion which he early conceived, and has never lost, to the crown princess, and to the knowledge that the two most determined enemies, both of his person and of his policy, were the empress herself and her surviving predecessor, the widowed Queen Elizabeth. These antipathies were long a scandal of the capital; but Bismarck could hardly condemn an entire sex, and its favorite sphere of action and influence, on account of the faults of three, even when they were its most exalted representatives. This would have been illogical and unjust. The more probable supposition is rather that he has no very deep feeling either for or against society, but, being strong or bold enough to dispense with its aids and neglect its demands, simply devotes his time to more important work. During the congress of 1878 he attended but two entertainments, both at the palace, and even those, perhaps, because the invitations were equivalent to commands. The ambassadors all gave weekly receptions, and nearly every evening during the month had its appointed feast; yet the president of the congress, who, accord-

ing to etiquette, was also its representative host, shut himself up at home and toiled far into the night, while his colleagues supped and danced and flirted. I fear it must be added, too, that the prince is not hospitable, either in a diplomatic or a more general sense. Such an opinion may be heard, at least, timidly whispered about at Berlin. Even the obligatory entertainments which usage almost as stern as law puts upon a man in his position are reduced by him to the single annual dinner, which, on the emperor's birthday, the heads of foreign missions are permitted to enjoy; beyond this only the more favored can call themselves his guests; while the ladies of the corps never see the inside of his house. Thus he keeps his social accounts always severely balanced. Accepting no invitations, and giving none, he escapes the duty of gratitude, and gains the right to practice a noble frugality. The school-boy will recall in this connection the case of Pericles, who—in the text-books at least—avoided all the festivities of Athens, and found no relief from public cares except in what Mr. Grote calls his "tender domestic attachment" for Aspasia; but the belles of diplomatic society in Berlin, little awed by the prince's greatness, and using the privilege of the sex to resent neglect, accuse him of deliberate meanness, and cannonade his burly frame with volleys of spiteful epithets.

Nor are the ladies wholly propitiated by the series of receptions which for the last two or three winters the chancellor has been in the habit of giving, and which, perhaps because they serve a practical end, he seems fairly to enjoy. For even at those gatherings the sex, though permitted, is not enthusiastically welcomed, or largely represented. I refer to the so-called parliamentary soirées.

As the term implies, these soirées are held during the session, and always in direct aid of some pending scheme of leg-



isolation, or in connection with the general policy for which the prince desires to enlist the sympathy of the Diet. It is natural, therefore, that they should have an easy, democratic character, in the German sense. The guests are selected, formal invitations are issued, and black dress coats are *de rigueur*; so much is due to prejudice. But they are not buff parties or blue, High Church or Low, patrician or plebeian, radical or conservative, free trade or protectionist; are not a collection of either personal or political friends; are not the result of any partiality which could give them a marked partisan color or shape. It is not enough that the aspirant to an invitation be a deputy, nor necessary that he be favorable to some particular measure. Friends are of course preferred to enemies; but, in addition to the converts whom the prince wishes to reward, one may also see among the guests the men who are still doubting, though open to conviction; others whom it is impossible to convince, but impolitic to affront; and some even who are not members, not officials, and not connected at all, except by the tie of general interest, with political affairs. Journalists will be found hobnobbing with grave professors from the university. Art may have a representative in a painter who is about finishing the host's portrait, or an architect who has just won the contract for building improvements at Varzin. The family doctor, a general or two in stiff uniform, *attachés* of the foreign office, the cabinet ministers, bank presidents, country gentlemen, — these and other varieties are to be met; but the greater number are deputies, and the political interests of the session form, as already observed, the purpose and the key of all the proceedings. With a glass of Klosterbräu one seems to swallow indigestible pamphlets on the railway project. The wine is flavored with the tariff controversy, and persistent liberals choke over the fish

salad as they choked over the socialist bill, or other measures which were forced down their throat. The hospitality of the chancellor and his family is nevertheless perfectly frank, generous, and indiscriminating. In so large a number of guests it is of course impossible that each one can be specially noticed, and, the entertainment being of a stern political character, the host is bound to make the most judicious use of his time. But the rooms are free, and the etiquette unconstrained. Excellencies are easy of approach, and converse affably on the political situation with obscure men who neither cast nor control a vote. The great buffet, temporarily set up in one of the principal rooms, is supplied with cask after cask of salubrious beer from Bavaria, and is visited with growing frequency as the evening wears away. A long table will be spread with a cold collation, and Germans have good appetites. Such of them, finally, as desire more gentle pleasures, and are not above the weakness of gallantry, can stroll into the great *salle*, made famous by the sittings of the congress, and pay court to the princess or the few scraggy dowagers about her.

The most characteristic part of the feast is reserved, however, until late in the evening, after the ladies have been dismissed. Cigars are then handed around, but the chancellor prefers a long Turkish pipe, which a discerning lackey will bring him at the right moment, filled and ready for use. The tobacco parliament is opened. Debate there is, indeed, none; for, although suggestions and inquiries may now and then be thrown out timidly by the listeners, the proceedings consist practically of a sustained monologue, which the prince addresses to the group sitting near him in chairs, or standing farther away in a semicircular fringe about the chairs; nor are any formal conclusions adopted. There is nevertheless a well-considered



method in the programme. Unable to speak without entertaining, the prince has the art and the privilege of blending instruction with entertainment, the useful with the pleasant; and thus compels the most frivolous guest to pause at some grave practical truth, while laughing at incomparable jokes. Indeed, the kernel of the discourse is perhaps to be found, only half concealed, in the jokes themselves, or the stories. With him these are something besides a mere rhetorical device. He not only puts his hearers in good humor by pleasantries, thus gaining a favorable ear for his cause, but he actually combines precept and illustration with such art and in such proportions that his hearers are already convinced, while they think they are only amused. That anecdote was not the setting of his proposition; it was the proposition itself. This pun is not an insignificant *jeu d'esprit*, but a vital truth, or a sophism which the prince wishes to see accepted as a truth. And thus the last hour of the evening passes away. A score or more of admiring guests, in full evening costume, dimly visible through the smoke, listening to the words of a very unmilitary-looking giant in military clothes, who discourses of the tariff or the currency in a delightfully varied stream of humor, wit, and story; of illustrations from history and incidents from his own experience; of shrewd common sense, lofty political reason,\* and fallacies made attractive and almost respectable, until the morning hours begin to strike, the lackeys dare to yawn, and with a parting joke, washed down with a final libation, the circle is broken up and the lights extinguished, — scenes like these can never be forgotten by one privileged to witness them, but become rather the more firmly fixed in the memory by the approach of that inevitable catastrophe which must put an end to them forever.

At the time when the tobacco parliament began to flourish in full vigor

the prince had long been struggling with the distemper which hard work, sedentary habits, a villainous diet, and sleepless nights had planted in his originally robust system. His form has already lost the symmetry that once dazzled the salons of Paris and St. Petersburg. The frame is indeed there, but age and suffering have reduced its impressive height, and corpulency has destroyed its noble and impressive proportions. Without the firm and stately carriage of his early years, he moves clumsily under the weight of superfluous flesh and consuming disease; the glare of his eye, though still fierce, is unnatural and unwholesome; his mustache has grown gray and thin; his face is scarred with the fatal marks which betray the secret of his regimen; his whole appearance, though striking and at times still commanding, is unmistakably that of a man broken in health, and condemned by the inflexible laws of nature. Nobody except the doctor ever knows, indeed, how ill the prince actually is. Whether in Berlin, or at the baths of Kissingen, or at his rustic estate of Varzin, he suffers no public diagnosis to alarm the world by an unfavorable, or to reassure it by a favorable report. He is sensitive upon this as upon so many other points of personal concern; and the mysteries of the foreign office are not more jealously guarded than those of his physical condition. Reduced, therefore, to speculation, the country snatches eagerly at every sign or symptom. Incidents often trivial in themselves are magnified into sombre omens, which foretell the death of the chancellor, or at least his retirement, and all the appalling consequences of such an event, — political paralysis, civil rebellion, foreign war, the disruption of the empire, the ruin of the fatherland. The enemies of Bismarck are accustomed to say that he himself encourages these sinister rumors, so that he may enjoy the consternation of the people. It is also said that he flies, when



possible, to Varzin, in order to escape from the bores of the capital, — a much more reasonable theory, for the bores are many. But though the prince is not unwilling to learn his own importance through the public solicitude about his health, and is less patient than Job with intrusive counselors, his suspicious aversion to Berlin has finally confirmed, to all except the blind, the melancholy truth which his shattered system reveals as often as he appears in public.

To pass from effect to cause, the chancellor's diet and habits are now a fair subject of discussion. If there ever was any impertinence in prying into the method of his private life, a long course of unrebuked gossip, and even his own somewhat extravagant frankness, have legitimized the practice, and raised it almost to a privilege of state. The newspapers are never suppressed for taking liberties with the dinner table of the great man. M. Klaczko's description of his style as "champagne and porter rhetoric" was incorrect, like so many other of that ingenious gentleman's figures; but the prince himself was in no haste to disclaim the beverages from which the figure was taken. It must be accepted, therefore, as a fact, and one, probably, of which he is even proud. The capacity of the Germans for drink was noticed by Montesquieu over a century ago. He was a keen observer of national traits, and has told us how he adapted himself to the tastes of different peoples: how he passed his time in England, France, Italy; how in Germany he drank with all the world, — a practice which must have tried the fastidious Gaul more severely than any other. With such modifications as one hundred and fifty years of progress have made, the fatherland is still the classic land of drink, in respect at least to quantity. The popular songs continue to celebrate the pleasures of the cup. An English student trains his muscle by boating and football; a

Frenchman fondles a *grisette* on his knee; but the German quaffs his beer, night after night, until the stars disappear before the morning sun, and only a hurried interval of sleep separates him from the academic task. Policy alone would therefore have taught Bismarck, as a typical German, to adopt the leading characteristic of his countrymen. But the measure was so far from requiring a struggle on his part that from his boyhood, when he was the wildest youth of the county, through his university years, which were made illustrious by feats of debauchery, and down far into his public career, until stimulants became an alleged necessity of his nervous system, he has been notorious both for the strange compounds that he mixes and the vast quantities that he consumes. In this way he came finally to champagne and porter, and adheres to them with a devotion worthy of a better object. They are the inseparable companions of his evening work, which has always been the most successful; and, aided by other eccentricities of diet, scarcely less noxious, they have gradually undermined his vigorous constitution, and made him a physical wreck. It was a mournful spectacle, the decay of that massive frame, the decline of that Teutonic Hercules! The warnings of the doctor, the advice of friends, the prayers of his family, were unable to alter a course of diet in which the prince himself at length recognized a mortal enemy. The very admirers who had most exulted over the discovery of his prowess at the bowl were the first to take alarm when the result of that superiority began to appear.

But of Bismarck's food and drink there are no very prominent traces in his literary style. I have ventured to dispute M. Klaczko, without indeed understanding just what sort of rhetoric he means to describe; but if champagne makes a writer light, frothy, and delectable, and porter makes him coarse



and heavy, a mixture of the two ought, it would seem, to produce a species of tedious bombast, of turgid and superficial dullness. Who would say, however, that any such product is realized in Bismarck? Neither his speeches nor his writings are models of choice language or correct taste, but their vices are not those of the dramshop. He has too little leisure, perhaps too little affability, for the courteous formalism of the ancient, or the sweetness and light of the modern school of dilettants; his is a serious and difficult work; his cares are many, his responsibilities great; he lives in a state of constant intellectual tension. Opposition makes him petulant, and he falls into excesses which would grieve the gentle heart of Montaigne. He has had to fight his way through gigantic obstacles, which could not be removed by genial and tender apothegms, or by polished antitheses. His career is a paradox, but he speaks and writes the language of unadorned truth. The style is, in short, the man. It is exact, though not elegant or finished, ready without being careless, powerful rather than incisive, affluent and discursive but not diffuse, better seasoned with humor than with wit, and when free from passion highly agreeable to the most cultivated literary taste. In his conversations with Dr. Busch the prince describes the failure of his first attempt to write for the press, but he would nevertheless have made an excellent journalist. Many of his endowments would have distinctly pointed out that profession for him, if diplomacy had not made a better claim. His career in the press would doubtless have been less eminent than the one which he actually adopted, because journalism holds relatively a low rank in Germany, and is not, as in other countries, notably in France, a preparation for politics and statesmanship. But the man who became the first diplomatist might easily

have become, in other circumstances, the first editor of the country.

As remarked at the outset, it is not the purpose of this article to estimate or even to discuss the statesmanship of Bismarck. About that, opinion will long be divided, even in the fatherland itself. One class of patriots, more sanguine, perhaps, than discerning, will see in the unity, strength, and influence of Germany the fulfillment of the chief duty which fell upon this age, and will bestow unmixed praise and gratitude upon the leader in the great work. Others, who may be despondent by nature, will think rather of the cost of the new institutions, and their prospects of endurance. An empire achieved by the sword; a country slowly sinking under the weight of an enormous army; frontiers surrounded by jealous neighbors; an intolerable and yet growing burden of taxation; a quarter of the population alienated by ecclesiastical strife; and uncertainty both as to men and to measures for the future, — such are the shadows in the picture which the more prudent Germans regard with alarm. Of the two classes, Bismarck has seemed in recent years to belong rather to the latter. Mr. Emerson justly says that "there is a profound melancholy at the base of men of active and powerful talent, seldom suspected." I am sure that this is the case with Prince Bismarck. Under that occasional buoyancy of spirits, which can make him such an entertaining speaker, such an agreeable *raconteur*; below the coarse cynicism, which people, finding it in his manner and measures, ascribe also to his nature, there has formed gradually an element of morbid and consuming melancholy which his friends are privileged to deplore, but not to disclose. His political testament, if he has made one, will not prove to be a cheerful document. He has learned to doubt the permanence of his own work.

Herbert Tuttle.



## AN ECHO OF PASSION.

## IV.

AFTER dinner, when they went into the small, unripe-looking parlor, where Anice by her mere presence placed the farmer's plain belongings in an attitude of apology, Mr. Evans began telling how he happened to come to Tanford. "You would suppose that, coming from so far inland, we would go to the sea-coast. But I don't like the sea,—the perpetual smell of sea-weed and old fish, which people say is so exhilarating. We've been to the Lake, and Wine Islands, and St. Lawrence, and the Delaware Water Gap, and other places"—

"And even tried staying at home," smiled Mrs. Eulow.

"And we're tired of 'em all," he continued. "Now, my father was a farmer in this place for a while, when he was a young man, and it suddenly struck me I'd come here."

"Is this the very same farm?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, dear, *I don't know!*" exclaimed Mr. Evans, his old habit of appearing to be immersed in details reasserting itself. "I've inquired around, but can't find out anything. No one has even taken the trouble to remember his existence. I shall look the thing up at the registry of deeds in Worcester, if I ever get time. But the fact is, my father did n't stay here long; and that's where he showed his sense. It's a fine place for the summer; beautiful scenery, of course; but the farming!" Here he screwed up his sagacious eyes significantly, tumbled his restless hair about with his hands a little more, and abandoned the attempt to express the desperation of the situation; but he rehabilitated and paraded an old joke about raising crops of mortgages, which amused Ethel.

The gentlemen presently removed to the porch in order to smoke, the ladies staying within for a while. "I've persuaded our farmer to bring up my horse Star," said Mrs. Eulow, "and then we'll go out and look at him. I hope you'll ride him, sometimes."

"I shall not dare to. I never rode much," said the young matron; and they settled themselves for a brief feminine chat. Ethel was on her guard against allowing it to be seen that her husband had not imparted to her all his memories of the widow; but Mrs. Eulow soon drew from her the main facts of her own history, learned how arduous Fenn's struggle for existence had been, and was even yet; then sounded her as to her tastes and talked with her about her favorite authors, who proved to be Tennyson, Dickens, and Whittier. "You see, I have my piano here," said she. "The room is hardly large enough, but—Oh, by the way, will you play for us?"

Again Mrs. Ethel's answer was negative. She shook her head, almost like a mortified school-girl. "I used to play a very little before I was married," said she; "but only for myself—and for Mr. Fenn, of course. But I don't practice." She would not confess that they had not a piano at home.

The bay came up at this juncture, and was duly admired. Ethel even became enthusiastic, and secretly thought she would try riding again. Going out to the porch for a better view of Star, they found Mr. Evans and Fenn in the midst of a debate so weighty and earnest that Ethel thought they must be discussing some great political movement.

"You must make changes here, sir; you *must* make them. I tell you, it's a great reform!" Mr. Evans was saying with energy.



"Our people are conservative in Massachusetts," Fenn interposed.

"Politics?" queried Ethel.

"No," said Mr. Evans, like a man who has interests on his hands too grave to allow of much interruption from women. "It's beet sugar."

"I knew it must be," laughed his daughter.

"Mr. Evans," explained the chemist, with the air of a neutral placed on the defensive, "maintains that the farmers in this State ought to take up the culture of sugar beets on a large scale."

"Giving twenty-five to forty tons to the acre," said the old gentleman warmly, "at six dollars a ton from the manufacturer; after which" —

"But I have told you that the Department of Agriculture has found out, by chemical test, that both Indian corn and amber cane yield a larger percentage of sugar than beets do," the other objected.

The lawyer continued to talk about "refuse pulp," and two crops in a season, but was gradually led away from his theme by a diversion to small fruits and gem tomatoes.

There was a moment of silence, and Ethel turned to Mrs. Eulow. "Won't you sing me something?" she asked. "I want so much to hear you, after what my husband has said." She spoke in so low a tone that the two men could not hear.

Anice looked at her in an odd, semi-indulgent way, apparently about to comply; the young wife's manner was so confiding, so gentle. Suddenly, however, her glance passed on to Fenn, who was still soothing the disputant with raspberries, and particularly the raising of *Pride of the Hudson* on warm, moist soils; and she changed her mind. "Not now, Mrs. Fenn," she said; "wait till another time; I'm not in the right mood. Besides, we're going to take you to drive, soon."

Did she refuse because it was not

Fenn who had asked her? Possibly. She was usually very complaisant and ready to exercise her voice; and either his indifference at the moment affected her, or else a whim to please herself with reserving for the present, intact, the charm which had first won her the admiration of Ethel's husband. It was significant, too, that Fenn, who in a moment or two more had exhausted temporarily the soil for small fruits, did not think of asking to hear her. He had always been eager to do so hitherto when he imagined himself to have no deeper interest. Mrs. Eulow observed it, and a quick intuition told her that his unconscious indifference to her voice now might mean that another kind of interest had sprung up, or revived, within him. It took only a moment for these little impulses and perceptions to pass through her mind; instinct and passion, like light, travel with incalculable swiftness. The cigars were finished, and the group returned to the parlor, where Anice quietly sat down at the piano, and began stealing from the instrument minor chords of a *Song Without Words*, in which many black keys were involved. Ethel, who had followed with a disappointed air, thought that her wish was to be gratified, after all. But Anice noticed that Fenn was abstractedly glancing over some books on the table, and she continued to weave the voiceless harmony in a subdued volume, with light and remote touches.

"Ah," remarked the young man, all at once, "I see you are looking into chemistry yourself, Mr. Evans." He held up a scientific journal, which he had found.

"Oh, no. Those are of my daughter's collection."

Anice stopped playing, and looked around. "You see," she said rather archly, "I knew what you meant by an aniline dye. Twelve parts carbon, seven of hydrogen, and one of nitrogen!"



Fenn was evidently pleased. "So you really have been studying it?"

"Not studying; only reading," the widow said, apologetically.

He turned over three or four other pamphlets and books, and came upon one thin report on a special subject, bearing his own name; at which he uttered a cry of surprise and satisfaction. Ethel went hastily to see what it was. "Where did you ever pick this up?" he inquired.

"Oh," said Anice, carelessly, "I found out accidentally that you had written it, and sent for a copy." She did not tell him that her whole interest in the science had sprung up from the knowledge that he pursued it; and perhaps, under the circumstances, silence on this point was the better honesty; but the chemist, without egotism, instantly suspected the truth.

"I shall take a new interest in what I write now," he said, in a tone of quiet enjoyment, but without raising his glance to her. "You must have found it pretty dry, though," he added, with a significant look at his wife.

"You mustn't ask me too much," said the widow, as if inclined to snub him a little.

Ethel laughed in great glee. "You didn't get your compliment, Ben, did you? Served him right," she confided to Mr. Evans, who had somehow pleased her from the beginning, and given her an agreeable sense of sympathy.

"It's compliment enough that she should have read it at all," retorted Fenn, somewhat nettled.

Anice rose from the piano with a vague air of triumph about her, which no one especially noticed. "I hear the carry-all coming," she announced to them.

"And I have an idea!" said Mr. Evans, starting up with unusual energy. "It isn't very hot to-day, and a short walk would n't do me any harm, after dinner. I propose that we go and try Mr. Fenn's echo."

"Capital!" cried the widow, becoming almost the young girl again, in her vivacity. "You mean we will walk over? And how shall we try it? Some one must start the echoing from here, you know."

"Oh, we'll have the farm horn tooted," said her father. "How will that do, Mrs. Fenn?"

"I would rather hear Mrs. Eulow sing," Ethel said, timidly.

"You shall, then," declared the old gentleman, firmly, as if he had taken her under special protection, and was going to make her a sort of pet.

Fenn did not altogether like the notion of Anice's singing for the experiment. He was as much averse to it as if he had had a peculiar ownership in her melodious capability. It struck him that she herself did n't like the idea; but, after a brief hesitation, she assented, with convincing readiness.

Accordingly, the remaining three set out across the fields. The modest and unstylish carry-all, suited to the hilly roads, was to meet them at a point below the oak, near the foot of the hill, whither Fenn was confident they could go by the birch-path. The signal of their arrival at the echo ground was to be a blast on the horn, which they took with them for that purpose. Mr. Evans's pace was slow; Fenn was aware of a curious blankness and suspense coming over him, as soon as they had got away from Anice; and Ethel was in haste to hear those magical notes: so that when they reached the tree by the wall they were an impatient trio.

The horn sounded.

After a few seconds, a faint thread of melody reached them, swelling, after a scarcely perceptible break, almost at once into a louder but still distant strain. The air, as Mr. Evans told them, when a few bars had been given, was one which Anice had heard in the mountains of Tyrol.

"It does n't sound right, though,"



Fenn observed. "Could I have been deceived about that echo? It was a very subtle, elusive thing."

"I did n't half believe in it, even yesterday," said Ethel, smiling. "But oh, Mr. Evans, how beautiful your daughter's voice is! I should think you would be very proud."

"So proud, madam," he answered, with considerable elaborateness, "that I have never been willing to have her appear in opera."

"What a pity!" was Ethel's first, impulsive utterance. "But no; perhaps it is n't. That voice is too lovely for most people to be fit to hear it. Does she want to?"

"Go upon the stage? No; I'm glad to say, not. But she has been urged to, continually, both here and abroad."

Fenn had listened attentively, and was more pleased than there was any occasion for being, that his wife liked Anice's singing. He said nothing about this, however. "Let's try it again," he proposed, taking up the horn.

The second signal was answered as the first had been, except that the responsive strain was now a hunting-song, which came to them in this wild, half-sylvan spot with an inspiring motion.

But the man of science was dissatisfied. "I can't make it out," he said to the other two. "Does n't it seem to you more as if the sounds came from the birches, up above here? It is n't like yesterday, at any rate."

"It *did* sound nearer," Mr. Evans agreed. "To tell the truth, Mr. Fenn, I'm not entirely satisfied with your discovery." It was plain that Mr. Evans had not forgotten the younger man's opposition on the sugar-beet question.

Just then a rich peal of laughter, a melody in itself, sounded forth not far from the group; and, turning in that direction, they saw Anice standing in the fluttering shadow of the white-stemmed birches, a few yards away. "Was I a good echo?" she called out, merrily.

"I've been here all the time, since you came." At this there was a general hilarity. Anice had, in fact, taken the upper part of the hill, and made her way to a convenient shelter, while the rest were walking slowly over, below.

"And you made all those changes of distance just by altering your voice?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, that's very easy," said Mrs. Eulow. "I really did n't think I could deceive you all."

"But where are we to meet the carriage?" her father inquired, practically.

"Just where we said. I've sent it down."

As they took their way to the appointed place, Fenn wondered at the change that had gradually made itself visible in Anice since their unexpected encounter, scarcely twenty-four hours earlier. On leaving her then, he had thought of her as sad and statuesque, a form placed in some shadowy corner of life, and with all its loveliness veiled in sorrow, which he had been permitted to gaze upon once more, but which could perhaps never come again into the circle of intimate and usual realities. To-day, on the contrary, — nay, within the two hours just past, — she had become a joyous and hopeful presence; she was even sportive; those fair hands, which had seemed to move with so mournful a languor in the departed twilight, now expressed buoyancy. It might have been a thoroughly happy woman who followed the narrow pathway with him, and he was within a little of doubting the justness of his first impression. This quick transition was exhilarating, alluring. He may have felt that his own appearance on the scene had something to do with it, and this, again, may have led him to walk faster, so that Anice and he drew away from Ethel, who came behind with Mr. Evans.

The track grew fainter; the ground was roughened by roots that struggled to escape from their smothered under-



ground existence. Finally, the pair were confronted by a loose stone wall. Fenn leaped over, and extended his hand. Mrs. Eulow mounted adroitly, and accepted his aid; then, as she gave a slight spring to the ground and withdrew her hand from his, he received an unmistakable but fleeting pressure from her clasp. Coming at the instant after she had touched the grass and no longer needed support, it was hard to believe it had not been intentional, evanescent though it was.

Anice walked rapidly on over the open but uneven space they had entered; then stopped, waiting, holding up her parasol, perfectly self-possessed, and apparently searching for Ethel and her father.

Fenn had paused instinctively by the wall, intending to assist his wife when she should come. The first definite result of the surprise which Anice's touch had caused was indignation mixed with alarm. She was doing an injustice, he felt, both to herself and him. In another moment he dismissed as unworthy and unlawful the suspicion that she had meant to establish a mute communication with him in this way; besides, it was childish. When, in boyish years, this pressing of the hand had been a received method of indicating preference among little girls of his acquaintance, he had always considered it especially senseless; and it was quite unlikely that Mrs. Eulow would resort to it. "Some nervous movement; that was all," he said to himself. But curiosity ensued. If the gentle impact of that hand had been intentional, how much, after all, did it signify? A fine pulsation, a momentary delight and unexpected defiance, struck through his veins, and his heart beat tumultuously.

The whole situation did not last a minute. Fenn experienced these graduated phases so swiftly that he could not consciously register them. Who knows what corresponding activity took

place under the impassive exterior and behind the frank, luminous eyes of the woman standing a few paces away? Yet time enough even for embarrassment had not passed, and nothing appeared to have happened. They looked precisely as they had done before; the bare and rocky ground, the clear hot sky, the trees, were not more natural and unchanged. But the blue of the sky seemed to rain a tingling fire into Fenn's breast; the very odors of the ground and the woods, the searching perfume of the sweet-fern, were laden now with a secret and inspired sweetness he had not detected before. He was resolved to learn more; he felt himself challenged to conquer some admission or some denial from this strangely fascinating friend of his.

"Let us wait a moment," he said. Anice smiled pleasantly.

Ethel arrived, and was assisted by him: her hand was strong and trusting, but it certainly did not impart that peculiar pressure which had just now influenced him so potently.

It haunted him throughout the drive, which was long and beautiful, leading through a singular region of low land between the Tanford plateau and another wilder ridge: a region thickly wooded, with plunging descents down steep and bowery declivities, abrupt turns to this and that side of the valley; and encounters with a streamlet, alternately flowing in bright shallows where the sunlight made amber of it, and lost in deep trout-pools, which Ethel said would be just the place for little Mr. Sharon Reeves, a wandering Episcopal clergyman at the Institute, who was trying to acquire a worldly air by practicing with the rod and line. At another point, some unforeseen ascent would bring them to a line of maples, a few fields, and a farm-house, which appeared to be utterly lost to the world, but boasted a stunted little croquet-ground, with hoops set all awry like skeleton grave-stones.



"I should think the people here," said Ethel, "would have some difficulty in finding even themselves, to say nothing of the world."

But these little homes were happily unconscious of their obscurity, and presented a serene front to the flying critics in the carry-all.

Mr. Evans had explored the route before; but it was new to Fenn, and the absence of knowledge as to what lay ahead suited his mood. Besides, the beauty of the sun-dazzled curtain of leaves through which they peered on either side; the lance-like thrust of long beech boughs and infinite tracery of finer branches in the depth of the wood; the pale reminiscence of autumn in the rain-flattened dead leaves on the earth, from which the trunks rose erect, or steadied themselves at strange angles, like bodies poised for swimming; the dull or twinkling shadows; the tints of green and gray, dim blue, lilac and gold, that trembled in and out among the clean, strong forms of growth,—these things alone gave an active stimulus to the senses. A cool, spicy incense rose to meet them from the coverts of undergrowth and vine, or was distilled by the sunbeams from gaunt and noiseless ranks of pine on sandy banks above the road; clumps of hardhack, with its panicles of hoary rose, and stretches of chicory, with its hardy purple-blue, seemed to float past them as they rolled on. They branched from one narrow way into another, enjoying it all with that zest belonging to American scenery away from towns, which comes from the impossibility of taking anything for granted about it.

"Is this a park, or a forest, or an English estate in an unkempt, second-growth condition, or what, may I ask?" said Fenn, at last.

"It's nothing particular," answered Anice, "and it rejoices in the name of Tom's Swamp."

"I don't think we've seen Tom or

the swamp, yet," said he. "Where do you keep them, Mr. Evans?"

"Tom himself is a myth," began Mr. Evans; "or a historical person"—

"Which is the same thing nowadays," Ethel cynically remarked, to her husband's surprise.

"Yes, that's true. As for the swamp, you'll see a little corner of it before long."

It was merely a gleam of low, watery ground, with the pale purple clusters and flat leaves that belonged there, seen among the trees; and from here the horse was guided to scale the Tanford ridge once more, the top of which was coursed along for miles by the broad turnpike that had once been a post-road, and was lined with towering elms suggesting endless relays of couriers. They passed an old house, deserted like many others in the township, where marigolds and satin-flowers, balsams and hollyhocks, were growing in the midst of rank weeds and wild creepers that were slowly tugging at the roof, to get it down.

"Do you think that could have been your father's?" asked Ethel, to whom the coincidence relating to the dead Evans appeared romantic.

"Very likely," returned the lawyer, becoming harassed with imaginary business again, and touching up the mare.

In this way the drive continued, Anice and Fenn the same as ever in their bearing toward one another, in despite of those transient and silent passages which, several times since morning, had appeared to be preparing the way for some changed attitude. And, in truth, what was there to make them alter their bearing, as yet? Decidedly, neither had any definite assurance that the other had any thought which would have been better away, or concealed spark that might break into a dangerous blaze. As for Fenn, he would have asked,—had there been any reasoning upon such a theme,—What is a man to do, in his position? Must he say openly to the lady immedi-



ately concerned that he finds himself imprudently interested in her, and thinks it best that they should not encounter often? At one time it would have been according to his code to speak in this fashion, attacking the matter directly; but the time had rather gone by for those ideas. He had told Anice, once, that he did not mean to make love to her, and it was questionable whether any good had been accomplished by it; possibly much harm was to come of that verdant confidence.

These reflections passed through his mind in detached order, at intervals of the drive; but, above all, Fenn was sound-hearted and healthy, and the rush of pure air against his cheeks, the sweet odors of the country, tempered the slow fever which had set in at that critical moment in the rocky field, where Anice and he had waited for Ethel. He enjoyed, too, his wife's keen pleasure in this simple after-dinner diversion, and the sight of it did him good. Mr. Evans struck off from the old post-road again, through broad, cultivated acres, hedged with single lines of ash and maple bordering the rough walls, and so down into another wild trough, on the opposite and southern side of Tanford, quite unlike the swamp; more open, breezier, containing houses of a more prosperous aspect, and occasional orchards. Here, too, at the very bottom was a saw-mill, in a state of dead quiescence, like most small mills of its kind for a great part of the year. The only practical purpose it served was as an adventurous perch for the Rev. Mr. Reeves, who, fish-pole in hand, was humming a lively popular ditty, upon which he prided himself as marking his rapid advance in broad and manly culture; allowing his hook, meanwhile, to dangle cautiously in the rough water.

This was the last point of interest, for it was followed by a long and painfully slow climb on the part of the fagged mare up towards Tanford, her head be-

ing pointed for the top of the church spire, the only object in the village plainly discernible from this depth. The ascent was so steep as to resemble a flight upward in the air; but when they reached the hill-top they were at the base of the spire, instead of its summit, — a fact at which Mrs. Ethel professed to be much astonished. And, "Oh, you dreary old Institute," she said, addressing the blank and dusty front of the academic hotel, when they had alighted in front of it, "I feel as if I'd been away for a week!"

## V.

There is said to have existed among the Jews an oracle of echoes, and although its responses and prophecies must have been somewhat vague, Fenn could at this time have believed that they were impressively minatory, in cases of predicted danger. An echo is in itself a mock, which seems to fling back upon you something of its own hollowness and transiency. What could more appropriately bring home to a human being his own fleeting, perishable, and fateful state than a helpless rebounding of sound thrown from surface to surface, and lost in space? Then, as to prophetic tone, this ghostly repetition symbolizes well the truth that what has been will be again; that the future has in store for us some exact return of good or evil for what we are now doing; or that a result impending at the current hour is often the direct consequence of an act or utterance preceding it by a long time, the echo of which is only just reaching us. Of some such oracle Fenn was beginning to take counsel. His own consciousness was full of mysterious reverberations, which were repeated or accompanied in the coincidences surrounding him. There was the striking accident of Anice's voice breaking into his reverie at the instant



when he had been recalling it; there was the unbidden return of excitement as he watched the stars and thought of her face; and, again, the furtive, unconscious association with her of the odor of violets in the old garden. Going over the incidents of the day, and thinking of these things, he was forced to ask what they portended. Like muffled echoes they responded, and he understood the answer, although it was not given in words.

"What did you think of Mrs. Eulow?" he asked his wife, when they were alone in their room.

"Oh, I think she's remarkably handsome."

"Yes, she is, rather," he admitted, as if he had not previously quite made up his mind about this.

"It's more than 'rather,'" said Ethel. "Can't you be a little more enthusiastic?"

"Why?"

"Because if you're not impressed by her, I shall begin to think you've never really seen anything pretty about me." She was fastening a jewel-pin at her throat, and gave him a half-coquettish look, yet there was a touch of seriousness in her sweet, simple face.

"What nonsense, Ethel! I don't like you even to hint that you're not the loveliest woman I know." And it was true that she was so to Fenn. He went on: "Mrs. Eulow is a beauty, there's no doubt of that; but it is only one kind of beauty. She is the sort of woman I would like to pay compliments to."

"I should say that's a pleasant kind of woman to be."

"No; compliments are not the highest form of admiration. But Mrs. Eulow would have such a way of receiving them — not believing them exactly, you know, but understanding that they were the best a man could offer her — that it would be a pleasure to give them. Don't you see how there are some people who compel just that form of tribute?"

"I suppose I can understand," said Ethel. "But you speak as if you'd never tried it with her, or had n't known her such a long time."

Her husband perceived that his theory did not apply very well. "The fact is," he acknowledged, "I never did do that sort of thing, the few times I met her."

"But I thought you had seen a good deal of her."

"No; not much."

"Mr. Evans said she saw you as long ago as ten years."

"That's a mistake. It was n't more than eight."

"Well, I think it's very queer you never talked to me about her. I was dreadfully put out when he began speaking as if I knew all about the acquaintance. Of course I had to pretend I did, and then get him to tell me; and I don't like to do that. It's deceptive."

"Never mind," said Fenn, seeing that she was nettled, and at once becoming so himself. "We can't be forever telling people the exact truth. If we did, they would n't care anything about us."

"Then I suppose it was all a fib, when Mr. Evans said they thought of you so often, and had hoped they might meet me some time."

"Not necessarily. I can conceive," said Fenn, sarcastically, "of their taking some mild interest in me and my affairs."

"Yes," said Ethel, veering around at once, for the sake of the advantage; "but I think it would have been better taste if she had kept those chemical books out of sight, — at any rate, for a while."

Fenn got up, angrily, and took his hat. "Do you mean to say you think she put them there on purpose to impress me?" he demanded.

"Ben, I forbid you to speak to me that way. It's just as improper as your not telling me about your friends beforehand. And what difference does it make



to you whether she put them in sight purposely, or not?"

"Poh!" said he. "It's ridiculous to even suggest that I care. But I detest seeing you allow yourself such petty ideas." He took a few steps towards the door, but his wife hardly thought he would go; the dispute was at too interesting a stage to be dropped.

She made a slight concession, and started afresh. "I did n't say I thought so," she reminded him. "But I do think it would have been nicer not to thrust her interest in chemistry at you, the first thing."

"She did n't," said Fenn, settling down to a methodical altercation. "It would have argued a horrible self-consciousness if she had packed them all away before inviting us to dinner." The truth was, he had been more pleased with the episode of the books than he at all knew, until its charm was so rudely lessened.

"The secret of all this," his wife returned, "is that you want me to be just like her. You are never satisfied; you never will be." He made a sound of vigorous impatience, but allowed her to proceed. "You know, Ben, that I am very proud of your being a scientific man, and I listen to everything you say, and try to understand it. I like to have you explain; but I did n't fall in love with chemistry and marry it. I like it because it's you that explain it to me. But if I went and made myself a woman of science, what need should I have of a man of science?"

"You could n't be a woman of science, unless you soaked your whole mind with things in my laboratory, just as I do," he retorted, rather vindictively, though what she had said had pleased him.

"Then Mrs. Eulow can't, either," declared Ethel, with an air of finality.

"No, she can't," he assented, "and she does n't pretend to. But it's a very good thing for her to read about any-

thing of the kind that she's interested in; and so it would be for you." Upon this, Ethel, tossing some small articles into a drawer, and shutting it with slight emphasis, effected a movement of the head which meant that she would do exactly as she pleased about that. Her husband, however, felt that it was time for him to respond to the kind things she had said about him, and he added more gently, "You know, my dear, I appreciate you and delight in you as you are. If I had n't— Well, I think I gave the most substantial proof of it that I could, some time ago."

"Yes, you did," she said, with a loving glance. Everything was in train for a reconciliation. "I wish I could make myself more interesting," she went on, humbly. "Very likely I shall succeed, one of these days." She was silent a moment, and he took her hand, smiling. By some unexplained connection of ideas, she returned to Anice. "Did you know Mrs. Eulow would n't sing for me?" she asked. "I wanted her to, at the house, and she would n't. Then, when we were going to try the experiment, she sang close to us, just because we did n't want her to. Don't you think that was queer? I was really hurt when she refused me."

Fenn quietly relinquished the hand. "You are very critical this evening," he said, coldly. But he was annoyed at himself for having forgotten so important a thing as asking the widow to sing for his wife.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Ethel. "What harm have I done? Mayn't I say anything at all about Mrs. Eulow?"

"Why, yes; yes. It's to be hoped we can tell each other what we think. But"— Fenn would have found some difficulty in stating what he held his wife to blame for. He half lifted his hat again, in a preparatory way, and burst out, with more irritation than was common in him: "I can't stand this, Ethel, positively. Here are these two people,



old friends: they've done as much as they could to make things pleasant for us to-day; and, besides that, Mrs. Eulow is a charming woman, well worth knowing. Yet the first thing to be done is to pick her to pieces."

The criticism was not altogether ill founded, but Ethel merely laughed, and said, with exasperating acuteness, "You began with being almost apathetic, yourself, about her beauty, and you said she did n't command the highest kind of admiration; and now, when I have said one or two little things" —

"Oh, well," interrupted her husband, in a desperate tone, "if you want to spoil the whole pleasure of an acquaintance that might have made our vacation more agreeable, go ahead! You will lose as much as I shall. But of course, if you choose to have it this way, you must. Only, you both appeared to like each other so much, and I thought you were having such a good time, that I'm naturally a little surprised and disgusted."

And with this very moderate description of his feelings he left the room abruptly.

Ethel followed in a moment, passed through the large corridor below, and vainly scanned the increasing darkness without for some trace of him. She was very anxious for him to come back, now. In reality she liked her new acquaintance more than she did most women, and the tone she had taken was entirely due to her annoyance at not having known more about her. But as Fenn did not reappear promptly, to receive her apology, she went into the dining-room alone.

She had nearly finished supper, and he had not returned, when two ladies coming by, from another table, stopped to speak. One was stout, in a baggy skirt profusely trimmed, and carried on her head a variety of puffs and ribbon; she had numerous downward wrinkles about the mouth, indicating an exuber-

ant, contented, confidential bent. The other was small, dry even to gauntness, and wore a vast number of artificial seed-pearls sewn on to her scrimped black dress, which furnished Ethel with an amusing fancy that they represented fruit hanging to a prematurely withered bough.

"Oh, Mrs. Fenn!" exclaimed the comfortably confidential lady, with a cheap imitation of a wicked smile. "So glad to get at you without your husband! Is n't that naughty of me?"

"Why, Mrs. Dadmun?"

"We had a little plan to propose," said Mrs. Whidden, the thin companion, taking the answer upon herself, "and we should hardly have dared to do it if he had been here." Whereupon they both laughed, apparently from pride in their audacious anti-marital manœuvre.

"I don't see how that could have prevented, if it's anything I can do at all," said Ethel.

"It's nothing in the world but this," Mrs. Dadmun responded, becoming matter of fact: "there is a picnic party for to-morrow, and we have just one place left in the carriages. We got as far as that, and then everybody decided that we *must* have you and Mr. Fenn; but as there's only one place, we're obliged to ask you alone, and leave your husband to come on horseback, or something of that sort."

"Two of the gentlemen are going to walk; they start earlier than the rest of us," Mrs. Whidden volunteered. "You *won't* disappoint us, Mrs. Fenn, will you? There's Miss Ibbit and Miss Hamill, — they're going; and Sharon Reeves, and Kingsmill — You ought to know Mr. Kingsmill better, Mrs. Fenn. He's quite an admirer of yours!" And Mrs. Whidden put a starved smile on duty, as she ended.

"Let me think" — began Ethel.

"Have you been to Temple Lake, yet?" asked Mrs. Dadmun, disposing her wrinkles in amiable array.



"No; and I should like very much to join your picnic — if Ben were only here." The thought that he was not there, and that he ought to be, brought out a rebellious impulse to accept the invitation, and go without him.

"He will come if you consent, of course," said Mrs. Dadmun.

"I don't know," Ethel answered, seizing more firmly the project of going alone; "he has been saying there was some work that he must do in a day or two, to send off to the city. But you are all so kind to have thought of me that I think I'll decide to go, any way."

"You're a dear! How very nice!" said the ladies. "At nine o'clock, — so as to get there before it's too hot, you know."

As they passed out of the dining-room, Fenn came in, and they accorded him a very suave greeting. His boots were dusty, and the moisture on his face showed that he had been walking fast. He had gone out in a fit of intense vexation, and had been walking along the old post-road, without much idea what he wanted to do. With a conscience slightly disturbed, he had been quick to suppose that Ethel was a shade jealous of Anice (though that was in fact far from being the case), and he resented this in proportion to the secret knowledge he possessed of there being some justification for such jealousy. But perhaps his acutest displeasure arose from the added peril in which that sentiment on his wife's part would place him. It was bad enough to be afflicted with the recrudescence of a passion which it was wrong for him to think twice of; to have it aggravated by a hostility on Ethel's part, which would inevitably drive him more irresistibly towards Anice, was unendurable. A taper held above the channeled heat of a lamp becomes the axis of a tiny aurora, which flashes volatile blue flame all around it in the air, yet does not ignite the scroll

itself. By a slight change in its position, a little altering of the draught of air, the taper itself breaks into clear fire. Fenn's mind was in the incipient stage: his suppressed ardor towards Anice did not yet seem wholly to possess him; the flame was visionary and hovering, — did not reach quite to his heart. But he feared that the unexpected ground Ethel had assumed in their conversation this evening made the trifling change that would cause that premonitory gleam of infatuation to puff out in an actual blaze.

Restless and suffering, he thought he would not rejoin his wife, but would go down to the other end of the village, where Pincott, an artist of mild and genial temperament, was boarding with his family in a private house, and try the soothing effect of the painter's good-fellowship. He went as far as the gate, and caught sight of Pincott sitting in a rocking-chair outside of the house, where the lamplight from behind a sunflower-studded window-curtain fell on his gray hair, and showed the smoke floating idly up from his meerschaum. The figure was so peaceful, it did him good to see it: a gush of tenderness poured back into his heart. "Dear old Pincott!" he murmured; and as the painter fortunately did not discover him, he turned and went quickly back to the hotel.

So both husband and wife had relented, and both saw that their petty discord had been absurd; but Ethel had the affair of the picnic on her mind, of which she preferred to say nothing at present, and there was therefore a reserve between them. Ethel waited for him graciously, at the table; they did not talk much, but as they went out to the portico she said, "I don't think you understood, Ben, how much I like Mrs. Eulow. I expect to enjoy her immensely. Really, for the little I know about her, I think more of her than I ever did of any woman on a first introduction, and I won't say anything mean about her again."



"That's right," he said, gratefully. "You're always good in the end."

They sat down in a corner under the colonnade, and amused themselves talking of Mr. Evans, and about the people in the hotel and Pincott's pictures. But at last young Kingsmill came up to them. He was one of the handsome young men, it should be explained, who were given to taking picturesque positions on the railing. He had dark gray eyes and a very magnificent mustache, and when he talked the Adam's apple in his throat moved with great activity and prominence.

"I'm so delighted to hear that you're going with us to-morrow," he said, addressing them both.

Fenn was completely surprised, and while his wife was saying, "Yes, it ought to be very pleasant," he began with, "To-morrow? what comes off then? I had n't heard" —

"Why, the picnic. Temple Lake, you know," said Kingsmill.

"I did n't know whether you could go, Ben," said Ethel, turning to Fenn. "Mrs. Dadmun and Mrs. Whidden were speaking about it before you came in."

"Oh! Yes, I've heard that it's a beautiful spot," he returned, directing his words at Kingsmill, and stifling his dissatisfaction at not having been told about the excursion before.

"Shall you go?" the young man inquired, with a concentrated glance.

Fenn perceived that Kingsmill was not so anxious for his company as he might have been. "It's pretty far," he answered, "and I've been meaning to get some papers ready for my firm, soon. I may not be able to give the time."

When Ethel explained to him, afterward, that he would have to get a horse, he gave up the plan decisively.

In the morning, however, when he had watched the party drive off, a great depression fell upon him. He kept thinking of Kingsmill and his air of at-

tention towards Ethel; then it occurred to him that he was missing a rather pleasant affair, and his work was not so very pressing. He made inquiries about a horse, but found the limited stable of the Institute exhausted; whereupon he became determined, and searched the village for a steed. He obtained one, after some effort, — bony and unaristocratic, but able to carry him, — and started in the direction of Temple. An eighth of a mile brought him to a fork of the road, Temple being on the line of one branch: the other led to Mr. Evans's house. He stopped the horse's trot as he approached, and a weak disinclination to go to the picnic beset him. "Ethel almost arranged it so that I should n't go," he reflected; and by the time he reached the fork he had pressed the rein which would turn his horse towards Evans's. The next moment he was cantering briskly thither, and when he left the highway for the winding drive up to the farm-house his spirits had so risen that he hummed to himself blithely, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Anice had an enthusiasm for the very footfall of a horse, and came at once to the porch. She was clad in white, this morning, and bloomed against the woodbine-covered trellis like a morning-glory or petunia.

"Are you alone?" she cried, as if disappointed. "Where is Mrs. Fenn?"

"She has gone to a picnic. They had n't room for me."

"And you are going to ride after them?"

"I had thought of it."

The widow paused an instant. "I should like to take Star out," she said.

"Just what I was going to propose," Fenn assured her, with vivacity, dismounting. "I will wait for you to get ready."

"But I can hardly go to the picnic," said Anice. "I have n't been invited."

"I shall be happy to go in any direc-



tion you like," he said, more seriously than he had spoken before.

She answered quickly that they would ride where he had intended, and that she would come back alone. In a few minutes she returned from her room, transformed, habited in a green-black riding-suit and a small cap suited for the country, which set off her beauty in a novel aspect. How they darted off over the white turnpike; the umbrageous elms waiting to cool them with momentary darkness! In other places spindling maples, newly set out, recorded their rapid flight in vertical lines which fell behind, one after another, and were gone, while the wide country sparkled on either hand in multitudinous greens, among interblended tints of fields with their wild flowers, or distant hill-sides left red from the cutting of a buckwheat harvest. The steady earth seemed to fly, and only the moving clouds appeared motionless. It was very exhilarating; and when they struck off where a huge butternut-tree and a paintless house marked the junction of two roads, and entered a silent pine wood, they were glad to go more slowly and enjoy the glow of their first gallop, at rest.

"My rickety beast is stimulated by the example of Star, I think," observed the cavalier.

Anice laughed freshly and heartily, as if she had been sending forth a roulade of notes in a song. "Don't be too hard on your nameless gray," said she. "He brings you along very well, and you ought to be grateful. I'm sure *I* am."

"He appreciates his good luck in having a companion, as I do mine." Fenn got this off gracefully.

"Oh, listen!" exclaimed Anice, abruptly, reining Star in. "I hear a beautiful note in the woods."

Fenn stopped, also. The note was that of a wood-thrush. Its lonely, exquisite refrain made the listeners think

of a shattered ray of sunlight falling pensively into the recesses of greenery whence the notes issued; and a blending of sorrow, or it may be of longing, streamed into the light mood of the previous moment. They went on through the piece of pines without further conversation; an identical train of feeling possessed each mind.

The horseman was careful not to keep up too rapid a pace, and they followed the winding road up hill and down, with numerous intervals of slow walking and agreeable talk, arriving at Temple, six miles away, without having overtaken the larger party. The lake was at a short distance from this village, and Mrs. Eulow said she must turn Star's head, without going farther.

"I shall not allow you to ride home alone," said Fenn.

"That's hardly fair," she answered. "I really can't go on to the lake, and if I take you back with me Mrs. Fenn will be disappointed."

"To tell you the truth," he informed her, "they don't expect me at the picnic, for I gave it up this morning, and I believe I should enjoy riding a good deal better."

"Oh, well, then, if it's not interfering with any plan" — she began.

"No; I thought it was just as well to come this way, and then we could decide." Fenn had had an additional reason, which he did not disclose; and this was that it would have been undesirable to be seen riding from Tanford in any other than the direction of the picnic. "I have a notion," he concluded, energetically, "that we can get home by another way, — coming down to your house over Sheep's Back."

"Is n't that too long?" she asked.

"It can't be more than a mile or two farther."

"Then I should like it ever so much," said Anice, with great vim.

He fancied he saw in her face a new expression of pleasure, softer than any



he had noticed there before, as they moved away again. It made him tingle with a mad, forbidden delight.

They succeeded in finding the road which led over the mountain-side. It was rough and solitary, but at every rod it grew more delightful, rising to a climax of grandeur where it cut into the lofty crown of the hill, and was embowered like a leafy gallery in young beeches and chestnuts and other forest trees. But the Nameless Gray, as Anice had called him, gave signs of disastrous fatigue when they reached this point. Several times Fenn had dismounted and led him up severe inclines, and now, in going down to the valley, he was obliged to repeat the process.

"This is tedious work," he said, at length, "and I'm getting very hungry."

"You see you will be sorry, after all, that you did n't go to the lake," Anice observed, with possibly a trace of malice. "It's a little after twelve, and they'll soon be eating."

"Don't make fun of my masculine appetite," he implored. "I don't regret the picnic a bit, but I am hungry; and it's very hot, besides. Suppose we have a little picnic of our own."

"With all my heart; but where are the provisions?"

"I see a small house down there. We'll stop and get something."

It was true there was a house, crowded down among the wild trees as if it had been put there for squirrels; but when they came down to it, no tokens of inhabitancy were found; it was deserted. A wilderness of blackberry bushes, however, surrounded the place, and they at once decided to tether their horses out of sight from the path, and make a lunch of fruit. Fenn held threatening branches aside, here and there, and found the largest clusters of berries for Anice. There was a good deal of excitement as to which should make the most striking discoveries in this line.

"Oh, how pleasant this is!" cried

the widow, merrily. "I feel as if I were a girl again."

"Yes," said her friend, "this is a magic fruit, that takes away all care, and restores happiness to the sorrowful."

While they were engaged in the primitive and refreshing pursuit of this innocent food, several thrushes began singing with indolent sweetness in a thick covert, not far away. Anice let a heavy-laden branch slip from her fingers and spring back to its place.

"Those birds again! How wonderful they are! Why, this place seems to be full of them. Could n't we see one, Mr. Fenn?"

"It's very hard to get near them. I never saw but one, though I've tried a good many times. But I should like nothing better than to try it again with you. Come."

She hesitated briefly; perhaps a sense that they were proceeding a little carelessly for persons in their position restrained her. But in a moment, with a slight air of defiance, she collected the long riding-skirt more firmly in her hand, and joined her companion. A few steps brought them to an abandoned track, the mossy ruts of which were soft and refreshing to the foot, and led downward towards the haunt of the thrushes. It was broken by large stones, in places, and there Fenn offered the help of his hand; at first with a faint trembling in his voice, and afterwards in silence.

"We must move very carefully," he whispered, as they came to a small glade, more open than the surrounding forest, "or the birds will be frightened and fly away."

The mystery and caution of their advance pleased Mrs. Eulow. But, notwithstanding their care, the thrushes stopped singing before they had come very near.

"It's always so," murmured her escort. "But they'll begin again; and we might as well stop and rest. Besides, the longer we wait, the better for



my poor old gray." He dropped easily upon the ground, while giving this advice, and Anice followed his example.

"I wonder what has become of the people who lived up in that old house," she said; "and I wonder whether they liked to hear the thrushes. I dare say they were very prosaic, and have gone off somewhere and become thriving hucksters; but don't you always speculate about such things, and imagine some very mournful fate connected with these empty houses?"

"I think I do," Fenn replied. "And I suppose it's better to do that than to be thinking mournful things about ourselves."

They had continued, without noticing it, to speak in the low tones adopted out of consideration for the timid songsters; and this insensibly gave what they said an intimate and almost tender quality.

"Yes, indeed. But you don't do *that*, at any rate."

"No, not much; though a man with any go in him is generally dissatisfied about something."

"Women sometimes have go in them, too," hinted the widow, smiling.

"That's true," he admitted. He had begun to roll a cigarette. "Well, are you ever dissatisfied?" he asked, looking up.

She gave a subdued laugh. "You are never afraid to say things plainly," was what she said.

"I'm not sure about that. I think I am sometimes." And Fenn felt that she must know what he referred to in his own mind.

"You used to be very direct, in old days," she returned, teasingly. "But, at any rate, there's no reason why I should n't speak frankly, too. Yes, I am dissatisfied, and very often. My life is not a success; my memories are sad ones, and I have nothing to look forward to."

"I don't know," said he, "why you have n't anything to look forward to."

You have money, and you have strong intellectual tastes. You can study, work, write; help mankind, and especially womankind, along."

"I would like to do that; sometimes I imagine I am preparing for it. But then at other times I think I would prefer to come away and live completely isolated, in some place like this deserted house." At these words a dizzying, faithless vision came to the man at her feet of the life he might lead in some profound seclusion with such a woman. "At those times everything seems to be over," she added.

"Did you love your husband so deeply, — is that it?" Fenn was impelled to ask, by a strange conglomerate desire. Among other things, he was troubled by an unreasonable jealousy, which he had no right to feel, of the hold which the dead Eulow might have had upon her.

Anice surprised him by her simple answer. "No. I was young when I married. I was mistaken."

There was so much quiet sadness in the way she said this, so much of self-respect and of respect for the husband she had lost, mingled with an unusual frankness accorded to the friend whom she considered worthy to hear this secret, that Fenn received no shock. Her manner was very far removed from that dank and earthy sentimentality in favor with certain women, who are forever disclosing their disappointments in order to win male sympathy.

He looked gravely into her face, and her eyes met his. He wished to take her hand, and soothe her and pity her; saying to himself that this at least could be done without danger. But something kept him from attempting it.

A fruitful silence succeeded, during which he looked up between the trees, and contemplated a huge white cloud that moved luxuriously through the ether, with sides made dazzling by the sunlight, yet easy for the eye to rest on.



It brightened and darkened, according to the changing poise of the fleecy mass, and, from being speckless white, softened into the dim tints of the shaded feathers on a dove's breast. The image of Ethel in Fenn's mind was brightening and fading alternately, like this cloud, floating away, insubstantial and remote. His love for her, which he had held on to so firmly under the first stress of temptation, was slipping from his grasp. Could it be, he asked himself in drowsy wonder, that it was an illusion, which was being dispelled by the contact of a more vital fervor? It might be well to test this by some hardy utterance to Anice, throwing off all concealment recklessly.

Suddenly he got up and stood before her, his eyes glowing with suppressed fire. "You ought not to think everything is over. There is much in store for you," he said to her. "Ah, I could help you, — I could show you how to live for something!"

The exclamation seemed to come without his will; but when it had escaped, he thought he had said everything, that he had disclosed his heart and stood on the verge of a crisis.

He was wrong.

"Will you do it — give me some direction and put purpose into my days?" Anice asked, grateful and eager.

The fire faded from his glance, and he looked down. "I wish I could. I will try. I hardly knew what I was promising," he answered, in a tone so changed that she was bewildered.

At this moment, the thrushes once more began swaying their slow, ecstatic yet melancholy notes on the tree-tops. But this time they were much farther away.

"Ah," said she, "they have commenced again. But we shall never find them, Mr. Fenn."

The same thought struck them both: that there was something in their lives which they were trying to find, but

which was always beyond them, unattainable, like this vanishing music of the woods.

Fenn resumed his place on the moss near her, with a pained and brooding look. "I can't help anybody," he said despondently. "I can't even manage myself. There is something the matter, and yet I am what is called a happy man."

"You have reason to be," said the widow, gently.

"I know I have." He said no more, and the thrushes resounded faintly through the silence, expressing the longing within him.

In a few moments Anice reminded him that they must go.

"Wait a minute," he urged. "There is something I want to speak of. You have never mentioned, since, the extraordinary thing I said to you when I made my visit at your father's house."

The color in her cheeks receded a little, but she responded with seeming ease: "About not making love to me? Oh, that — there could have been no reason or possibility for mentioning that. Don't you think it was one of those things that is complete at one stroke?"

"I want to know what you really thought about it," said Fenn, with a sort of breathlessness, and gazing at her intently.

She did not laugh contemptuously, as he had feared she might. "It was so long ago," was her reply, "you can't expect my impression to be fresh; and it may not be best to say much about it, any way. I didn't think it was the wisest thing that could be done."

For a second time he had the premonition that a great crisis was at hand. "It was a terrible mistake!" he declared vehemently, feeling that the statement implied all his latent passion about her.

"Yes; as a matter of prudence, you may call it a mistake," said Anice, calmly. For a second time, the crisis had come to nothing.



"And you thought me a great fool?" he inquired, after a short, dazed pause at her mode of taking it.

"No. That would have been rather conceited. I didn't consider every young man under obligation to be an adorer. And I think I liked your sincerity, all things considered."

There was but one question more that Fenn could have put; and that was whether there had been any regret because of his announcement that he should not make love. The desire to know this tortured him; but of course it was impossible to ask it. Thus the situation was presented, that her frank replies excited his importunate questioning tendency still more deeply.

He remained thinking; but, seeing that she waited for him to take the lead in returning to the horses, he unwillingly made a start. When they came to the rough places, he attempted to aid her, as before, but she thanked him, and went on by herself; it was not until she nearly stumbled to the ground, in the folds of her habit, that she took his hand. Fenn was filled with trepidation.

Could it be that she was offended with him? He knew that to ask her that would simply place him at a fresh disadvantage, and he was forced to keep the doubt to himself; but how unlike was this return to the one he had half imagined as possible! When they had entered this secluded place, he had had a dim presentiment that the growing current of his feeling for her would carry away some barrier, and place them in a new relation; that it might, in fact, lead to some mutual discovery, for the sake of which they would be willing to set aside everything else in the world, — so intoxicated was he. Their dialogue in the glade of the thrushes had seemed to him charged with intensive meaning, as if at any moment the great climax might come. Yet it had all passed away into the air, and nothing had happened; except, perhaps, that he had forfeited something of her regard and confidence. He emerged from the solitude with the sensations of a man who has shouted aloud in his dreams, and waked to find his imaginary cry the exaggeration of a feeble moan.

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

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## STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

### II.

#### A MOUNTAIN FUNERAL.

As I was about leaving the mountain neighborhood inhabited by the moonshiners, I was informed that one of their number was "to be buried" that afternoon, and decided to attend the funeral. Reaching the place — a small farm high up on the side of the mountain — an hour before the time appointed for the services, I found the door-yard already nearly full of men and boys, while others came in sight every few minutes from the surrounding woods. Many of

the men had their guns with them. Most of these were "stacked," or stood up together, in the corner or angle between the projecting chimney and the wall of the house, on the outside. Most of the men stood around a great fire of logs, which had been built in the yard. Others sat on the rail fences and on the numerous oak stumps. Nearly all smoked pipes, and talked, with solemn animation, of the personal qualities and history of their deceased neighbor. "Mart was a good one, ef there ever wuz one on this crick," said an old man, as he picked up a glowing coal with his fin-



gers, letting it drop into the palm of his hand, whence he dexterously rolled it into the bowl of his pipe. He drew a few strong whiffs, and then repeated, "Mart was a good one, I tell *you!*" "He wuz that," assented a younger mountaineer. Then each person in the company by the fire contributed some remembrance of "Mart," and his good traits and actions. There was something which seemed Homeric in the simple earnestness and strength of this talk. It was the real funeral oration. Many acts of tender kindness were mentioned. Some talked of his physical prowess and courage. One man's lips quivered as he summed up, "There hain't no man can say Mart ever turned his back on a friend or a foe;" and several responded in chorus, "That's a fact, by the Jeemeses River."

A man from the camp had accompanied me. He introduced me to those who desired acquaintance as a gentleman from Richmond, who had "ben over in the valley lookin' at land; an' as he never was up in the mountains before, he's come across this way to see the country." He had advised this course, as we were on our way to the funeral, saying, "We'll tell 'em all about ye, after ye're gone; but now, ye see, 'twould jest make an excitement, and kind o' disturb the fun'ral, an' 't ain't wuth while." I thought this a sensible view of the matter, and talked but little, as I had then no questions to ask. Presently "the preacher" came, riding along a forest path. A young man took his horse, and hitched it in a corner of the fence. The older men spoke to the minister, and shook hands with him. "Would you like to go in?" the old man already mentioned asked me. "If it's all right, and there is room." "Come along; I'll git ye a seat." I was placed just inside of the door, very near the minister, who stood in the door-way to conduct the services. The men stood in the yard. The two rooms

which I could see were filled with women and little children. The long coffin lay in the centre of the room, supported on two chairs. The bereaved woman, young, tall and powerful-looking, sat by the body of her husband, with three little children near her. One of these was but a babe. It was alarmed by the strangeness of the scene, and, refusing to be comforted by the neighbor who had it in charge, it had to be hushed on its mother's bosom.

The minister began by "lining out" the hymn:—

"Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms."

As he read these lines the woman gave a low, piercing wail of grief, which was followed by a burst of weeping from those who sat nearest her. There was a prayer full of sympathy and fervor, becoming rather vociferous near the close; then a very sensible sermon about the shortness and uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, and the great importance of being "prepared for a better world." "Our brother that's gone," the minister said, "had sought the Lord, and found him precious; and he said he was goin' home to live with Jesus. It was hard for him to leave his dear family, but he looked forward to a meetin' in heaven, where parting will be no more." The chief mourner's wails grew more impassioned, and the assembly shook with repressed weeping. Many of the men outside were in tears. There was another hymn, and then the people filed past the coffin, for the last look at the dead face. In a very short time, and without any apparent confusion or hurry, we were on our way to the graveyard: a straggling, irregular procession, mostly on foot, but with some on horseback, "riding double." A few of the older men walked in front. Next to these came a dozen or more of the younger women, accompanied and followed by



about as many young men; then older men and women on foot; then the wagon with the coffin and the family; and, bringing up the rear, those who were on horseback. I walked with my friend, a little in advance of the wagon. Immediately after we passed beyond the inclosure around the house, the widow addressed one of her neighbors, who was passing the wagon to a place in front, and bade him "tell Elmiry to sing." The word was passed along the line forward to the young women, and one of them, a tall, deep-chested girl, began a Methodist "revival hymn." Her voice was very strong and clear, and sweet, when not too loud. It had strange, thrilling cadences, and made me think of the singing of an improvisatrice. The other young people joined in the song, taking the different musical parts. When the hymn was ended, another was started by the same leader, and others in succession, during the entire march to the grave. In places the road was rough, and as the singers became weary from their double exertion their voices trembled and quavered, and some of them sang a little out of time and tune. Once, when there was a slight pause, the woman in the wagon exclaimed, "I hope Elmiry ain't a goin' to stop singin'!" I pitied the poor girls, as some of them appeared to be much exhausted.

At the grave the minister lined out another hymn, and it was sung while the coffin was being lowered to its place. The woman wailed and screamed, and fell backward, fainting, into the arms of the women who pressed around her. The people remained until the grave was filled up. Then the poor woman, who seemed half unconscious still, was lifted into the wagon, and laid on the robes and blankets on the bottom of it, with her head supported on Elmiry's lap. We returned to the house silently, and I thought the dark, wintry woods looked sad and lonely, and nature seemed un pitying. Some of the "neighbor-wom-

en" had remained at the house, and had "got supper for all that 'll stay," as they said. I wished to engage my guide to take me on horseback to the railroad that night, and he said he would go if I would "stay an' git somethin' to eat first." I was glad to see that the woman of the house tried to eat, and that her hospitable instincts struggled with her grief, as she thoughtfully endeavored to make sure that every one was urged to "come to the table." As we arose from our repast I heard one of the young women inviting others to take our places, assuring them that "they's room now; the first table's all eat."

It was dark when my guide and I mounted our horses, and set out through the woods. We rode at a speed which I had not anticipated, nor thought was possible over ground so rough. I could barely see the man and horse in front of me. We dashed on, at a long, rough trot. After we had been half an hour on the way, my guide turned in his saddle, and asked, "Kin ye set purty tight?" I thought I might as well say, "Oh, yes," as I was plainly "in for it." It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the railroad station in the woods. I asked the man what I should pay him. "'Bout a dollar 'll pay for my trouble, I reckon." He fastened up the stirrups of the saddle on which I had ridden, and struck the horse sharply with a switch. The animal promptly started homeward. I gave the man my hand, and thanked him, and he said, "I reckon ye won't come this way ag'in." "I suppose not, this year; some time, it may be." "We'd like to hev ye. I reckon our folks 'll ruther miss ye."

The train came along soon afterward. As it trundled on, hour after hour, I dozed in the car-seat, and all that I had seen and heard in the mountains seemed to withdraw far away into the shadowy land of dreams. The next morning the conductor shook me out of a deep sleep, and as I rose heavily to my feet he said,



"Sorry to disturb ye, for I reckon ye 're mighty tired. But come an' have some breakfast. Ye've ben up in the mountains, hain't ye? I heered ye was goin', back on the road."

After breakfast, I deposited my baggage with a woman who was selling whisky to her neighbors, in the one room of her home, near the station, and started out to look around me. I saw a country wholly without "scenery," or features of any kind. — a wide expanse of rich, level land; no hills, no valleys, no streams or woods. A few trees and clumps of bushes were in sight, scattered about the plain, but they did not seem to break its monotony in any degree. It was a land, I thought, where New England women, lovers of the hills, might die of homesickness and the burden of the wearying sameness and eternal desolation around them. I was in one of the great "black districts" of the central South.

#### NEGRO TYPES.

I asked a man at the roadside where I could hire a horse for the day. He pointed to a house a mile away, and replied, "Ye kin git somethin' thar, I reckon." I was soon on the back of an enormous mule. As I mounted I asked the farmer if the animal was all right, and he replied, "He's the same as any mule, I reckon; they're all-fired unprincipled, all on 'em. It's best to be ready for Gabr'el to blow any time, when ye're in their company." But I rode the mule all over that region during that day and the next, and he behaved very well. It was a "cotton country" which I was now exploring. It seemed at first to have but a sparse population, as there were few houses in sight; but I found this impression a common one on first looking at a district thickly inhabited by colored people. Their houses are small and inconspicuous, and are usually huddled in groups, in what a Northern traveler would regard as out-

of-the-way corners, in hollows, near a clump of bushes, or in other unexpected places. The number of negroes which one small cabin can shelter and accommodate is startling. On many plantations, however, there is much improvement of late in the housing of the black laborers, and I saw many hundreds of new and commodious dwellings which were occupied by the "hands" on large cotton plantations, and which were better in every way than the average "tenement-house" of some New England factory towns. Inside, however, there is usually little house-keeping. In most cases, on the great plantations in the "black regions" which I have visited, there is what Northern people would regard as hideous squalor and noisome uncleanness within doors, and the black people seem to be merely camping out in the house. Very often the tenement is too good to suit them, and they would feel more at home in a ruinous hut.

What impressed me most respecting the quality of the labor in this region, as in all the great black districts, was the element of periodicity. Few of the black people seem to be able to work steadily or continuously for many days together. They must have frequent holidays, and appear to require some special stimulus or excitement to hold them to their employment; and periods of somnolent, sluggish enjoyment and animal repose, lasting a day or two, seem also to be necessary. Wherever there is a small village or hamlet within reach, the negroes on the nearest plantations congregate about it. There is nearly everywhere a marked tendency toward the towns, on the part of the "plantation hands." The movement in this direction has not, generally, I think, been productive of good results of any kind. Almost everywhere, as in the region which I was now examining, I found numerous rather handsome young mulattoes, men who are politicians, idle, voluble, worthless, and vicious. They



are usually satellites of white politicians, and act as pimps and procurers for them among the young women of their own race. These men are objects of abhorrence and terror to the admirable women who are watching over the young colored girls in their neighborhood, and trying to guide them in womanly ways. These flashy, dissolute fellows are nearly always able to defeat such efforts, and to secure the silly girls as fresh prey for the licentious passions of the satellite's white employer. More than once I witnessed a quarrel between a ruffian of this stamp and his master, growing out of the fact that the latter had invaded his menial's "rights," by taking for himself what the pimp claimed as exclusively his own. On one occasion I noted that the injured man made an oration about his wrongs. Brandishing a photograph of a mulatto girl, he thrust it into the white man's face, exclaiming, "By ———, you *know* you never inherited this!"

In the great black regions the prevailing type is the uncouth, strangely-shaped, animal-looking negro or mulatto, who seems mentally, even more than by physical characteristics, to belong to a race entirely distinct from that of the white men around him. He is not so much hostile or antagonistic as alien, unimpressible, inaccessible. He cannot be influenced or guided to any great extent. He must have his way. He will do only so much work, and will labor only under conditions natural and desirable to him. He cannot be hurried, coaxed, bribed, or driven to do anything as Northern men like to have work done. I could not find any instances in which Northern men had been successful with negroes of this type as laborers. Southern white men of character and education seem to understand them, and to be able to arrange the conditions of life for them so that their labor is profitable, and their peculiar qualities have not become explosive and ruinous to the entire

social fabric of the regions in which they are, numerically, so much stronger than the whites. What the black people in such regions may become in the future is yet, in great degree, uncertain; but at present their race characteristics are remarkably definite. They do not appear, so far as I can judge, to be now undergoing any marked transformation or process of change as a race or distinct class of people; and while I cannot say positively that there is no improvement among them, I must confess that I have been unable to find any evidence or indication of it.

They are undoubtedly, in some important respects, a powerful race. They have enormous physical vitality in their present circumstances, but all that I have seen of them inclines me to doubt their having the ability to adapt themselves to any great change in their environment or the principal conditions of their life. But it is certain that all the theories and fancies regarding their decay and dying out as a race, which have been presented at different times since the first introduction of the negroes into this country, must be dismissed as idle speculations, with no support in the facts of the case. The negroes increase rapidly everywhere in the country places; much less rapidly in the towns, because there prostitution greatly reduces the number of births. It is also clear that the negro will not "be crowded out by the superior race." For reasons to be hereafter pointed out, it is likely that the rate of increase of the white population of the Southern States will soon begin to diminish, but it is not likely that the causes which will produce this decline will affect the black people in equal degree. They form already a large proportion of the people of our entire country. They will in all probability remain permanently upon our soil, and will be able to do their share of any "crowding" that may result from the conditions of life here in America in the future.



## A BLACK PLANTER.

Leaving the railroad at Bayou Goula, Louisiana, I traveled on horseback westward and northwestward through the country for long distances. In this region the condition of the laborers is superior to that which prevails in Mississippi. For the most part the soil is better, but I think the chief reason for the higher character of the people of both races, the blacks and their employers, is that the production of sugar is better suited to develop and improve all who are concerned in it than the growing of cotton. Far over in the interior of the State, in a rich region lying among interlacing streams and arms of the bayous, I found a black man engaged in farming. He said that he was forty-two years old, and that his father, who died but seven or eight years ago on his son's plantation, was a young prince, or chief, in an important negro country in Africa, when he was captured and sold to traders, who sent him to America as a slave. Here he found a young woman of like origin and blood with himself, and married her. They had several children, but only this man whom I visited lived to grow up. The others died in infancy, because, as the survivor thought, their masters "had not sense enough to know how to hold slaves." "A fool can't be a master," he said; "he needs a master for himself." He had nothing when he found himself free at the end of the war. He went to work as a teamster for the Federal officers who remained some time in that region, and afterward bought a mule and began farming. He did all kinds of hard work, and soon employed other men, in order to derive some profit from their labor. After a year or two he bought a few acres of land, and began at once to save manure. This last was regarded as a foolish innovation, as it had never been attempted in that region.

He soon saw that it was ruinous to buy so many things in the way of plantation supplies and tools, and accordingly began to produce his own corn, pork, bacon, and hay, and many other articles which the planters about him had always purchased from the merchants in the towns. Next, he determined to try to construct his own farm buildings, and to make some of the principal tools required in his various occupations. He said he learned all the trades himself: those of the carpenter, bricklayer, and plasterer; he became a blacksmith and tinsmith, and built carts and wagons, and made axes and hoes, barrels and pails. He said the things were not very smooth; it made him sick to look at them; but he learned how to begin, and then he could do better next time. He visited and examined a foundry in one of the towns on the river, and built a small furnace, and made some castings at home.

As soon as he had paid for his land he resolved to train a few laborers, and teach them to work according to his ideas and methods. He said that on the large plantation up the bayou the hands had a hundred and fifty ways of covering a hill of corn, and not one of them was the right way. He began to look for young men for his purpose, but could find few who were earnest or trustworthy, or who cared to learn. He said, "I saw that a good hand was worth more to me than a poor one, and of course, he ought to be worth more to himself. So I told the men that if they would do just what I wanted I would pay a little more than the usual wages, and that I would not keep poor hands about me, if they would work for nothing. It must be good work or none. So I have got these men to work in my way, and have taught them how to teach others, and to manage things; and when they go away from here every one of them is to teach his hands all the things he has learned on my place." He would



like to grow his own cotton and wool, and spin and weave them, if he could, but of course he could not make everything at home. He thought it one of the most important things in the economy of life (or, to use his own phrase, "in managing the business of living") to decide what should be produced at home, and what should be purchased of others. He had studied much about this, wishing to "find out what was just about right," and had decided that there was no certain rule, and that the relations between these two divisions of a planter's business, the quantity or extent of each, would necessarily be varied by differences of climate, soil, place, the state of society or the degree of civilization prevailing in the country, and other circumstances.

After I had spent an evening with him he said, "Why do you ask me about so many things? I should think you wanted to come to this country and be a planter." "No, I am not coming here to live. I only wish to learn as much as possible about life here. You see, I don't think the white people are the only inhabitants of Louisiana." "Ah," he said, "that's a dark subject. I don't see exactly how things are to come out for all of us here."

This man was one of the most successful planters and business men that I saw in all my journey through the South, and it appeared to me probable that he would not only become rich, but that he would do much to improve the condition of the region in which he lived. He seemed to understand more clearly than most white planters the value of the principle of the selection of labor and laborers according to quality and performance. I asked many Southern men if some advance could not be made in this direction, but they nearly all thought it impracticable, and especially so in gathering the cotton crop, as it is necessary to employ "everything that can pick a pound." Much of it is in

fact picked by children, and it is often handled carelessly and wastefully. The cotton-picking was not finished in the Southwest last winter until it was time to plant the new crop in the spring. Much of the old crop was indeed never "saved" at all. I visited many plantations while the picking was in progress, and observed the methods of the laborers. The cotton is spread, or piled, on the ground in the field, and is often trampled under foot; and sand, mud, sticks, and stones are gathered up and carried away with it, and put into the bales. If the hands employed in gathering it could be required to use more care in handling the cotton, so as to keep it as clean as possible, and free from the substances which are so commonly mingled with it, I think its value would be considerably increased.

I was soon aware, in talking with this man, that he had read more than is found in newspapers, and desired to see his home, and learn what books, if any, were to be found there. He had Plutarch's Lives, and Montaigne in French; an old copy of a cheap American edition of Bacon's Essays, in one volume; most of Plato, in volumes belonging to different editions; Pope's Homer; an old copy of Sartor Resartus; a selection from Wordsworth's poems; Rollins' Ancient History; Shakespeare's plays; and Carey's Dante. He liked Plutarch and Shakespeare best; thought there were some great men "in the business that Homer tells about," but said he could not see them all plainly, and wished he could read it in the Greek. He believed Socrates to have been a very sensible man, and would like to know what he said, or what he would say, about many things; and to ask him about the hands and the work on the plantation, sometimes. But Plato was like one of these newspaper men; he talked too much; if he had a big thing to talk about he talked all the time, and if it was a little thing he talked just the



same. He thought Socrates and Abraham Lincoln would have liked each other, "and Carlyle." He went on, "Those three men, if they could be together, would have more fun than ever was in the world at one time; they could tell so many stories." I asked if they would not want Bacon with them; to which, after a moment's pause, he replied, "Bacon is very sober, but sometimes it is no great thing he has to tell us." He had Darwin's *Origin of Species*, he said, and had read it several years ago; but the book was not at home, as he had loaned it to a colored minister. There was a copy of *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, with various books on farming and stock-breeding, about forty volumes of African travels, and a few numbers of the *Popular Science Monthly* and of some British reviews.

He said the facts or laws of descent had "been known always in Africa. The people of this country do some strange things. I cannot see what their plan is. The very men who ought to show the people what to do will mix their blood with the blood of slaves. In Africa a prince or chief has as many wives as he wants, but they must all be of good blood. There are officers who have to remember who was everybody's father and mother." There were three kinds of men in Louisiana, he thought. One kind would not learn anything, nor do anything. They ought to be driven out into some poor country by themselves. "It would be better to kill them, but that's not the way here." The second class could do good work if they had somebody to tell them what to do, and to teach them. The other kind of men have to think what can be done, and they have to give orders, and put men in the right places. "On most of the plantations along here there is no foremost man. It's all tail without any head. Sometimes the man that's giving orders ought to be set to driving a mule, with somebody to drive *him*." I

asked him what he thought of politics, and he replied that there was "no good in all this *ki-yi* about voting, and what this party and that party will do, — no good for the black people. They would better work, and get homes of their own, and stay away from the speeches. If a man works, and makes a living, he cannot do everything else. When a black man begins to talk about 'de principles ob de gubberment' I see he don't make much cotton."

I remarked that in the North much improvement in all Southern affairs and interests was hoped for, as the result of the education of the negroes. He pointed across the fields, and answered, "Yes, the education is here." "But you would have these men read; you like books and newspapers." "Books after work, if a man wants them. Not many of our race can work and read too. Newspapers make us meddle with other people's business, and let go of our own. If I get mixed up with the Zulu war or the Nihilists, who will see that the mules are fed at the right time in the morning?" He stooped and pulled up a bunch of weeds by the roadside, and, shaking the earth from their roots, held them up for me to see, observing, "Worst kind of Nihilists around here, too." As we walked along the levee by the side of the plantation, he spoke of one of his men who had worked there the year before, and had done a good job, but had since gone to be a preacher. "Was that good?" I asked. "It's not for me to say it's good or bad. He was a good, true man, and he thought he ought to preach." "Does their religion help the black people much?" "Some of them; some not. Most of them go into it too strong at the meetings. It makes them drunker than whisky. The preachers generally don't know a great deal, and the people don't want to learn anything." "What do you think of it all for yourself?" He stopped, and turned his face upward to



the sun, and, stretching out his arms, exclaimed, "*There is something there!*" I do not know what it is." After a few moments we talked of the soil and crops, the manners of the people of the region, and other topics. This man's wife was much younger than himself, — a tall, rather silent woman, very black, but with features entirely unlike those of the usual African type. They had four sturdy children. A young mulatto woman assisted in the domestic work. The lady of the house — shall I say — presided at the table in an easy, graceful manner, and evidently followed the conversation intelligently, though she said little. Before the end of my visit she was more communicative, but was plainly inclined to shelter herself at her husband's side. They were evidently in thorough sympathy, affectionate, proud, and happy. Their life seemed to be entirely wholesome and admirable. The boys will learn trades, their father said, and the girls housekeeping.

This man seemed to have a firm grasp upon reality, and to see his way clearly, while most of the men around him, of both races, were floundering in uncertainty and inefficiency. I talked a little with several of the men who worked for him. They all thought their employer the best and wisest man they had ever known, and appeared to feel for him the reverence and devotion of soldiers for a beloved commander. Of his men this black planter said, "There is nothing they would not do for me." I think the work of this man and his co-laborers an instance of the kind of reconstruction which the South most needs, — the guidance of labor, by competent men, for the benefit of all concerned.

#### ANOTHER BLACK PLANTER.

There is another class of colored men in the South, who are laying the foundations of a better state of things than now prevails by sheer industry and de-

votion to money-making. I found a conspicuous illustration of this type in the person and work of a negro in one of the old Southern States. He could not read, but had learned within a few years, by instruction from his young wife, to write well enough to enable him to "keep the time" of his hands by recording it in his book of farm accounts. He had "begun without nothin'," he said. At the end of the war he gathered up some "lame and sick gov'ment mules that had been turned out fuh de crows, an' doctor'd 'em up." Then he worked on the plantations near him, at first by the day, but soon began to rent land and "hire hands." He said he "lived on nothin', or what other folks frowed away; but I reckon I fed my mules mighty well." He had bought land, a little at a time, and when I visited him owned many hundred acres of the best land in that region. He still worked hard himself, and exacted, most rigidly, the amount of labor which he thought his hands ought to perform. "I don't lay out fuh 'em to do as much as I does, boss; but dey mus' n't shirk." His residence was but a few miles from a considerable town. The year before I was there a neighboring planter had wanted a twenty-acre wood-lot cleared off. It was heavily timbered, and this black man offered to clear the ground for the wood which was to be removed. This was accepted, and he "had de choppin' done in de wintah, when dey wus n't no wuk, an' han's wus cheap." The wood was drawn out and piled up on a vacant lot near the road. "Nex' summah eberybody's out o' wood in town; dey allays is; dey nebber luks ahead mo' 'an 'twel diannah time. Nobody hain't no time to haul wood *den*. Eberybody's in de cotton. But ebery night, ahtah we done done de day's wuk in de fiel', den my wagons, ebery one takes load o' wood to town. De big-bugs pays good price *den*, 'cause dey ain't no wood fuh to be hed. So *dah*,



den [becoming animated], *hi*, boss, I sells de wood, *see!* An' I pays all de spences fuh cuttin' it, an' in de nex' place I buys de lan' what de wood come off, an' I hab suffin lef' in de bank." The guttural chuckle with which he ended I am powerless to represent. The principal citizens of the town said this story was true.

This man reared cattle, sheep, and hogs, and had better blooded animals than any other planter near him, white or black. He was saving all the manure that his farms yielded, and drawing more from the town, — "de profit's on de back load." His fences were good, and, what is rare in the South, the fence-rows were kept clean, and free from weeds, briars, and bushes. He had married but a year or two before my visit a beautiful young woman, with scarcely a trace of negro blood. He was extremely proud of her, and of their babe, a handsome boy. I took supper with them, by invitation, the family and the "hands" eating at the same table, while a colored servant-girl waited on us. There was excellent coffee and tolerable bread, but the principal dish was some kind of meat, which I did not recognize. After eating of it heartily I asked my host what it was, and he said it was "chit'luns;" but I did not at once think of "chitterlings," and he explained particularly what it was that we had been eating.

After supper the woman went away with the baby, and as we rose from the table I saw a double-barreled shot-gun standing in the corner of the room, and inquired whether there was much game in that part of the country. "Dat ain't fuh no game. Dat's fuh dem damned niggah preachahs." "What's the matter with the preachers?" " *Spose I want 'em comin' 'roun hyuh to see my wife, when I's 'way from home?* De low-down hogs! Dey makes deh livin' gwian 'roun', an' eatin' an' eatin', an' dey fool de wimmen twel dey hain't no sense."

"Would you not allow a preacher to come to your house?" "Let him wait twel I axes de pleasuh ob his comp'ny. I done tol' em all 'roun' hyuh, I let 'em know when I wants 'em. My wife b'longs to me, an' I's gwian to luk out fuh dem slick houn's wiv dat shot-gun."

#### BLACK MINISTERS.

This man's description applies justly to some of the colored preachers in most parts of the South. They are ignorant, fat, lazy, and licentious. Many of them use intoxicating liquors freely. The influence of such men is of course a curse to the colored people, and is the cause of much immorality among the married women who are members of the "colored churches." But it would be most unjust to allow my readers to infer that colored ministers generally belong to this class. Here, as in the description of all classes of people in the South, discrimination is necessary. The new order of things is manifesting itself in a conflict between opposing tendencies in the negro churches, and among their ministers. Except in the larger towns, most of the older ministers depend on mere noise and excitement to influence their hearers. They work themselves into incoherent fury, stamp and yell, and appeal only to the "feelings" of their uninstructed followers. These old men denounce "de high-flyin' preachin' we has dese days." They say "it's all book-l'arnin'; dey ain't no Holy Ghos' in it, at all. Dis new religion mighty smaht, an' mighty proud, but it hain't got no *feelin'* to it." There is a great deal of truth in this. The more intellectual preaching of the younger educated men is ill suited to the tropical and impulsive nature of the colored people. Their life is far more a matter of instinct than of thought, and to attempt to teach religion to them by means of appealing to their reason is to disarm religion at once of all its potency. The preachers and missionaries who are best



adapted to the peculiar conditions and needs of the colored people are the young men who have received an industrial education, who have been trained to manual labor, and have learned either farming or some mechanical art at such schools as the Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia, or the other admirable institutions of learning fostered by the American Missionary Association and the churches of the South. Of course, this class is still very small, but it comprises some excellent men, whose influence is already widely felt in the South, and is a potent factor in the soundest and most hopeful religious work now going on there.

#### SURVIVALS.

Savage African beliefs, or superstitions, as to the interference of supernatural powers in the affairs of human life prevail everywhere among the negroes of the South to an extent which Northern people would scarcely imagine without special study of the subject. This is not to be wondered at when we observe how largely prehistoric forms of thought survive even in cultivated Northern communities. I think there are no negroes, perhaps, except the few educated young men referred to above, who are free from the influences of the general belief in signs, charms, dreams, spells, and magical incantations. Nearly every neighborhood has an old man or woman who possesses unearthly powers, and who is constantly consulted and appealed to for assistance in connection with the love affairs and the quarrels of the colored people, and in cases of protracted or mysterious sickness. The belief in the power of the evil eye is nearly universal, as is the notion that persons, domestic animals, wells, and particular places can be "tricked" — that is, have a curse or malign spell put upon them — by anybody who knows the "charm," or method of procedure which will produce such a result. A nail driven into

the ground, with certain magical preliminaries and accompaniments, is a potent means of dire injuries and revenges. In matters of love, courtship, and marriage the negroes are usually extremely jealous and suspicious, and magical arts are commonly invoked to secure affection, to alienate those who are already attached to each other, and to protect aggressors from detection or punishment. There are various spells or formulæ for such purposes. They usually include the use of a scrap of some article of clothing which has been worn by the person who is to be tricked, or a shred of his hair, a piece of a finger-nail or toe-nail, or even some dust from his shoes. A volume might be written on the beliefs of the colored people regarding the supernatural, and on this department of their folk-lore, and the subject would probably as well repay attention as the ideas and race characteristics of savage tribes in distant parts of the world.

In their relations to one another, or life "among themselves," the colored people are generally very quarrelsome, and their social or neighborhood life is apt to be a continual scene of petty, vulgar bickering, of ill-temper and spite, which sometimes lead to blows, but more commonly find expression in endless and senseless talk. On several occasions I heard negro women quarrelling noisily. They were all members of churches and very religious, and the war of words between them was largely made up of accusations of unchristian conduct and character. "You has not de sperrit; you has not de *mahks* o' de sperrit." "My Lawd, he say to me by his sperrit, dat he 'spise yo' lyin' ways." "Ef yo' heart was full o' de love o' God, yould a come to me, and yould a said to me," Sistah Tummelson, Suze Maria's Jim, he say you done tole Mose Trippleses wife," etc., etc.

The prevalence of unchastity among the young colored women is represented



as almost universal. In every part of the South I was told by the most intelligent colored men that, except in peculiar and rare cases, no young man of their race can feel assured that his bride comes to him pure or free from the experience of vice. The colored girls go astray while they are yet so young that it seems impossible to give them any instruction suited to awaken a sense of womanly honor and delicacy, or to develop a disposition of self-protection and resistance to temptation. This is one of the serious social problems of the South. The conditions now existing and the prospects for the future are ominous for both races.

#### YOUNG MEN.

There are multitudes of young white men in the South who appear to be entirely destitute of any elevated or worthy principles or aims in life. They live merely for sensual gratifications, and their pursuit of such objects is open and avowed beyond anything that I have observed elsewhere. All their ideas are groveling, and their conversation is salacious beyond measure. This sheer animality, or lack of all manly and noble aspiration, is of appalling extent. When it is remembered that these young men usually encounter no resistance from the young colored women, it is plain that the development of domestic purity and the establishment of family life as one of the great agencies for advancement in civilization are objects which are likely to be very difficult of attainment, in many places in the South, for a long time to come. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that, at present, in that part of our country, there are whole populations to whom the virtues and sanctities of home and the divine restraints of womanly purity are entirely unknown.

#### CRIME.

The question of methods of punishment for crime, or rather the question

of the disposition to be made of criminals while they are undergoing punishment, where they are to be bestowed and how guarded, is fast becoming a most serious one in some of the Southern States. It appears to many thoughtful observers that the sheer impossibility of finding room, or secure prison accommodations, for the swarms and hordes of criminals convicted of theft must lead to changes in the laws relating to crimes of this class, and to some relaxation of the penalties now provided. This is the characteristic crime of the negroes; that is, the thefts committed by them greatly outnumber those committed by white men, and the expense to which the State is subjected has already reached alarming proportions. But the expense incurred is not the worst feature of the case. These prisoners, or criminals, white and colored together, are so numerous that they constitute a distinct social element or factor in the life and civilization of the community or State, with an appreciable influence upon public opinion, sentiment, and morals. Their class must be recognized, in any just survey of existing conditions and tendencies, as the source of potent formative or educating forces, as so many people are constantly in contact with them, either as guards or in other necessary relations. In the streets of some Southern capitals "the penitentiary stripes" are nearly always in sight, worn usually by men who are trusted to labor or attend to errands outside of the prison inclosures, often, in deed, without being accompanied by a guard. In one instance I met a handsome young man, wearing the prison garb, at various times, in the streets and at places of business in the city, and inquired regarding his crime and origin. I was told that he had murdered his most intimate friend and companion in a drunken quarrel, and that his conduct had been so satisfactory during his imprisonment that he would probably soon



be released; "pardoned out," to quote the phrase used. I observed that he chatted with the young women behind the counters in the stores, and with other customers, with easy self-possession; and it was plain in this, as in many other cases, that neither the criminal nor the people about him felt that he was in any wise degraded by his crime, or that he was in consequence of it to suffer exclusion from pleasant social relations with the community. The penalties now enforced for some of the most common crimes do not constitute any real punishment for such men as make up the mass of criminals in the Southern States, where I have examined the prisons and the methods of their management. As many of them are not confined to the prison, nor even to the inclosure around it, and as the labor of such convicts is by no means severe, being usually performed in a very leisurely manner, their life is not destitute of compensations and attractions for many idle, worthless negroes and young white men. They are brought up from dull little country towns, where they had "mighty hard work to live," to a city, where they have "a chance to see all the sights," with better food, clothing, and shelter than they have ever enjoyed before. What is to be the course of society, under the conditions of modern life, in its treatment of the classes requiring control and protection, — criminals, paupers, and insane persons, — and what is to be the effect of the reflex influence which these classes will in turn exert upon society, are of course somewhat serious problems in all civilized countries, and we have abundant material and opportunity for observation and experiment here in America.

#### WHITE TYPES: THE "BOURBONS."

As used in the North, this word "Bourbon" designates a class of white men, composed chiefly of the leading citizens of the Southern States. The

Bourbons are the principal business men, lawyers, physicians, teachers, clergymen, merchants, and farmers of the South. They are everywhere the leaders of society, in the best sense of the word. They sustain the churches, and give such efficiency to the moral activities and discipline of the local communities as they have thus far attained. Taken broadly or generally, the class includes the best people of the South, or most of them. They are Bourbons because in politics they are democrats, and act in opposition to the principles, policy, or methods of the republican party, which has administered the national government since the time of our civil war. In the Southern States the term Bourbon has no distinct significance. It is applied indiscriminately by all classes of politicians to anybody who differs from them. It is there a convenient though empty epithet or name of reproach. Every politician insists that his party is the party of progress, of improvement, — the representative and embodiment of the only ideas by which society can exist or civilization be maintained; and he is of course entitled to stigmatize his opponents as Bourbons. The word is a sham or burlesque weapon in the South, and is used there by everybody in political wrangling, "for all it is worth." As to the Southern men who compose the class to which this name is usually applied in the North, I am compelled to say that, aside from political matters, they are much like other people, or like the best people in our Northern communities. They do not appear to love what is wrong for its own sake, nor to prefer falsehood, baseness, cruelty, or injustice to the virtues and good qualities which are elsewhere revered by good men. They are amiable, truthful, conscientious, kind, public-spirited, and religious, resembling very closely the foremost men in our New England towns in all the important elements of personal character; differing only, in



general, in being more communicative and having less reserve than is usual among New Englanders. As to their political action, it seems to me to have been for some years largely inevitable; the necessary product and result of the peculiar conditions of life and society in the South since the civil war. It does not appear to have been owing to sheer depravity on their part, nor to any choice or agency of theirs, that there was for some years a disturbed and unsettled state of things in the Southern States. Collisions between different classes followed unavoidably upon the elevation of the emancipated slaves into political superiority over the disfranchised white citizens of the country. There has never been any such completeness of organization among the people of the South, since the war, as many persons believe to have existed there. That part of our country is distinguished by much greater feebleness of community and a less organic life than belongs to Northern society; and the Bourbons are not really responsible for everything that has been done south of Mason and Dixon's line. I shall have more to say hereafter of Southern politics. Here I wish only to place the so-called Bourbon type as plainly as possible before my readers. The men thus designated are, as a class, eminently social, hospitable, honest, and upright men, if we leave their politics out of view. They have, in large measure, built up and maintained such moral, social, industrial, and religious organization and activity as the South now possesses, and much of what is best and most encouraging in the present state of things in the principal Southern States is due to them, and to their efforts for practical reconstruction in a time of extreme difficulty and uncertainty, when their resources were most discouragingly slender, and when they had no precedents to guide them except such as were furnished by the experience of man-

kind in the long contest between civilization and barbarism in the past. I think they have made mistakes and have done wrong things since the war. I am not certain that we, or anybody else, would have done better than they.

In conversation with these gentlemen, I everywhere expressed my conviction that illegal interference with negro suffrage could not be continued without the most serious injury to all Southern interests, and that it would be better that Southern men, democrats, should make the ballot entirely free to all who are legally entitled to its possession, and then endure whatever ills might result. They always replied that disturbance, violence, and fraud were each year diminishing, and that negro political supremacy would be utterly ruinous for the state and for society, and insisted that if the republican party in the South possessed the character and employed the methods of the same party in the North they would gladly coöperate with it; that they were ready to discard and abandon their present political organization whenever any other party would take up the real problems of the South, and seriously address itself to their solution.

In studying the Bourbons I have been forced to conclude that nothing has yet been attained anywhere much better than the domestic life of this class of the Southern people, in its intelligence, refinement, beauty, and general elevation and wholesomeness.

#### ONE CLASS OF SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS.

I have in another place described various types, or individuals, among Southern republicans, but one very important type remains to be considered. No other class of persons in the South has, during the last fifteen or sixteen years, displayed characteristics so marked or vital; no other class has been so logical or so consistent. Now that they appear



to be about to leave the field of action forever, it is needful that their character, ideas, and work should receive due recognition, and be more adequately and justly set forth than has, so far as I know, as yet been attempted. I refer to the men who have always believed that, as the South was fairly conquered by the North, after a most obstinate resistance, it should, of right, be treated and ruled by the North as a conquered country; and that, as the subjugated people of the South adhere invincibly to their original hostility of feeling and purpose, and cherish undying hatred to the national government and to the Northern people, the rule of the conquerors should be stern, vigilant, and repressive. It is the conviction of men of this class that the authority of the national government can be maintained in the States once in revolt only by the constant exercise of force so great as to compel obedience, and make successful resistance clearly impossible. This class is not a large one, but it is made up of men of marked intellectual ability. Their moral character is irreproachable in everything outside of politics. But they regard the South as still in a state of war, and hold that any measure which is permissible in civilized warfare may rightly be employed by the national government in its long conflict with "the Southern rebels."

There are a few of these men in every Southern State, and I had much conversation with some of them last winter. They all believe that the Northern people in general, and especially the leaders of the republican party in the Northern States, are fatally ignorant and mistaken regarding the character and feelings of the Southern people. Some of them were impatient because I did not find everywhere in the South evidences of "the savage malignity and hypocrisy of the rebels." "They are the worst people in the world," I was assured again and again. "There is nobody like

them on the face of the earth." As I came home from the South I had a long conversation with a gentleman of this class who resides in Washington, and who has long held an important position in one of the departments or government offices there. He asked me how I found things in the South, and I answered that I thought there was some improvement. "In what respect?" "There are more men at work, the total industrial production of the region is increasing, and there is less of disturbance in connection with politics." "Ah, I see; they have deceived you, as they deceive every Northern man that goes down there. But they can't deceive me. Oh, yes; 'order reigns in Warsaw.' Peace in the South means the sway of the shot-gun and revolver. There is no disturbance, you say; but it is because so many of our people have been butchered that the rest are afraid to stir." In answer to further questioning, I spoke of the admirable arrangements for the health and general welfare of the laborers which I had observed at various factories in the South, and on many sugar plantations in the Southwest; and the gentleman replied, "Yes, that 's it, — that 's it exactly. The old slave-holding spirit over again." I suggested the proverb about giving even the devil his due, and said that if the Southern people should ever really improve we ought gladly to recognize all changes for the better; but my companion assured me that any professions of loyalty to the government, or of kindly feeling toward Northern men, which the Southern people might make were all pretense and hypocrisy. "There is no sincerity in them." "Would you be satisfied if they would all vote the republican ticket?" "I don't want them to vote the republican ticket. They ought never to have been allowed to vote at all." "But it is too late to change that, is it not? What can be done now?" "We should have legislation by Con-



gress disfranchising every man who interferes with or intimidates republican voters; and then the government should appoint men in every district and precinct who would enforce the law, and they should be sustained by the whole power of the nation." "It would be impossible to bring the Northern people to favor or sustain such legislation, or to find any considerable number of men who, as election officers in the Southern States, would try to enforce it. The business men of the North are becoming a little tired of stories about rebel outrages and the sufferings of Union men and republicans in the South. They want to trade with the South; want to supply her people with tools and machinery and dry goods, and make money out of Southern custom." "Then *ours* is the real lost cause! My God! what kind of republicans have you up there, that are willing to give up all we fought for to get a little Southern trade?"

A gentleman holding similar convictions wrote to me from Southern Alabama, a few days after the shooting of President Garfield. I quote a paragraph relative to the general expression of Southern sympathy and sorrow evoked by that event: "This is a most unfortunate occurrence for us, the republicans of the South. The Bourbons see their opportunity, and are improving it vigorously. This gush of pretended grief seems likely to impose on the clearest headed men in the North. The old rebels are pressing up to act as chief mourners, but they are standing on our necks. I fear our last hope has been struck down. The people up there never will understand the Southern leaders or their plans." The letter goes on to explain that the writer had not expected a severely repressive Southern policy from President Garfield, but had supposed that Southern republicans would be recognized and sustained by his administration. I talked with several gentlemen of this class in the South, who

felt keenly "the betrayal and abandonment of Southern republicans" by the national government, and by the leaders of the republican party in the North. Men of this type do not generally approve of any "political trading, or alliances with former rebels" for the purpose of "breaking up the solid South." Indeed, as is plain from their frequent and frank utterance of their convictions, they do not desire to see the "solid South broken up." They only wish to see it "kept down" and controlled. "The government ought to be implacable while the South is unrepentant," said a lawyer in Texas, as I was leaving the State. We had talked long, and I asked him how we should know it if the former rebels should, at last, repent. "They never will repent, and I don't want 'em to repent, damn 'em," was his reply.

Most of the men of this type whom I met are "Southern Unionists," or Northern men who were in the South before the war. A few of them are old anti-slavery men, who went to the South soon after the collapse of the Confederacy. They all exhibit almost precisely the same traits, and those whom I saw in Texas used many of the expressions which I had already heard from their brethren in Virginia and in Louisiana. They are, as a class, eminently conscientious, persistent, and sincere. They have the qualities which enable men to stand alone, and fight to the end for an idea or principle once espoused. These characteristics and the peculiar conditions and circumstances of the time gave to this class of men an influence, for some years after the war, out of all proportion to their number. They had the immense advantage of being on the ground, eye-witnesses of what was going on in the South, and they had the ear of the Northern people as nobody else could have. Many of them were correspondents of Northern journals, as some of them are still. They inspired



public sentiment in the North, gave the key to journalism, spoke from the pulpit, supplied materials for political campaigns, and shaped national legislation and the course of successive national administrations. They did all this legitimately and of right, because they were the strongest and the most clear-seeing men on the field through those troubled years. They knew what they wanted, and had a distinct and coherent policy, while the nation weltered in helpless uncertainty. Although some of these men have no very delicate scruples about using falsehood as a weapon against the common enemy, regarding it as fair in war, I think they did not often feel any need of its aid. I doubt not they usually pictured the state of things at the South as they saw it, and they saw it as men of their type, dominated by their ideas, would necessarily see. They had the power; the time gave them opportunity, and they used it. Of course they were always thoroughly and intensely partisan. To them, any attempt to look at things in the South "impartially and

without prejudice" is the extreme of folly. "You don't want to be 'impartial' in a battle; you want to put hot shot into the enemy's magazine." This was the remark of one of the principal men of this type in Virginia, when I told him that I had come to the South to see as much as possible, and to report accurately and impartially all that I could learn of the facts of the time; and he gave me the parting injunction, "Don't believe anything the Southern people tell you." These men are in quality invincible, like the forces of nature, irreconcilable and inevitable. They alone, of the participants in the struggles of the last sixteen years in the South, have not changed, have not abandoned a single position, nor modified in any degree their original opinions or policy. They will never accept the new order of things, the conditions of the new time in the South. They cannot be reasonably expected or required to do so. Their day is over, and their work is done. I salute them, and write this to their memory.

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### THE REFUNDING BILL OF 1881.<sup>1</sup>

THE lack of sound financial judgment in Congress is so unfortunately familiar as scarcely to excite surprise. The method of selling our bonds during the war, the needless passage of the legal-tender act, the factious refusal to permit contraction of the currency, and the insane enactments of the Bland silver bill are mortifying chapters in our financial history. And while modern credit and banking is at once a most intricate and sensitive thing, yet in nothing else does Congress more boldly interfere.

In primitive times, goods were ex-

changed directly for each other. A hungry warrior bartered a coat of mail for a fat ox. Civilization has gone on, and among its many marvels none is less interesting than the system of banking expedients, by which we are returning to a skillfully adjusted method of barter. It is a system grown up from the slow experience of centuries, and cleverly adapted to the needs of trade, — a natural outgrowth of the increased exchange of goods. It is the heart of the industrial body. Without it, business, in anything like its present magnitude, could not exist. And on this sensitive mechanism Congress often lays its rude

<sup>1</sup> House of Representatives Bill, No. 4592, Forty-Sixth Congress, Third Session.



hands with a strange mixture of confidence and blundering ignorance.

Banks are not merely lenders of capital, but are the agencies through which the titles to goods pass, so that one article can be offset against another. Like division of labor, international trade, and great railways, banks are a means of abridging human labor. While ponderous trains thunder into our Eastern cities from the Western grain fields, and others, in return, roll westward across the country filled with silks and cottons, the titles to these goods (and the means by which all are exchanged one for the other) are being carried to and fro in the shape of bills and drafts by the banks, the great *railways of credit*. For every transaction, every line of steamers, every network of railways, tallying with each exchange of goods — as it were, in the air overhead and unseen, but really running on its quick dispatch through the mails, the telegraph, and the telephone, and officered by the bankers of the country. It is as distinct, separate, and legitimate an employment as is that of a common expressman. Modern banking and the business of the country go together, like the two blades of the scissors. Take one away, and you destroy both.

While the national banking system is the best the country has ever enjoyed, it has existed only since 1864. Before that time the old state banks were regulated by each State according to varying standards of honesty, with the marked exception of the system in New York, established in 1838, and memorable as the model for the regulation of our national banks. By the New York law a bank was not granted the power to issue notes unless a deposit of state or United States bonds with the state comptroller was made, sufficient to secure the ultimate redemption of the notes. This plan of a special reserve for circulation is the basis of the English act of

1844, and implies a very different policy from that which keeps no special reserve for any one liability more than another. A bank is like a man in debt, who owns bonds, coin, and securities, to exactly the amount of his debts. He has debts (called liabilities), and he has an equal amount of wealth (called resources) with which to pay. The Bank of England before 1844, the old United States Bank, and the larger number of state banks set aside no special fund for the redemption of their note circulation. One might liken the resources of a bank under that which is now the old system to the crew of a ship, all suddenly called upon to take to their guns; without a man at the sails, a change of wind would be disastrous, and the ship would be wrecked. This, in effect, was what nearly happened to the Bank of England in 1825.

The National Bank Act contains the special-reserve plan, and gives absolute security to the note-holder. No man ever lost one cent by having in his hands a note of an insolvent national bank. But in this system of circulation Congress proposed to introduce very astonishing changes by the refunding bill of February, 1881, the history of which is worth preserving as a valuable means of teaching, — on the principle that a sign-board often warns us where not to go. The provision by which a separate fund was set apart is simple. The banks are required to deposit with the United States treasurer in Washington, to secure their circulation, United States bonds of any kind, and are permitted (there is no compulsion about it) to issue notes to the amount of only ninety per cent. of the par value of these bonds. (Revised Stat., sec. 5171). The requirement as to the increase or reduction of this deposit formed section 16 of the act of June, 1864, and section 5160 of the Revised Statutes: —

“The deposit of bonds made by each association shall be increased as its cap-



ital may be made up or increased, so that every association shall at all times have on deposit with the treasurer registered United States bonds, to the amount of at least one third of its capital stock actually paid in. And *any association that may desire to reduce its capital*, or to close up its business and dissolve its organization, *may take up its bonds upon returning to the comptroller its circulating notes* in the proportion hereinafter required, or may take up any excess of bonds *beyond one third of its capital stock*, and upon which no circulating notes have been delivered."

The important words for the present explanation are "*its circulating notes*," meaning the notes of the given national bank. Should a bank see fit, in a time of depression, to reduce its circulation, it would be able, under this section, to do so only by presenting *its own circulating notes*, and receiving therefor its deposit of bonds. In actual practice, however, a bank holds but very few of its own notes, and could get them only at the places of redemption. National bank notes, being equally good with greenbacks, are never, in fact, presented to any amount for redemption at the counter of a bank. Moreover, an institution is required to receive the notes of any other national bank, and has no object in presenting the notes for lawful money except in cases of insolvency or retirement. The outstanding notes of a given bank are in circulation (by virtue of the present sound character of all the national-bank circulation) not merely in the locality where the bank is known, but in the hands of merchants, banks, and farmers in almost every part of the country. What is important to observe is that the process of drawing in notes by a bank is a very slow one, and a slow one just in proportion as the national bank note is a safe money anywhere in the Union. For the holder, finding it perfectly good and safe, has no object in presenting it in exchange for

other kinds of money, even though the bank may have an object in having it redeemed. A given bank, consequently, could not reduce its circulation and recover its deposit of bonds except by presenting its own notes, and it could never get possession of such as had left its hands until after long use had so worn or mutilated them that they would be sent in to the redemption agency at Washington. The weak spot, then, of the act of 1864 appeared in the practical impossibility of reducing circulation according to the changes in the money market.

This difficulty was removed by the act of June 20, 1874, which repealed sections 5159 and 5160 of the former act:

"That *any association* organized under this act or any of the acts of which this is an amendment, *desiring to withdraw its circulating notes*, in whole or in part, *may, upon the deposit of lawful money with the treasurer* of the United States, in sums of not less than nine thousand dollars, *take up the bonds* which said association has on deposit with the treasurer for the security of such circulating notes; which bonds shall be assigned to the bank in the manner specified in the nineteenth section of the national-bank act; and the outstanding notes of said association, to an amount equal to the legal-tender notes deposited, shall be redeemed at the treasury of the United States, and destroyed as now provided by law: *Provided*, That the *amount of the bonds* on deposit for circulation *shall not be reduced below fifty thousand dollars.*"

It will be seen at once that by this change a given bank could withdraw its circulation instantly and rapidly by presenting, no longer *its own circulating notes*, but merely *lawful money*; that is, greenbacks or coin. The importance of the section, of course, is found in the words "*lawful money*;" for this was a kind of money which any bank could command at once, and in large sums.



An institution could thus send to Washington lawful money to the amount of its bonds, withdraw the deposited bonds, and leave a complete security to the note-holder in the shape of greenbacks or coin in the treasury at Washington, to await the slow incoming of the notes for redemption. The effect of the change was simply in the direction of greater ease and rapidity in reducing circulation.

This was the position of the banks in regard to their circulation when the late abortive refunding bill came before

Congress. But to understand clearly the results, it will be necessary to give a short explanation of the generally misunderstood amount of profit derived by the banks solely from their note issues. This can be exactly found by answering the question, What profit would the banks lose by withdrawing their whole circulation? As the lowest rate of interest paid by the government at that time was four per cent., I shall present a computation of Comptroller Knox, based on a deposit of four per cent. bonds:—

|                                                      |                                               |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Interest on \$100,000 U. S. 4 per cent. bonds.....   | \$4,000                                       |
| Circulation issued on above.....                     | \$90,000                                      |
| Deduct premium on bonds.....                         | \$12,000                                      |
| Deduct reserve (5 per cent.)..                       | 4,500                                         |
|                                                      | <u>16,500</u>                                 |
| Leaving loanable circulation.....                    | 73,500, 6 per cent. interest on which is..... |
|                                                      | <u>4,410</u>                                  |
| Total income on circulation.....                     | 8,410                                         |
| Deduct 1 per cent. tax on circulation.....           | \$900                                         |
| Deduct cost of redemptions.....                      | 81                                            |
|                                                      | <u>981</u>                                    |
| Leaving as net receipts.....                         | 7,429                                         |
| \$100,000 capital loaned directly at 6 per cent..... | <u>6,000</u>                                  |
|                                                      | 1,429                                         |
| Difference in favor of circulation.....              | 1,429                                         |

When it is remembered that the functions of deposit and discount in banking can be carried on without the consent of the treasury, and that the profits on circulation are practically the only reason why a bank remains in the system, or in fact why the present admirable and elastic bank currency exists at all, the inducement does not seem very large. But what is more, without any change in the relation of the banks to the treasury, a rise in the market rate of interest (a matter wholly beyond the control of either banks or treasury) will have the effect of reducing the profits arising from circulation. To illustrate: suppose the rate of interest became seven per cent. instead of six per cent., in the above computation; then the \$100,000 could be loaned directly for \$7000 without the owners of it going through the ceremony of becoming a bank, or being examined by a government officer. Of course, the \$73,500

would likewise be loaned for \$5145; but the final profit from circulation would be only \$1164, instead of \$1429, when the rate of discount was six per cent. This will therefore tend to show that an increase in the rate of loans in the money market reduces the profit arising solely from bank circulation.

But, supposing the rate of discount to remain the same, a change in another element may produce a similar effect. If the banks were obliged to deposit bonds bearing three per cent. interest, instead of four per cent., then the item of \$4000 in the above computation would be changed to \$3000. This would reduce the net receipts to \$6429, and leave only \$429 as the profit which would be lost by withdrawing circulation. So that, if it should happen that the interest on the bonds were to be decreased by a refunding bill simultaneously with a rise in the market rate, the profit would wholly disappear between



these two mill-stones. It must be clear, then, that the profit on circulation depends both on the market rate of loans and the rate of interest paid by the government on the bonds required as a deposit to secure circulation.

But still, a consideration wholly apart from the mere rate of interest on the bonds deposited will affect the profit on circulation. At present the banks can deposit, to secure circulation, any United States bonds, of whatever description. This is an important provision in these times, when great changes are going on in the form of our bonded indebtedness, either (1) because the bonds are soon to fall due, or (2) because of a change in the market rate of interest. For, in the first place, as the date of payment of a maturing bond draws near, it gradually falls in value to the par which will be paid for it by the government, even though it may be a bond bearing a higher rate of interest than a new one proposed to be substituted for it. The "sixes of 1880" were bonds bearing six per cent. interest, but as they fell due in December, 1880, they gradually came to be worth only their par value (\$100), while a four per cent. bond, but just issued, was worth \$112. At the same rate of interest, a bond running for a long term of years is better for an investment than one for a short term. The lumberman, who looks at two trees of *equal diameter* at the base, estimates the total value of each according to the *height* of the tree. Then, again, a bond running for a short term may be worth less than one for a long term, even though the first bears a higher rate of interest. That is, to resume our illustration, one tree, not rising very high, although *larger* at the bottom, may not contain so many square feet as another, with perhaps a *less diameter* at the bottom, but which stretches much higher up into the air. This briefly explains the effect of its term on the value of a bond.

But, in the second place, the market value of a bond fluctuates with changes in the commercial rate of discount. If a four per cent. United States bond sell at par, it means that four per cent. is the highest rate to be obtained in perfectly safe investments; but if the rate paid in such investments decline, say, to three per cent., the bond which regularly returns four dollars a year to its holder pays a rate higher than can be got for other equally safe securities, and consequently rises in its value beyond par to such a figure (about \$118) that four dollars of interest on this last sum is equal merely to the usual three per cent. to be got in the money market; that is, the holder of the four per cent. bond can sell it so much above par that the buyer can get in the four dollars (of annual return) only three per cent. on the amount paid for the bond. In short, all bonds, securities, stocks, land, or any transferable investment yielding a regular income rise or fall in their selling price with the customary rate of loans in the community. If a piece of rented land yield to the owner \$100 a year on an investment of \$1000, or ten per cent., and if other persons can now get but five per cent., then the owner could sell his land for \$2000; because the same annual return of \$100 would give five per cent. on \$2000, the usual rate of interest. So that, without any change in its actual income, the land has risen in its capitalized value, only because of the change in the usual rate of interest. In this way the United States four per cent. bonds, which were at first sold at par (or a very slight premium), have risen in value from \$100 to \$116 or \$117. The price of such a bond, therefore, is a measure of the market rate of interest on safe securities. At the time when the refunding bill was before Congress these bonds were worth 112 or 114, realizing to the investor about three and one fourth per cent. These brief explanations will perhaps make it



clear that United States bonds have been constantly fluctuating in value, either (1) because some bonds are falling due, or (2) because the market rate of loans varies with the state of trade and general causes. It is to be observed, also, that the changes in the value of the bonds are due to the action of the government itself, and to causes entirely outside of the control of the banks.

The banks have been charged with reducing circulation merely in order to speculate on bonds. But if the premium on their deposited bonds rise, it practically amounts to these bonds costing them just that much more; for they have securities in the hands of government which they could at any moment sell for the increased value. Then it follows that the profit of a bank on its circulation may be diminished by a rise in the value of the deposited bonds. It may be objected, however, that the banks have gained by the rise in value while they held the bonds. True, but they would have profited likewise by investing their funds in bonds, purely as dealers in securities, without entering the banking system. They do not get that increase simply because they sent in bonds to secure their circulation; hence it cannot be said that the gain, in any sense, is derived wholly from circulation, or because they are national banks. If the circulation were discontinued, that opportunity for profit would not disappear, and so it is no inducement to continue note issues. The privilege which banking capital will always claim is that of holding its funds with such freedom that it can turn them in any direction where the market offers the best return. If Congress were to ask the national banks to lock up their bonds, they would be required to forego a reward enjoyed by other capital, and there would be a positive disadvantage in remaining in the national banking system.

A short time before the introduction

of the refunding bill, the machinery of the banks with which Congress tampered so rudely consisted of over 2000 institutions, with a circulation of over \$300,000,000, a capital of over \$500,000,000, deposits of about \$900,000,000, and making loans of over \$1,000,000,000; but all these banks together had only \$56,000,000 of legal-tender notes and the small sum of \$18,000,000 of their own circulating notes, among their resources. To the inexperienced, however, these very figures might give some reason for the constant tirades by certain Congressmen against the growth of the money power, and the fear that it was fastening its monopoly fangs on the heart of the country. Yet when it is recalled that the number of banks, the amount of deposits and loans (excepting times of speculation), are the result of and are in direct proportion to the growing wealth and prosperity of the whole business community, an attempt to "crush out" the banks is as if a horse-breeder, on finding that some of his colts are developing great beauty and speed, should take this as an injury, and forthwith cut their ham-strings. Now this was precisely the nature, strange as it may seem, of much of the speech-making on the refunding bill; but how the bill itself was a covert thrust at the banks, and how it brought on a panic, may not have been clear to the general reader. A refunding bill was necessary, because several classes of United States bonds, issued in previous years, fell due last year (1881), and authority must be granted by Congress, in a new bill, to the secretary of the treasury to borrow funds wherewith to redeem them. Considerably more than \$400,000,000 of five per cent. bonds fell due May 1st, and about \$200,000,000 of six per cent. bonds June 30th. Since these six per cent. bonds were issued, twenty years ago, our credit as a nation had so far improved that a four per cent. bond sold, at this time, at a premium of about 112, which



implied that an investor in government bonds would be satisfied with three and one fourth per cent.

Without recounting details, a bill entitled An Act to facilitate the Refunding of the National Debt was introduced (February, 1881) into the House of Representatives by the committee on ways and means. The first section authorized the issue of \$400,000,000 of three per cent. bonds, payable in five years, at the pleasure of the government, but which must be paid in ten years; and \$300,000,000 of "certificates" (meaning treasury notes), redeemable after one year, but necessarily paid in ten years, and bearing three per cent. interest. These last were analogous to English exchequer bills, and were intended to catch that large amount of floating capital which has not yet found a permanent investment. The rate of interest was placed below the (then) market rate, and, instead of compensating for this disadvantage by a long term, the time at which the Treasury could begin to redeem was fixed at five years, — a condition likely to lower the attractiveness of a bond bearing a higher rate of interest. The discussion in the house centred almost wholly on these points; and the ignorance developed was considerable, of course, but not surprising. The important part of the bill, however, and that which made the refunding bill famous, was the fifth, or "Carlisle," section; but the discussion did not embrace its probable results when in operation:

"Sec. 5. *From and after the first day of May, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, the three per centum bonds authorized by the first section of this act shall be the only bonds receivable as security for national bank circulation, or as security for the safe-keeping and prompt payment of the public money deposited with such banks; but when any such bonds deposited for the purposes aforesaid shall be designated for purchase or redemption by the Secretary of the Treas-*

*ury, the banking association depositing the same shall have the right to substitute other issues of the bonds of the United States in lieu thereof: Provided, That no bond upon which interest has ceased shall be accepted or shall be continued on deposit as security for circulation or for the safe-keeping of the public money; and in case bonds so deposited shall not be withdrawn, as provided by law, within thirty days after interest has ceased thereon, the banking association depositing the same shall be subject to the liabilities and proceedings on the part of the comptroller provided for in section fifty-two hundred and thirty-four of the Revised Statutes of the United States: And provided further, That section four of the act of June twentieth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, entitled, "An act fixing the amount of United States notes, providing for a redistribution of the national bank currency, and for other purposes," be, and the same is hereby, repealed; and sections fifty-one hundred and fifty-nine and fifty-one hundred and sixty of the Revised Statutes of the United States be, and the same are hereby, reenacted."*

The aim of the first part of the section was to force on the banks the bonds which they would not take willingly. Otherwise, there would have been no reason for the requirement. But the obligation to hold three per cent. bonds on deposit in itself would probably not have produced any general desire to withdraw from the national banking system. It is true that if, while in receipt of only three per cent. on their bonds, the banks could loan funds at the commercial rate of six per cent., that of itself would reduce the profits arising purely from circulation to less than one half of one per cent. But, on the other hand, lenders of money could not be sure that the average rate on safe investments would not continue to fall somewhat, and make three per cent. a fair return. On this chance the banks



might have been willing to run the risk of the rate going the other way; that is, of rising instead of falling. Moreover, it does not seem to have been generally known to the public that Comptroller Knox gave his opinion informally to the effect that the reading of the first part of the section would not require three per cent. bonds to be substituted in the place of four per cent. or four and one half per cent. bonds, already deposited and not redeemable. So that, as the banks, taken collectively, held nearly one third of their capital on deposit in these two classes of bonds, this proviso would create a market for, at the most, only about \$60,000,000 of the new bonds.

By fixing the rate of interest below the market rate, and, in addition, handicapping these bonds by the short term, thereby creating a situation which made it extremely doubtful whether the new loan would be taken up, and expressing beforehand the lack of confidence of the government in the success of the loan by trying to force the banks to subscribe, Congress tried to lock up the capital of the banks invested in these deposited bonds by making it impossible to withdraw them. The machinery for this purpose is contained in the last proviso of the fifth section, by which the fourth section of the Act of 1874 was to be repealed, and the sections 5159 and 5160 of the Act of 1864 were to be reenacted. These last are the provisions, previously explained, treating of the means of reducing circulation. If this fifth section were to remain in the bill, it would *at once*, on its passage, take away the power of withdrawing deposited bonds by sending to Washington *lawful money* (as permitted by the Act of 1874), and

would restore the old process (see sections 5159, 5160), by which the bonds could be withdrawn only after the considerable time necessary for the banks to present their own *circulating notes*. Property belonging to citizens, and deposited at Washington with the understanding that it could be withdrawn at any time, was to be suddenly seized (on the passage of the bill), and held for years; and this retention would prevent the banks from changing the position of their investments, a power wholly indispensable to the proper carrying on of the banking business. All men are guilty of a little weakness, to be sure, in disliking to see others seize their goods, and bankers are but men in charge of their own and depositors' money! The reason why there was not greater indignation expressed by the general public is probably due to the fact that not one man in a hundred understood what was going on, while bankers did, and refused to be robbed. If the three per cent. bond changed in value by the operation of natural causes, the banks had not the power of withdrawing from their (voluntary?) connection with the government; all they could do would be to practice the noble virtue of fortitude.<sup>1</sup>

History must record with mortification that the bill was passed in this shape by the house, and sent to the senate, where it was generally believed by the country that it would be changed in the interests of sound finance; that the rate of interest on the bonds would be raised to three and one half per cent., and the extraordinary fifth section struck out as disgraceful. It seems as if there was a spice of irony in entitling the bill *An Act to facilitate the Refunding of*

<sup>1</sup> It is to be observed, also, that the reenactment of sections 5159, 5160 would restore the requirement that one third of the capital should be kept in bonds at Washington (whether notes were issued or not), and repeal the act of 1874, by which a fixed amount of not less than \$50,000 (no matter what the capital) should be kept by each bank.

A large bank (like the Chemical Bank of New York), which had previously cared nothing for circulation, and withdrawn all its bonds down to \$50,000, would now have to add a very large sum in bonds in order to raise the amount to one third of its capital, and so be forced to take circulation, whether willing or not.



the National Debt. The finance committee of the senate (of which Mr. Bayard was chairman) reported the bill to that body, with the expected changes. Secretary Sherman had appeared before the committee, and given his reasons why he thought a three per cent. bond would not be successful. Estimating the market rate of interest at three and one fourth per cent., on the basis of the price of four per cent. bonds, he presented tables to show what the value of three per cent. and three and one half per cent. bonds, respectively, would be at certain terms in the future.

| Years to run to payment. | Corresponding price of 3 per cent. bonds. | Corresponding price of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds. |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| 1                        | 99.76                                     | 100.24                                                 |
| 2                        | 99.50                                     | 100.48                                                 |
| 3                        | 99.30                                     | 100.71                                                 |
| 4                        | 99.10                                     | 100.93                                                 |
| 5                        | 98.90                                     | 101.15                                                 |
| 6                        | 98.60                                     | 101.35                                                 |
| 7                        | 98.50                                     | 101.55                                                 |
| 8                        | 98.30                                     | 101.75                                                 |
| 9                        | 98.10                                     | 101.90                                                 |
| 10                       | 97.90                                     | 102.10                                                 |
| 15                       | 97.05                                     | 102.90                                                 |
| 20                       | 96.30                                     | 103.70                                                 |
| 30                       | 95.20                                     | 104.80                                                 |
| 50                       | 93.80                                     | 106.20                                                 |
| Perpetuity.              | 92.30                                     | 107.70                                                 |

The second column shows to the eye that an arrangement which ties up a man's funds, so that he loses something each year, is worse just in proportion to the number of years he is required to lose; while the third column, on the other hand, shows that if the market rate is three and one fourth per cent., a three and one half per cent. bond is worth a slight premium at the start, and, as it returns each year more than the ordinary rate, it is worth more the longer it continues to pay this higher rate.

Despite these lessons in finance, the senate, on the 18th of February, 1881, rejected the amendments of the finance committee, and passed the bill as it came from the house with slight alteration. Besides one or two minor matters, the term was changed from five-to-

ten years to five-to-twenty years; but what is painful to recall is that the fifth section was retained in the bill by a vote of thirty-two to twenty-nine. The few amendments, however, required the bill to go back to the house for their concurrence before it could be sent to President Hayes for his signature, and finally become a law. This parliamentary form gave the banks time to awake from their sense of security, caused by the general feeling that the senate, at least, would be honest. In the house, the element which fifteen years ago was inflationist, four years ago rabid silver men (led by Ewing, Weaver, Bland, and De la Matyr), was anxious to push the bill, and "stab the money power," — as if the "money power" were not largely made up of the savings of the industrial classes, such as poor washerwomen and sewing-girls, who are thus represented as constituting a "menace to our liberties." Finally, the whole country woke up, and protests against the fifth section began to pour in at Washington; and inasmuch as it required a two-thirds vote to take up the bill from the speaker's desk in preference to other business, then fast accumulating at the end of the session, it seemed for a short time as if it would be difficult to push the bill through the house. But after several days of manœuvring the friends of the measure gained their point.

Now, however, since the banks, by the existing law, had the power to withdraw their bonds at any moment by the deposit of legal-tender notes, rather than be caught in a trap by the refunding bill, they found themselves obliged to alter the whole character of their present business, — a very serious step, but one to which they were inevitably driven. As honest men, the officers of the banks had no choice but to act so as to prevent the virtual confiscation of a part of the property of their shareholders. The law could not compel them to issue circulation any more than it could force



farmers to plant thistle seed in their wheat fields. In short, Congress, either not knowing what it was about, or being maliciously disposed, really forced a sudden contraction of the currency, even against the will of the banks. The result was a panic.

Men who want capital go to a bank, just as a man who wants corn goes to a grain-store. It is hardly necessary, also, to point out that modern business is largely done upon credit. A firm with a capital of \$10,000 does a legitimate business of ten times that amount. Men buy, agreeing to pay at a fixed time in the future; and they sell goods, to be paid for in the same way. So that, although a man is perfectly solvent, his receipts may be so affected, temporarily, that he may need a loan for ten, thirty, or sixty days, until his own collections are made. If the banks, in such cases, are suddenly unable to loan, it is as if the human heart should cease to warm and support the members of the body. That which directly affects the ability of the banks to loan is the ratio of their reserve to their liabilities; or, in other words, the amount they keep on hand with which to meet any demands compared with the amount of those possible demands. By law the national banks were required to hold their reserve in "lawful money:" therefore, anything which acted to subtract from the market the very kind of currency kept as reserve vitally affected the power of the banks to loan; while the only means the banks had of extricating their bonds from the grip of the government, in the few days before the refunding bill could become a law, was by sending lawful money to Washington, to be locked up in the vaults of the treasury until the bank-notes should become mutilated and sent in for redemption, or be purchased at a premium. Between February 19th and March 4th, one hundred and forty banks had sent in to the Treasury \$18,819,585. The disappearance of this

amount of money caused a violent paroxysm in commercial circles. Where a dam is thrown across a stream, the back-water forms a wide reservoir, from which a small constant supply of water is led off through a mill-race to turn the wheel of the mill. So the banks form the reservoir of capital (drawn from all classes in the country), from which the smaller stream needed for daily loans is drawn off to "turn the wheels of industry." The sudden withdrawal of lawful money to reduce circulation was of course like shutting off the water from the mill, and the wheels of industry were suddenly stopped. The usual indications of a commercial panic instantly appeared. No one had money to loan; "industrial strangulation" was going on; and had the stringency increased, the business of the country would have come to a standstill in a few days. Money was borrowed at the rate of about four hundred or five hundred per cent. per annum. And what is important to note is that the distress which the hostile or ignorant element in Congress believed they were inflicting on the banks really passed on to the people in general, who were powerless to help themselves. In view of all this, it seems almost incredible that a senator of the United States should rise in his place and soberly propose the following resolution:—

"That the hostile attitude assumed by the national banks to the refunding of the national debt at a lower rate of interest, and their recent attempt to dictate the legislation of Congress, are contrary to the best interests of the people, and calculated to excite their alarm for the future."

It is as if a burglar should declare it was against the best interests of the community that prudent people should lock their doors and windows in order to keep him out of their jewel-boxes. It is not an exaggeration to say that the "Carlisle section" was a piece of



impudent bad faith, of that kind which has always had the greatest effect to lower our credit. A nation gains, even in money, by being scrupulously honest and fastidious in dealing with its creditors.

I scarcely need say that, although the refunding bill passed both houses of Congress, it was promptly vetoed by President Hayes, and failed to become a law. The danger to the banks ceased at once, and business again went quietly on. We make these things possible in this country by allowing the untrained congressional bull such extravagant

smashings in the financial china-shop. But there is little hope of the idea entering his shaggy head that some things are of too delicate mechanism to be brushed by a swing of his tail. A large number of the charters of the banks expire in 1884, and something must be done to preserve the best banking system we ever enjoyed, and which is probably the best in the world. In view of the almost constant struggle between ignorant legislation and our business prosperity, it becomes us all to know more of our present admirable banking methods.

*J. Laurence Laughlin.*

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### TOM'S HUSBAND.

I SHALL not dwell long upon the circumstances that led to the marriage of my hero and heroine; though their courtship was, to them, the only one that has ever noticeably approached the ideal, it had many aspects in which it was entirely commonplace in other people's eyes. While the world in general smiles at lovers with kindly approval and sympathy, it refuses to be aware of the unprecedented delight which is amazing to the lovers themselves.

But, as has been true in many other cases, when they were at last married, the most ideal of situations was found to have been changed to the most practical. Instead of having shared their original duties, and, as school-boys would say, going halves, they discovered that the cares of life had been doubled. This led to some distressing moments for both our friends; they understood suddenly that instead of dwelling in heaven they were still upon earth, and had made themselves slaves to new laws and limitations. Instead of being freer and happier than ever before, they had assumed new responsibilities; they had es-

tablished a new household, and must fulfill in some way or another the obligations of it. They looked back with affection to their engagement; they had been longing to have each other to themselves, apart from the world, but it seemed that they never felt so keenly that they were still units in modern society. Since Adam and Eve were in Paradise, before the devil joined them, nobody has had a chance to imitate that unlucky couple. In some respects they told the truth when, twenty times a day, they said that life had never been so pleasant before; but there were mental reservations on either side which might have subjected them to the accusation of lying. Somehow, there was a little feeling of disappointment, and they caught themselves wondering — though they would have died sooner than confess it — whether they were quite so happy as they had expected. The truth was, they were much happier than people usually are, for they had an uncommon capacity for enjoyment. For a little while they were like a sail-boat that is beating and has to drift a few



minutes before it can catch the wind and start off on the other tack. And they had the same feeling, too, that any one is likely to have who has been long pursuing some object of his ambition or desire. Whether it is a coin, or a picture, or a stray volume of some old edition of Shakespeare, or whether it is an office under government or a lover, when it is fairly in one's grasp there is a loss of the eagerness that was felt in pursuit. Satisfaction, even after one has dined well, is not so interesting and eager a feeling as hunger.

My hero and heroine were reasonably well established to begin with: they each had some money, though Mr. Wilson had most. His father had at one time been a rich man, but with the decline, a few years before, of manufacturing interests, he had become, mostly through the fault of others, somewhat involved; and at the time of his death his affairs were in such a condition that it was still a question whether a very large sum or a moderately large one would represent his estate. Mrs. Wilson, Tom's step-mother, was somewhat of an invalid; she suffered severely at times with asthma, but she was almost entirely relieved by living in another part of the country. While her husband lived, she had accepted her illness as inevitable, and had rarely left home; but during the last few years she had lived in Philadelphia with her own people, making short and wheezing visits only from time to time, and had not undergone a voluntary period of suffering since the occasion of Tom's marriage, which she had entirely approved. She had a sufficient property of her own, and she and Tom were independent of each other in that way. Her only other step-child was a daughter, who had married a navy officer, and had at this time gone out to spend three years (or less) with her husband, who had been ordered to Japan.

It is not unfrequently noticed that in many marriages one of the persons who

choose each other as partners for life is said to have thrown himself or herself away, and the relatives and friends look on with dismal forebodings and ill-concealed submission. In this case it was the wife who might have done so much better, according to public opinion. She did not think so herself, luckily, either before marriage or afterward, and I do not think it occurred to her to picture to herself the sort of career which would have been her alternative. She had been an only child, and had usually taken her own way. Some one once said that it was a great pity that she had not been obliged to work for her living, for she had inherited a most uncommon business talent, and, without being disreputably keen at a bargain, her insight into the practical working of affairs was very clear and far-reaching. Her father, who had also been a manufacturer, like Tom's, had often said it had been a mistake that she was a girl instead of a boy. Such executive ability as hers is often wasted in the more contracted sphere of women, and is apt to be more a disadvantage than a help. She was too independent and self-reliant for a wife; it would seem at first thought that she needed a wife herself more than she did a husband. Most men like best the women whose natures cling and appeal to theirs for protection. But Tom Wilson, while he did not wish to be protected himself, liked these very qualities in his wife which would have displeased some other men; to tell the truth, he was very much in love with his wife just as she was. He was a successful collector of almost everything but money, and during a great part of his life he had been an invalid, and he had grown, as he laughingly confessed, very old-womanish. He had been badly lamed, when a boy, by being caught in some machinery in his father's mill, near which he was idling one afternoon, and though he had almost entirely outgrown the effect of his injury, it had not



been until after many years. He had been in college, but his eyes had given out there, and he had been obliged to leave in the middle of his junior year, though he had kept up a pleasant intercourse with the members of his class, with whom he had been a great favorite. He was a good deal of an idler in the world. I do not think his ambition, except in the case of securing Mary Dunn for his wife, had ever been distinct; he seemed to make the most he could of each day as it came, without making all his days' works tend toward some grand result, and go toward the upbuilding of some grand plan and purpose. He consequently gave no promise of being either distinguished or great. When his eyes would allow, he was an indefatigable reader; and although he would have said that he read only for amusement, yet he amused himself with books that were well worth the time he spent over them.

The house where he lived nominally belonged to his step-mother, but she had taken for granted that Tom would bring his wife home to it, and assured him that it should be to all intents and purposes his. Tom was deeply attached to the old place, which was altogether the pleasantest in town. He had kept bachelor's hall there most of the time since his father's death, and he had taken great pleasure, before his marriage, in refitting it to some extent, though it was already comfortable and furnished in remarkably good taste. People said of him that if it had not been for his illnesses, and if he had been a poor boy, he probably would have made something of himself. As it was, he was not very well known by the towns-people, being somewhat reserved, and not taking much interest in their every-day subjects of conversation. Nobody liked him so well as they liked his wife, yet there was no reason why he should be disliked enough to have much said about it.

After our friends had been married

for some time, and had outlived the first strangeness of the new order of things, and had done their duty to their neighbors with so much apparent willingness and generosity that even Tom himself was liked a great deal better than he ever had been before, they were sitting together one stormy evening in the library, before the fire. Mrs. Wilson had been reading Tom the letters which had come to him by the night's mail. There was a long one from his sister in Nagasaki, which had been written with a good deal of ill-disguised reproach. She complained of the smallness of the income of her share in her father's estate, and said that she had been assured by American friends that the smaller mills were starting up everywhere, and beginning to do well again. Since so much of their money was invested in the factory, she had been surprised and sorry to find by Tom's last letters that he had seemed to have no idea of putting in a proper person as superintendent, and going to work again. Four per cent. on her other property, instead of eight, which she had been told she must soon expect, would make a great difference to her. A navy captain in a foreign port was obliged to entertain a great deal, and Tom must know that it cost them much more to live than it did him, and ought to think of their interests. She hoped he would talk over what was best to be done with their mother (who had been made executor, with Tom, of his father's will).

Tom laughed a little, but looked disturbed. His wife had said something to the same effect, and his mother had spoken once or twice in her letters of the prospect of starting the mill again. He was not a bit of a business man, and he did not feel certain, with the theories which he had arrived at of the state of the country, that it was safe yet to spend the money which would have to be spent in putting the mill in order. "They think that the minute it is going



again we shall be making money hand over hand, just as father did when we were children," he said. "It is going to cost us no end of money before we can make anything. Before father died he meant to put in a good deal of new machinery, I remember. I don't know anything about the business myself, and I would have sold out long ago if I had had an offer that came anywhere near the value. The larger mills are the only ones that are good for anything now, and we should have to bring a crowd of French Canadians here; the day is past for the people who live in this part of the country to go into the factory again. Even the Irish all go West when they come into the country, and don't come to places like this any more."

"But there are a good many of the old work-people down in the village," said Mrs. Wilson. "Jack Towne asked me the other day if you were n't going to start up in the spring."

Tom moved uneasily in his chair. "I'll put you in for superintendent, if you like," he said, half angrily, whereupon Mary threw the newspaper at him; but by the time he had thrown it back he was in good humor again.

"Do you know, Tom," she said, with amazing seriousness, "that I believe I should like nothing in the world so much as to be the head of a large business? I hate keeping house,—I always did; and I never did so much of it in all my life put together as I have since I have been married. I suppose it is n't womanly to say so, but if I could escape from the whole thing I believe I should be perfectly happy. If you get rich when the mill is going again, I shall beg for a housekeeper, and shirk everything. I give you fair warning. I don't believe I keep this house half so well as you did before I came here."

Tom's eyes twinkled. "I am going to have that glory,—I don't think you do, Polly; but you can't say that I have not been forbearing. I certainly have not

told you more than twice how we used to have things cooked. I'm not going to be your kitchen-colonel."

"Of course it seemed the proper thing to do," said his wife, meditatively; "but I think we should have been even happier than we have if I had been spared it. I have had some days of wretchedness that I shudder to think of. I never know what to have for breakfast; and I ought not to say it, but I don't mind the sight of dust. I look upon housekeeping as my life's great discipline;" and at this pathetic confession they both laughed heartily.

"I've a great mind to take it off your hands," said Tom. "I always rather liked it, to tell the truth, and I ought to be a better housekeeper,—I have been at it for five years; though housekeeping for one is different from what it is for two, and one of them a woman. You see you have brought a different element into my family. Luckily, the servants are pretty well drilled. I do think you upset them a good deal at first!"

Mary Wilson smiled as if she only half heard what he was saying. She drummed with her foot on the floor and looked intently at the fire, and presently gave it a vigorous poking. "Well?" said Tom, after he had waited patiently as long as he could.

"Tom! I'm going to propose something to you. I wish you would really do as you said, and take all the home affairs under your care, and let me start the mill. I am certain I could manage it. Of course I should get people who understood the thing to teach me. I believe I was made for it; I should like it above all things. And this is what I will do: I will bear the cost of starting it, myself,—I think I have money enough, or can get it; and if I have not put affairs in the right trim at the end of a year I will stop, and you may make some other arrangement. If I have, you and your mother and sister can pay me back."



"So I am going to be the wife, and you the husband," said Tom, a little indignantly; "at least, that is what people will say. It's a regular Darby and Joan affair, and you think you can do more work in a day than I can do in three. Do you know that you must go to town to buy cotton? And do you know there are a thousand things about it that you don't know?"

"And never will?" said Mary, with perfect good humor. "Why, Tom, I can learn as well as you, and a good deal better, for I like business, and you don't. You forget that I was always father's right-hand man after I was a dozen years old, and that you have let me invest my money and some of your own, and I have n't made a blunder yet."

Tom thought that his wife had never looked so handsome or so happy. "I don't care, I should rather like the fun of knowing what people will say. It is a new departure, at any rate. Women think they can do everything better than men in these days, but I'm the first man, apparently, who has wished he were a woman."

"Of course people will laugh," said Mary, "but they will say that it's just like me, and think I am fortunate to have married a man who will let me do as I choose. I don't see why it is n't sensible: you will be living exactly as you were before you married, as to home affairs; and since it was a good thing for you to know something about house-keeping then, I can't imagine why you should n't go on with it now, since it makes me miserable, and I am wasting a fine business talent while I do it. What do we care for people's talking about it?"

"It seems to me that it is something like women's smoking: it is n't wicked, but it is n't the custom of the country. And I don't like the idea of your going among business men. Of course I should be above going with you, and having

people think I must be an idiot; they would say that you married a manufacturing interest, and I was thrown in. I can foresee that my pride is going to be humbled to the dust in every way," Tom declared in mournful tones, and began to shake with laughter. "It is one of your lovely castles in the air, dear Polly, but an old brick mill needs a better foundation than the clouds. No, I'll look around, and get an honest man with a few select brains for agent. I suppose it's the best thing we can do, for the machinery ought not to lie still any longer; but I mean to sell the factory as soon as I can. I devoutly wish it would take fire, for the insurance would be the best price we are likely to get. That is a famous letter from Alice! I am afraid the captain has been growling over his pay, or they have been giving too many little dinners on board ship. If we were rid of the mill, you and I might go out there this winter. It would be capital fun."

Mary smiled again in an absent-minded way. Tom had an uneasy feeling that he had not heard the end of it yet, but nothing more was said for a day or two. When Mrs. Tom Wilson announced, with no apparent thought of being contradicted, that she had entirely made up her mind, and she meant to see those men who had been overseers of the different departments, who still lived in the village, and have the mill put in order at once, Tom looked disturbed, but made no opposition; and soon after breakfast his wife formally presented him with a handful of keys, and told him there was meat enough in the house for dinner; and presently he heard the wheels of her little phaeton rattling off down the road. I should be untruthful if I tried to persuade any one that he was not provoked; he thought she would at least have waited for his formal permission, and at first he meant to take another horse, and chase her, and bring her back in disgrace, and put a stop to



the whole thing. But something assured him that she knew what she was about, and he determined to let her have her own way. If she failed, it might do no harm, and this was the only ungallant thought he gave her. He was sure that she would do nothing unladylike, or be unmindful of his dignity; and he believed it would be looked upon as one of her odd, independent freaks, which always had won respect in the end, however much they had been laughed at in the beginning. "Susan," said he, as that estimable person went by the door with the dust-pan, "you may tell Catherine to come to me for orders about the house, and you may do so yourself. I am going to take charge again, as I did before I was married. It is no trouble to me, and Mrs. Wilson dislikes it. Besides, she is going into business, and will have a great deal else to think of."

"Yes, sir; very well, sir," said Susan, who was suddenly moved to ask so many questions that she was utterly silent. But her master looked very happy; there was evidently no disapproval of his wife; and she went on up the stairs, and began to sweep them down, knocking the dust-brush about excitedly, as if she were trying to kill a descending colony of insects.

Tom went out to the stable and mounted his horse, which had been waiting for him to take his customary after-breakfast ride to the post-office, and he galloped down the road in quest of the phaeton. He saw Mary talking with Jack Towne, who had been an overseer and a valued workman of his father's. He was looking much surprised and pleased.

"I was n't caring so much about getting work, myself," he explained; "I've got what will carry me and my wife through; but it'll be better for the young folks about here to work near home. My nephews are wanting something to do; they were going to Lynn next week. I don't say but I should like to be to

work in the old place again. I've sort of missed it, since we shut down."

"I'm sorry I was so long in overtaking you," said Tom, politely, to his wife. "Well, Jack, did Mrs. Wilson tell you she's going to start the mill? You must give her all the help you can."

"Deed I will," said Mr. Towne, gallantly, without a bit of astonishment.

"I don't know much about the business yet," said Mrs. Wilson, who had been a little overcome at Jack Towne's lingo of the different rooms and machinery, and who felt an overpowering sense of having a great deal before her in the next few weeks. "By the time the mill is ready, I will be ready, too," she said, taking heart a little; and Tom, who was quick to understand her moods, could not help laughing, as he rode alongside. "We want a new barrel of flour, Tom, dear," she said, by way of punishment for his untimely mirth.

If she lost courage in the long delay, or was disheartened at the steady call for funds, she made no sign; and after a while the mill started up, and her cares were lightened, so that she told Tom that before next pay day she would like to go to Boston for a few days, and go to the theatre, and have a frolic and a rest. She really looked pale and thin, and she said she never worked so hard in all her life; but nobody knew how happy she was, and she was so glad she had married Tom, for some men would have laughed at it.

"I laughed at it," said Tom, meekly. "All is, if I don't cry by and by, because I am a beggar, I shall be lucky." But Mary looked fearlessly serene, and said that there was no danger at present.

It would have been ridiculous to expect a dividend the first year, though the Nagasaki people were pacified with difficulty. All the business letters came to Tom's address, and everybody who was not directly concerned thought that he was the motive power of the re-



awakened enterprise. Sometimes business people came to the mill, and were amazed at having to confer with Mrs. Wilson, but they soon had to respect her talents and her success. She was helped by the old clerk, who had been promptly recalled and reinstated, and she certainly did capitally well. She was laughed at, as she had expected to be, and people said they should think Tom would be ashamed of himself; but it soon appeared that he was not to blame, and what reproach was offered was on the score of his wife's oddity. There was nothing about the mill that she did not understand before very long, and at the end of the second year she declared a small dividend with great pride and triumph. And she was congratulated on her success, and every one thought of her project in a different way from the way they had thought of it in the beginning. She had singularly good fortune: at the end of the third year she was making money for herself and her friends faster than most people were, and approving letters began to come from Nagasaki. The Ashtons had been ordered to stay in that region, and it was evident that they were continually being obliged to entertain more instead of less. Their children were growing fast too, and constantly becoming more expensive. The captain and his wife had already begun to congratulate themselves secretly that their two sons would in all probability come into possession, one day, of their uncle Tom's handsome property.

For a good while Tom enjoyed life, and went on his quiet way serenely. He was anxious at first, for he thought that Mary was going to make ducks and drakes of his money and her own. And then he did not exactly like the looks of the thing, either; he feared that his wife was growing successful as a business person at the risk of losing her womanliness. But as time went on, and he found there was no fear of that,

he accepted the situation philosophically. He gave up his collection of engravings, having become more interested in one of coins and medals, which took up most of his leisure time. He often went to the city in pursuit of such treasures, and gained much renown in certain quarters as a numismatologist of great skill and experience. But at last his house (which had almost kept itself, and had given him little to do beside ordering the dinners, while faithful old Catherine and her niece Susan were his aids) suddenly became a great care to him. Catherine, who had been the main-stay of the family for many years, died after a short illness, and Susan must needs choose that time, of all others, for being married to one of the second hands in the mill. There followed a long and dismal season of experimenting, and for a time there was a procession of incapable creatures going in at one kitchen door and out of the other. His wife would not have liked to say so, but it seemed to her that Tom was growing fussy about the house affairs, and took more notice of those minor details than he used. She wished more than once, when she was tired, that he would not talk so much about the house-keeping; he seemed sometimes to have no other thought.

In the first of Mrs. Wilson's connection with manufacturing, she had made it a rule to consult Tom on every subject of importance; but it had speedily proved to be a formality. He tried manfully to show a deep interest which he did not feel, and his wife gave up, little by little, telling him much about her affairs. She said that she liked to drop business when she came home in the evening; and at last she fell into the habit of taking a nap on the library sofa, while Tom, who could not use his eyes much by lamp-light, sat smoking or in utter idleness before the fire. When they were first married his wife had made it a rule that she should al-



ways read him the evening papers, and afterward they had always gone on with some book of history or philosophy, in which they were both interested. These evenings of their early married life had been charming to both of them, and from time to time one would say to the other that they ought to take up again the habit of reading together. Mary was so unaffectedly tired in the evening that Tom never liked to propose a walk; for, though he was not a man of peculiarly social nature, he had always been accustomed to pay an occasional evening visit to his neighbors in the village. And though he had little interest in the business world, and still less knowledge of it, after a while he wished that his wife would have more to say about what she was planning and doing, or how things were getting on. He thought that her chief aid, old Mr. Jackson, was far more in her thoughts than he. She was forever quoting Jackson's opinions. He did not like to find that she took it for granted that he was not interested in the welfare of his own property; it made him feel like a sort of pensioner and dependent, though, when they had guests at the house, which was by no means seldom, there was nothing in her manner that would imply that she thought herself in any way the head of the family. It was hard work to find fault with his wife in any way, though, to give him his due, he rarely tried.

But, this being a wholly unnatural state of things, the reader must expect to hear of its change at last, and the first blow from the enemy was dealt by an old woman, who lived near by, and who called to Tom one morning, as he was driving down to the village in a great hurry (to post a letter, which ordered his agent to secure a long-wished-for ancient copper coin, at any price), to ask him if they had made yeast that week, and if she could borrow a cupful, as her own had met with some misfortune.

Tom was instantly in a rage, and he mentally condemned her to some undeserved fate, but told her aloud to go and see the cook. This slight delay, besides being killing to his dignity, caused him to lose the mail, and in the end his much-desired copper coin. It was a hard day for him, altogether; it was Wednesday, and the first days of the week having been stormy the washing was very late. And Mary came home to dinner provokingly good-natured. She had met an old school-mate and her husband driving home from the mountains, and had first taken them over her factory, to their great amusement and delight, and then had brought them home to dinner. Tom greeted them cordially, and manifested his usual graceful hospitality; but the minute he saw his wife alone he said in a plaintive tone of rebuke, "I should think you might have remembered that the girls are unusually busy to-day. I do wish you would take a little interest in things at home. The girls have been washing, and I'm sure I don't know what sort of a dinner we can give your friends. I wish you had thought to bring home some steak. I have been busy myself, and could n't go down to the village. I thought we would only have a lunch."

Mary was hungry, but she said nothing, except that it would be all right, — she did n't mind; and perhaps they could have some canned soup.

She often went to town to buy or look at cotton, or to see some improvement in machinery, and she brought home beautiful bits of furniture and new pictures for the house, and showed a touching thoughtfulness in remembering Tom's fancies; but somehow he had an uneasy suspicion that she could get along pretty well without him when it came to the deeper wishes and hopes of her life, and that her most important concerns were all matters in which he had no share. He seemed to himself to have merged his life in his wife's;



he lost his interest in things outside the house and grounds; he felt himself fast growing rusty and behind the times, and to have somehow missed a good deal in life; he felt that he was a failure. One day the thought rushed over him that his had been almost exactly the experience of most women, and he wondered if it really was any more disappointing and ignominious to him than it was to women themselves. "Some of them may be contented with it," he said to himself, soberly. "People think women are designed for such careers by nature, but I don't know why I ever made such a fool of myself."

Having once seen his situation in life from such a stand-point, he felt it day by day to be more degrading, and he wondered what he should do about it; and once, drawn by a new, strange sympathy, he went to the little family burying-ground. It was one of the mild, dim days that come sometimes in early November, when the pale sunlight is like the pathetic smile of a sad face, and he sat for a long time on the limp, frost-bitten grass beside his mother's grave.

But when he went home in the twilight his step-mother, who just then was making them a little visit, mentioned that she had been looking through some boxes of hers that had been packed long before and stowed away in the garret. "Everything looks very nice up there," she said, in her wheezing voice (which, worse than usual that day, always made him nervous); and added, without any intentional slight to his feelings, "I do think you have always been a most excellent housekeeper."

"I'm tired of such nonsense!" he exclaimed, with surprising indignation. "Mary, I wish you to arrange your affairs so that you can leave them for six months at least. I am going to spend this winter in Europe."

"Why, Tom, dear!" said his wife, appealingly. "I couldn't leave my business any way in the"—

But she caught sight of a look on his usually placid countenance that was something more than decision, and refrained from saying anything more.

And three weeks from that day they sailed.

*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

## "IN THE SILENT, THE SILENT NOVEMBER."

In the silent, the silent November

You were born, ere the snow-shrouded hours.

That day — ah, how well I remember! —

In the garden were blooming late flowers.

The summer for you had waited;

I thought you its loveliest child;

With sunlight your heart was freighted,

And buds seemed to blow when you smiled.

But strangely, O child, it was fated

You could not delay for the flowers

Whose petals your sweet life had dated:

You died with the snow-shrouded hours.

*George Parsons Lathrop.*



## RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE publication, in a volume, of the very interesting articles upon England Without and Within, originally contributed by Mr. Richard Grant White to this magazine, affords us an opportunity to give a brief review of the other writings of the author, and of the principles which have guided his career as an American man of letters. He has, for years, been recognized as a thinker and scholar of singular independence of character. He has shown, in treating every topic he has discussed, so confident a mastery of the subject matter relating to it, and has been so bold in rigidly following out to their logical conclusions the novel, and occasionally somewhat eccentric, trains of thought he has started, that he has become a constantly questioned, although still a palpable force in our critical literature. Perhaps he is most eagerly read by those who most vehemently disagree with him in opinion. On the whole, it may be said that no other American man of letters has had his great merits more grudgingly allowed, and his minor defects more assiduously magnified.

The reason of this appears to be that he assumed at the start too much of a "militant" (how cordially *he* hates that word!) attitude towards his opponents. There are two kinds of dogmatism, which, though essentially different, are apt to be confounded in the popular mind. First, there is the illegitimate dogmatism of ignorance and prejudice, which insolently emphasizes the personal pronoun, puts wilfulness in the place of reason, and is always hateful to the reader because it expresses something hateful in the disposition of the writer. Then there is what may be called the legitimate dogmatism, which springs from conscious superiority to others in some department of thought and inves-

tigation, because it has earned the right to say "I" by long-continued research into matters which the general reader has only superficially considered, and by patient reflection upon matters to which the general reader may have given only a loose and careless attention. Mr. White's dogmatism is, on the whole, of this kind. His positiveness of statement has its source in the intensity of his thinking, and what he considers the certainty of his knowledge. The controversial tone he adopts is that of the reasoner and the explorer, not of the egotist. It would of course have been better for his own comfort if he had uniformly adopted, toward the opponents he necessarily provoked, a less pugnacious and more persuasive tone; but still, in all his contentions, he strives to make it appear that it is good sense speaking through him, and not Richard Grant White speaking for himself, that lays down the law which he defies his antagonists to overthrow. All the force and pertinacity he displays come naturally from that vigor of character and depth of conviction which sustain a man in the championship of opinions he has formed on grounds of reason, after a wide survey of the facts and principles on which they rest. Such men are always misunderstood. Still it is well to state the real mental facts which make their moral and intellectual earnestness a wholly different thing from the stupid and willful self-assertion of the ignorant egotist.

The dogmatism to which we have referred was shown in his first elaborate work, published twenty-six years ago, called *Shakespeare's Scholar*. Every thoughtful student of Shakespeare who carefully read that volume must have felt that it was a positive contribution to Shakespearean literature, written by



an honest, fearless, intelligent, and discriminating critic, who had prepared himself for his task by assiduous study, and who had really cast new light on the meaning of some of the most obscure lines which had puzzled Shakespeare's editors and commentators. His criticism of Mr. Collier's corrected Folio of 1632 was especially acute. The "corrections" were evidently made by a man of the age of Charles II., taking a prosaic view of the imaginative audacities of a poet of the age of Elizabeth, and translating his "obscurities" into the baldest commonplaces.

This volume was followed by his edition of the complete works of Shakespeare, which occupied many years of careful and conscientious labor, and which, when completed, placed him in the front rank of the five or six persons who were known as preëminently American "scholars" of Shakespeare. The *Life of Shakespeare*, forming a part of Mr. White's edition of the dramatist's works, is now published in a separate volume. Most biographies of Shakespeare are overloaded with matter having but slight relation to the poet himself. Mr. White sifted the scanty facts of Shakespeare's life from the numerous fictions and ingenious conjectures with which they were blended, and produced an interesting narrative. He then ventured on a biography of Shakespeare's Mind, — which is of course the only true biography of Shakespeare, — and exhibited the marvelous genius from its first youthful efforts through all the stages of its rapid growth, until it culminated in such works as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*. The condition of the English stage during the reigns of Elizabeth and James is elaborately described; the leading Elizabethan dramatists are acutely criticised; and all the exterior circumstances of Shakespeare's age, which inspired him as well as his brother poets and dramatists, are lucidly set forth. The whole

volume is full of solid information and sound criticism. It is specially distinguished for good sense. A true scholar aids his readers by undertaking all the drudgery of investigation himself. We are as thankful to him for what he rejects as for what he admits; and when we are assured of his intellectual integrity we know that he has refrained from boring us with a mass of irrelevant material, the critical study of which must have intensely bored *him*.

Like many other American authors, Mr. White has been an indefatigable journalist. The separate books he has published convey an incomplete idea of the amount of work he has performed as a writer of political and social articles for newspapers and magazines, and as a literary, dramatic, and musical critic. In our estimate of the position of an American man of letters we are apt to overlook what may have been his daily literary occupation, and what should be his title to rank. Take, in illustration, Bryant. His original poems occupy a moderate octavo volume, and his translation of Homer two octavos more; but of his forty years' labor on the *New York Evening Post*, in which the pith and force of his mind were lavished on what we call ephemeral topics, we remember nothing, though probably his best intellectual activity was in writing, day after day, "leaders" on subjects which, as they referred to matters of pressing public importance, doubtless did much to give a right direction to public opinion in important junctures. Take George Ripley. There may be a volume or two, under his name, which give him a position among American authors; but the immense work he did as the literary critic of the *New York Tribune*, in which all the resources of his powerful mind, wide scholarship, and genial nature were devoted to seemingly perishing articles on new books, is comparatively forgotten, though he was notoriously a far greater man than most



of the writers of the volumes he condescended to review. Take George William Curtis. For many years he has written, month after month, short essays, displaying exquisite literary workmanship, for Harper's Magazine, under the leading title of *The Editor's Easy Chair*. Every cultivated reader of that excellent and widely circulated periodical turns instinctively to Curtis's department as soon as a number is issued. A selection from these charming essays would fill more volumes than Addison's contributions to *The Spectator*, and would now be much more attractive than Addison's, because they relate to subjects which interest the England and America of to-day. Yet Mr. Curtis is still represented as an American author by a few volumes, which, however good in their kind, convey no adequate idea of the force of his character, of the ripeness of his culture, of the variety of subjects on which he ventures to give intelligent opinions, and of the sweet persuasiveness of his method in discussing controverted topics. He was among the first to adopt unpopular doctrines: he has made them more or less popular by the beautiful urbanity of nature with which he has enforced their claims on public attention; and he has managed to insinuate into minds most reluctant to receive new ideas — especially when stormed in upon them according to the violent method adopted by most earnest reformers — a whole code of novel opinions. This he has done by the airy ease and elegance of expression with which he warns fashionable people that they will lose *ton* if they continue to resist principles which have become accepted by the acknowledged leaders of society. He has not only conquered gentility, but made philanthropy genteel. Among these four or five hundred brief essays, there are also delicious criticisms on art and literature, on great authors, composers, singers, actors, and musicians; there are memories of travel in foreign

lands, recording fine and exceptional experiences; and there are little suggestive treatises on matters of domestic and business life, which appeal directly to our homely good sense. Indeed, whatever may be the subject on which he discourses, his manner of doing it leaves on our minds the impression of a certain indefinable grace and charm. Yet Mr. Curtis has never condescended to gather into volumes even a selection from these delightful products of his mind.

We might go on enumerating other men, some of them very obscure indeed, who make no pretension to be called American authors, and yet have the satisfaction of knowing that their productions sink and melt into the public mind, and do their part in moulding public opinion. When we consider that writers like Bancroft, Ticknor, and Prescott owed to their opulence the means of leisurely indulging in the luxury of research and reflection, and of writing books every sentence of which was carefully revised, with no fear that a printer's devil should dare to disturb their sacred privacy and seclusion while they were engaged in the solemn task of verifying a quotation, or testing the exact significance of a word, we have a feeling of the injustice done to humbler men of letters, who may have possessed powers as bright as theirs, but who had to write under conditions which such authors would have called destructive to accuracy in matters of fact, and to judgment in matters of opinion.

Now, by far the larger part of Mr. White's literary work has probably, as we have already intimated, been thrown off in the rapid method of the journalist. But, like many other contemporary journalists, his mind was originally so imbued with leading principles that the subject he discussed at a moment's notice required little more than the mere effort of putting clear ideas into consecutive sentences and paragraphs. The writing was done in a few hours; but



the culture expressed in the writing was the result of years of patient study and reflection, accidentally directed to a particular topic of the day.

We suppose that to his labors as a journalist, familiar with the closing scenes of the war of the rebellion and the ferment of passions and opinions connected with the hardly less violent war of reconstruction, we owe the most extensively circulated of all Mr. White's works. We cannot venture to assert how many thousands of copies of *The New Gospel of Peace, According to St. Benjamin*, have been sold. There can be no doubt that the production was an astonishing political and literary *tour de force*. It occupies in our political literature somewhat the position which Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull* and Sydney Smith's *Letters of Peter Plymley* occupy in the political literature of England. It was, however, purely original, in phrase, scope, and purpose. It probably did more to make what was called "Copperheadism" both ridiculous and detestable than scores of republican harangues in and out of Congress. In fact, it was the great party pamphlet of the latter period of the war, and of the reconstruction period which followed. It cannot be read now without admiration for its ingenuity, and without enjoyment of the richness, breadth, and audacity of its humor. The mystery, or rather the mystification, respecting its authorship was not the least entertaining of the circumstances attending its publication.

In 1868 Mr. White published in the *Broadway Magazine*, a London periodical, an article on *The American View of the Copyright Question*, which he has recently republished, with additions, in a thin duodecimo of seventy pages. He anticipated the position now taken by leading American publishers, which is that they are ready to pay copyright to the foreign author, provided the book is manufactured in this country. The

question of international copyright is complicated with the question of our whole tariff system of protection to American industry. The contest is between English and American manufacturers of books. The American publishers are right in asserting that as long as free trade is not universally accepted they should have the right of *printing* what they are willing to pay the foreign author for *writing*.

Mr. White, as a matter of course, brings up the old question of the right of property which an author ought to have in his thoughts and creations, and puts this right on an equality with the title to any other kind of property. Abstractly, there can be no answer to this claim, unless the right of property is denied as a natural right. The legislation which limits the period to which an author, or the publisher who buys a manuscript of an author, can hold exclusive possession of a book as property can with equal justice, or injustice, be applied to ownership in land, in ships, in houses, in any tangible thing which a man thinks he possesses. Macaulay, in his celebrated speech on copyright, takes the ground that property is the creature of the law, and that the law which creates it can be defended only on the ground that it is a law beneficial to mankind. It is therefore under the control of legislation, and he professes his disbelief in any natural, indefeasible right of property, independent of utility and anterior to legislation, or in any natural right of succession to it older and of any higher authority than any human code. As a result of this reasoning, he considers the limitation of the right of property in books to be properly within the jurisdiction of the law-making power, and that the public benefit should be taken into view whenever the question comes up as to the number of years an author or his heirs and assigns should have a monopoly of the works of the author's brain. It is



curious that in all statements regarding literary property one vital fact is overlooked. The honor of the human race is concerned in the production and preservation of such works as the *Iliad*, the tragedies of Sophocles, the Divine Comedy of Dante, the great dramas of Shakespeare, the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. The indebtedness of the world to such men is incalculable, for on them rest most of our ideas of the intellectual dignity and moral grandeur of human nature. There would seem to be no property more worthy of recognition than property in such pure creations of exceptional genius. Yet these, and the thousands of works of genius inferior to these, but still of shining merit, are thought not to be property in the sense in which a stupid lout has a perpetual ownership in his acres of land, and an acute knave has an indefeasible property in his bonds and stocks.

It would be amusing to trace, if one could, the progress of the series of articles which have resulted in two of Mr. White's works: the first entitled *Words and Their Uses*, Past and Present, which the author modestly calls "a study of the English language;" and the second called *Every-Day English*, issued nine years after the first had appeared. It cannot be supposed that when Mr. White began his crusade against the misuse of his mother tongue he foresaw the controversies he eventually provoked. He was drawn away from topics which would probably have more pleasantly engaged his attention into a seemingly endless squabble about the meaning and collocation of words. He entered into a contest which might have delighted the leisure of a scholar to whom the thousand years of Methuselah were assured, but which was hazardous for a student to attempt whose life was limited to the modest modern term of fourscore and ten. Nobody could have watched his intrepid battle with the learned antagonists he naturally forced

into opposition without thinking that his case was worse than that of any poor man who claimed priority in the discovery and application of the almost death-sleep latent in the properties of ether. But the philologists were not his only enemies. He laid himself open to the criticism of hundreds of more or less ignorant private correspondents, who demanded that he should reply to the special bit of sense, or half sense, or pure nonsense which they dared him to answer on his own principles. Nothing since the death of President Garfield has more awakened public sympathy for his honored wife and widow than the twelve hundred letters she has received from correspondents, each expressing horror of the assassination, each deeply bewailing her affliction, and each asking money of her for his own pecuniary benefit. It would not be hazardous to assert that Mr. White had received, during ten or twelve years, an equal number of private letters, having for their subject matter his distinction between "shall and will," and his acceptance or rejection of this or that word as good English. His correspondence, indeed, must have been fearfully large, and had he been compelled to pay the postage the gains on his volumes would have been seriously reduced.

It has been often asserted that most literary and theological controversies consist in a war *of* words. No one but a philologist knows how much more virulent this contest becomes when it is concentrated in a war *about* words. The anarchy, the absence of "grammatical order," in the English language enables the combatants to wage a "still beginning, never ending" battle. Each appeals to authorities; but the trouble is that the authorities do not agree; and such an appeal commonly results in leaving the warriors on both sides dead on the plain.

Mr. White escapes this fate, as he thinks, by broadly asserting that English



is almost a "grammarless language;" that, "with a minimum of exception in pronouns, in one case of nouns, and a few persons and numbers of verbs, English words have but one form." Again, "Grammar may be found in Greek, in Latin, in German; in English little else can be found than logic." He declares that what is called English grammar was unknown to Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney, Marlowe, Hooker, Bacon, Shakespeare, the translators of the Bible, and other authors of the great Elizabethan age. The only grammars that the scholars among them studied were those of ancient and modern languages, different from English in being grammatical, while their own mother tongue was essentially logical and grammarless. As a boy, Shakespeare studied the "rudiments" of Latin grammar, but of what is called English grammar he knew nothing; Lowth and Lindley Murray following him after the lapse of a century and a half; and as to John Bunyan, a master of singularly pure, sweet, and forcible English, he knew nothing of grammar at all, foreign or native.

Now, declining to venture an opinion on the correctness or the incorrectness of Mr. White's leading principles, who ever reads *Words and Their Uses*, and *Every-Day English*, without being instructed as well as stimulated and entertained? Into matters seemingly sacred to the labors of the philologist or the pedagogue, he throws all the force, keenness, and brilliancy of his mind. There is hardly a dull paragraph in the thousand pages which make up these two fascinating books. In the analysis of words and idioms brought into dispute, Mr. White shows abundant acuteness of intellect and abundant fullness of information regarding the "uses" of English words by English authors. In the homelier aspects of the topics presented, where he enters, perhaps, into somewhat too minute details, he enlivens the discussion by the throng of apt quotations

and humorous anecdotes which he has ever at command. But next to the value which these two books possess in following out his logical method of treating the English tongue, in opposition to the formal grammatical method, is his appreciation of the processes by which the English language has been enriched by the fine audacities of writers of creative imagination, who have given to its literature its strong hold on our intellect and sympathies. From Chaucer to Tennyson, there has been going on an intellectual coinage, more precious than the coins which have come fresh and bright from the English mint. This is the coinage of new words and new combinations of old words, which the thoughts and sentiments of men of original genius autocratically exacted from the old mine. Shakespeare, for example, is a notable instance of a creative mind, who left the language in which he began to write a different language from that which served him in his first efforts in composition. He forced it to express Shakespeare, in all the marvelous variations of his comprehensive genius, and it obediently yielded to his imperative plastic touch. Mr. White understands, as few writers on the English language have understood, the authority which poetic genius thus confers on a word or a phrase which bears its stamp; for he has the poetic sense to discern the imaginative value and justification of expressions which formal grammar abhors, but which even the dictionary makers are at last forced reluctantly to admit into their pages.

The last book which Mr. White has published, *England Without and Within*, must be considered the best work on England by an American author since the appearance of Emerson's *English Traits* and Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*. The difference between Emerson and White is obvious at the first glance. The merit of Emerson is in his condensed generalizations; the merit of



White is in his elaborate detail of facts and observations, on which generalizations rest for support. Emerson states conclusions, the result half of insight, half of observation. The eye of his mind is always wide open; it detects ideas and principles in the mass of miscellaneous and confused facts which attract his keen observation of external peculiarities; but his sight, clear as it is, is not so remarkable as his insight. His mere impressions of English life and character are transformed by his reason and imagination into something "rich and strange." He so condenses his matter, in stating the results of his study and thought, as to give point to the remark of a wit, who declared that English Traits always affected him as if, when engaged in an inquiry into the agricultural resources of England, he was presented with a mince pie as their compact and complicated result. Indeed, everything he says demands such a constant strain of mind on the part of the reader, to fill up for himself the spaces which separate premises from judgments, that Emerson's brilliant, epigrammatic brevity is constantly liable to be misunderstood. His verbal abstemiousness oddly contrasts with his prodigality of thought. He is like a miner who, by mechanical help, crushes out from a ton of slag and refuse a few grains of gold. He embodies in one short, scintillating sentence matter which could be more readily recognized at its worth if he had expanded it into a paragraph or a page. One is sometimes reminded, in this overdone compactness, of the declaration of the pugilistic Chicken, in Dickens's *Dombey and Son*, to Mr. Toots. This prize-fighter declares that his patron, in favoring his rival's pretensions to the hand of Florence Dombey, while disinterestedly giving up his own, is doing something "mean." The Chicken, to give force to his utterance of the offensive epithet, adds, "I ain't a cove to chuck a word

away." From the lowest level of life comes this announcement that words should always be identical with acts and thoughts; and Emerson, with a large vocabulary tempting him into diffuseness, never chucks away a word. The result is that he is ever in danger of being alternately called a mystic, a fanatic, a worldling, and a cynic. Still, English Traits remains the most noticeable volume ever written by an American on England; and, a hundred years hence, when the largest portion of the English race will be in the United States, sentences from it will be quoted to show how deep was Emerson's perception of the radical characteristics of the English race.

Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* stands by itself as a criticism of English life and character, written by a shy man of genius, who avoided rather than welcomed the persistent attempts of cordial Englishmen to dine and wine him, and do him honor in a bluff English way. It is curious that the modest American consul at Liverpool so secluded himself that he was unrecognized as a writer whose English was as simple, pure, and sweet as Addison's, while it expressed, what Addison was incapable of expressing, the moods of a great creative mind, attracted to what was certainly exceptional and mysterious in human experience, but imaginatively embodying profound meditations in characters which vividly represent, in action, some of the psychological puzzles which physicians and metaphysicians had long labored to explain, and had abandoned in pure despair of finding a solution. Dickens disliked *The Scarlet Letter*, and expressed his dislike in a private letter, which is ludicrously shallow in criticism. Tennyson seemed never to have sought the acquaintance of a writer whose power he must have discerned, had he condescended to read one of his works. Mrs. Hawthorne mentions, in her Diary, that she and her husband saw the Poet Lau-



reate at a public exhibition, but did not presume to go forward and introduce themselves. Hawthorne was so diffident a man that he thought the poet whom he so warmly admired, and whose popularity was as great as his merits, had never heard of *him*. So the great romancer considered that to accost the eminent poet without a formal introduction would be an intrusion on his privacy. The only person he met in England who seems thoroughly to have won his esteem was Francis Bennoch, an English merchant, gifted with literary tastes and literary ambition, who had an enthusiastic admiration of men of letters, and who, when he made the acquaintance of a man of genius, cordially opened to him all the hospitality of his heart, as well as all the hospitality of his house and table. The result was that Hawthorne, in judging England and English character, depended on his power of external observation, sharpened, of course, by his power of spiritual insight. His book, accordingly, has too much of that inspiration which springs not from sympathy, but from antipathy. This quality is detected in those passages where he applauds as in those where he censures. It is evident that he did not like England or the English. The demure humor of his satire reminds us of Addison and Goldsmith, but with an additional subtle scorn, natural to a shy man of unrecognized ability when he comes in contact with the boisterous self-assertion of an average Englishman of the middle class, who seems to condescend whenever he compliments. Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* is a work of genuine power; indeed, next to his weird romances, it is the best thing he ever wrote; but we rise from reading it with a feeling that our New home is infinitely better than our Old.

These two volumes are, as we have said, the only rivals of Mr. White's *England Without and Within*. Each has its separate charm; in each there is

no indication that the tourist is moving too rapidly through the country to pause for reflection on what meets his eye; and in each there is evidence of a thorough previous culture in English history, literature, and manners. Mr. White specially attracts the reader by making him his companion. We might call his volume a "transporting" book, for it literally transports us, without effort on our part, from our firesides to every spot which he visits, and into every circle to which he is admitted. His large, minute, and accurate knowledge of England, which he carries with him, enables him easily to find what he seeks. It would be dangerous to state how short was the period of his residence in England, for his familiarity with its social, industrial, literary, and political life suggests that he must have spent many years in observing what really occupied him only a few months. It is a new illustration of the old fact, that the value of a traveler's judgments depends not so much on his bodily as on his mental eye. And then Mr. White has the art of concealing the haste with which he must have passed from one place to another by the leisurely, almost lounging tone of his remarks and reflections. In his wanderings, he picks up, here and there, a novel fact, or finds that what he observes starts an entirely original vein of thought, and he communicates fact and thought as though the reader was walking by his side, ready to agree with him or to contradict him, but never violating the amenities of cordial good-fellowship. Whatever may be the judgment on *England Without and Within*, it may be safely said that nobody will find a page of it dull. But the book is not merely entertaining; it is full of valuable matter, and is a new mental and moral introduction of Jonathan to John Bull, such as few American tourists have been able hitherto to make. In all the notices of it in the literary journals of Great Britain, it is recognized as the book of a scholar,



a thinker, and a gentleman,—as a book which rightly claims attention, because it deserves it; and it is also to be said that, in almost every case where exception has been made to its statements, the supercilious critic has had the bad luck to hit upon something where he was ludicrously in the wrong. Thus Mr. White, in speaking of British “Philistinism,” called it “the unreadiness of the Saxon Athelstane developed into a social and intellectual power of inertness.” Now almost any reader on this side of the Atlantic would have seen at once that the reference here was to the Athelstane of Scott’s *Ivanhoe*. But a learned critic in the London Academy, quoting this sentence, exclaimed, “Shade of Æthelstan! has it come to this,—that a scholar of English history should confound your name with that of the redeless Ætheried?” One wonders, reading this, if we have a critic in the United States who is at once so profound in

Saxon lore and so forgetful of Walter Scott!

In this rapid review of Mr. White’s works we have not lingered on his faults, because we have had insufficient time and space to set forth adequately his merits. What most attracts us in his career as a professional American man of letters is the courage with which he has expressed his opinions, whether popular or unpopular; the patience with which he has investigated the materials of literary and social history on which just opinions regarding such matters are founded; and the acuteness, independence, force, and fertility of thought he has brought to the discussion of every debatable question which has attracted his attention as a critic and a scholar. We might clamorously demur to many of his most confident judgments, but the spirit which animates him as a thinker and seeker after truth appears to us pure, wise, and unselfish.

*E. P. Whipple.*

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## EMBER DAYS.

NOT the specified Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays of ecclesiastical observance. The Ember Days we note date back of any calendar, Christian or Pagan. They are ushered in by a series of brief-lighted, half-hearted, jaundiced days, post-autumnal in their temper, and yet not due winter. The fire of the year slowly smoulders out, dropping into corroded brands and ashes on the earth, and escaping upwards in smoke and vapor of fog. The vital spark in man’s heart and brain suffers by sympathy with the season, and needs some fanning to keep it in genial play. Premonitions of winter sleep steal over us, urging the propriety of looking about for a snug *hibernaculum*. The Muse has nothing

to say, unless to clap approval at the sentiment pronounced by the pleasant balladist:—

“When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,  
In November fogs, in December snows;  
When the north wind howls, and the doors are  
shut,  
There is place, and enough, for the pains of  
prose!”

To distinguish the month of November, we would call it a *mélange* of all ill weathers. It contains days borrowed from February and March, days of fickle variety, like a shrewd and imbibited April. By the falling of the leaves, after much miserable temporizing, we are brought face to face with the austere heavens and a long reckoning of inclemencies. This is the November



which some one has rightly named "Eat-heart."

It is wonderful how the grass contrives to double the season. It has two spring-times, and grows bravely up to the very threshold of winter, both on the vernal and autumnal side. In some places, it may have communicated its courageous spirit to neighboring plants. This November blue violet, does it not sweetly and acceptably apologize for the absence of blue overhead? Here and there the dandelion still contributes its pennyworth of sunshine. These signs of nature's vernal feeling in the dead of the year affect us with some such surprise as we have at seeing the summer-time constellations rising before dawn of a winter day. But the pushing thriftiness of the grass cannot mask the prevailing soberness of the season. In pastures, and about the fence corners everywhere, the golden-rod and other weeds of rank flowerage during the autumn now stand with hoary or black tops, like a row of snuffed-out candles, once used for an illumination. Here is the milkweed, with its pods set so as to represent a bevy of birds; but the wind is plucking off their silken white plumage, and sending it wastefully adrift through the field. Here, a shabby thistle is putting out a last purple pretense of decayed royalty. "Poverty grass," with its straight, wispy bents, bleached white, and standing in even parallels, looks like the threads of a warp in the loom. But there is not so much as a spider to put in a gossamer filling. I sometimes hear a faint thin note in the grass, much like the rattling of small seeds in a dry husk: this, I fancy, may be the lay of the last cricket. Once in a long interval, my foot starts up a decrepit grasshopper, frost-bitten and rheumatic, — possibly the old immortal Tithonus of the fable. Here a puff-ball, grown to prodigious size, and torn or burst open at the top, is sifting its fine, snuff-colored dust into the wind. It suggests *diablerie*; in-

deed, the brown censer in their unhallowed incantations. Weird and eldritch suggestions are plenty on every side. If you walk in the woods, you are startled by mysterious small sounds, — Panic noises, which you cannot readily trace to an origin. That old rustic practical joker, who in his day has frightened so many a solitary traveler, was never more alive and maliciously inventive than now. He it is, undoubtedly, who sends the partridge detonating through the dry leaves directly in our path; who sets the woodpecker to dispatching telegraphic messages, with a hollow tap, tap, on some sonorous trunk close by; who makes the trees groan humanly among their upper branches, and the dry leaves on the scrub oak discourse gibberish. Sometimes, where the fallen leaves are glued together with mildew, one detaches itself from the sodden company, and turns deliberately over, with a beckoning motion. Then I see the brown, charm-weaving hand of some ancient earth sibyl. On a hard-bound December evening, the low, faint shudder running through the crisp leaves and grasses brings to mind a certain awesome Scripture: "Thou shalt be brought down, . . . and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."

I notice that a white bloom has gathered on the raspberry briars, modifying their burnt-senna color to a delicate flesh-tint; indeed, it would seem that all vegetable life, designing to brave the winter through, had grown, for that purpose, a kind of tough, unsensitive scarf-skin. Even the trees appear to have gained a thicker rind, and their upper branches and whole stem system look, in the sunshine, as though they had been brushed over with some preservative lubricant or varnish. On every hand, nature strengthens her position, or, if forced to yield ground, covers safely her retreat. Let none be uneasy on her account. "Young buds sleep at the



and the future leaf surely in its cradle on the tree. Now, before the deep snow flings the door, I would like to visit the winter dormitory of every hibernating creature, — would follow home the chipmunk which I caught yesterday filling his impudent cheeks with corn from the crib; I have a natural curiosity to know how *his* granary is planned. No less would it be worth while to ascertain how and where the bumble-bee and the yellow-jacket and the solitary-bee are temporarily embalmed, in spices and cerements of their own providing. What lodgings have been engaged by the bullfrog and his mellower-voiced rival, the hyla? Are there any "birds of a feather" tumbled together at the bottom of some old chestnut stump, for the astonished farmer to exhume about Candlemas Day? Above all, I would like to know whether there are any swallows done up in clay at the bed of the stream, as White of Selborne was so desirous of proving, some time ago; and whether the cricket has laid in a good supply of fodder, or merely chews over his summer cud. I am the more concerned to push investigation in this quarter since I have read an old scientific authority which claims that the insect has the same number and arrangement of stomachs enjoyed by the Order Ruminantia!

Here comes the woodpecker, with his sharp, mouse-like note, seeking the honest living due him in nature's economy. It is plain that neither a chrysalis case, nor a cocoon shroud, nor even the narrowest cranny in the bark of a tree is a safe mode of retirement. But I know something that the woodpecker, with all his foraging penetration, perhaps does not know. If he would split with his bill those dry stalks of boneset close down to the root, he would get for his pains, every time, a fine fat grub.

Frequently, in the early morning, at this time of the year, one hears the high, shrill clamor of the bluejay, spreading

his wings on the stream of the north wind and crying a defiance; it is the very voice of winter. Until late in the season, and occasionally during the milder winter weather, I hear the coarse guffaw of the crow at a long distance through the woods. Is there not a true sardonic inflection in the note of the crow? What lazy contempt and derision it expresses! He is called Jaques, in our Forest of Arden. How ridiculously he caricatures the gait of human kind. I remember to have seen a man chasing a lamed crow over a plowed field, and to have been impressed by the ludicrous similarity of their motions. The black-coated man, by a ruse of fancy, became a larger species of crow, while his corvine thiefship appeared as a smart little personage in black broadcloth. Some time before the advent of settled cold weather, I find the chickadees and snow-birds comfortably hobnobbing in the woods. They regard me with the eye of a quondam acquaintance. I conclude we have met before, and shall meet again, when the deep snow drives them to accept the charity of us villagers. Now and then, the Bohemian waxwing comes "berrying" in our woods, but remains no long time, having come down from the North on a limited ticket. His note is poor and small; in this respect following the immelodious rule of all our hibernating birds.

Each spring, I am grieved to note the inroad that has been made upon the timber during the fall and winter previous. It seems to me that the nobility is first to go, and I wonder how it is that the woodman's axe refuses to taste of aught less than the fairest and tallest-grown of the forest. Is there no penalty attached to *arboricide*? If I were in the chopper's place, I should fear that Sylvan would hurl the falling shaft my way, and crush me beneath it. Down go the beech, the oak, and the ash; down goes the maple, notwithstanding its veins of kindness. The ground is



scattered over with splinters and chips, white or pinkish, clean and sweet-smelling. What further destiny is in store for this deposed and mutilated majesty? The oracle of Dodona could not have foretold. Part, sound sleepers under the tracks of the last new railway; part to be floated down the Lakes, out through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and over the "road of the bold" to England; part to remain here, and become a patient power in the lands, converted to tools in the hands of the farmer; still another part to be consumed on our hearths, — an extravagant and guilty luxury, we are inclined to think. Unhesitatingly, we pronounce coal the *cheaper* fuel. Of this wood quarry, the forest of old time, there still remains an abundant supply. If man had existed previous to the Carboniferous period, it is a question whether there would have been any coal for the present day, since he would have taken care, then, as now, that the woods should be cleared away.

Occasionally, the axe discloses the fact that a great and flourishing tree was quite corrupt at the core; that it lived for years with a heart of sawdust. Nature has her laugh at us, and propounds the following: Pray, how will this fact fit into your object-lessons, my little philosopher? Will you teach your pupils that even from hearts unsound right growths may sometimes proceed? But when we have wrinkled our brows over the embarrassing problem long enough, she will tell us, most likely, that a tree's heart is where a man's heart should be, all abroad in free circulation, in branches, stems, and leaves, — in radiating sympathies and enthusiasm, if we look upon the human side of the question.

He has hardly become acquainted with the whole tree who has known it only in its summer phases. He is no true lover of the woods who ceases to go to them when the leaves have dropped away, and the garrulous dryad has re-

tired to sleep. I would know my friends in their adversity and hardihood. Some invaluable intimations are reached down on that lichened north or north-east side of a sage, weather-beaten old tree. To one who enjoys their winter society each tree of the forest has its distinct individuality, no less now than when it flourished under the sign of the leaf. There are all degrees of muscularity, all shades between grayness and brownness, beside delicate differences in pose and deportment, to pronounce the tree. This is the "builder oak," that throws such energy into its strong, up-reaching arms; this, the beech, distinguished by the lateral precision of its branches; this, the soft maple, recognizable by its poised lightness and round contour. Who knows not the "vine-prop" elm, with its lofty grace and slight benedictive droop, the oriole's nest still swinging from the end of some branch? Bring us the nest of the bird, and we will do our best to tell you what tree afforded the site. We dare to do this, because we chanced, last spring, to be present at a congress convened by the birds, to discuss the comparative advantages for nest-building presented by various trees. The smooth, gray stem of the ash looks not unlike an old churchyard slab, with here and there a frill of lichen, or a patch of moss. The bark of the cucumber-tree is arranged in fine scales, as though the tree had put on an hibernal coat of mail. "The Dorian column of the sycamore" stands out in white relief against the dark background of the deeper woods. This tree casts its bark as well as its leaves. Are you a skilled archæologist? Read what is written on that scrap of parchment, — a true Saxon book, direct from the bark of the tree. It is thought to contain the tree's esoteric doctrines, its notes and comments, thrown off in its summer leisure. Even the pine and the hemlock are deciduous, though they manage to shift the old garment for the new so



adroitly that none of their neighbors discover the sleight.

The west wind, in summer time a delicious boon, becomes at this season a scourge, with a threefold lash of sleet, hail, and snow; for the most of our heavy winter storms rise from this quarter. Our trees have wrestled so long with this wind that they are permanently warped towards the east, as may be seen by running the eye over their profiles; there is even a perceptible scantiness in the growth of their branches on the side exposed to the prevailing wind. What mighty battles have I seen and heard waged between the trees and the west wind, — an Iliad fought in fields of the air. I cannot understand, when I hear the wind characterized as “lonesome” and “melancholy.” It is the great traveler, who not only has been around the earth, but has circumnavigated some of the nearer stars, returning with a traveler’s zest for story-telling. There is heraldry in the wind, mysterious errantry. It is possible that our snow-topped pine, gently nodding to its black shadow in the moonlight, has just received advices from that tropical palm, its legendary love. A high wind calls the imagination to come up higher. What has the poet of nature to do with the island valley of Avilion, — with a region

“Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly”?

If we have neither mountains, trees, streams, nor the sea in our prospect, we have at least the sky and the wind: the one, with its clouds, to paint pictures for us, the other to sing us songs. The morning was bound in blue and gold. Wherever the long shafts of the sun fell, a gold-stone sparkle followed; but the shadows had the tint of the lilac, or of an aerified amethyst. There were flowers on the dry stalks of plants that had been out of bloom for months past. Every blade of grass was shot

full of minute crystalline barbs. The children of Aurora perceived that manna had fallen in the night, and went forth to gather it; but they wisely carried neither scrip nor basket, knowing they could lay none by for the morrow. In May we indeed believed, with the Rosicrucians, that there might be an immortal virtue in May-dew; in December we discovered it was lodged in the frost. On first waking we drew aside the curtain, and found on the window-pane a glorious emblazonry of summer trees, flowers, and tangled thickets. How was it? Had we dreamed of summer? And then, did the spirit of cold and the breath of a sleeper convey the phantasmal dream to the pane, and there leave it to crystallize under the keen surveillance of the stars? I was shown, last winter, the photograph of a singularly beautiful frost-piece, and required to name the original. Before I hit the truth, I was successively reminded of a fern plot in the woods, a garden of deep-sea plants, and an imprint of fossil vegetation. This seemed to me additional proof that nature has only a few fine forms, which she works over and over, with unwearying delight. We read that a whole tropical flora lies buried under the Greenland glacier. It is this fact, perhaps, that is whitely hinted at in all the works of the frost.

Living not far from a great lake, locked in its winter sleep, I sometimes fall into the impression that our coast line runs coincident with the arctic circle, and that Wrangel Land, and the icy mausoleum of so much brave polar research, might be reached by an hour’s journey due northward. Yonder is the frozen deep; for aught I know, it is the limit of discovery. Instead of the “unmeasured laughter of the waves,” there is dead silence, or only the astonished whistle of the north wind, as it sweeps over surges it cannot drive, — “white caps” that sparkle, but are without power to burst into spray. The voiceless-



ness of the lake is the first impression obtained; the next is of the vast sunken perspective it presents. It vividly suggests the crater of a burnt-out volcano. Frequent drifts of snow and caked ice, mixed with sand sifted in from the beach, answer to the lava and ashes of bygone volcanic eruptions. If the lake has frozen under a stiff norther, our beach will be filled with a wild arabesque sculpture and architecture. There sits the fatal mermaiden, now spell-bound herself, a creature of glassy shreds and tatters; there is a shaggy triton blowing a soundless horn; and here is the arm "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," reaching up Excalibar, whose hilt sparkles with pure diamonds! Here are ice-caves and narrow cloister walks, niches and shrines; and here (by a bold upward fling of the tortured water in freezing) is a veritable wigwam, a piece of poetic justice in the elements, commemorating the far-away Indian occupancy of the shore. In the offing there will be one or more jagged ramparts of ice, and beyond, at the furthest reach of the eye, a dark, steel-blue hint of free waters, though frequently no such channel is visible from the shore. This irregular fence of ice, of which I have spoken, suggests the Giant's Causeway, or the fantastic desolation of the Dakota Bad Lands. The frozen drift along the shore has, in rigorous seasons, considerable permanency. The sun is the mildest-mannered iconoclast (a lesson to those who believe in the sledgehammer). He rarely takes by storm the enemy's stronghold. His method is gradually and almost imperceptibly to create angles, thus multiplying the points of attack; to girdle the shaft with strategic beams, so that when it falls, it seems to have toppled by reason of its own unbalanced gravity. I have sometimes imagined there was a sunny flaw in the ice itself, a surreptitious spark of inclosed caloric, which, no less than the outward ray, works towards dissolution.

Can we discover any correlation existing between the icicle and the iceberg? Only this: that the form of the icicle follows that of the stalactite, while the iceberg is a kind of immense movable stalagmite.

I watch with interest the first tendency towards solidification in a stream of water. Notice how sluggishly the current drags along; how dark and mantling it looks, like some dense liquid slowly cooling off. Large bubbles collect on the surface. Next, fine crystal bayonets and spears are thrust out from the margin, as though they would impale and hold the unwilling current. Dipping reeds and willow whips are soon glazed over, and made the nuclei of small glacial reefs; the web spreads, and the stream is firmly woven under. The old ice of pools in the woods, partially thawed, will show us some delicate etchings. Lift up this water-soaked leaf of beech or of maple, and you find its graven likeness on the ice where it has rested for half the winter. Beech burs and hickory nuts have also carved clean-cut intaglios.

It is past the solstice, — close upon the crumbling verge of the year. At last, there falls a snow, the fibre of which has been well tested in yonder laboratory of the heavens. No "sugar-snow" this, to melt in our cup! It has come to stay. Its siege will not be so long as in New England, nor will its depth be so great or so uniform in this locality; but it suffices. The houses, muffled at foundation and eaves, look low as pictures of Swiss chalets, — so low that it seems possible to rest one's elbow on the roof, and look about on the village beneath. The woods in the distance are mere hedge-rows, and there are no longer fences to divide claims. Imagination adds a good rod to the breadth of an untracked road in winter. The storm has isolated us, but not unkindly. We are retired citizens, cosy *habitants*, and we now ask that our ap-



ples, nuts, and cider may not be wanting in the four hours' stretch of the winter evening. Thus modestly we propose *desipere in loco*. There is no misanthropy in our retirement; on the contrary, we seem to have withdrawn ourselves for the sole purpose of considering how we may love our neighbor still better. We fancy him engaged in the same benevolent meditations. There is even an expression of good-will toward

us in the affable curve of the smoke that comes from his chimney. At night our fireside and that mellow star, our evening lamp, can scarcely be contained within doors; at least, looking out at the window, I see their charitable image, constant and bright, under the rocking trees, in the blue winter dusk. If we spoke of "the dead of the year," it was a mistake. The embers are well covered over.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN the year 1835 Richard Cobden traveled for a month in the United States, and some of his observations upon what he saw and heard there are recorded in his biography, lately published by Mr. Morley. Mr. Cobden sets down, among other things, as the best example he could give of the wild extravagance of American brag, the following anecdote: "Judge Boardman, speaking of Daniel Webster, said, quite coolly, and without a smile,—for I looked for one very closely, thinking he joked,—‘I do not know if the great Lord Chatham might not have been his equal, but certainly no British statesman has, since his day, deserved to be compared with him.’” Comment upon a statement so perfectly monstrous appeared to Mr. Cobden not merely superfluous, but preposterous. To one of the controlling minds, and one of the most liberal men of modern England, it seemed that only the maddest vanity would think of even mentioning Daniel Webster in the same breath with great English statesmen. Yet if we were now to somewhat modify Judge Boardman's statement, and say that since the death of Charles Fox no English statesman, except Mr. Gladstone, has been the intellectual equal of Daniel Webster, few

persons whose opinion is worth anything would be likely to dissent.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since Mr. Cobden recorded this anecdote and sent it across the water to his brother, and thirty years have passed since the eager attention of this nation was concentrated upon the death chamber at Marshfield. Of late there has been a revival of interest in Webster, indicated by new editions of his speeches, by published reminiscences, by the statue in New York, and now by the observances which have just marked the centennial anniversary of his birth. It is therefore not unfitting, perhaps, to attempt at this time a historical estimate of Webster's character and career. Under ordinary circumstances the period thus involved would be too near for history in any form, but the intervening war has riven a chasm so deep and wide between that time and this that the events of Webster's life belong to a different era, almost as much as the downfall of the federalists in 1800, or the war with England in 1812. But this is not enough. In order to reach a purely historical judgment of Webster,—which is the only one worth seeking, for there has been an abundance of others, of every degree of merit,—we must approach



him historically. We must come to him neither from the point of view of those whose feelings found their best expression in the noble lines of Ichabod, nor, on the other hand, from that of the men

... "that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,

Made him their pattern to live and to die."

We must seek the Webster of history with the open mind of the generations to which he is, for the most part, only a great name and a great tradition; and seeking in this spirit we can find him, as he still lives, and as he will always live, in his speeches, arguments, letters, and state papers; in the biographies and anecdotes of friends; in the eulogies of admirers, and in the attacks of his enemies.

There is no need to rehearse in detail the events of Webster's early life. He sprang from a pure, hardy, and very typical Puritan stock, a family of borderers, possessing in the highest degree the stubborn tenacity of New England which enabled them in the struggle with earth, air, and man, savage and civilized, to wring a bare subsistence from their granite hills. Webster's father was an Indian fighter, one of Rogers's famous rangers in the old French war, and a captain in the Revolution. Education had been sacrificed by him to the trade of arms, and he determined that this loss should be spared to one at least of his sons. In accordance with this resolve he selected Daniel, his youngest boy, who was slender, delicate, and unfitted for the hard toil of the farm, and sent him to school and to college. Every one is familiar with the touching affection of the son thus favored, who, not content with his own good fortune, turned back to draw his elder brother after him into learning's road, at the cost of much to himself and of fresh privations on the part of the devoted parents. Study of the law followed graduation,

all accompanied by a dire struggle with the most pinching poverty, until at last the brothers managed to go to Boston, where the younger one was fortunate enough to obtain a clerk's place in the office of Christopher Gore. Here Webster acquired much knowledge of his profession, and had the benefit also of the society of a cultivated man of the world, a ripe lawyer, an experienced public man, and a fine gentleman in the best and truest sense of the term, whose high-bred face looks benignly upon us from one of Stuart's canvases. Webster's mind was sure to expand beneath such influences, and thanks to Mr. Gore he put aside the temptation of a clerkship in the courts, which would have given him immediate independence, and very probably might have checked his career. Wiser, if not richer, Webster returned to New Hampshire, and began the conflict of life and the practice of the law in the little town of Boscawren. Thence he removed, not long after, to Portsmouth, the chief town of the State. There he married, and passed nine happy years in the pursuit of his profession; meeting in Jeremiah Mason an antagonist who taught him much, and forced the development of the powers of mind which speedily placed him at the head of the little bar of his native State.

In 1812 Mr. Webster was elected to Congress, and took his seat in May, 1813, at the extra session. Up to this time he had taken no more interest in politics than was natural to any intelligent and active man in a period of strong political excitement. When he entered public life Mr. Webster may be described as a firm but moderate federalist. He was strongly opposed to the embargo and to the war, but when war was once declared he was not prepared to go on with the extreme federalists in a bitter and unrelenting resistance to all measures of the administration. Young as he was, and new to public life, he came at once to the front with that mas-



terful spirit which never left him, introducing at an early day a resolution designed to compel a disclosure of the origin of the war, and supporting his motion with a force which placed him at once among the leaders of the house, then numerous and distinguished. At the close of the war, when the democratic party, floundering in a chaos of unpaid debts and disordered finances, was clamoring for a bank as loudly as they had before clamored against the one devised by Hamilton, Mr. Webster again took a most conspicuous part in opposition to the scheme of Mr. Calhoun, which threatened a wild inflation of the currency and an increase of existing difficulties. In a speech of singular clearness and merit he showed very plainly that in his years of political inactivity he had read and meditated deeply; that he had classified and arranged his thoughts, and had accumulated stores of knowledge from which his retentive memory could at will draw forth weapons for the contest. In 1816, he led the opposition to Mr. Calhoun's tariff in another forcible and able speech. Mr. Webster belonged in this respect not to the school of Hamilton, but to that of the New England federalists, who, while they had favored moderate protection in a few well-ascertained directions, were, in the light of their own commercial interests, very averse to anything like a general protective policy or an extensive tariff.

These speeches and the position attained by Mr. Webster in Congress gave him necessarily a very great increase of reputation. The field open to him in New Hampshire was manifestly too small, and could not yield him an income sufficient to provide for the needs of a growing family. Soon after his tariff speech, therefore, Mr. Webster removed to Boston, left Congress, and de-

voted himself to the pursuit of his profession.

This temporary withdrawal to private life brought fresh successes, greater than anything achieved as yet by Mr. Webster as a public man. His career in Congress had opened to him a practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, and before that tribunal at Washington, in the year 1819, he appeared as counsel for Dartmouth College, in defense of their charter rights. The argument then delivered placed him at once at the head of the bar of the United States, and fixed his reputation as one of the greatest of our constitutional lawyers. This famous case was the source and forerunner of others of like character and importance, which came to Mr. Webster at intervals throughout his whole subsequent career, and which were presented by him with equal success and ability, although he never, perhaps, surpassed his first great effort.<sup>1</sup>

To every one competent to judge, that argument, with its easy flow of what one of its hearers called "pure reason," is familiar. It exhibits grasp, breadth, and smoothness; it is logical and strong; it has, in short, everything that a constitutional argument of the highest order should possess. The one quality, perhaps, for which it is preëminent is felicity of presentation. The various facts and groups of facts, with the many arguments and branches of argument flowing from them, are so arranged and conjoined that the chain of reasoning runs out without check or hindrance, and the listener passes from one subject to another, conscious only of the unbroken connection of thought, and of the close way in which one reason sustains and upholds another.

A year after the delivery of this argument, Mr. Webster, in another field, achieved an equal if not a greater suc-

<sup>1</sup> The cases of *Gibbons v. Ogden*, *Ogden v. Saunders*, and that growing out of the Rhode Island rebellion will occur at once to every one as giving

rise to the most memorable among Mr. Webster's constitutional arguments in court.



cess by his oration at Plymouth, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. This address belongs to a branch of the art of oratory which is neither parliamentary, political, nor legal, but approaches most nearly, perhaps, to a lay sermon, with the incident of the day or the cause of the celebration as a text. To that text the orator may stick closely, or he may deal in a general way with any and every subject of human interest, social, moral, or political; or, if he chooses, he may start, like Sir Walter Raleigh's history, at the beginning of the world, and come down, frequently plunging headlong, like Phaeton, to the earth of the present hour. Addresses of this sort offer a great temptation to survey mankind from China to Peru, and with most men, in attempts of this kind, the vision becomes indistinct, the outlines confused, and the historical and literary perspective very faulty. To Webster this wide scope was peculiarly attractive, and he was one of the rare men who could use it well. The oration which he delivered at Plymouth, in the first flush of his splendid powers, and with the consciousness of the resources of his strength still untouched and unexplored, was the first of a brief series of similar productions, which have established Webster's position as a great master in what, for want of a better name, may be called occasional oratory. The address at Plymouth is not, perhaps, quite so fine, as a whole it is not so rounded and complete, as one or two of the later ones, but it possesses, nevertheless, all Webster's characteristics in this field of eloquence, where his work is well worthy of study. The most striking quality of all these speeches is the grand sweep with which the orator passes over each and every subject. Yet with all this there is never the slightest pretense of universal knowledge. If he is dealing with history, of which Webster was very fond, it is with the ease and

grace of a statesman, scholar, and man of the world, but with no affectation of abstruse learning. If the subject is science, as in the address before the Mechanics' Institute, there is no yielding to the strong temptation to behave like Lord Brougham, and make a show of boundless knowledge by a glittering display of superficial and inaccurate information. It is the speech of a man of education and natural eloquence dealing with scientific topics in the general way which is becoming to one who is not a special student. In all these orations Webster moves easily on a high level of thought and feeling, and when he rises to a more impassioned strain it is with a pinion so strong that he carries us up with him, and brings us back without jar or shock. There is always the same clear presentation of ideas which is to be found in all Webster's work, so that, while it seems as if the subject or the question must be very plain, the real secret of the lucidity and smoothness lies in the method in which the topics are handled. This clearness of arrangement is joined with a severe simplicity of style. The men of Webster's day were versed in the rolling periods of the end of the eighteenth century, and were most familiar with the English of Johnson and Gibbon. In Webster's writings there are no traces of these influences. Whether he was saved from them by a youthful fondness for Addison, or by the example of plain, direct speech afforded him at the bar by Mr. Mason, saved from them he surely was. His sentences are never gorgeous, never loaded or involved. They are simple, nervous, compact. In his occasional orations, and in his political speeches as well, there occur of course many rhetorical passages. Some of them, if detached from the context, seem even florid in thought if not in expression. But if they are read in connection with the whole speech, and with due attention to the subject, they will be found to comply with what is the rule



of good oratory as of good architecture, in being ornaments to the construction and not constructed ornament. We are told that he was an unsparing censor of everything he published, and that he weeded out Latin derivatives with an unsparing hand. He certainly clung closely to Anglo-Saxon words, but we doubt if revision could have found much to alter. From this practice he made one constant and, under the circumstances, very singular deviation: he invariably uses "commence" instead of "begin," — a vicious habit, and all the more noticeable from its recurrence in the midst of a style in every other respect simple and pure in a remarkable degree.

In a similar way he is very sparing of imagery and metaphor, using them but seldom, and always with great point and effect. This was due to the same austerity of taste which is apparent in his style, not to any lack of imagination, for Webster had both the dramatic and the poetic sense strongly developed. Tradition tells us that he was often highly dramatic in voice and manner, at times perhaps too much so, but there is no excess in the language or the thought. The supposed speech of John Adams and the address to the survivors of the Revolution at Bunker Hill, beginning, "Venerable men," to take two well-known instances, are very dramatic, but they are neither forced nor theatrical. It was the same on the poetical side; for, although Webster was a poor versifier, he had a genuine vein of poetry. Take, for example, that most familiar sentence at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument: "Let it rise! Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit." The thought and picture are alike poetical, and they are expressed in the simplest of English words, a rare combination, — so rare that we are wont to call it Shakespearean,

and so easy in appearance that many persons think any one can effect it, and hold to that belief until they make the experiment themselves.

The Plymouth oration was widely read, and gave a national fame to its author, who, at the same time, by his services in the constitutional convention of Massachusetts, was again brought conspicuously forward as a statesman and legislator possessing a profound and ample knowledge of organic questions of government and a rooted conservatism of temperament. All this bore fruit in a general wish for Mr. Webster's return to public life, and in 1823 he was elected to Congress by the Boston district. Again in Washington he vindicated his reputation as an orator by his speech on the Greek revolution, a subject which invited a display of rhetoric upon the struggle for freedom then maintained by the inheritors of the brilliant history and traditions of Greece. But Mr. Webster spoke simply as a statesman urgent to have the United States take strong ground, and such as became them, against the doctrines of the Holy Alliance and the Congress of Laybach, which struck at the very foundations of the American system, and ought not therefore to be passed over in silence. The speech had the effect which was intended in defining the position of the United States, and it brought out for the first time Webster's conception of the relations of his country to other nations, and of her importance and meaning in the affairs of civilized mankind.

In the years which immediately followed Mr. Webster stood at the head of the hard-pressed forces of the administration during the presidency of Mr. Adams, but a wider field and a position of more dignity were soon opened to him. In 1827 he was elected by the legislature to represent Massachusetts in the senate, where his first important speech was delivered in support of the tariff of 1828. In 1816 and in 1824



Mr. Webster had displayed great ability in opposing the tariff, and had in fact headed the resistance to a protective policy. The change of opinion which led him to defend the tariff of 1828 with the same talent and force of argument which he had displayed against its predecessors was used then and subsequently, by his enemies, to found a charge of inconsistency and time serving. Mr. Webster's position in 1828 was the one which he afterwards maintained to the close of his life, and was perfectly defensible. He said substantially, "New England has steadily and consistently resisted protective measures, but you of the South and West have insisted upon them. You have passed the embargo laws, and you brought on the war of 1812; and not content with this, you have enacted two tariff laws. The result has been to force the enterprise and the capital of New England into new channels, and to create a large number of industries. Tired of the experiment, you now propose to destroy the legislation to which New England has conformed, and force her to another change which would involve losses and disaster." The argument was logical, and as a representative of New England Mr. Webster's position was impregnable. The tariff of 1828, however, led to a struggle upon other issues which quite overshadowed the original cause. Out of the tariff came the resistance of South Carolina to the laws of the United States, and the doctrine of nullification formulated by Mr. Calhoun. This theory of disintegration and disunion for the first time found open expression and bold advocacy in a debate arising unexpectedly upon a harmless resolution concerning the public lands. Its exponent was Mr. Hayne, who has gained an enduring if unenviable fame from having been crushed on this occasion by Mr. Webster. Hayne was, nevertheless, a man of much ability, young, fluent, and filled with the ideas of the Atlas of the

slave world, who sat by and watched the conflict from the chair of the vice-president. His first speech went beyond the limits of the resolution, touching severely on New England, and hinting strongly at state resistance. To this Mr. Webster replied, and Hayne then responded at length, denouncing New England with increased vehemence, and boldly advocating the nullification doctrine. The next day, before a crowded audience, Mr. Webster answered him in a speech which stands unequaled in the annals of American debate, and is one of the masterpieces of English oratory. This great speech offers no loop-hole for criticism. In elevation of tone, in fitness to the imperial theme, in range of thought, patriotism, imagination, and style, it is all that the most exacting taste could demand. It has all the qualities of Mr. Webster's occasional speeches, together with those other attributes which are required by debate. Mr. Webster made many other great speeches in Congress, but no one can doubt that he would be content to have his standing as a parliamentary orator determined by the reply to Hayne. That speech was delivered when he was in the prime of manhood and in the full vigor of his strength. His personal appearance, his voice and manner, then as always greatly enhanced the effect of everything he said. The slender boy, unfit for the labor of the farm, had developed into a man of large and commanding presence. Mr. Webster was less than six feet in height, yet every artist has portrayed him as of almost heroic stature. The fact was that he impressed those who saw and heard him as of gigantic mould. A Liverpool navy is said to have pointed at him in the street, and called out, "There goes a king!" and Carlyle is reported to have said that he looked like "a walking cathedral." His head was very large, of fine shape and with a most noble brow, beneath which great eyes looked out full of dusky light when in repose, and glow-



ing like fires when he was excited. His massive features, black hair, and swarthy complexion, together with a manner extremely grand and solemn, all contributed to render him impressive to an extraordinary degree. His voice was one of great richness and compass, in its highest pitch never shrill, but penetrating to the remotest corner of hall or senate-chamber, and in the open air to the very outskirts of a vast crowd. When he rose to reply to Hayne he must have had, like Lord Thurlow when he answered the Duke of Grafton, and in a still greater degree, "the look of Jove when he has grasped the thunder."

The effect of this speech at the moment was overwhelming, and its results were hardly less so. It crushed the nullification theory in Congress, and forced the Southern leaders back upon the more difficult and less acceptable ground of secession. So far as argument could go, circulated as it was in that speech by tens of thousands of copies, it fixed public opinion throughout the North at least in unalterable opposition to the South Carolina doctrines, and prepared the whole country for the support of the administration in the crisis which was close at hand.

In the speeches in Congress and before political bodies, among which the reply to Hayne stands first, Mr. Webster exhibited, as in his occasional orations, and in equal measure, the sweeping range of thought, the artistic presentation of facts and arguments, and the easy, powerful flight in the grander passages of passion or imagination for which he was always conspicuous, while at the same time he never abandoned his nervous, forcible sentences or his clear simplicity of style. In those other qualities which are peculiarly necessary in parliamentary oratory and in debate he also excelled. He had perfect readiness in reply and swiftness in attack or defense, great command of facts, and an obedient and retentive memory. He was

never a maker of epigrams or a master of keen retort, and never indulged in parliamentary fencing. He did not come upon the field like the modern duelist, trusting only to skill in the use of a thin, flexible, pointed strip of steel, but, like the knight of olden time, he rode into the tournament in full panoply of glittering armor and with well-poised lance, bearing down his opponents by force, weight, and address, and never shrinking from the full shock of arms. In one respect Mr. Webster's career as a debater and orator is peculiar. He never, save in one memorable instance, when Ingersoll of Pennsylvania and Dickinson of New York assailed his integrity, gave way to denunciation of his opponents. The temptation must have been great to a man of Webster's powers to indulge in personal attacks, but he always refrained, and used the dangerous weapon of invective only against arguments and principles. With his opponents he employed a cold, dignified, rather argumentative and very effective sarcasm, which suggests flaying, as in the case of Mr. Hayne. Yet this sarcasm has not the bitterness which commends its victim to the listener's pity, but has rather beneath its gravity a throb of laughter and a sense of the ridiculous which keep the hearers in sympathy with the orator. This grave sarcasm, with a subtle mingling of ridicule and amusement, appears very strongly in Cicero's orations against Milo, and closely resembles the same trait in Webster. It would be difficult to say why he was so sparing in the way of humor pure and simple; certainly from no natural defect, for it abounds in his private letters, from the first exuberant epistles of youth down to the last utterances in the days of age and disappointment, while with those nearest to him the spirit of fun was always breaking out. Before the world, however, Webster was very grave and dignified, and this grave dignity waxed ever more lofty and solemn as he ad-



vanced in years and fame. Still, the natural humor crops out now and then in his speeches, veiled sometimes under stately irony, sometimes coming with more freedom and directness. One example, rather of the latter than of the former kind, occurs in a speech of the year 1838. Mr. Calhoun had been discussing the sub-treasury, had brought up slavery and the tariff, and attacked Mr. Webster, who hurried to the senate, being informed on the way that Mr. Calhoun was "carrying the war into Africa." Mr. Webster began his reply in a laughing way, and after a few sentences said, —

"Sir, this carrying the war into Africa, which has become so common a phrase among us, is indeed imitating a great example; but it is an example which is not always followed with success. In the first place, every man, though he be a man of talent and genius, is not a Scipio; and in the next place, as I recollect this part of Roman and Carthaginian history, — the gentleman may be more accurate, but as I recollect it, — when Scipio resolved upon carrying the war into Africa, Hannibal was not at home. Now, sir, I am very little like Hannibal, but I am at home; and when Scipio Africanus South-Caroliniensis brings the war into my territories, I shall not leave their defense to Asdrubal, nor Syphax, nor anybody else. I meet him on the shore at his landing, and propose but one contest.

'Concurritur; hora  
Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.' "

In the summer of 1830, just after the great reply to Hayne, when he was probably the most conspicuous man in the country and at the very zenith of his reputation, Mr. Webster made the best known and best preserved, if not the ablest and most remarkable, of all his many addresses to a jury. He was called in to aid the government in the famous case of the White murder at Salem. It was freely charged then, and

has been generally believed ever since, that this aid was due to a heavy fee from the relatives of the murdered man, and the explanations and defense of Webster's biographer confirm the unpleasant impression that money tainted the transaction. But however that may be, Mr. Webster began his speech by defending himself against the insinuation that he had been brought there to "hurry the jury beyond the evidence," and then burst forth with that splendid exordium on murder general and murder particular which is in every school reader, and which as delivered by Webster was certainly calculated to terrify a jury, fill them with horror, and if necessary "hurry them beyond the evidence." After this opening he proceeded with his argument. In the most masterly manner he drew forth and reviewed the evidence, and, marshaling his facts in solid column, moved them forward in a way which must have swept every doubt from before their onward march. That Webster had an extraordinary power of convincing a jury cannot be questioned, but he must have affected them chiefly with a feeling of awe; instead of leading he must have impressed them. In those very peculiar qualities which make a man a great advocate with the twelve judges of fact; in variety and fertility, in the rapid mingling and alternation, of wit and pathos, of grave argument, solemn exhortation, and quick ridicule, Webster was surpassed, it must be admitted, by both Erskine and Choate, although the latter's fame unfortunately rests almost wholly upon tradition. At the same time there have probably been few men who have achieved better results in the difficult task of "getting a verdict."

We have now glanced at Webster in every branch of the orator's art. In the senate and in occasional speeches he was at his best, and above any other American of whom we have sufficient means of judging. Mr. Everett tells us



that in England Webster was compared frequently to Demosthenes, and the severity of his style and expression justify the comparison. He was assuredly most like the great models of antiquity, and this fact takes him at once out of range of the fervors of Continental oratory. Among his kindred of England he finds more rivals and greater ones: in Chatham and Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, and Fox, Canning, Bright, and Gladstone. Fox and Webster most nearly resemble each other, for both possessed that which in the former was again and again described as a "manly eloquence." Burke was more profound, more metaphysical, richer, more various, than Webster, but no one ever said of Webster what Goldsmith did of Burke:—

"Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining."

Webster, again, was less splendid than Sheridan, but many of the glittering sentences of the "Begums" look very dim now, and the tinsel of the "greatest speech of the age" has tarnished sadly, while Webster's classical simplicity is as pure, fresh, and glowing as when the words were uttered. There is, however, nothing to be gained in hunting comparisons. Webster has passed into history as one of the handful of men whom the world acknowledges as the great masters of eloquence.

Although before the tribunal of public opinion the reply to Hayne had given a death-blow to the doctrine of nullification, yet the heresy was still to be met as a practical question; and when Jackson took it by the throat, Webster, with true patriotism and statesmanship, laid aside his opposition to the president, which was deep and abiding on every other subject, and stood by the side of the administration in advocacy of the force bill. In a similar fashion he resisted Clay's compromise. It was not, as Webster firmly believed, a question

of a tariff, but of the supremacy of law and the maintenance of the Union. Modify the tariff, and the victory lay with the rebellious State. When South Carolina was on her knees and the law enforced throughout her borders, then would be the time to talk of modifications. Compromise prevailed, but Webster had no cause to blame himself for any part in the perilous concession.

Jackson's administration and that of his successor cover the most brilliant years of Mr. Webster's life. He was then in the full maturity of his powers, fighting for the constitution and for sound finances, the leader of a new and growing party, wholly in the right on the public issues of the day, and acting up to his beliefs without fear or reservation. Jackson's violent wrenching and twisting of the constitution afforded constant opportunities for Mr. Webster to make great efforts in behalf of that which lay nearest his heart, but the absorbing question of all that time was of course the bank and the finances. The bank was opposed to Jackson, and so Jackson undertook to stuff its offices with his adherents, as he had done in all other similar cases. The bank resisted, and then the president determined to destroy it. He began by vetoing the bill for its recharter; but this mode of destruction was so slow that, to quicken the work, he withdrew the deposits, and determined to manage the finances himself. Jackson regulating the finances and the currency was like a monkey regulating a watch. He simply smashed everything, and then went out of office, leaving his successor to make the best of it. Hampered by Jackson's principles, and coming, moreover, much too late to do any good, Mr. Van Buren was just in time to meet the financial crash of 1837, which spread ruin and disaster over the country. From the first Mr. Webster had led the opposition to Jackson's mad financiering, and had struck hard and telling blows at him and at Mr. Van



Buren. He had a perfect mastery of the questions at issue and of all the intricate financial details, so that while he showed what ought to be done he predicted with unerring sagacity the exact result of Jackson's course. All that he said was read everywhere, and when the crash came, his statesmanship and foresight received a startling vindication. In the campaign, which soon ensued, against Mr. Van Buren as a candidate for reelection, Mr. Webster stood at the head of the opposition forces, and in all parts of the country, with wonderful variety and freshness, enforced the doctrines which he had always defended, and pointing to the suffering of the country denounced the policy by which all this misery had been caused. It had been a long waiting, but Jackson's outrageous course and ignorant blunders at last had their reward. His party, his political heir and successor, and his principles of government were all condemned, and buried by the great wave of popular disapproval which carried General Harrison to the presidency, and placed Webster beside him as secretary of state.

To enter into a discussion of Mr. Webster's course in this new field would be impossible within the limits of a necessarily brief essay. His state papers are fully worthy of him. They are able, dignified, clear and acute in argument, and show the breadth and grasp of mind so characteristic of their author. They cover a wide range of topics, and deal with many nations, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and the opening of diplomatic relations with China. The great event was of course the treaty with England, concluded by Lord Ashburton at Washington. That this was the work of a statesman, that it was boldly approached and as a whole wisely settled, no one now would be likely to question. At the time it was made the subject of attack, and very recently the injury it inflicted upon Maine has been ably discussed by Mr. Washburn before the historical so-

ciety of that State. In the senate Mr. Benton, in his usual loud-mouthed fashion, stormed against it as a complete "surrender," while on the other side of the water it was fiercely assailed, and was stigmatized by Lord Palmerston as the "Ashburton capitulation." But it must be judged as a whole, and if so judged it seems a fair treaty and a removal of differences which continually threatened war. Its only defect was the failure to provide for the north-western boundary, which soon became troublesome and required fresh negotiations. On the settlement effected by the treaty, which set at rest questions that had endangered the peace of the country for forty years, Mr. Webster had fixed his heart. He therefore continued in office after Harrison's death and after Mr. Tyler's rupture with the whig party. This course was made the subject of many fierce attacks, but no one now will question that Mr. Webster was right in refusing to sacrifice to the strife of party a statesmanlike policy which he had undertaken to carry through. In his grandest way, with the lofty pride which at times so became him, he gave the whig party to understand that he could do without them, but that they could not dispense with him; and before long the whigs came over to his views.

After leaving the cabinet in 1843, Mr. Webster had two years of private and professional life before he was again chosen to the senate. He came back then in season for the miserable years of the Mexican war, with its schemes of conquest, all of which he opposed steadfastly and vigorously, until at last he was brought face to face with the slavery issues, growing out of the Mexican and Texan acquisitions. It was the great political crisis of 1850. Webster met it in the 7th of March speech, and failed.

From the senate, where he was devoting himself to the support of Clay's



compromise measures, he was again called to the department of state, by Mr. Fillmore. The only event of his second term of office in the cabinet was the famous Hülsemann letter. The Chevalier Hülsemann wrote in a very offensive manner to Mr. Webster, remonstrating against the official inquiry directed by the United States government in regard to the Hungarian revolution. The letter merited rebuke, and Mr. Webster administered it in a way which he himself calls "boastful and rough." Severe, and justly so, it certainly was; but the boastful passage, which at the moment so caught the popular fancy, was hardly justifiable, in point of taste, in a state paper, and was unworthy of Mr. Webster.

In the spring of 1852 the whig convention assembled in Baltimore to nominate a candidate for the presidency. There was in New England, as there had been before on similar occasions, a movement in favor of Mr. Webster. Mr. Choate, who was at the head of Mr. Webster's friends in the convention, went on to Washington the day before it met. He found Mr. Webster fully possessed with the idea that he should be nominated, and that the great office was at last within his grasp. So filled was he with this faith that Mr. Choate had not the heart to tell him that there was no chance, but held his peace, and went back to lead the forlorn hope and to watch the prolonged contest which ended in the nomination of General Scott. Even if he had been successful, it is nearly certain that Mr. Webster could not have lived much longer. As it was, the disappointment fell upon him with crushing effect. He withdrew to Marshfield, hid his face from the world, and died. He died proudly, as he had lived, but not without a touch of that affection which Dr. Johnson said came to every man at the last hour, and which Webster had himself condemned. To the public he was silent, but he ad-

vised his intimate friends to vote for Pierce, and told them that the whigs as a national party were ended. Melancholy words of farewell from a great party chief to his trusted friends and followers!

The whig party was indeed at an end, but it was wrecked by the compromise measures and the 7th of March speech, and not by the nomination of Scott. That speech was the supreme trial of Webster's whole career, and he failed. Had he but died an hour before that chance, it had been for him a blessed time. His friends and admirers say that there was nothing new, nothing inconsistent with his past utterances, in that speech. In a certain sense, so far as opinions went, it was consistent. The trouble with the 7th of March speech was in the changed tone and attitude of the man. In 1832, when Jackson faced South Carolina, Webster stood close beside him. Then the question turned on a tariff, and Webster said, Let us have no compromises until the supremacy of the law is vindicated beyond doubt or cavil. In 1850 California stood with a free constitution in her hand, waiting for admission, and Taylor, like Jackson, no statesman, but merely a plain American soldier, said, Do your duty; admit California. I hear the threats of Texas; I see the boundary troubles: but admit California, and I will settle the boundaries, if need be. Taylor was right, as Jackson had been. But this time Webster did not stand by the president. He bowed before the menaces of the South, and urged a compromise. His argument against Taylor's policy proceeded on a futile distinction, and upon a dread that display of force by the general government meant disunion; whereas a bold, firm attitude on the part of the administration would, in fact, have done more for peace and for union than any compromise. Compromise meant concession to the South, and to that there was no end. In a few



years the South tore up all compromises; in a few years more they plunged the country into civil war, because they lost an election. Vigor and decision would have checked the rising mischief in 1850; weakness and concession simply hastened disunion. The Northern whigs ridiculed Webster's dread of secession, but the dread was well founded. His fault lay in meeting the danger, not like a brave man, as in 1832, but with timidity and compromise.

In 1832 the question was a tariff, in 1850 human slavery. Webster had denounced the slave trade at Plymouth; he had opposed early and late the extension of slave territory; he had raised a voice of warning and denunciation against the annexation of Texas; he had resisted the acquisition of territory from Mexico; he was opposed to slavery as a system; he had foreseen the magnitude of the abolition agitation when others had scoffed at it; he had felt that it was the duty of Southern statesmen to deal with the question; and now he turned about and derided the Wilmot proviso as an abstraction, sneered at the free-soilers as fanatics, urged compromise, and supported a new fugitive slave law with might and main. The Wilmot proviso was a declaration of principle, and, on the same grounds as Taylor's policy, it should have been supported. How could the South ever be brought to reason if they always got what they wanted by a sufficiency of angry threats? Webster's place was at the head of the free-soil movement, of the constitutional opposition to slavery. He saw, perhaps more plainly than any one, the magnitude and the inevitable character of that question, and he should have led the North in the determined purpose to deal with it and settle it in a statesman-like way. When, instead of doing this, he cried out for compromise and concession, he seemed to the rising spirit of the North, what in fact he was, false to his race, to his past, to his principles, to

himself. He became in a moment a "lost leader."

"One task more declined, one more footpath untrod."

His failure when he came to the crucial point was complete, and was deplorable and terrible for the very reason that he was so great in intellect, so marvelous in faculty, so highly gifted, and with a past crowded with words and deeds which had become part of the history of his country. The greater the height, the worse the fall and the deeper the censure.

Webster's course in 1850 was due to two motives: his love for the Union, and his wish to gain the favor of the South, and thereby the presidency. The first was noble, even if misguided; the second, and much the weaker, was pitiable in such a case and in such a man. Webster's love for the Union was in reality the key to his whole public career. It appears in his boyish letters, warm with youthful fervor; it burns strongly in his latest words. Webster lived during a period when the United States were in their first youth. The American people had begun to feel, in a dim way, but none the less surely, the greatness that was in them. They felt it, but others could not see or understand it. They were, as a nation, young, raw, inexperienced, and the consciousness of their future and of their unappreciated strength made them boastful, sensitive to the opinion of others, and full of a rough self-assertion. All this has gone. We know now, instead of feeling dimly, and self-assertion has become utterly idle, worse than vanity, to an assured greatness. Many persons, however, either silent, or capable only of crude expression, felt in this way in the first half of the present century, and among them was Daniel Webster, who saw clearly, instead of dimly, and could give fit utterance to all he saw and felt. To him the future opened with a dazzling radiance. From the height of his own



intellect he beheld the land which he would never enter, but which we who have come after him are beginning to realize in actual possession. He saw the millions who would come here, the wealth which would be won, and in the train of wealth literature, science, learning, and the arts. He saw the help to humanity, the opportunities for education and comfort, the elevation of man's condition, which would be possible here. He saw the vast influence which this country would exert, and the great place to which she was destined among the nations of the earth. All this rested on the Union, and union and nationality rested on the constitution. This vision of futurity was the dream, the love, the adoration, of Webster's life. To this conception, as embodied in the Union and the constitution, he poured out his soul, as the poet to his mistress. It governed his opinion on every question, foreign or domestic, as to our position toward foreign nations, as to internal improvements, and as to all the responsibilities which a destiny so lofty should impose. In every speech, almost, he brings it in, and gives to it all the poetry and imagination of his being. It always inspired him to the highest point, and it made even the fatal utterances of the 7th of March great in eloquence. At that supreme moment his courage failed him; but he believed even then that he was taking the surest way to preserve the Union and all that was dearest to his heart.

As to the second motive, the desire to obtain the presidency, that ambition had been long with him. He was pushed forward as a candidate in 1832, and the great prize was kept always before his eyes for twenty years. In 1852 he believed the time had come. It was certainly the last chance, and we can hardly wonder at his faith. He was surrounded by devoted and admiring friends, who were drawn from the ablest, most learned, richest, and most successful men in the

most highly civilized portions of the country. The quality of the admiration blinded him, increased his pride, and made him impatient of counsel or opposition. Yet even in his own party the masses were all with Clay. Webster really never had a chance for the presidency. The politicians were afraid of him, and while he awed and impressed the people he did not appeal to their sympathy. That he did not understand this was most natural; that he was led to lower himself by the belief that he might succeed was deplorable. Much charity must be extended to a man who thinks he can reach the presidency. As Lincoln said, in homely phrase, "No one knows how that worm gnaws until he has it;" and the worm gnawed at Webster's heart for twenty years. The North alone could have made him president, and he came down from his high place and bowed to the South, who received him only to throw him aside. In wrath of spirit he advised his friends to support the party he had always resisted, the party of slavery and secession. The waters of bitterness went over him, and the sun of his greatness set in clouds.

In private life Webster had all the qualities which make such a man peculiarly attractive. Cold, dignified, in his later days solemn even, in public and before the world, in the midst of his family, or with his intimate friends, he unbent completely, pushed politics and cares of state aside, and gave rein to talents for conversation which corresponded with the richness and strength of his mind. Wit, wisdom, anecdote, learning, humor, and a boyish fun all mingled in his talk. In the field with his farmers, on the shore or on the sea, fishing or shooting, with his boatman or with some congenial companion, he had a large, unstudied ease of manner; and with the simple country people who lived about his home, with his servants or dependents, in his letters and in his



talk, there is a constant flow of humor and a pleasant grace which pervades even the dry instructions as to the management of the farm. In the close intimacy of the family circle these qualities were displayed in even greater measure, and upon all connected with him by ties of blood or friendship he poured out the wealth of his affection. He was called upon to bear much sorrow. Grief for the death of his first wife, the wife of his love and youth, and for the loss of his children, stirred to their depths his strong emotions, and shook him in a way which we are told was terrible to witness.

It would be pleasanter to every one to stop here, with his generosity, his fascination of talk and manner, and his warm affections, but his admirers and biographers, by denial or silence, compel us to glance at darker shades of character. It has been considered fitting and wise to deal in this way with the notorious fact of Webster's occasional excessive indulgence in wine, and with his reputation in respect to the other sex, which popular report, at least, stamped as far from pure and honest. No one wishes to rake among the failings of a great man in these directions, and there is very rarely any reason to do so, but it is even less fitting to seek to cloak them with silence or vain denials. The proper and manly way is to mention them, admit them if they should be admitted, regret them, and have done.

Webster had, however, one grievous failing, which cannot be passed over in this way, and which his principal biographer felt called upon to discuss at length, as it had been openly assailed in Congress. This was his constant acceptance from personal or political friends of large gifts of money. At one time it was an annuity, at another a few thousands for the expenses of his table; private subscriptions to pay his debts were at all times painfully common, and, unless he is fearfully belied, he would not un-

frequently draw upon his friends for large sums, which soon after appeared among the debts to be paid again by subscription. But putting aside everything which is not susceptible of immediate and absolute proof, when we read in the pages of a foreign historian of the acceptance of a check for ten thousand dollars from a Washington banker, as a token of admiration for the 7th of March speech, and then think who and what Mr. Webster was, it makes us shudder. It was not only neither delicate nor high-minded, but it was utterly wrong. Mr. Webster made enough money as a lawyer to live as became him. If he could not continue in public life except as the pensioner of State Street, then he had no business to be in public life; and the decision of the question was with Mr. Webster alone, and cannot be foisted off on State Street. It is said that he was not influenced by these gifts, and this we believe to be perfectly true. Mr. Webster's attitude, with the modifications of civilization, was that of a feudal baron. He protected his supporters' interests as the baron did his peasantry, and then levied tribute from them. The baron took what he wanted with the armed hand. Webster took what he wanted by his services, his overshadowing personality, and his great intellect, and at a fitting moment acknowledged the aid by a magnificent compliment to the donors, individually or collectively. The principle in the two cases was about the same. It was rather predatory and very wrong and unbecoming, but it was not a question of improper influence; it was simply a stain upon the character of a great man.

When Webster failed, it was a moral failure. Moral weakness was the cause of the acceptance of money and of the fall of the 7th of March. Intellectually, he ranks among the greatest men of his race or country. His mind was not profoundly original, nor did he have that unknown subtle quality, rarely met with



among statesmen or lawyers, but to be found in poets and artists, which men have agreed to call genius. We watch the feats of some superb athlete, and all that he does is impossible to us, far beyond our reach; but we understand how everything is done, and what muscles are needed. We observe the performances of an Eastern juggler; we see the results, we appreciate the skill, but the secret of the trick escapes us. This is true also of mental operations; it is the difference between the mind of Shakespeare and that of Pitt, a difference, not of degree, but of kind. Webster belongs to the athletes. We can do nothing but admire achievements so far beyond our grasp, and gaze with wonder upon a development so powerful, so trained, so splendid. But we can understand it all, both the mind and its operations. It is intellect raised to any power you please, but it is still an intellect, a form and process with which we are familiar. There is none of the baffling sleight of hand, the inexplicable intuitions of genius. Webster has been accused of appropriating the fruits of other men's labors to his own uses and glory. This is perfectly idle criticism. Webster had the common quality of greatness, a quick perception of the value of suggestions and thoughts put forth by other men, and the capac-

ity to detect their value and use them; making them bear fruit instead of remaining sterile in the hands of the discoverer. But after all is said, we come back to the simple statement that he was a very great man; intellectually, one of the greatest men of his age. He is one of the chief figures of our history, and his fame as a lawyer, an orator, and a statesman is part of that history. There he stands before us, grandly, vividly, with all his glories and all his failings. The uppermost thought, as we look at him, is of his devotion to the Union, and of the great work which he did in strengthening and building up the national sentiment. That sentiment, the love of Webster's life, proved powerful enough to save the Union in the hour of supreme trial. There is no need, and it would not be right, to overlook or to forget his errors and failings, all the more grievous because he was so gifted. All men, even those who censure him most severely, acknowledge his greatness. But it is not his fame which will plead most strongly for him when his faults are brought to the bar of history to receive judgment. It will be the thought of a united country the ideal of his hopes, the inspiration of the noblest efforts of his intellect, which will lead men to say, even while they condemn, "Forgive him, for he loved much."

*Henry Cabot Lodge.*

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## BEETHOVEN.

MASTER, thou didst not need the ear of man:  
 God took away one sense, and gave thee fire  
 Diviner far than since the world began  
 Had thrilled the strings of Music's golden lyre.

Thine ear caught not the strains majestic, when  
 They floated as some sacred incense curled;  
 Heaven sang them to thee first,—what need again  
 To hear a feeble echo from the world?

*Owen Wister.*



## ORIGIN OF CRIME IN SOCIETY.

## III.

## SOCIETY WITHOUT CRIMINALS.

In the first paper of the present series it was shown that the proportion of crimes against property bears an intimate relation to the material status of society, and that the important fluctuations in the crime ratio largely depend on two main factors. One of these is the struggle for existence as enhanced by a disturbance of the standard of living, through such incidents as war, pestilence, or hard times, and the opportunity which the public places in the way of the offender, these two facts constituting the degree of effective temptation offered for the commission of delinquencies. The other is the character of the offender, which mainly determines who in a given community will enter the criminal career, and what form of felony he will adopt. In the second paper it was found that the ordinary legal punishments have no substantial effect in reducing the crime ratio, because they neither lessen temptation nor modify the character of the man who falls; they do nothing to mend his weakness. It now remains to consider some of the substitutes for arbitrary legal punishment which will be efficacious to reduce the crime ratio. In reviewing this field it is understood that only such measures as are capable of affecting the structural conditions of society will be discussed. Those ephemeral expedients which seem to promise relief, but really contribute no remedy, will not be considered. The argument, then, divides itself into two branches: How shall the social environment be improved? and, How shall the character of the criminals be modified? Taking up the consideration of the first, the meaning is best conveyed by illustrations.

Some of the devisees of the late A. T. Stewart were apprised by anonymous letters that if certain moneys were not forthcoming the body of the noted merchant would be "resurrected" for ransom. The devisees, acting according to the dictates of common sense, employed a man to watch the vault where lay the remains of the late Mr. Stewart, for the space of a month. On the night after the watchman was discharged from duty, the body was carried off and held as a ghastly hostage. Then it took months of detective work and large sums of money to discover the thieves. This case fairly represents how the frustration of crime by a watchman is better than punishment, and would have cost far less money than the outlay in tracing the offenders, the interest on which sum would have defrayed the costs of guardianship till a secure vault could have been built for the remains.

Similarly, on Monday, October 28, 1878, the news went forth that on the morning of the previous day the Manhattan Savings Institution had been plundered by burglars of three millions in money and securities.

The bank is situated on the corner of Broadway and Bleecker Street, New York, with large plate-glass windows, so that from two sides any one passing by may look in and see what takes place at any hour of the day or night. The detectives, with one voice, said of this exploit that it was the neatest "job" since the Northampton bank robbery; but the detectives were sadly at fault in their comparison. Why should "Johnny Hope," who "put up the job," withhold his covetous hand from the "big money" he was about to swoop away, and prefer to be deterred by ruefully contemplating the possibly cold and solitary cell awaiting him in Sing Sing? Did he not know



that the janitor who held the combination to the lock was a coward? Was he not aware that the assistant private watchman was "piping" for him six months after the directors of the bank had evidence of this man's unfitness by finding their safe bored through, and the lock so injured that they had to break open their own vault, by the aid of a locksmith?<sup>1</sup> Had he not "sugared"<sup>2</sup> a member of the police force to carry off the "swag" under the safeguard of his blue coat and buttons, in the small hours of a Sunday morning? Was not this same officer thrice transferred to a new precinct because his superior officers had reported him "stale"? Was it not known that no time lock prevented the opening of the safe door till the hour for which the lock was set had arrived, and that no burglar alarm connected the safe or the premises with the district telegraph or the police headquarters, only two blocks off? The most ordinary means of frustrating the crime were flagrantly neglected both by the managers of the bank and the police authorities, and Johnny Hope was not nearly so bold a burglar as the detectives thought him to be. If any one of the precautions here mentioned had existed, the robbery would have been avoided. Had the managers not given the combination to their janitor; had they discharged the watchman when their safe was forced the first time; had they provided a time lock to prevent the combination from being of any use, and connected the safe with the district telegraph company; or had the police commissioners "broken" the officer when he was found consorting with thieves, the Manhattan bank would not have afforded a sensation on that memorable Monday morning. So obvious is the method of frustration that it has been used from the earliest days. It stands to reason that if a needy thief finds himself thwarted every time he at-

tempts to steal, his impulse for appropriation must of necessity come to an end, however strong may be his inclinations to plunder. It is the end, and not the means, which stimulates, and it seems sufficiently obvious that the simple defeat of the end would "perform the office of punishment."

Indeed, there is not a little irony in the position of the law as it practically addresses the malefactors. It seems to say: "If you steal that coat we will try to catch you, and *when* we have caught you we will punish you if we can." The police officer was caught, but when the high court tried him it failed to convict. When he was set at large, gathering assurance from impunity, he sued the Police Commissioners for arrears of salary, amounting to some six hundred dollars, which had accumulated while he lay in jail. How much the "cracksmen" cared for the fulminations of the law threatening punishment is seen in the fact that they actually hired a lobbyist who "worked" at Washington to prevent Congress from passing an act empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to issue duplicates of the government bonds they had "lifted." Setting aside the conventional legal platitudes as to what constitutes crime, and assuming the position which a study of the laws of crime entitles us to take (that it is often the concurrent result of at least two agents, the criminal who has been tempted and the victim who has furnished the opportunity), would not Macaulay's New Zealander, sitting on the ruins of London Bridge, have the right to ask in such cases, as one might very properly ask in the case of the Manhattan Savings Institution, Who are the offenders, — the burglars who did the deed, or the managers of the bank and the police whose laches allowed it to be done? Would the New Zealander be wrong in his logic if he thought it

<sup>1</sup> It was Johnny Hope's father who made the first attempt on the bank.

<sup>2</sup> Bribed.



reasonable for Johnny Hope to plead in extenuation that the directors were his latent accomplices? "Gentlemen of the jury," he might say, "the forcing of a safe is no more to me than is the bursting of an ash-barrel to an ordinary man. Did I not know that my father had almost succeeded in 'cracking that crib' six months before I tried my hand at it? I knew the directors had done nothing to secure the concern against a second attempt, and if you let them off on this 'deal' they will set out their pot of money right on the sidewalk, a third time, in the way of my son, so that he will be tempted to do what I have done, and what my father did before me. You do nothing to them, why to me?" The guffaw of the public and the stereotyped reply which is supposed to be unanswerable may be anticipated: "If the malefactors are to set up the plea of instigation to crime as an offset to an indictment, you could never convict another rascal." Well, perhaps as an experiment this would not be the most unfortunate thing that could happen to society; for then we should be at once confronted with the real point at issue, — the necessity of adopting preventive instead of enforcing questionable punitive measures. In this connection, the action of Judge Gildersleeve<sup>1</sup> cannot be too highly praised. With the strong common sense of our New Zealander, he discharged the lad convicted of larceny, and publicly censured the lady who brought the complaint, because she made herself the wanton instigator to the offense by carrying valuable property where it was absolutely unprotected, in an open pocket, which the fashion of the day affixed behind the sack. May the coming judge take such a view in future Manhattan robberies! Indeed, it is time to raise the point whether the loss incurred by such crimes is not itself one of the most fitting punishments for those who act in opposition to the laws of

crime, just as the burning of your hand, when you thrust it into the fire, is the natural and appropriate rebuke for violating the physical laws of heat. The popular obstinacy of faith in the efficacy of punishment contributes largely to the neglect of the means of prevention, and it seems necessary to force the public to make individual efforts at self-defense, instead of deceiving them with expectation of protection by the police, or the law, which cannot be realized. It is as if the inventive genius of the race were incapable of devising mechanical or social remedies equal to the emergency, the remedies remaining undiscovered or unapplied because the government monopoly in the management of the crime question blights the efforts of private enterprise. Mosier, who is reputed to have stolen Charley Ross, met his death at Bay Ridge, New York, while attempting a burglary on a vacant house, the owner of which had connected it by an alarm telegraph to his brother's occupied premises. This automatic detective brought the brother and his son to the scene at the critical moment, who at once put a stop to the felony. If this mechanical precaution were generally adopted, especially in the rural and suburban districts, one would hear less of masked burglars and their dreadful doings. The entrance into one house would arouse a score of neighbors to the rescue, and enable a small force of mounted police to act over a large area with great efficiency. The telegraph, the telephone, the photograph, and a good system of registration of criminals could be made to play so important a part in the frustration of crime as visibly to diminish their number. If the police force were made acquainted with all the professional thieves of the city, and the notorious criminals of the principal cities of the Union, and if the appearance of such characters traveling late at night or under suspicious circumstances were enough to insure arrest and detention till

<sup>1</sup> In the Special Sessions, New York.



morning, the necessity for punishment would be forestalled. But, unfortunately, in many cities a thorough knowledge of the criminal class is the professional prerogative of the detective force, and jealously held by them. On the other hand, the general prevalence of political patronage in this department so emasculates it that it cannot be relied upon for good service. The bad experience in retaining Nugent in the case of the Manhattan bank had no appreciable effect on the discipline of the force; for eighteen months after the bank robbery, when a captain failed to detect crime in one precinct, the Police Commissioners appeared to have no better expedient to correct his inefficiency than to transfer his incapacity to another precinct. "Commissioner Wheeler offered a resolution transferring Captain Michael J. Murphy from the charge of the twenty-first to that of the thirty-first precinct in New York city, and Captain Thomas M. Ryan from the command of the thirty-first to that of the twenty-first precinct. Commissioner Voorhis asked the reason for this proposed change, and was informed that a change was desirable from the fact that during the past six or seven months numerous small burglaries and petty robberies had occurred in the twenty-first precinct, and in very few instances had the police in that precinct arrested the thieves or recovered the property stolen. This was attributed to a want of energy or a lack of knowledge of his duties on the part of Captain Murphy, and it was believed that a change in the commanding officer would result in an improvement in the management of police business in the precinct."<sup>1</sup>

It has been forgotten that our modern police systems originated exclusively in a voluntary organization, without the sanction or the aid of government, and it is folly to expect security if the

functions of superseding, instead of the duty of supplementing, the private care of property are delegated to irresponsible men.

Fortunately, living examples, with proper modification, suggest modes of private vigilance in this direction. There are Mr. Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, with the power to arrest and prosecute those who ill-treat animals and children. There are Dr. Crosby's Society for the Prevention of Crime, and Mr. Comstock's Society for the Prevention of Vice. That there may have been some misdirected zeal, or improper methods employed, or that some of the essential conditions of civil liberty have been violated in one or even all of these societies, does not detract from the leading object of their establishment. The germ of a true police can be found in each; the ostensible object of each is in some respect proper; and it only remains for experience and practice to eliminate the objectionable elements, and leave the useful working machinery to be used in other directions.

Another colossal fraud, the result of the negligence of the stockholders, depositors, and directors of a bank, has recently been exposed. The leading feature of this last sensation is that, like the Trojan horse of old, it carries a number of minor frauds within it. The cashier seems to have been compelled to conceal the defalcation of one of his superiors and one of his subordinates as contingencies in covering up his own robberies, which, amounting in all to three million dollars, had in the interval of nine years become known either partially or wholly by several persons, who kept their knowledge to themselves. In this case, as in many of its kind, the trouble originated in stock-gambling operations. An axiom in banking is that no bank should enter into stock, produce, or other speculation; and so im-

<sup>1</sup> Report of the proceedings of the Police Commissioners, New York Times, March 10, 1880.



portant is the observance of this rule that the public welfare requires that none of the officers or clerks of a monetary institution shall make private ventures even with their own money. A case pointing to the remedy has recently occurred in the mercantile house of Ralli Brothers, which illustrates how they have guarded their commercial integrity against the seductions of speculation. The parent house was established a century ago in London, with branches in every quarter of the world. The managers of the branch houses, whether they furnish capital or not, are made partners, participating in the profits of the house they control; but it is the invariable rule of the central firm "to require all its partners to sign a paper declaring their positions forfeited the moment they speculate in one bale of cotton, one pound of hemp, jute, or flaxseed, one railroad share, one share of any kind dealt in on any stock exchange, in any country," etc.<sup>1</sup>

It is perceived that the heads of a branch house practically enter into a contract that they will avoid the temptations of speculation. Last year it seems that the joint managers of the New York branch violated this stipulation by speculations in cotton, which fact, coming to the knowledge of the parent house, resulted in the following official note, addressed to them and the customers of the firm:—

{ NO. 25 FINSBURY CIRCUS,  
{ LONDON, February 10, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — We beg to inform you that P. A. F., A. G. V., and A. A. F. from this date retire from our employment and have ceased to hold our procuration. Our present attorneys are P. Y. Fachir and T. P. Ralli, who will sign by procuration, either jointly or alone, etc.

RALLI BROTHERS.

To this rule is no doubt due the fact that the firm has continued for three

generations. What an admirable example of Jeremy Bentham's proposition, that "the non-collection of reward performs the office of punishment," that a mercantile firm can prevent the misdoings of its members before crime like the Newark scandal has been committed, by a simple cancellation of partnership on the violation of the provisions of the contract!

Why should not all the officers and clerks in fiduciary institutions be compelled to enter into contracts similar to that required by the Ralli Brothers? If this precaution were supplemented by the formation of a protective society, composed of stockholders and bondsmen, with the power to order at any moment an examination of the condition of the institution in which they were interested, the uncertainty of the time for investigation would be an additional safeguard against peculation and speculation such as the public has lately witnessed. Such precautions would relieve the comptroller of the currency from the necessity of devoting a portion of his report to explaining how impossible it is for his bank experts to detect the frauds of cashiers, and thus excuse them for not carrying out the law. But perhaps there is utility in having a public document filed in the archives of the State, which brands the law as a useless device to check crime; it is another note to warn us that delegated power is not equal to self-protection.

So far, only a few of the more prominent checks to wrong-doing, and which relate to the environment of criminals, have been glanced at; it now remains to consider what shall be done to modify the character of offenders. As a preliminary, it is here in place to estimate the force of mere prevention in this transformation. If it be true that practice makes perfect, and if it be also true that the habits of parents are entailable, then the failure to gain a living by crime will discourage its repetition, and

<sup>1</sup> Extract from the contract of partnership.



gradually weaken the impulse to resort to it. A corollary to this is that a new way of living must be substituted for that which has been lost. There are two alternatives, pauperism and the career of labor. Pauperism will not be accepted by the mass of criminals, who, adopting habits of industry, will in time develop those sentiments and elements of conduct which make law-abiding citizens. In this way, while the predatory instincts will decay by disuse, the civilized attributes will be strengthened. From this point of view one can realize how truly prevention becomes transmuted into moral coercion.

It can hardly be objected, at this day, when one remembers that in the earlier stages of civilization, before law and police were created, peaceable tribes and citizens could find protection for their property only behind natural fastnesses, or within castles and walled cities, frustration being the only safeguard against robbers, that the same kind of defense is a weak weapon in fighting down misdoing.

It will be urged, and with truth, that it is impossible to bring frustration to such perfection that the want of success in the criminal career will extinguish the criminal class. It is therefore necessary to consider what auxiliary influences can be brought to bear to this end. The common origin of all men is from the primeval savage, who remains savage so long as he fails to accumulate property, but with the increase of property lays the foundation of commercial exchange as a substitute for rapine. It has been seen that in our own day the national vicissitudes growing out of political revolutions — scarcity of food, and commercial and industrial stagnation — always bring in their train conditions analogous to those of savage life, and that these develop, in the various forms of crime, savage attributes latent in the community. Now these national vicissitudes do not control simply the

criminal and quasi-criminal; they affect all classes of society. The sudden loss of wealth and the consequent change of social position breaks down the character of many men and women of good repute, who are as weak to withstand the shock as the veriest criminal, and are exposed to the same dangers. While a man may be stronger than some accidents, no man is stronger than all the circumstances that may environ him.

The check of crime, therefore, must be one that extends beyond the training of the habitual criminal. It must be co-extensive with society, and must provide something like a common training of the faculties, moral, physical, and industrial, which will prepare each individual to meet such contingencies as may occur in the life of any person, and ought to be provided for beforehand. This preparation consists in the industrial training of all classes of society, male and female; but under this term much more is meant than the mere instruction in any particular trade, though even that would be much. It includes all the concomitants of moral character which accompany an industrious life. An examination discloses the fact that a surprisingly small proportion of the population of the most civilized countries are skillful mechanics, or persons fertile in invention. It is not merely that the laboring and professional population are untrained as artisans, but that the very refinements of modern manufacture tend, by the minute subdivision of labor, to restrict a man's dexterity to some special manipulation, entirely useless in any other trade, and often in another branch of the same trade. When it is remembered that one of the principal elements which affect the rate of wages is found in the aptitude of the laborer, it can be readily seen that a want of aptitude in adapting himself to any important change of industrial or national conditions may reduce the most skillful artisan to the lowest level of inefficiency. In other



words, having ceased to be of any service, he fails to receive remuneration, and finds himself a prey to overmastering circumstances. He no longer rises superior to misfortune, but succumbs to it.

Those who comprehend the more obscure processes of moral growth, how it begins with the education of the senses, through acts which, by repetition and variation, organize in the mind definite and permanent abstract conceptions of right and wrong, are prepared to admit that the kindergarten system for infants and youth furnishes the best model for practical training. Its claim, above all other methods, is that it concurrently trains the hands, so as to establish the impulse to industry, and enlists the mind to accomplish a predetermined task, while the result is always in accordance with the moral requirements of society. There are here combined three essential elements for success in life: the impulse to industry, the dexterity of the senses and their organs, and the power of applying this dexterity in such various directions as the exigencies of gaining a livelihood may require. The kindergarten is not only a miniature workshop; it is also a little society, where each child is induced to act towards his playfellow after the manner in which he will be called upon to act as an upright man when he reaches maturity. It is not simply that the kindergarten will make skilled mechanics, and train children to the practice of the social virtues, which recommends its use; it is also the best means of keeping in check the most dangerous vices. The part which lust plays in producing crime has been purposely omitted, but it is here in place to say that the aphorism of the French detective, that "there is a woman at the bottom of every crime," is true in so large a number of instances as to make it acceptable; and it may be added that she is also a dangerous woman. Now the best possible safeguard against being dominated by a passional nature is

education to the habits of industry. It not merely diverts the thoughts away from vain imaginings, but in addition it occupies the time given to their indulgence, and moderates their transports. We have no space to enlarge on the advantages of the kindergarten, and must content ourselves with urging that its claim to preëminence in connection with the subject which we are treating is that it brings out by practice all the essential elements which go to organize civilization.

If in insisting on the universal education of the senses and emotions of the people, whether low born or of high degree, the charge of escaping the real issue through vague generalizations may be made, what shall be the practical methods employed in transforming the character of the criminal class? Strange as it may seem, the employment of our already established reformatory and charitable institutions, where the kindergarten education could easily be established arbitrarily, is not here urged. In fact, these institutions can never play a very important part in modifying individual character, much less in forming the national character; and the reasons for this opinion are easily given. Society is like water; it never rises above its own level. If you lift water in a pail to the top of a church steeple, and liberate it on the apex, the pail will speedily upset, while the water flows to the base; so, if you train a child in an institution where its wants are provided for by an almoner, its morals are cosseted by a goody instructor, its work given out by a task-master, and its social life regulated and confined by an exclusive association with children, you must not be surprised if, on being liberated, the child will be tided over to the dead level of temptation, and sink into the ditches of debauchery and wrong-doing. The test, and the only test, of sound moral character is that it possesses *coherence under liberty*, and has learned those numerous



arts of adaptation to ever-varying circumstances which make it a working quality, constant, rational, and automatic. To produce this result, there is need of a new experiment; not a revolution, not a reform, not a philanthropic venture to redeem the fallen, but a sober business enterprise, entered into as you would undertake the building of a railway in the wilderness, which is in time destined to make the wilderness fruitful by settling it with a hard-working and frugal population.

It must be a fresh dispensation of the experience of the race, so that the process of civilization, which has been working for centuries to produce modern society, may be employed as an art to transmute the still refractory elements of the community, of whom the criminal forms an important type, into fresh forces. Our New Zealander, as he ponders on the decay of a past grandeur, prefigures to himself a man who has studied the underlying facts of history, and traced the laws which conduce to national growth and preserve national maturity. There stands before his mind's eye one who comprehends that every refined moral attribute has a corresponding physical basis, on which it rests, and that this physical basis is the essential start for the reformation of offenders; a man who can penetrate the motives of those who surround him, so that he may know how to handle those he trains and how to select those who are to second him; a man with a love for children, which makes his task more a delight than an ambition; a man fertile in expedient, so that no case long eludes his grasp; a man able to take his pupil at the point where the scholar's natural interest or curiosity furnishes a hold upon the attention, and from this point capable of leading him to the practice of social and personal virtues, without patronizing and without dictation; above all, a man who knows the great art how to teach what to forget as well as to im-

part what was unknown. Well, our New Zealander, in this man, has drawn the portrait of the modern law-giver. But such a man is powerless without the material agencies which enable him to realize his aspirations.

This new enterprise must, if needful, receive the support of ten millions of dollars to redeem the waste products of society, just as in the case of a mill or a chemical laboratory there would be invested a similar sum to utilize the refuse of their looms or their crucibles. Millions are spent in efforts at futile punishment and in ill-directed efforts to reform the erring; there is no reason why part of such ill-spent money should not be diverted to a new experiment. What could such a man not do, it might be asked, with sufficient material backing, to help the solution of the crime question? But how would he go to work?

He settles in a county, and carefully reviews the dangerous class within a certain section, and studies out the environment which the society of that section furnishes for the continuance of crime. He selects a family where the children branch out into numerous families of their own. As he knows this is not a work of a year or two, but one covering generations, he will choose the branch family to whose head the others look up as to a leader; he knows that no untutored man will imitate one whom he thinks his inferior, and will largely depend for his success in the community of thieves upon their imitating the one whom he has induced to begin a change in his mode of living. He will avoid a family where incurable disease is gradually working the extinction of the stock, but will select a vigorous stock, where the vitality is misdirected, and may be turned into new channels of activity. While he can rely upon the parents of the reputable class to lead their children in upright ways, with the criminal the process must be reversed.



In cultivating the sentiment of domesticity he must affect the parents through the children, and remember that if he enables these latter to conquer social success they will find the means of drawing their parents within the charmed circle of their betterment. From the one over whom he has gained ascendancy he will reach the brother; from the brother the youngest child, and through it the mother. Knowing that the possession of property which has been acquired by industry is the best mode of inspiring respect for property, he will contrive to make his wards owners of estate, and lead them to administer it and to increase its value and income. When he has established a mastery over one family he will gradually draw in the cousins or the intimate associates, and extend the circle of his ascendancy until he has created a little community, which he can use as an environment to expand his dominion over other families. All the details of such a vast undertaking cannot here be developed: it can only be pointed out in a general way that the new method must lay hold of those who, in the next generation, will be the criminals, if left, unaided, to the wretched surroundings of a debauched home; that success imperatively demands that the youth shall learn self-restraint and self-respect under liberty; and that in the process of breaking down hereditary

crime an environment conforming to that of reputable society must be formed to stimulate and sustain the neophytes in civilization. The process will at first be very slow; still it will be cumulative; and as it grows in importance it will increase in power till it becomes a weapon, much as the invention of machinery has given man a mastery to subdue the elements.

The new experiment here proposed differs from the conventional systems of reform which have hitherto been tried, in that the latter deal with the individual segregated from his home and neighborhood, so that every case becomes a new and doubtful experiment in social transplanting, while the new effort follows a triple development: along the lineage of the family, so that the work is consecutive and constructive; within the community, which will unawares become moulded by the innovations devised by the method in dealing with the criminals and so reconstitute the general social environment as to give permanence to the changes; and in its own experience, which while it widens will include aims and achievements beyond the immediate purposes of the first establishment of its work.

It is idle to cavil at the scheme as utopian; the introduction of Christianity among the barbarians was a task not less gigantic.

*Richard L. Dugdale.*

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### A CONTRAST.

WITHIN her soul contending love and pride,  
 Stirring her deep as dread and longing reach:  
 In him, for whose caress she would have died,  
 A critical observance of her speech.

*K. G.*



## THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

## I.

## AN AWKWARD MEETING.

A YOUNG girl sat in a hackney coach, of a mid-February afternoon, looking up with interest at one of the great wholesale dry-goods stores, of iron and glass, in the most roaring part of Broadway. It could be seen that she was rather tall, slender, with a pale, smooth skin, brown hair, which was gathered in a loose, semi-matronly knot behind, and eyes of a color which would commonly be denominated gray. Brows of a stronger marking than usual gave to these eyes a certain grave, not to say severe, aspect. There were strapped behind the hackney coach some modest trunks which appeared to have come a long journey.

The inscription "Rodman Harvey & Co." was neatly lettered in black on two plates of polished zinc bent round the bases of two of the fluted iron columns of the façade. In the plate-glass windows, under the blue shades, half rolled up, were presented to the street only the cold shoulders, as it were, of some bolts of the great accumulation of prints, ticks, and denims, cassimeres, chevots, damasks, and Canton flannels, heaped up in all the stories within. A plaster bust of a classic nymph, standing upon a pedestal of flat green paste-board boxes, in one of the windows, utilized to display a new pattern of corset, was the sole concession to attempted advantage by allurement of the eye.

At this distinguished height the securing of trade is matter of deep and far-reaching rather than superficial influences. Though it offered so little appeal to the casual passer-by, there were special ships on the seas whose compasses were deflected to this decorous iron store front; and merchants in all

the small towns, from Maine to California, who, seeing the cut of it, with which the bill-heads rendered them with their purchases were adorned, looked upon it with reverence, as possibly the structure of leading importance in all the metropolis.

The trade of Rodman Harvey & Co. was matter of repute for long and solid standing, in the house; matter of prominence in every commercial and social enterprise, of patriotic service to the government during the war, and of especial staunchness in the political opinions of the majority ever since, in the head of it; matter of "special inducements to cash and short-time buyers," — so its advertisements read; matter of the blandishments of the ingenious commercial travelers who passed constantly through the length and breadth of the land in its interest.

The companion of the young girl, a square-built, middle-aged man, the veteran and trusted Klauser, who every year made a journey upon the tracks of these oftentimes too sanguine commercial travelers, to look after the security of the credits they were inclined to extend, had but a moment before got down with a pair of satchels, and picked his way across the crowded sidewalk to the entrance. He had met at the threshold the proprietor in person, who had come out to look for his carriage, and was engaged in conversation with him there, his own part in it marked by a slight German accent. A tallish young man, of a gentlemanly aspect, with a package of papers in his hand, followed the merchant out, and would have gone away, but was detained by him for some further affair.

The young girl made sure, from a certain well-known resemblance, that it was the proprietor-in-chief, Rodman



Harvey, she saw. As to the minor partners, whom he took in from time to time, they were all lumped together under the Co., and never heard of by name. She was alarmed and annoyed. It was not right of Klauser to have brought her here. Klauser had assured her that there was hardly a possibility that Rodman Harvey could be found at his place of business at this time, since he was in the habit, now that he was contemplating withdrawing from trade, of spending his afternoons in attention to multiplying outside affairs. And even if he were, since his own errand was but of an instant's duration, and she was not to alight, there was no conceivable chance of their catching sight of each other.

She had not been averse to having so much of a glimpse of the place where was made the fortune of an arrogant relative who had always played an important part in the imaginations and discourse of the home circle she had lately left. He was building, too, she knew, a great new mansion up town, which it had been agreed they should drive past on their way to the depot. But as to meeting him, as to throwing herself in his way, there were most cogent reasons against it.

"If you *should* see your uncle" — her mother had begun, as they sat at table, the evening before her departure, with Klauser, who was to take charge of her on the journey, as their guest.

"But she will *not* see her uncle!" her father had interrupted, hotly. "I do not wish it this time more than before. I forbid it. She will take the train for Poughkeepsie immediately on her arrival. Her uncle scarcely knows of her existence, nor does he care to. He has never done anything for us, and it is too late now for him to begin. I will have no toadying and crawling to such a person."

The daughter was used to discounting certain violent and unreasonable moods in her father, and could recall, herself,

some tangible favors from this source. Nevertheless, the chronic disagreement existing between the brothers was at present at its most aggravated pass. The repute for magnanimity of her uncle, in the family, by concentration of view upon his more obnoxious traits, was decidedly bad. And there was her father's express interdiction. She had in addition, if more were needed, a private and local resentment of her own, based upon his attitude towards two dear friends of her school existence, whose cause she thought good warmly to espouse. "I do not at all like his treatment of the Hasbrouck girls," she said.

But the judicious Klauser, politic and imperturbable, and not without his impulses towards benevolence, in his way; Klauser, who could hear both sides of a controversy, and keep an unbiased mind; who could listen, on his rounds, to the tirades of the less fortunate brother, without finding it necessary to relax his devoted vigilance in the service of the other, or to dismiss his belief in his possession of redeeming traits, or the more to betray any part of the said tirades to the ears of his employer, had conceived other views of his own. He predicted a favorable impression upon Rodman Harvey from the acquaintance of this pleasing niece. The more she won him on their long journey, as she did, both by amiable and vivacious manners and her appearance, the more desirous he became to devise some means of bringing about a meeting, which might result to her in some substantial benefits. He was able to invent nothing more promising in the end than a pretext for stopping at the store, with the very slight chances this offered. Such chances as there were in it, however, had resolved themselves favorably. To the extent, at least, of finding the merchant at home, the experiment was a success.

The merchant dallied on the steps, and again at the curb-stone, when his



belated carriage, a light buggy behind a pair of fast-traveling horses, driven by his man, Joseph, in livery, came up. The young girl in the hackney coach was in full range of his wandering vision. At every moment she dreaded some awkward resting of it upon herself. The young man, dancing attendance, having nothing better to do, as it seemed, regarded her fixedly, too, while he waited. To withdraw herself somewhat from observation, she turned away a shapely head moving easily on a slim neck, and, assuming as unconscious an air as possible, studied the doings in the street.

The foot-ways were black with hurrying masses of humanity. An impenetrable muster of omnibuses, latticing in more black parcels of humanity, like a curious sort of mercantile freight, with trucks, vans, and tumbrels piled high with the boxes and bales of an illimitable traffic, filled the central space. There was a long rise in the ground, to the southward. The boxes and bales, the swaying whips, the heads and bodies of the drivers, coming over the edge of it, were seen exalted impressively against the sky, and against the long, full, rich perspective of becolumned façades; carved and gilded emblems of trade, and flaunting banners; domes, bristling cupolas, steeples of churches, and prodigious mansards of many stories overladen with fanciful dormers. Some stream of the Yellowstone region might chisel into such a semblance the high walls of the cañon into which it cuts its way deeper and deeper from the light.

As in the borders of actual rivers, to one looking closely, there are runnels of water down the banks, retardations and overflows among the sedges, bubbles rising from the bottom, so here the fresh young observer of the scene speculated on the comings-out and goings-in, the distinct stir of life at every portal; marveled how each several foot of the margin presented to the flood its local con-

formations and special interests. Drawn involuntarily away by the fascination of the onward movement, she had well-nigh forgotten her cause of anxious pre-occupation, till aroused suddenly by hearing, close at hand, —

“And whom have you there, Klauser? Your daughter?”

To which Klauser replied, “Your niece, Miss Ottilie Harvey, of Lone Tree, Illinois. I have had the pleasure of taking her in charge to bring back to school. She was just setting out on her return, after a short leave of absence, when I passed through there, and we made it convenient to come together. And a long way it is too, Mr. Harvey.”

Embarrassed, overawed, Miss Ottilie Harvey, of Lone Tree, Illinois, found the uncle she had dreaded to meet regarding her with a keen scrutiny.

He was a spare, small man of sixty, with gray hair, curling in a tight roll behind, tufts of gray side-whiskers, pallid skin, and a mouth which by long habit of compression was little more than a straight, unmodulated line in his countenance. He had something of a stoop in the shoulders; wore broadcloth, not too glossy; and had a habit, imposing to inferiors, of carrying a hand to his ear, to catch what you had said.

He shook the young girl's hand, and said she had the Harvey look. Recollecting something on which he wished to confer again, at once, with Klauser and Mr. Minn, the head of the “white-goods” department, he insisted that she should alight. She dared not refuse. They all went into the store together, including the young man with the envelope of papers, whose affair, whatever it was, was not yet dispatched. The roar of all the heavy wheels, grinding the stone paving blocks in the street, entered with them through the open door, like a section of an actual solid.

The glance of the rather severe eyes of the visitant newly arrived would have been quite of its severest towards Klau-



ser, had it corresponded to her real convictions and sentiments. That faithless person was frustrated himself at a highly inauspicious opening of his experiment. For the merchant, turning to his niece with asperity, began, "Going back to school? So you are at school? What school?"

"Vassar," said Otilie.

"And you have been there — how long?"

"About a year. I — graduate this summer."

"Your father must be doing very well, making a precious lot of money, to afford schools like that, and thousand-mile journeys back and forth. Let us see, — there were five or six of you, were there not?"

"Five; but one, the youngest sister, is dead." She glanced involuntarily at her dress, which was still of the degree of sombreness known as "half mourning," in witness of this bereavement. She had thrown back the fronts of her shrouding ulster, in the warmer temperature of the interior. "I think my father is not doing any better than usual in his affairs, — not as well, indeed, as at some times, or I should have come last year, when I was already prepared. It was my wish to do something for my own support, as a teacher or governess, in order to lighten somewhat, if possible, his burdens," she continued, in a lower voice, though one in which anxiety to avoid all appearance of appealing to his sympathy was conveyed. "We — I thought — that to have the diploma of a very thorough, excellent school would help command a better position. As to my traveling so much, my brother was going to the Sandwich Islands, where he has obtained a position, and we did not know when we should see him again, and as I had not been home at Christmas, and it was my father's desire" —

She was angry at herself for having to make these explanations, but they

seemed necessary to refute his placing of things in such an erroneous light. Oppressed, too, by her idea of his greatness, she was not at all mistress of herself.

Klauser hovered, with a deprecating air, on the outskirts of this conference. The young man with the papers had been driven before it, as it were, into the private office of the merchant, partitioned off at one side of the store, near the front, to the entrance of which the interlocutors had now approximated. However he might seem to occupy himself with the maps on the wall, with poking the fire in the grate and adjusting an office chair of maroon Russia leather nearer to one of the handsome desks of walnut and bird's-eye maple, Otilie felt that he had heard every word that was said, and in his present position he could not avoid doing so if he would. She had caught his eyes fixed upon her, she knew, with looks of quizzical inquiry. Most likely he was a private secretary of some sort, before whom his employer was accustomed to talk with freedom; but that made it none the pleasanter that her belittlement and confusion should be witnessed by him. He had an odiously self-possessed and conceited air, she thought.

"So it seems you have been in these parts some year or two, and have not thought it worth while to let us know anything about it," continued Rodman Harvey, exaggerating the case, in his carping mood.

"I passed through very hastily, and — the family — I knew they were in Europe a great — deal," stammered Otilie, at a loss for a plausible excuse for conduct which he was pleased to put in the light of reprehensible neglect and incivility.

"Your father is a fool!" he burst out, as if, under the spur of irritating memories, going at once to the reason he deemed the real one. "I always meant well by him. I always stood



ready to help him, if his conduct had ever been half-way decent or endurable. A person who has made so complete a botch of his own affairs one would think would be somewhat amenable to reason. I know him, both when he was in partnership with me years ago, and in everything he has undertaken since. But no, here he is, throwing back your counsel in your teeth, and insults by the dozen with it. He must continually threaten to withdraw his custom, forsooth, unless this and that were allowed him or done for him, that nobody else in the world would think of demanding. As though his picayune custom could make a straw's difference to a house like that of Rodman Harvey & Co.! And then he actually did it, and that was the end of it. Your father is a fool, I tell you; he would try the temper of saints."

Ottilie, though understanding fairly well her father's weaknesses, would have liked to say many resentful things in reply, had she dared. But she was much more in danger of bursting into tears.

Her uncle, observing her distressed look, and having vented sufficiently, as it seemed, his complaints,—framed, perhaps, as much on his account as hers, to justify to himself a long neglect, for which conscience was not always free from vague prickings, deserved though such neglect might be,—took now an opposite and more cheerful tone. He was not imputing blame to her,—she knew that very well; she was not at fault; he was only laying certain facts before her. And, designing to leave her in as good spirits as possible, while he bustled off with Klauser to the white-goods department of Mr. Minn, he presented her, with a mild flourish, a really rare display of humor on his part, to the young man, close by, whom she had appointed in speculation his private secretary. "This is my niece, Miss Ottilie Harvey, of Illinois," he said. "You see they raise girls, as well as wheat and pork, in that great West we hear so much

about. If they always did as well as this we should n't complain, eh?" And to her, "This is Mr. Bainbridge. Mr. Bainbridge is my lawyer. He is a famous fellow for drawing documents. I always have to send down to Chippendale, Bond & Saxby's and have him up when there is anything important on hand. And for serving dispossess warrants, now, that is his strong point. You must bear it in mind. He is wonderful at that."

Left together thus, they did not at once fall into the easy understanding that may have been intended. Ottilie was cold. As a witness, though involuntary, of her humiliations, she made him a sharer in their infliction. She was fatigued with traveling, and uncomfortable in that place. Why was she there at all? Why did not Klauser hasten, and take her away?

The young man made talk, of a facile sort, but patronizing, she thought. She surmised that owing to her school-girl character and the unceremonious treatment to which he had seen her subjected, he took her for a person younger and less experienced than she was. This was really the case. He would not have put her age at above eighteen, but she was twenty, and flattered herself upon opportunities for observation of the world she had enjoyed, not at Lone Tree only, but in visits to the important centres of Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

She was unresponsive, curt, almost ungracious, in her replies. He hazarded the observation that she might have come by the northern route, and seen Niagara in winter. Yes, she had. With the larger way of doing things at the West, no doubt there was little to impress her in New York. On the contrary, there was a great deal, though Chicago, in some respects, was finer. In what respects? She had not analyzed the difference; she could not say.

She was firmly patriotic to her section, he found. He drew out that in



the West people were in the habit, involuntarily perhaps, of judging somewhat according to the scale of proportions on the map, and that New York, and the Eastern seaboard generally, were apt to seem rather small, and not at all so indispensable as when you were in the midst of them.

He scanned her face, as they talked, with much more attention than might have appeared. It was faintly like one, he said to himself, connected with an agitating memory of his past,—an agitation long since happily tranquillized, but which had left its impress upon his whole view of women and life. There was a curious flicker in her looks of something he had been used to adore in Madeline Scarrett—now Mrs. Elphinstone Swan—at a time when he expected much more of women, and of men too, for that matter; before he had turned cynical philosopher, in short. He expected nothing at all from this one, but rather to devote himself philanthropically to her rescue from a sense of embarrassment. He pleased himself now with whatever presented itself as slightly out of the common and gave him a new sensation, flattering himself that there was very little that did. The manner of her advent interested him. There was the further reason, too, of the coincidence of a mention of her name in the document he carried in his hand, which he had been engrossing for Rodman Harvey, and was on the point of carrying away, to complete for the morrow.

He thought her face comely and of a pleasing intelligence, but not formally pretty. "That irregularity of feature is pretty enough, however," he analyzed, in easy disinterestedness, "provided it is accompanied by the right sort of qualities and nice manners." The kind of eyes she had were unusual. He did not know why they should be called gray. The term was purely a conventional one. The effect was dark, and they inclined more to hazel than blue, having little

yellow points in them like a sprinkling of gold dust. One did not quite like them at first, but in the end they had the more attraction, like acquired tastes, and whatever else is mysterious.

Not a susceptible person any longer, or in any way in the matrimonial market, he deemed that he could make observations like these with entire safety. He would like very much to overcome her pique, and relax the perverse gravity of the so strongly marked brows. There was a quaint discordance between these brows and eyes and the softness of the rest of the face. No doubt she would have smiled, but these would not let her. Perhaps there corresponded in her character some traits of different progenitors which were in like manner set side by side, and not mingled or fused together.

The light from the window in the office, as she sat somewhat against it, was becoming to her hair, burnishing the edges and some inner strands of the braids. Any light was becoming to her smooth white skin, over which modulations of shade were spread from the brim of her black, round hat. It could be seen that her black dress, adorned with a trim furbelow or two, was neatly fitted to a slender waist and corsage as yet but little filled out. Her cheviot ulster, with the large collar standing up, enveloped her in half military fashion. The toe of a small buttoned boot, moving a little below the hem of her garment, conveyed her nervousness and inaccessibility of approach.

The new acquaintance persevered, nevertheless: spread before her without demanding a reply his ideas on this and that; what he thought New York was as compared with the West, where he had never been; how it impressed him when he went and came of journeys; his view of the substantial uprightness and well-meaningness of Rodman Harvey (this of course peculiarly for her comfort), though of a temper a little un-



certain, as was natural in one so weighted with harassing responsibilities. He was so cheerfully indifferent to her reserve that there seemed a slight absurdity in maintaining it. He even ventured upon a little banter as not unbecoming one of his superior age and importance to hers.

"New York is a city of processions," he said, "going up and down its long and narrow extent in a few contracted grooves, — I wonder they don't wear it down to the backbone, — procession of the larger commerce and strangers from all the ends of the earth on Broadway; procession of shop-boys and shop-girls and mechanics in the Bowery; procession of small housewives driving thrifty bargains on the side avenues; procession of splendor and fashion on Fifth Avenue. That is the dress parade for which all the rest is preliminary drill; that is the butterfly state of which the rest is chrysalis. For my part, when I go up town, — I generally walk up in the evening, for the exercise, from my place in the Magoon Building, near Trinity Church, — I can't get the idea of drums out of my head, in the booming of the trucks."

"I was thinking of that to-day," said Otilie, "as I sat in the carriage."

"You will be more impressed when you see more of us. It does not seem quite right to have anybody taking New York for the first time so calmly. You must go down to the ferries, and see how the surrounding coasts are nothing but one bristling mass of cities also, as far as the eye can reach. We are really a population of three millions, kept apart by a few merely nominal barriers. You must appreciate the tremendous movement that is waked up, every day, in the country for fifty miles round about, — all the gigs and phaetons that drive to stations, all the trains that come rushing, the incessant ferry-boats, that weave, shuttle-like, all these interests together. I get an idea sometimes of that

looming business quarter of granite, iron, and glass where I am, at the lower end of the island, as if it were heated up by the sun of a morning with definite magnetic properties, so that all the iron filings and bits of pith, as you might say, from any distance, fly to it like mad. At night it is depolarized, and off they go again, repelled to whence they came. How does that strike you as a figure?"

"I am not especially partial to figures."

"They say they cannot lie; so I suppose it is correct," he replied, with unbroken equanimity.

"All Westerners are apt to be banded together, I have found," he said again; "so that you cannot prove a great deal by them. But I should really like to have your description of Lone Tree, to compare with the ideal picture of it I form in my mind from the name alone; from nothing else, I assure you. As I see it, there is a large green, or common, surrounded by — yes, block houses. The tree itself is in the centre of the common. I am not certain whether it is a tall pine, with its high tuft still green, or only a blasted and riven oak, last of its kind, which in the mean time have retreated beyond the Rocky Mountains. At evening the inhabitants assemble on the green and relate to each other their adventures with rattle-snakes and Pottawatomies during the day, and sometimes take hands in dances of rejoicing and mystic rites around the tree."

"And Easterners are banded together to be most egotistically benighted and absurd," she rejoined, flushing a little, and drawn out of herself. "Lone Tree has twenty thousand people, three railroads, a high school that has sent graduates who have entered among the very first at Yale and Harvard, water-works, a public library, and a handsome park; and there has been talk of heating the place by steam as a city enterprise. It is so strange that people here, who seem



intelligent, will not reflect. They make the same mistakes about us that I have heard Europeans make about them,—who fancy that there are buffaloes and Indians in New York,—though we are in the same country. The West has the best and latest of everything. It is very imitative and ambitious, and has the money to buy with, and gets the most improved patterns. Indeed, it could hardly get anything else if it would. They cost no more. It is only in old communities that you find lumbering and inconvenient things about. You should see our railway carriages. It is natural enough that this should be so. The West has the young blood, which is not afraid to try experiments.”

“The Pottawatomies prefer that kind, do they?”

He received for this a frown of added displeasure; but it was followed by the smile of which he had been in search. It was worth the waiting for. It irradiated her face quite enchantingly, and showed charming white teeth. A miracle was wrought with the previous pensiveness and severity, though the tired expression soon returned.

She began to attend a little, furtively, to his looks. She had hardly noted his features yet, except the profile view, which was strong and good. He was of a figure naturally well built and robust, but inclining towards the ascetic type, through sedentary pursuits and neglect of the exercises of athletic development. He had one of those high, straight, symmetrical heads that oftener excel in the refined, acute, and ingenious qualities than in wisdom of the ponderous sort. His light hair was cropped close. A short beard, lighter than his hair, curled around his face. The trace of a small upright furrow was marked between his brows, which was deeper at times of concentrated attention. A spot of gold appeared in the front of one of his otherwise excellent teeth. He might have been twenty-eight, and

did not look more. Otilie was not altogether so impressed by his assumption of elderly and deliberate airs, to which he considered himself entitled by reason of his large and unfelicitous experience of life, as he may have supposed. He was an important person, no doubt, used among other things to the best company,—anybody could see that,—but not at all of an age to be her uncle's leading lawyer.

They went out to see the stir of life in the lower wareroom of the store. Otilie had never conceived of so many subordinates, such a wealth of properties in the ownership of any one man. As if, with the sound, the fierce energy of the street rushed in, sluice-like, through the openings of the doors, there was hardly a less turmoil within. The bolts of stuffs which in their normal condition, piled upon their packing boxes, formed monumental cairns, in the heat of an afternoon of the busy season were thrown down into the alleys between, and a hundred salesmen and the buyers upon whom they attended were seen half buried in the chaos, over the wide area. Some had plunged headlong to lift up from the bottom the contents of cases, which ran over with bright-colored draperies around them. It was, one might have said, another Spanish Fury, or a sack by beneficent Visigoths of traffic. Otilie recalled well that her father had told her that the controlling spirit of all this had once been on the verge of as complete a bankruptcy as his own; and she could not repress a sigh at the unequal dispensations of fate.

Some few of the clerks there were, in favoring nooks of the piled-up cairns, who had leisure to remark upon the appearance of Otilie, feminine visitations of such a sort being rare there, and gossip on the matters peculiar to themselves.

There was in one such group, McKinley, a slow-moving man with a huge moustache, descending like a brown cas-



cade, who sat on the edge of a bale, and complained that Solomons had taken from him a customer upon whom he had always been in the habit of attending. "He has always inquired for me when he has come to the store," he said, "and if he did n't this time, it is damned strange; that's what it is."

Westfield talked of the fashions, women, the characteristics of boarding-houses where he had lived, and the clog-dancing at the Oceanic Minstrels.

Widgery, whose specialties were the superiority of the early drama, and the old fire department, of which he had only the recollections of a gamin of tender age, took issue with Bowsfield on a theatrical matter, and laid down radical doctrines. "Edwin Booth," he said, "does not know the first principles of acting. Forrest was the man. An actor when he first comes on the boards, for me, any way! When he gets a reputation he does n't care what he does. Compare Sothern now and ten years ago. Great Scott! I went to hear him the other night in Sam, and I wanted to come out, and get my money back."

The dashing Cutter, divested of his coat, which displayed to the better advantage a pair of wide crimson braces, a gorgeous scarf, and sleeve-links of an elaborate pattern, was on his favorite subject of a rich girl. "A man gives up his freedom, and puts in his time and management, and she contributes the money. It ought to be a regular partnership," he declared. "But the point is to find out whether she *has* got money; don't you understand? That is the little joke. You can't judge by appearances; do you see what I mean? Or her father may have it, and not give her any till he dies, and then where are you? And he has a chance to fail half a dozen times over before that."

Some of the wilder ones began to banter the rather ingenuous and steady-going Whittemore, who came from the same small Connecticut city as Rodman

Harvey, their employer, and was something of an authority on his earlier history, for having recently left his boarding-house in Waverley Place, and gone to another, high up town, on the east side, in Harvey's Terrace.

"Oh, it's merely homesickness in him; he wanted to be near Bridge-field," suggested Bowsfield.

"Harvey's Terrace? What Harvey's Terrace?" inquired Widgery.

"It's named after the old man," said the heavy-moustached McKinley, who was solacing his discontent by gloomily paring his nails with a penknife. "It's where his wife's property, the old Muffet place, used to be, on the bluff, over on the East River. He put up some blocks of pretty fair brown-stone houses on it, two or three years ago. Don't you remember the time there was getting the shanty squatters off it? It was a regular fort of a place, and they resisted with sticks and stones. A file of marines had to be got, besides the police, to put them out. That young sprig, over there, with the young lady [he indicated Bainbridge, standing with Ottilie], if I am not mistaken, was the one who served the dispossess warrants on them. Harvey has given him odd jobs now and then, on account of it, ever since."

"It's an A 1 place," said Whittemore. "There is a staving view, off on the river; you see all over everywhere. Klauser has boarded there ever since it first started. He told me about it. You had better come up to dinner with me [to Cutter], and I'll introduce you to a school-teacher who has five thousand dollars in the savings-bank. I know that is so. She showed me the books."

"Is she pretty?"

"No; I should say she was pretty plain, if it looks you want also. And rather old. She made it all herself. But there is a younger one, who is; I'll put you next to her. Miss Speller is, but Miss Finley is n't. They are great friends. They have agreed to live to-



gether just the same if either one is ever married."

"Marry the good-looking one, Cutter," suggested Widgery jocosely; "take the other one in to board, and get appointed guardian. Then you'll have them both."

"I'm not in the marrying line," said Cutter; "but I don't mind going up with you, for a change, to see what part of the world Harvey's Terrace is in."

The college graduate, Milton, who had come in to learn the business from the bottom up, and had for his department chiefly the trucking of goods about the store, at three dollars a week, paused a moment in his labors to regard with envy the careless ease of manners in this experienced upper stratum.

## II.

### ASPIRATIONS OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

Bainbridge and Otilie arrived at that boon of conversations, so much more sensible than the weather, safer than wit, and less fatiguing than abstract philosophizing, a common acquaintance.

"By the way, as you are at Vassar," said the young man, "I dare say you know something of the Hasbrouck girls, of Baltimore, and further South?"

"Oh, they are *great* friends of mine," returned Otilie, brightening.

"I knew them in Florida some years ago, when I planted oranges there. The Hasbroucks were one of the few families that did not think all Northerners had hoofs and horns. The bitterness of the war had not died out then. They had such a charming place: one of these old houses with projecting eaves and long low veranda; splendid live-oaks shading it; jasmine, myrtles, gardenias, and japonica all round about. You get violets and narcissus in the woods in January, in that country. I can recall the fragrance now."

"Yes, I have heard them tell about it."

"They were very nice to me — the mother, Mrs. Hasbrouck, of course, for the girls were mere children — once when I ran an orange thorn into my foot. You never ran an orange thorn into your foot, I dare say?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, it is a rather painful sort of thing, and tedious in healing. They drove over and looked after me when I was laid up. I remember one of the children had a white chicken with a green ribbon around its leg. They used to call it General Zollicoffer. I have seen them once since, in Baltimore. What are they like now? They seemed of the real Southern type. It used to do me good to hear their pronunciation of the vowels."

"Oh, yes, they are real Southerners. I had never known any before intimately, and I liked them immensely. I believe I have a weakness for anything a little out of the common, from a distance, — anything in the way of curiosities." Bainbridge made mental note of this, as a taste quite agreeing with his own. "Amy is dark and Lulu light, and both are plump and inclined to dress in bright colors. They *reckon* sometimes; and pronounce *idea*, and *gen'al* for general; and talk about sweethearts, and buzzards, and their friends by their names in full. I know by heart, almost, the affairs of certain Johns and Dicks and Bobs I never saw; and, oh dear! Judge Bibb, and the people that had plantations near theirs, — the Wheeler family, William Henry Wheeler, and Colonel Scott Wheeler, and Brick-House Wheeler, and I don't know how many besides."

"It was Scott Wheeler's place that I had."

"Really? Oh, I know that, by hearsay, very well. They are such frank, generous, warm-hearted girls. They have asked me to visit them in the Eastern vacation. Their mother is coming



here pretty soon, — or perhaps she has come already, — and is going to take a flat, so as to have a home for them close by, to run down to if they wish. They have another year to stay after this.”

“I am glad to hear of that, and shall give myself the pleasure of hunting up Mrs. Hasbrouck. But I should think you would want to visit your uncle, instead.”

“No,” she said evasively.

“They have had rather a hard time,” she recommenced. “They were defrauded in some way in their property matters, in the South, by a person named St. Hill. And then” —

“St. Hill? What St. Hill? There is a St. Hill next to me, in the Magoon Building, who has lately set up some new-fangled company — the Prudential Land and Loan or something that way — with a great flourish. I think he was from the South. I got a place to direct envelopes, with him, only yesterday, for a broken-down old party who has tried to throw himself on my hands lately.”

“I don’t know. I only heard that he was a dangerous, youngish sort of person. And then my uncle seized upon a large part of what they had left, real estate, claiming that their father had owed him before the war; and it was thrown into the courts, and has been dragging along, so that they have no use of it; and it will probably be decided in his favor, because he is the stronger.”

“I have heard something of that case.”

“Amy, therefore, will have to be a governess. That is what has been the result of it. And Lulu has considerable talent for elocution, and may perhaps teach that. We sympathize, and lay our plans together. It seems harder for them, however, because they were brought up under such a different system and with such different expectations. They thought, of course, when they first knew me, and heard that I was Rodman Harvey’s niece, that I would sympathize with him; but I did not. I let

them know, when I understood the true state of the case, that I was quite on their side; and since that they have not blamed me at all.”

The return of Rodman Harvey himself, just at this point, constituted the most valid of interruptions, and aroused in the young girl a confused sense of where and to whom she was speaking, which perhaps she had not kept quite distinctly enough in mind. How imprudent to have made her avowal of adhesion to the enemy to a confidential agent and a stranger, who would no doubt make mention of it to his principal at the first opportunity!

The merchant brought back with him his eldest son, Selkirk Harvey, a person of rather mopish manners, yet not disagreeable expression, student-like more than mercantile-looking, with projecting teeth, of the kind that always seem to be pronouncing the letter “V” on the lower lip. He was being trained in the white-goods department of Mr. Minn, and elsewhere, in the accurate business habits which were to fit him for the responsibilities, of no common kind, to fall upon him hereafter. He had developed no great talent, if the truth must be told, either in the counting-room or any other department requiring foresight of a superior order and the keen scent of gain. With all a parent’s fondness, his father could not yet estimate him as of a calibre equal to his own. But he looked for Selkirk to improve.

When presented, the young man shook hands with his cousin, with an elaborate, acquired manner, and stood about regarding her in silence, whether favorably or not it would not be easy to say.

Ready now to take his departure, her uncle, in his pleasanter mood, pressed her hospitably to get in with him and go up to see her aunt. “We are at the Bayswater Hotel,” he said. “We are building a new house. The old one, in Union Square, has been turned into a piano factory, and we have no great



accommodations to offer; but we can keep you a few days as well as not. My daughter will be glad to see you. She is back from Europe again. She will tell you about her travels."

"Thank you, so much! I should like to; but I have only a short leave of absence, and every day is important. I really must — return this evening," pleaded Otilie, secretly alarmed lest her resistance might somehow be overborne.

"Well, another time. I shall speak to your aunt about you. She will bear you in mind. You must write to her. She will send for you in some vacation. You might make some arrangement with her, you know. She has no end of things to do. You might call it a governess-ship or secretary-ship with her, if you liked. Why not? You might give our youngest, Calista, a lift. She makes very hard work of everything. You could brighten her up a bit."

Otilie dissimulated, murmured more thanks for these embarrassing offers, made timidly-smiling farewells, and took her place beside Klauser for the onward progress to the station where she was to take her train. As the air was more chill the top of the hackney coach was put up. She set to reproving Klauser. He defended himself in a jumbled way. As they had got on so well together in their long travels, she had not the heart for a persistent resentment, but accepted the theory, proposed by him, of the astoundingness of the incident.

She had practiced her German with him on the way, taking his advice gladly on her *umlauts* and pronunciations, though he was far from an authority in fine points of syntax. They had spoken of his daughter, Mina, whom, having a musical taste, he had placed at the Conservatory at Leipsic for its better cultivation. "I too am of German descent on the mother's side," she said. "You see I have a German name. My mother's grandfather settled at Cin-

cinnati, and made a great fortune there, which I am sorry to say his descendants have not retained."

In the hope (as her fancy turned naturally to whatever promised a touch of the romantic) that he, Klauser, might have left his country as the exile of revolutions, and have stories to tell her of stirring scenes, she asked him if his departure was for political reasons. Yes, he said: it was on account of an extra tax on aniline colors in Bavaria, which made it bad for the dyeing business, in which he was engaged. And it was not in 1848, but in 1842.

His daughter, Wilhelmina, was expected back, and would be with him soon. "You will do me the favor to come and see her, I hope, if you visit your uncle in the spring."

"I shall not visit my uncle in the spring," she said, almost sharply, wondering at his obtuse lack of comprehension of her position.

The business for which Bainbridge had been detained was of no great moment. "Oh, just write into the document, will you," said Rodman Harvey, when that had been disposed of, "that this niece is to have the portion of the one who is dead. It seems that one of them is dead. That will be a good enough way to fix it, eh?"

"By the way," he said again, as Bainbridge was taking his departure, "leave the amended draft, on the whole; there is a point or two further for consideration; and stop for it again to-morrow. Selkirk, ride up with me! We will drive ourselves. Let Joseph take the stage."

The tide of life which had eddied strong and deep all day in the purlieus of the lower business quarter had set strongly upward on the return movement towards five o'clock in the afternoon. The throngs were like a veritable procession, a host with its equipage and supplies. It moved at a uniform pace, surging impatiently by and around all that came in the opposite direction.



The young brokers' and mercantile clerks marched with breasts thrown out and swinging arms, making the miles pedestrian-like, not forgetting to ogle on the way the comely shop-girls, hastening down to the ferries to cross to the suburban cities. The brokers themselves drove, sedately leaning back in their *coupés*. The distraught and wild-eyed of the morning, straining to be on time, to be competent for desperate difficulties, sinking under the exactions of cruel task-masters and dread of failure after supreme effort, respited for the day, came back more languidly.

The strangers clustered in the porches and low, wide windows of the hotels. The grand waiters at the luxurious restaurants in Madison Square stood expectant near their small tables. Half a million housewives were giving the last anxious thoughts to the preparation of half a million dinners. The click of half a million latch-keys turning in their locks had begun.

The incident of the arrival of the young girl, her amusing pique, and his acquaintance, in his confidential capacity, with the slender legacy which had fallen to her mingled with and returned among the more serious preoccupations of Bainbridge, moving upward with the pedestrians in the street.

"I am glad her visit availed her even so much. She would have precious little more, — as would any other relative out of his own household, I judge, — no matter what fancy he might take to her; and she, besides, is not likely to give him a chance to take any," he soliloquized.

He deemed himself justified in holding these views with great positiveness. He knew Rodman Harvey to be a character of peculiar thrift and unimpressibility in the matter of sentiment, and of as peculiar uncompromisingness in the prosecution of favorite aims. His morning's work had given him, as it happened, a more thorough insight into what these

favorite aims were than he had ever obtained before.

They had been engaged together in a codification of the merchant prince's will, which, grown a trifle complex with the emendations of years, he had desired to have recast into its simplest form, and framed at the same time in a verbiage which should be lucid and unimpeachable by any legal quibbles.

"To my nephews and nieces, children of my brother, Alfred B. Harvey, of Lone Tree, Illinois," the young attorney's clerk, who had been sent up from the office of Chippendale, Bond & Saxby for this service, had written among the minor paragraphs, "I bequeath five hundred dollars each."

He had wondered at the time whether the paucity of the amount was to be ascribed to the flourishing circumstances of the legatees. A brother of Rodman Harvey — not himself mentioned as a beneficiary — could scarcely be poor. And yet Lone Tree, Illinois, seemed hardly the place that a large capitalist would retire to, by preference, to enjoy his accumulations. The glimpse of the feud, in the arrival of the heiress of a part of this munificent dispensation, cast a new illumination on the subject.

There was illumination, too, in the merchant prince's declaration of his leading purpose in the disposition of his property. It seemed to Bainbridge that he could easily have formed a worthier ideal than that it should go, in the greatest possible bulk, into the hands of no more promising an heir-in-chief than Selkirk Harvey. The purpose was to found a family, — by insuring such perpetuity as was possible to a line of descendants, to be raised so much above the common in fortune as to have always this claim at least to an impressive position in the community. This was the conclusion at which Harvey, with his wife, had maturely arrived. If it had not been at first an inspiration of his own, but of hers, it was none the less fully adopted.



Mrs. Rodman Harvey, herself a person of family (the old and well-known Muflets), married to a man of wealth who made no pretensions of the kind, was firm in her conviction that "family" was the direction in which their position chiefly needed strengthening.

"Anybody," the fashionable Mrs. Harvey had maintained, "can found a hospital or a university. That is very much overdone. The merest *canaille* do it, flattered or brow-beaten into it by the newspapers. It is every way more distinguished and original to try to do something to have one's name and standing kept up by descendants of importance, even although the laws are so defective, as compared with those of foreign parts, in helping to bring this about."

There was illumination, too, in certain maxims let fall by Harvey, in the freedom of this conference. "I have yet to learn," he said, "that there is injustice in any possible disposition of what one has earned himself."

An ingrained habit of disparagement appeared in his discourse for all such as had not exhibited the same mastery over fortune as he. He inclined to ascribe it to voluntary shiftlessness and lack of effort. Too much already was done, he thought, to make the lives of the inefficient easier. His own children, as well perhaps as those generally who had inherited wealth, were of an exceptional and finer clay than the common; but for the rest the rule should be unaided exertion, to develop their full powers under the stimulus of necessity.

"Whom had I ever to extend a helping hand to me? Where should I have been had I waited for it? Have I not shown in my own career that nothing of the kind is called for?"

So had Rodman Harvey spoken. Under the sway of such a conviction, and his purpose to diminish by nothing not of absolute need the principal bulk, to be received and increased, as he anxiously

entreated, by the elder son, the minor legacies of his last will and testament (and the impressions of Russell Bainbridge who had aided in its preparation) felt the influence accordingly.

Yet if one must first approve in every detail the types of character with whom he comes in business contact, he can have relations but little extended. Bainbridge had enjoyed, since Harvey had been pleased to speak of him as "a bright young man," after the affair of the dispossess warrants, a certain patronage from this influential source, though compensated, as he knew, at a shrewdly economical price. He desired to keep and increase it, as a part of his established clientage, in the bold step he meditated, — no less than casting loose from Chippendale, Bond & Saxby, and setting up as an attorney at law, commissioner of deeds, and notary public, on his own account. By the liberal system of checks and balances, and a making of allowances, which he considered himself to have learned the advisability of in his experience of life, there was conduct on every hand far more heinous than Harvey's, — sins not only of omission, but of commission, of a most flagrant sort. He defended Harvey by contrast. "He is not one of those," he said, "of whom the community is full, whose routine is a mere setting of traps, and whose wealth is an accumulation of the spoils of the simple and unwary."

His occupation was a tangible service to men; his dealings, so far as Bainbridge knew and believed, in spite of the aspersions which, in the fierce light that beats upon so exalted a position, did not fail to be made, — the broken-down Gammage, his *protégé* at the Prudential Land and Loan Company, the other day, curiously enough, had had some incoherent babblings of this sort, — were above-board and honorable. If he did you no great service, at least he did you no harm; and of how many could so much be said?



Rodman Harvey, riding up town beside his son, handed him the document in question for his perusal. "You will see here more explicitly," he said, "the plans in your regard, which I have often explained to you. It is time that you became impressed by them with the utmost seriousness. Mr. Minn tells me of frequent absences of yours of late, and that not long ago you were away three days at a time."

"It has been about my collections. There was an important book sale in Philadelphia, which" —

"Nothing of that sort is important, I tell you, to a man in your position. They are gentlemanly tastes, and well enough in their way, those things, your books and your bricabrac; but not for one who has something to do in the world. You are to be the nominal head, at least, of the new firm, to consist of you and the minor partners, with Hackley, — who, as you know, desires to come in, — as soon as my own entrance into political life is determined. It should be your pride and duty to add to what I may legitimately call the glories of the old house, and to the sum of the fortune I shall leave in your charge. You have no time to waste with a trumpery of old books and china plates. It has not resulted well, on some accounts, — your going to Harvard. I was in business already when a boy of fourteen, and perhaps I should have seen that you began as early. I observe with pain your tendency to be led away by all that is not to the purpose in your direction, just as your brother Rodman is in his. Here I have letters from this new military school, for which he expressed such a fancy, and where he has scarcely been six months, that he is as incorrigible as ever, and that it will be quite a serious question, unless he can agree to change radically, whether, after the vacation, they will wish him to return."

"To my dear wife, Alida," Selkirk read, skimming the document, "I be-

queath all my household effects of every kind, my horses and carriages and their equipment, the contents of my stables, my personal apparel and ornaments, her own belongings, all my paintings and statuary, all my plate, except the service of silver voted to me by the city of Bridgefield, Connecticut, for aid in the raising of a regiment of troops at that place during the war of the rebellion, which I wish to be given to my elder son, Selkirk Harvey. I bequeath to her also my country-seat at Newport, Rhode Island; my farms at my native town of Pompton, Massachusetts; my city house, now in process of erection, at the corner of West Blank Street and Fifth Avenue, for her natural life, without impeachment of waste. I bequeath also to her, in lieu of dower, an income of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum for her natural life, to be paid to her from the residuary real estate.

"To my daughter, Angelica Harvey" — the peruser read out here a fixed sum, imposing in itself, but less so by contrast with the suggestion of the far greater amounts in the later dispositions.

"To my second son, Rodman Harvey, Jr." — a liberal provision, in the hands of trustees, to guard against a further development of unruly and frivolous tendencies, of which the testator desired to make mention as a cause to him already of anxious concern.

In the end, and the gist of the instrument, came the devising of all the residuary estate, real and personal, with the deductions named, to the principal heir and eldest son, who, as figures were not mentioned, had but a vague idea of the extent of the resources thus falling into his hands.

But — signal feature to note, and afterwards to be expatiated upon sonorously — only one half the personal estate to be to the legatee in absolute ownership; the income of the other half to be applied to the improvement of the residu-



any real estate; the real estate itself only to be held in trust for the offspring of the next generation.

It was earnestly hoped and entreated that the heir-in-chief should pursue the same policy of limited entail in his own last will and testament in turn, and thus hand it down as a tradition of as potent force as obtainable to posterity. In this way the influences making against the perpetuity of family state in our own country might be in a measure overcome.

"It is high time that you were settled in the world, too," said the merchant, coming to the second part of his urgency, when the duty of the heir to make the careful stewardship of what was committed to him his one profession in life had been dwelt upon with sufficient impressiveness, — "high time that you had taken a wife."

He set himself sedulously to inquire, "What do you think of the Schinko girl? Why do you not like Goldstone's daughter? And there is Ada Trull, and Lehigh Cole's daughter."

To which his son replied with but languid commendations of the young women, and a hesitating statement that he did not altogether like "the regular sort."

The serried procession of Broadway, reaching the first of its infrequent points of expansion, debouched into Union Square. The bronze Washington, father of his country, was there on horseback, aloft, with majestic arm extended to sway and govern it. The bronze Lafayette bowed before it, holding his sword and cloak to his breast, with the courtly grace of the *old régime*. The gaunt-visaged, plain, contemplative Lincoln regarded it, let it be figured, with that "charity towards all and malice towards none" lettered around the base of his granite pedestal. Martial orders seem to resound. Can it be that the bronze Washington is shouting which columns shall deploy to this side, which to that;

which shall keep on through the centre of the park, among the sparse trees, past the benches, on which the tramps loll by day and sleep at night in all endurable weathers, and the fountain, around which, though it is still and covered with boards for the winter, the nursemaids still trundle their charges?

No, a pair of colossal wheels, carrying a heavy iron casting, slung in chains, has broken down and stopped the way. A jaded cab horse has fallen, besides, and lies supine under the efforts to divest him of his harness and lift him up, with that tacit assumption that it is much more the affair of other people than his own characteristic of his kind. The clamor is the commands of the stalwart police of the Broadway squad, forcing back the animals on their haunches and clearing the chaos, and the vociferations of the drivers, who clutch their whips and mutter curses in impotent rage.

In the wedging together of vehicles at this point pedestrians came alongside some which had much outstripped them. Bainbridge thus caught sight again of Otilie, looking out pensively into the confusion. Her head was framed in the window of the carriage, her white skin and her hair under the brim of her black hat illuminated against the dusk background of the interior, like a portrait of the Flemish school. He lingered a little, till he had attracted her notice. She did not smile again, but bowed gravely, when he doffed his hat. By an onward movement of all the wheels, she was again swallowed up.

Rodman Harvey at the same time, waiting in his buggy, had above his head a political banner of some sort, suspended across the street. He raised his eyes to it with favor. The portraits of the candidates were rudely depicted on it, and it was pierced with holes for baffling the wind, — as riddled, perhaps, as might be their reputations before the campaign was over. Such banners, he hoped and trusted, in the next



campaign for Congress, were to be hung out for him. He felt that he should meet in a more equable frame of mind the legislators and political economists he entertained at dinner when he could write M. C. after his name. It would be worth while, if only for the comfort in his relations with his foreign correspondents, M. de la Tour Rigolboche, who was a deputy, from whom he imported his silks and velvets of Lyons, and Sir Folkestone Margate, M. P., maker of woolen cloths at Leeds, with both of whom he exchanged letters and small gifts of personal courtesy.

"What do you hear said," he asked his son, "about my political prospects, in the talk that has lately been set going?"

"I overheard Dr. Wyburd lately" —

"Wyburd is a great gossip. He goes everywhere, and knows everybody and everything. I suppose his opinion ought to be good for something. What did he say?"

"He said that General Burlington would make the same effort for the nomination as before, and, failing to secure that, would throw his influence in favor of a compromise candidate, to defeat you, just as on that occasion. But it seemed to him that you had conciliated to yourself a great deal more favor than you then possessed, especially by moving into the district and putting up so fine a house in it, and that the same programme could not be carried out."

"So say Hastings and Hackley; but Burlington is a hard fighter; he is as poor as he can be since his return from his mission to Austria, and needs office, and there is no telling what may happen. However, it is a long way ahead yet. It would be no bad beginning in political life to represent the district of principal wealth and social standing in New York. It is the kind of thing that easily leads to positions much higher."

For the founding of a family, the prestige of public employments, of all

that which passes reputably into tradition, as well as money, was desirable. He had outside projects, lines of railway and the like, which he might pursue in political life. He had had enough of trade, the confinement of which gave him slight vertigos of late; and in any event he would complete, when favorable opportunity offered, the shifting of these interests to the new firm to be constituted, of which his son Selkirk was to be the head.

The procession spreads out again in the opening of Madison Square. It is a procession decimated now by constant depletion below, but the Seward at the edge of the grass plots, whose business, according to the saying of Watervliet, the wit of the Empire Club, it is to record on his bronze tablets the tally of those passing by, has still enough and to spare to do. The trucks and drays have boomed away over the broken pavements of the remote side streets, to be unharnessed in front of dingy, high brick tenement houses, and serve as the tribunals and playground of ragged urchins; while the horses, that have once known the sweet air and herbage of farm pastures, are ensconced, in darkness, in ill-scented, make-shift stalls, where it is much if they be able to stand upright.

The steaming dinners of the anxious housewives are served now. The grand waiters at the Brunswick, Delmonico's, the St. James, are conveying viands to the elegant people who may be seen through the windows, smiling at each other across their small square tables, which glitter with silver and crystal on the whitest of damask. The gas flares brightly in front of the hotels and theatres, and about these latter have begun to gather leisurely persons who fillip small bundles of tickets for the choice seats, in anticipation of the coming audiences.

Bainbridge is putting himself in evening dress, for a meeting of the Harmonia



Musical Club at Mrs. Clef's, of which he forms a part.

Ottilie, whose coming has been telegraphed, that she may be met at the station, is bowling along the edge of the stately river, whose high palisaded shores echo the rattling of the train in the dark. The many-winged, many-storied institution to which she returns twinkles with lights, above a carpet of snow laid among bare stems and lines of funereal evergreens.

She is greeted and kissed on this hand and that. She is in her room at last, sinking down in a dazed way after her long whirl of experiences, and wishing, with homesickness in her heart, that such need of roaming the interminable, bewildering world did not exist, that the allotted term of her stay were over, and that she need never again leave dear old comfortable, appreciative Lone Tree.

It was but a temporary mood, however. A person of more than ordinary interest in adventure, and sleepless though tired, she sat down at once to acquaint her family of her safe arrival, with some mention of what had befallen her. The letter expanded much beyond its projected limits. She had taken many a note on the way of novel sights and people, which she wove into her narrative. They had passed Niagara in the night, she said, and Klauser's affairs had not permitted him to stop; but she had opened the window of her berth, as they moved warily over the suspension bridge, and heard it roar in the darkness, two miles away. She had *even seen the mist rising*. Rarely, perhaps, had the venerable cataract roared and shaken its mane for the pleasure of a more brightly appreciative young woman.

The staple matter, we may suppose, was the unlooked-for meeting with her uncle, and his manners, at first fierce, then conciliatory. Ah, if there were but some legitimate way of securing the influence of this powerful connection in her project of self-support! But of

course there was not. If he were, in fact, the kind of uncle they used to dream about when they were children! Paul had figured him as coming with a pony by the bridle to present to him; and she that he might suddenly invite her to put on her things and travel with him many years in Europe!

There was no extended mention in this letter of a young man who had planted oranges in Florida, and been painfully injured by an orange thorn in the foot. He appeared only as "an odd, patronizing sort of person, who overheard part of my interview with uncle Rodman."

Klauser, meanwhile, drawing a sigh of relief at the termination of his labors, made his way back, once more, to the comfortable chamber he had long occupied at Mrs. Neddy's, in Harvey's Terrace.

At dinner, Dr. Gaffin, the dentist, Mr. Reinboldt, the druggist, and ex-Alderman Finnegan, now head of an important bureau in the comptroller's office, questioned him gravely on his journey, and compared the relative merits of the Erie, the Central, and the Pan Handle routes to the West, as they had classed them from their experiences.

Whittemore and Cutter, his fellow employees at the store, were there, and the latter had already begun to make himself agreeable to the two school-teachers, the moneyed Miss Finley and her comely bosom friend, Miss Speller.

Certain freedoms were ventured upon with Klauser, by reason of long acquaintance, especially by Cutter, who inquired jocularly,—

"Who was the pretty young lady you had with you at the store this afternoon, Klauser? Aha, you rascal! If I might advise, Mrs. Neddy, a rather sharp eye should be kept on Mr. Klauser. This thing of bringing back fascinating young women from the West will bear looking into."

"It was the daughter of the old man's



brother, A. B. Harvey, of Lone Tree. And a mighty nice girl she is," said Klauser gravely. "You don't find many such girls nowadays: a scholar, accomplished, kind-hearted, no airs about her, and good-looking in the bargain. I was proud to have in my company such a person, I can tell you. She brought everybody in the parlor car to like her during the two days we were coming from Chicago, especially by her way of talking and doing small services to an old lady who traveled alone."

"They say A. B., her father, has n't a cent to bless himself with; never knows where the next day's dinner is coming from," suggested Cutter.

"Not so bad as that. They have a very pretty homestead, with grounds around it; and, as the principal merchant of the place, the father has a neat business, which in the hands of anybody with good management ought to yield very comfortable returns. But he has not

good management, and probably gets as little out of it as anybody could."

"What ever took him to such an out-of-the-way place, when he had once been Rodman Harvey's partner here, and engaged in big affairs?"

"Bad management, want of calculation, unpractical ideas. He went into the iron business, after he left the old man, and failed; then he went into leather, and failed. When he was all broke up, Rodman Harvey happened to have this store on hand, which he had taken for debt, at Lone Tree, and put him into it as a resource — better than nothing, at any rate — for supporting his family. He worked hard till he had paid for it, by installments, and made it his own, so as to hold up his head, and go to wrangling again with his brother, if he felt like it. He is one of the most independent men you would meet. And his daughter, I should think, inherited a share of the same quality."

*William Henry Bishop.*

## NORTHERN TRAVEL.

THERE will come a time, doubtless, when every nook and cranny of this world of ours will have been explored and reported upon. We are not so very far now from the point of a tolerably complete *reconnaissance*: a little of the extreme north, a spot in the highlands of Central Asia, a scrap of remote and apparently forgotten Antarctic regions, — when these have been visited, our maps will have firm outlines, and *terræ incognitæ* will disappear. The nineteenth century will then have, as an enduring element in its character, a romantic passion for travel and adventure akin to the spirit of the fifteenth and

early part of the sixteenth century, but differing from that in the strong mingling of scientific and humane pursuits. People will smile at our way of scorning ourselves as the unromantic century, and will ask what they are doing which can compare for lofty enthusiasm with the series of explorations set on foot for the relief of Sir John Franklin and his men, and finally, when all hope was extinct of finding any living witness, for the arduous search after silent testimony and the memorials of the dead.

Schwatka's Search<sup>1</sup> will then, it may be, have a singular interest as a work recording the last expedition undertaken

<sup>1</sup> *Schwatka's Search: Sledging in the Arctic, in Quest of the Franklin Records.* By WILLIAM H. GILDER, second in command. With Maps

and Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.



in obedience to the commanding sentiment of the great Franklin mystery. So far as can now be seen, no future expedition will rest its claims for support or interest upon any purpose of solving a mystery which for more than a generation has made the frozen North more chill, although even now, and for years to come, those who traverse the American Arctic will be under the influence of the Franklin secret. To us, who carry in our memory the successive journeys toward the Polar Sea, this volume fills a gap in knowledge; for it makes a positive addition to geographical information, it finds almost the footprints of the lost party, and it gives a very interesting interior view of Esquimaux life. It appeals, moreover, strongly to one's imagination in its simple disclosure of the dreary country over which the sledging party traveled. The temper of Mr. Gilder's narrative is admirable; the reader, until he looks narrowly into the details of the expedition, is hardly aware of the courage, patience, tact, and cheerfulness which pervaded the company, and made it successful in its errand. The modesty of Lieutenant Schwatka, as well as his resolution and hope, seems to have become the property of all his associates.

The preface intimates that the final form of the book was not due to Mr. Gilder, and we regret that so good a traveler and competent a reporter could not have had the final word, for there are some defects which a little attention could have cured. It is a pity that, in recasting the letters written for the journal in which they first appeared, the writer could not have provided his readers with a better commentary upon the relation which Schwatka's search bore to previous expeditions; too much familiarity with Arctic literature is taken for granted. The lack of this

commentary would have been excusable if pains had been taken to make the maps of the volume complete. As it is, while the two maps given make the narrative clearer, the reader is left in the lurch just at the most interesting and necessary point. A third map should have been supplied, carrying the track of the party to its final goal, and showing the whole course beyond Ogle Peninsula.

There are blemishes in the text, which necessarily result from a too literal use of newspaper letters formed from a diary, and would have disappeared under a more thorough recasting by the author. The illustrations are rude but effective, and have an air of truthfulness about them, agreeable to the tenor of the work, which impresses us as honest, frank, and honorable throughout. The absence of unnecessary detail, the occasional humor, and the unflagging good-nature of the book render it thoroughly readable.

There is a singular contrast suggested by the other notable book of Northern travel which the season has brought us. Du Chaillu<sup>1</sup> made himself at home among the Scandinavians as completely as Schwatka and his party did among the Esquimaux; he traveled over the same parallels, going even farther north, but what a difference between the experience of the two travelers! The discomforts, the excitements, the perils of travel in the extreme north of America make life in Norway and Sweden take on almost a tropic luxury and ease. If one wished to institute other comparisons, an opportunity could easily be found in the contrasted pictures of Du Chaillu *vis-à-vis* with gorillas and the same merry traveler dancing with the maidens of the extreme North. Whatever contrasts might be discovered, Du Chaillu himself would be found emi-

<sup>1</sup> *The Land of the Midnight Sun.* Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland. By PAUL B. DU

CHAILLU. With Map and 235 Illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1882.



nently consistent. There is a humorous aspect to his book in the suggestion which it constantly offers of the veteran explorer pursuing the same general course in the civilized North which he would follow in the barbaric regions of the equator. He appears amongst the natives with his propitiatory gifts of beads and trinkets, and finds his way to the hearts of the women by the direct avenue which his African travel revealed. Du Chaillu has the gift, plainly, of making himself welcome, and his long residence in the North gave him a remarkably intimate knowledge of life there. If he had an equally good gift of reporting his life, he would have made a more useful and readable book. As it is, one may find in these two volumes a great mass of material, out of which he may gather his impressions of the North; but there is so much repetition and so much wearisome detail that the very completeness of the work defeats its object. One gets a lively notion of the traveler's irrepressible good-nature and vivacity, but he would like to have with this a more graphic account of that which constitutes the peculiarity of Scandinavian civilization. The homes of a great many peasants are individually described; the distinctions between them are not so important to us as their difference from the homes of peasants elsewhere. There is hardly a reference to Scandinavian literature and art, very little account of politics, and no picturesqueness in the description of scenery. The peasant life, besides, if we are to judge from Scandinavian authorities, is not quite so idyllic and virginal as Du Chaillu would have us believe, though he could not state too emphatically its strong elements of frugality, self-respect, and hardy independence. There is some careless-

ness in the use of Norwegian words and phrases, and the pictures are often ineffective and misleading. But some of the prints, especially where giving details of architecture and implements, are good and serviceable, and the book in general contains so much valuable material, and has so excellent a spirit, that we welcome it, in spite of its being a jumble, as an important addition to a literature which is already possessed of a goodly number of acceptable works; for we doubt if any country in Europe has afforded, in proportion to its political importance, so many excellent books of travel and observation.

This cannot be said of Miss Tyler's contribution to the same literature. Her travels<sup>1</sup> were confined mainly to Norway, where she followed a few of the main lines pursued by tourists, visiting the Gudbrandsdal and Romsdal, coasting to the North Cape and back to Bergen, and making excursions along the Hardanger and Sogne fjords and through the Ringerige. This outline will suggest to travelers in Norway a variety of rich and delightful experiences, and Miss Tyler enjoyed her journey; but she has failed in constructing a worthy book, from her inability to separate the permanent from the ephemeral in the impressions which she would reproduce; the petty experiences of her tour are entangled with shreds of geographical and statistical information, descriptions of scenery and personal adventures. The charm of a Scandinavian summer is indeed so enduring that it has even managed to temper the dullness of this book.

Mr. Vincent has been so recently a traveler in the North that we must turn aside from our subject, for a moment, to speak a single word of the new edition<sup>2</sup> of his earlier work, which was devoted

<sup>1</sup> *The Story of a Scandinavian Summer.* By KATHARINE E. TYLER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

<sup>2</sup> *The Land of the White Elephant. Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia.* A Record of

Travel and Adventure in Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochinchina. By FRANK VINCENT, JR. Profusely illustrated with Maps, Plans, and Engravings. New and enlarged edition. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.



to Asiatic travel. The first edition of the book was published in 1874. The additions in the present form consist of a supplement, containing the notes made by the author during a recent tour. Here are the latest news of Burma, Siam, Cambodia and Cochin-China, and

the author shows himself desirous of keeping his books posted to date. Mr. Vincent is a good traveler and a good reporter; when he tells what he himself has seen he is candid and unassuming, and the value of his book rests upon the fidelity of his report.

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## RECENT DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

THE present dramatic epoch in France is so remarkable in some of its aspects that it seems not a little strange that no attempt — at least no attempt in English — should have been made to characterize it comprehensively and systematically until Mr. J. Brander Matthews undertook his work on *The French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century*;<sup>1</sup> a similar work in the German having been performed by Paul Lindau. Lindau's sketches are, however, from a more intimate stand-point, as seems natural and fitting when it is considered that Lindau is one of the foremost and most brilliant dramatists of his own country. He gives us the personality of his subjects, while Mr. Matthews confines himself to their individuality. The German author pictures the men, while the American characterizes the dramatists. The latter's method is that of a student; Lindau writes from the level of a contemporary. He tells of the things which interest himself as a dramatist. The glimpses of the men we get in his vivacious sketches help us to a better understanding of their works. Mr. Matthews has perhaps pursued the best course for the attainment of his object in keeping close to a single point of view. But a relation of personal traits and methods of dramatic construction, — showing us

something of the life of a play, both as it grows under the author's pen and as it develops in the hands of the players at rehearsal, — with now and then a look into a theatre, like Lindau's vivid picture of the *première* of Hugo's *Hernani*, might have given a more vital picture of the French drama. But we are indebted to Mr. Matthews for an admirable work. His ideas tally well with Lindau's, and indeed one of his chief merits is that, being a man of sound judgment himself, he reflects the opinions of the most competent and broad-minded observers. This is an excellent test of the higher and truer criticism, when the criticism does not itself point out the way. There is a marked freedom from narrowness and pettiness in Mr. Matthews' views.

France has so long been foremost on the stage that now it almost seems as if she had always held sway there. But the glory of the era of Molière and Beaumarchais had faded to pale conventionalities beneath the crushing weight of the Empire and the dull commonplaceness of the Restoration, and in the first quarter of this century the French drama had become "the empty echo of a hollow past." The first impulses, as usual, came from without. From the popularity of German melodramas, and from the arrival of the English actors with Shakespeare's plays in Paris in 1827, — Kean, Young, Kem-

<sup>1</sup> *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century*. By J. BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.



ble, Macready, — came the creative breeze that was to fan into flame intellectual sparks like Hugo and Dumas. With these, and with the perfection of the playwright's technique in Scribe, began the splendid march of the contemporary French drama. The German stage of to-day is on a high and healthy plane, and it seems a pity that the English drama, after sowing the seed of rare fruit on French soil, could still sink to its dull commercial depths of to-day. May be its regeneration is destined to come in America, where the theatre has within a few years become strikingly universal, although of a sadly diluted quality. Surrendered, however, as the American stage now is to the importation of questionable "novelties" and to endless "combinations," the prospect certainly does not look encouraging. Mr. Matthews makes the distinction that, "although we may not be willing to allow that the French have reached the highest pinnacle of the drama, we can see clearly enough that it is in the drama that they have mounted highest." And the reason for this he states concisely to be "because the dramatic is the form best suited for the expression of certain qualities in which the French excel the men of other races. Chief among these national characteristics are a lively wit, a love of effect for its own sake, a gift for writing beautiful prose, and a passion for order and symmetry and clearness." Writing with true appreciation of Hugo's grand qualities, Mr. Matthews lets it appear that his place as a dramatist, though eminent, is not classic; his chief service to the theatre being, after all, that of a way-breaker. The rank given to Emile Augier tacitly places that great author preëminently above Hugo as a master dramatist. It is well said that Hugo "is a great poet, although not a great dramatic poet," and that "literature is too small to hold him, and the finest of him is outside of it." Mr. Matthews is happy in his epi-

thets. He speaks of the second Dumas as looking on his father as a sort of prodigal son; and Sardou he aptly terms one "who has hardly more to say than Scribe himself, but who is young enough to say nothing in a style fifty years younger than Scribe's." Now and then a glimpse is given of some personal trait. We thus gain a real and hearty affection for Scribe, — even though he "ran a play-factory," — because of the honest, warm-hearted man's unassuming life, and his generous treatment of his *collaborateurs*; acknowledging the slightest service, and repaying it thousand-fold. We agree wholly and heartily with Mr. Matthews' enthusiastic estimate of Emile Augier: "A true child of Beaumarchais, a true grandchild of Molière. He has the Gallic thrust of the one, and something of the broad utterance of the other and greater." Victor Hugo's classification of theatre-goers is quoted: "(1) the Crowd, who look for action, plot, situations; (2) Women, who expect passion, emotion; (3) Thinkers, who hope for characters, studies of human nature." "M. Sardou," says Mr. Matthews, "suits the first class, M. Dumas the second, and M. Augier the third. . . . The note of M. Augier is a broad and liberal loyalty; while M. Dumas's chief characteristic is a brilliancy often misdirected, and M. Sardou's a cleverness always ready to take advantage of the moment. M. Dumas is too complex a problem to be considered in a sentence or two; but M. Sardou is simpler, and one may venture to define his work and M. Augier's as not unlike the difference between journalism and literature. M. Sardou's puppets live, move, and have their being in some city forcing-house, where their master keeps them under lock and key. M. Augier's characters are as free as all out-doors; and they breathe the open breeze which blows from sea-shore and hill-top, and which has the odor of the pines and not a little of their balsamic sharpness. . . .



Home in his eyes is a sacred thing, and throughout his plays we can see a steadfast setting-forth of the holiness of home and the sanctity of the family." A comparison between the author of *Dame aux Camélias* and the author of *Gates Ajar* is novel, to say the least, but Mr. Matthews makes it. In Dumas the younger he finds a strong flavor of puritanism. For his *Idées de Madame Aubray*, in which "the preacher fortunately has not yet overmastered the playwright," an interesting parallel is found in Miss Phelps's *Heged In*. "Both the American and the French writers, though differing greatly in mental equipment, approach the subject from the same point of view, and give it the same austerity of treatment." The appearance of the younger Dumas upon the stage was the coming of a fresh force into the French drama. "The *Dame aux Camélias*," says Mr. Matthews, "was at once simple, pathetic, and audacious. It emancipated French comedy, and gave it the right of free speech. . . . It changed the face of modern French comedy by pointing out the path back to nature and the existing conditions of society, and by showing that life should be studied as it was, and not as it had been, or as it might be." Sardou is summed up in the word "cleverness," and is esteemed a man who only caters to the spirit of the hour, and whose characters are the creatures of his situations, while Augier's situations are the result of his characters.

The estimate of Octave Feuillet is almost contemptuous, and he is ranked "among the foremost of the French dealers in forbidden fruit, canned for export and domestic use." The humorous genius of Eugène Labiche, the author of dozens of the merriest farces, and a veritable master in his own domain, receives warm praise, and that remarkable firm of play-writers, Meilhac and Halévy, appreciative comment. Mr. Matthews has no friendship for Zola and

his principles of "naturalism," which Mr. Matthews believes are not destined to prevail, though they may most likely influence the future of the French drama, the present tendency of which is to give to a series of incoherent pictures of various phases of the fundamental idea precedence over unity and sequence.

We must protest against Mr. Matthews' assertion of a divorce between poet and playwright. He evidently limits the definition of poet to a writer of poetic verse, whereas the title belongs, by right, to the creative genius in all fields of literature. Emile Augier would still be a great dramatic poet had he never written a drama in verse. When Björnson, the great Norwegian, was in this country, he said, "I know the limitation which, by English usage, denies to Dickens the title of poet. It is unworthy, and not fine."

No other figure of the American stage was ever so conspicuous as Edwin Forrest.<sup>1</sup> No other actor has ever been so intensely American, — embodying some of the best and not a few of the worst national traits. His strong personality, and his leadership of the American stage at a period when the national pride — or rather vanity — was sensitive in ratio to its provincialism, make his life a peculiarly interesting study. An extended biography of Forrest was written a few years ago by the Rev. William R. Alger. Mr. Lawrence Barrett's volume has more of the character of a memoir for popular reading. At a time when prominent people of all kinds, never, however, suspected of literary tendencies, are besought to write essays on whatever chances to be the topic of the hour, — even "statesmen" being invited to discuss theological problems, — it is nothing remarkable that an esteemed actor of cultivated tastes should choose a congenial subject,

<sup>1</sup> *Edwin Forrest*. By LAWRENCE BARRETT. (American Actor Series) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.



and venture into literature. It is also not surprising that in his work there should often be betrayed the hand of an untrained writer. Such examples of confused imagery as the following are too frequent: "Past fertile fields, by vine-clad slopes, sunny with the lustre of the grape; halting at young clearings, the abode of the few who had come from the wilderness to *lay the corner-stones* of future cities on the placid bosom of the broad *Ohio*." Bad models must bear the blame for faults of this sort; also for some occasional touches of sentimentalism, and an indulgence in what may be called the hypothetical biographic style, in which a deal of commonplace assumption is used in the treatment of matters about which little or nothing is really known. Otherwise Mr. Barrett has produced an excellent work, — straightforward, sincere, and pleasant to read. It is particularly interesting as the opinion of an actor who has the higher interests of his profession deeply at heart concerning the man who was the foremost American representative of that profession. Mr. Barrett handles his subject with the true biographic spirit, and presents with justice to each the dark as well as the light sides of the great actor's character. This is shown to have been inherently noble, compelling admiration and almost worship, but defaced by traits of black ugliness, — a splendid diamond wretchedly flawed. With great intellectual traits and a great heart, his nature had a brutal harshness and some coarse, rowdyish instincts. He was a natural leader, but it seems remarkable upon what grounds he was put forward as the champion of America and of the "people." It would be hardly possible now for any actor to stir popular feeling in America so deeply by his private grievances. The morbid national sensitiveness of that day in regard to outside criticisms and opinions has happily passed away forever. The story of For-

rest's quarrel with Macready and its bloody sequence seems strangely remote. Macready, with all his cold selfishness and unlovable personality, comes out of the affair immeasurably cleaner than his rival. No man with any delicacy of feeling could have made an appeal to the public for sympathy and support in the unhappy domestic differences which clouded what should have been Forrest's happiest years. That this should have brought him wide-spread commiseration as the victim of oppression, and arrayed "good society" and "the masses" in opposing camps for and against the actor, respectively, — that seems incredible now. Mr. Barrett says that Forrest loved his friends and hated his enemies. We are shown that he demanded such unfriend-like, servile adherence from the former that non-compliance made him an enemy to many of the best of them.

Among Mr. Forrest's finest traits were his untiring efforts for the advancement of his art in America, and Mr. Barrett tells of these with fine appreciation. The picture of the palmy days of the theatre in New York, from 1857 to 1860, when the standard drama held its strongest grasp on the stage, and the new era of the modern drama had also begun, is one of the best parts of the book. In the "epilogue" the author speaks feelingly of the distinction between the reward of the actor and that of other artists, drawing an effective comparison from the image of snow once sculptured by Michael Angelo: "While the ingratitude of contemporaries has embittered the lives of poets, painters, sculptors, composers, and authors, the theatre has been ringing with the applause granted to some gifted actor, whose very name is but a dim and shadowed memory. His fellow-artists live in their works; by their works, as enduring as marble, are they known: the actor's work dies with him; his image is carved in snow."



The transmission of the histrionic art by inheritance is a matter of common remark. Perhaps the trait is a reminiscence of the days when the social ban lay heavily upon the players, and the stage-folk lived, not only in a mimic world, but also in a world apart. In *The Jeffersons*,<sup>1</sup> Mr. William Winter tells the story of one of these famous families of actors, — a family which is identified with some of the most brilliant periods of recent stage history. The career of the first Jefferson began under Garrick, and he was distinguished in a field filled with great rivals. The second Jefferson came to America, as a well-trained young actor, towards the close of the last century, when the dramatic art had just become domesticated in the New World, and the first generation of eminent players in our country were his associates. The third Jefferson, a most amiable personality, was of slight distinction as an actor; but all the English-speaking world knows and loves his son, the most famous of a sterling comedian stock. The close style adopted by Mr. Winter in this work, which is exceedingly thorough and painstaking, is followed with the loss of not a little of the reader's interest at the start. The large array of figures and statistics suggests a hand-book. Accumulations of facts are always dangerous to the vitality essential to real biography.

The casual reader will be apt to turn at once to the pages devoted to the present Joseph Jefferson, of whom the author writes with all the enthusiasm born of true friendship and sincere artistic feeling. It is here that the pages are decorated with the characteristic light embroidery that is Winter's own, — generally fancifully graceful, though now and then marked by a little over-definition, as in the trailing adjectivity of "unquestionable, unassailable, auspicious, and beneficent permanence." The analysis of Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* is masterly. In citing the tributes of others, we wish the author had alluded to the noble essay of the late George Bryant Woods on the same masterpiece, originally printed in *Every Saturday*. A life of Joseph Jefferson would be incomplete without it. Mr. Winter gives the repertory of each actor in detail. That of the second Jefferson comprised one hundred and ninety-eight parts. This indicates a schooling such as few young actors are given the advantage of, in these days of long runs. If every one of our large cities could maintain at least one first-class stock company, with frequent changes of repertory, there would be little need of solicitude as to whence should come the material for the new school of fine comedy acting originated by Mr. Jefferson.

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## VON HOLST'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

AFTER a long delay since its publication in Germany, we have the third volume of Dr. Von Holst's *Constitution-*

<sup>1</sup> *The Jeffersons*. By WILLIAM WINTER. (American Actor Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

<sup>2</sup> *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*. By DR. H. VON HOLST.

al History of the United States<sup>2</sup> in an American edition. This delay occurred with the preceding volumes, but neither

Translated from the German by JOHN J. LALOR and PAUL SHOREY. 1846-1850. Annexation of Texas. Compromise of 1850. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1881.



in their case nor in the present instance does it seem to have produced a corresponding carefulness in the translation. The English is sometimes slovenly, and there is a more than reasonable number of typographical errors. The sentences are frequently awkward and involved, the choice of words is often bad, and there is too great a flavor of the German idiom. It is surprising that with a translator of Mr. Lalor's reputation and scholarship the work of the American editors should be open to this criticism.

Dr. Von Holst's history is now well known, and its importance fully recognized. To say, as has been said, that it is the most remarkable work upon this country by a foreigner is saying very little. It not only deserves this praise, but is entitled to a place in the front rank of American histories, whether by native or foreign authors; and the fact that it is written by an outsider, who is a scholar and student, and who has devoted his life to this task, gives it a peculiar value and interest. Lord Bacon coupled foreign nations and posterity in his will, as the legatees to whom he devised his memory, and in a history of this sort we are perhaps as near to the judgment of posterity as it is possible for us to come. There must be of course a wide gap between the opinion of a foreign historian and that of our children and successors in point of accurate comprehension, where those to the manner born have a great advantage; but the foreign student has one quality in common with posterity, that of freedom from personal bias, and it is this which gives Dr. Von Holst's work a peculiar claim to thoughtful consideration, apart even from its other merits.

This volume has the same strong points as its predecessors, as is shown by the keen analysis of constitutional questions, the incisive delineation of character, and the vigorous invective and denunciation of all that the author

believes to be wrong and despicable. We find too, it must be admitted, the same defects. Now, as previously, Dr. Von Holst fails to do justice to the development of the national sentiment which Washington and Hamilton rightly believed the constitution would create. He treats this sentiment a little more kindly, perhaps, than in his previous volumes, but he does not yet fully perceive all that it meant, nor does he properly conceive its real grandeur. The truckling of Northern men to Southern slave-holders is the most wretched page in our history, and yet the underlying love of the people for the Union, which for years made this meanness possible, was a fine trait. Dr. Von Holst sneers at Clay and those who helped him with the compromise measures of 1850 as "Union rescuers;" but, miserable as those measures were, futile and disastrous as they proved to be, their authors appealed, in their defense, to the noblest idea of the American people, to the eager longing to make the North American continent the home of one great nation, united and free. However much their courage failed at the pinch, however much they erred in methods or in motives, Clay and Webster believed deeply and sincerely that, as Cicero said, "*neque enim ulla res, in qua propius ad deorum numen virtus accedat humana, quam civitates aut condere novas aut conservare jam conditas.*" It was this sentiment which made the Union, it was this which saved the Union; and, however much it may have been abused before the election of Lincoln, it has been justified by its works.

We share to the full Dr. Von Holst's righteous wrath against such settlements as those of 1850; but nevertheless, on the general question of compromises, although not in this volume, he has shown the foreign inaptitude for dealing with the political principles of the English race. English-speaking people have displayed a political capacity, and have



achieved an amount of political success, which are simply beyond comparison in modern times. In truth, they stand alone. One great secret of this success lies in their genius for compromise. The political history of the English race is a history of compromises, and because some were infamous it does not follow that all were bad. The compromises of the constitution, however unfortunate in their after-effects, were wise and statesman-like, for they were essential to the one primary object, national existence. On the other hand, the compromises of 1850 were disgraceful. In condemning both, Dr. Von Holst simply shows his inability, as a foreigner, to do justice to one leading element of the English political character.

The difficulties inherent in the subject, and which were apparent in the second volume, are still more noticeable in this. Dr. Von Holst is dealing with a period which is too recent to be fully ripe. The private letters, diaries, and the like have hardly been published at all, and the truest sources of information, therefore, are still inaccessible. Meantime, the mass of contemporary and current material is constantly increasing in bulk as we come nearer to the present day, and it is wonderful that without the guidance of the still hidden authorities Dr. Von Holst has been able to draw out from the confusion such a clear, succinct, and forcible narrative.

The first half of this volume is not easy reading, but through no fault on the part of the author. It would be well-nigh impossible to make the intrigue and deceptions by which Polk brought on the Mexican war interesting, and still more arduous to enliven the boastful beginning and tame, conceding end of the Oregon negotiations. Polk's administration was, in fact, the meanest period in American history. Ruthless spoliation and bad appointments characterized the civil service, and were fit accompaniments of a policy at once sly and over-

bearing. It was the day of radical and loud-mouthed democracy, utterly out of keeping with the true democratic spirit, when judicial offices were made elective in most States, when judges were pledged to give opinions before election, and when the slave power was at its height, so far as men could see. There was, however, no lack of great names in the lists of public men. An eminent historian, who has been one of the ornaments of American literature and scholarship, was at the head of the navy department. Marcy, too, was in the cabinet, with his "gigantic abilities," and James Buchanan; while in the senate could be seen Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and Benton. In the House were many able men; and there, too, might be heard the voices of John Quincy Adams and Joshua Giddings crying in the wilderness against the evils to come. Yet it was a period of real torpor. The brilliant leaders, who on the one side had carried through the war of 1812, and on the other had survived the destruction of the federalists to create the whig party, were old men, and those who followed in their footsteps were equally old in ideas. They were gathered about the "peculiar institution:" some bowed in admiration, some in fear; no one of them grasping it with the fearless hand of strong statesmanship, but all bending before this idol, which was rotten and dead within, although decked without in all the trappings of power, and incarnate with mischief and misfortune to the whole country. It is a relief to pass out from the choking atmosphere of Polk's administration into the first years of the slavery conflict, when it ceased to be smothered and distorted, and became a fair and declared battle in the open field. The "free soil" party was founded, and instead of the wild cries of the abolitionists we have the beginning of the slow, sure, and irresistible anti-slavery movement, which fought and triumphed under the constitution. Sew-



ard and Chase came to the Senate, and at last words were spoken which showed that new leaders had arisen, with eyes fixed on the future, and not on the past. The author again breathes freer, and the incisiveness and vigor which have so strongly marked his work are once more in full play. The treatment of the compromise measures of 1850 is as strong and good as anything Dr. Von Holst has done, and at this point the narrative closes.

We have referred already to Dr. Von Holst's power of analyzing characters. The sketches of Marcy and Taylor in this volume are admirable, although very brief, but it is Calhoun who has always an especial fascination for Dr. Von Holst. He dwells on the peculiarities of Calhoun's great but narrow intellect, on his profound and masterly discussions of the constitution, with their mingling of relentless logic and strange contradictions, on his theories of government and politics, on every phase of his thought and character, with loving care. No one has studied Calhoun so closely, or has dealt so justly with him, as Dr. Von Holst, and the biography which he has promised us will be read with great interest. Another excellent piece of work of the same kind is the description of Webster which follows the account of the 7th of March speech. Dr. Von Holst does Webster full justice, and defends him against the imputation that this famous speech was dictated solely by a desire to obtain Southern votes for the presidency. At the same time he does not hesitate to point out the moral unsoundness of a man of such eminence, who lived extravagantly and far in excess of his income; who "violated the seventh commandment," did not pay his debts, lived on his friends, and received large sums of money for speeches in the Senate. The glamour surrounding Webster's name is so great that even to repeat these things may seem to some persons a kind of profana-

tion. Yet they are true, and Webster cannot be judged fairly without taking them into account. Daring opponents of slavery attacked Webster savagely enough in days gone by, but unstinted and unqualified laudation has usually been his portion. Dazzled by the brilliancy of his talents, awed by the memory of that great personality, everything which was not in his favor has been and still is pushed aside and covered up. It is no answer to say that many public men and politicians were more deserving than Webster of the censure passed upon him by Dr. Von Holst. Webster cannot and must not be tried by ordinary standards, but by the standards of such men as Fox and Pitt, Burke and Hamilton; above all, according to the responsibility imposed upon him by his own splendid intellect.

The last chapter in this volume is perhaps as instructive and important as any, and certainly as valuable. We know well enough the horrors of the slave-trade and the misery of many of the negroes held in bondage, but the terrible effects produced upon the slaveholders and upon the South in every way by slavery are yet to be written. These effects Dr. Von Holst, necessarily limited in space on this topic, has drawn in bold outline. We commend this chapter to Southern readers, and particularly to the clergyman who has recently been giving his own opinion, and the opinions of equally respectable individuals, in the pages of one of our reviews, as to the high moral and intellectual condition of the South under the slavery dispensation. Opinions are all very well, but their value must be determined by the hard test of facts, and these Dr. Von Holst gives. A stubborn refusal to recognize facts and deal with things as they actually existed was a principal cause of the war, and of all the consequent misfortunes of the South. The time has come when, if ever, the South should be ready to look facts in the face. With



an eloquent array of figures, Dr. Von Holst shows the blighting effects of slavery. In contrast with the North, the condition of the South in the year 1850 was really pitiful. Their population was decreasing in a country flooded with immigration. Their towns and cities were decaying. They had hardly any manufactures, and less commerce; few arts and no literature, in comparison with the North. They were poor and in debt. Their railroads were defective and of slow growth, their agriculture was low, and even the cultivation of their great staple was poor. Every attribute of civilization was warped and stunted in a greater or less degree. Yet the South was led by a strong, educated, aggressive aristocracy, and the force and

vitality of the race of both people and landlords were terribly shown in the desperate war which they waged for four long years. As Dr. Von Holst points out, it was the weakness of slavery as a system, deeply felt but neither understood nor acknowledged, which drove the South forward from one Pyrrhic victory to another, until at last it hurried them into secession and ruin. All the education, all the force, all the ability of the South—and they were very great—were poured into politics, and then into war, and were devoted to the defense of slavery, an accursed thing, perishing from the earth, at odds with all human progress, and eating out the hearts of the very men who gave their lives to its support.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I REMEMBER several meetings of the Club, when the fortunes of authorship were discussed. I became rather tired myself of listening to the tales of woe, and was caught nodding in my chair once or twice, as the Club may remember; there was no real discussion, for nobody came forward to speak for the successful authors. If only some one had then known about Vocophy, how instantaneous would have been the relief; for it would have been possible to make an exact analysis of the fitness of every would-be author. But Vocophy as a science had not then been formulated; at least it had not been given to the world. There were no Vocophers; strictly speaking, there was but one Vocopher, and he was silently and calmly unfolding his great discovery. He has now published his work. "This work," he says nobly in his preface, "has been undertaken with the view to benefit every inhabitant on the face of our planet;" and we

may add, especially those who are in doubt what calling to pursue. There is no invidious distinction of sex: "In using the word HE throughout the work, we do not use it with any thought of male superiority or adaptation. . . . If any female possesses or can gain the necessary requirements demanded in any honorable trade, profession, or occupation, though at present solely followed by man, there can be no objection, whether morally or religiously considered, to her following it." As to what the requirements are, the great Vocopher does not leave us in doubt. Besides laying down the principles of his science, he has been more practical than many philosophers, and has reduced his principles to rules, arranged alphabetically, and running from an Actor to a Tinman. I repeat that those authors, members of our Club, who complained of their want of success might have been spared their disappointments if they had turned to



the title Author in Vocophy, and used the following rule :—

“Should possess a good education. To write well, one should first be well informed in grammar, rhetoric, and logic, should possess a smattering of nearly everything, and have an abundance of ideas, good language, and know how to express it.”

How many authors live up to that rule? Can you, my brother, lay your hand on the right spot, and claim that you possess a smattering of nearly everything? And do you truly have good language and know how to express it? Now, granting that a man has been honest, and has wiped his pen after reading the requirements for authorship, how simply would his life work be unfolded, if he would examine the Vocopher's list of possible occupations, and test his own powers! Would he be a butcher? “Destructiveness must be large, with no fear or dread of killing animals.” Or a caulker? “The same caution as advised in plumbing (see Plumbing), as the work is generally in damp places; must be sure-footed, and possess a strong back for stooping, and good muscles for driving or pounding in various postures of the body.” How many of us could caulk? Who has ever tried to pound in various postures of the body? You may have pounded in your thumb, but that does not count; it's not a posture.

There are authors who have fancied they could make a little money by elocution—until they have tried it. But they need not try and fail; they need only put themselves under an examination according to Vocophy: “Must possess a clear, rich, round, full, and strong voice,—a voice that is deep and ranging from the highest to the lowest notes; should be natural, easy, and graceful in gestures, possessing a great variety of expressions in the face, from the most

cheerful and laughing face to the saddest, ugliest, and the most frightful and hideous, and one expressive of great emotion, love, sympathy, and affection; should have the requisite power to picture to the audience the persons and scenes described in a natural, easy, and unaffected manner; *must be able to read words at first sight without the least hesitation, and also to look ahead several words, to be enabled to look off of the piece being read, that a natural and easy manner to the rendering may be given.*<sup>1</sup> The reader should possess a good personal appearance” — But why need I cite more requirements? Most of us, if honest with ourselves, would abandon any idea of elocution at once.

Very well; there is one occupation which makes less demand upon the brain than any other. Why should not a disappointed author turn executioner? Vocophy describes with unerring precision the qualifications for that pursuit: “Should have large destructiveness; must have no fear of death, and be devoid of any sympathy in witnessing suffering in his fellow-men. *Although it is well to have a small or perhaps a moderate amount of brains,*<sup>1</sup> yet there is no pursuit that demands an organism more animalistic and so near akin to the brute as that of an executioner.” The only omission of consequence in this delightful book is a rule to prescribe the qualifications of a Vocopher himself. Yet, after all, who would venture to divide the honors of that profession with the genius who has, by his discovery, been at the pains to benefit every inhabitant on the face of our planet? There is, there can be, but one Vocopher. Do not imagine, my disappointed author, that you who have failed in literature can ever succeed in Vocophy.

— When we consider the number of new industries our advanced civilization

<sup>1</sup> In the report of what I said at the Club, I have asked the printer to italicize this portion, in order that the reader may get some idea of the im-

pressiveness with which I read this part of the extract.



has called forth and the minute division of labor it has fostered; when we are told that incorporated companies exist to insure shop-windows against damage by breakage and merchants from loss through peculation of their employees; when we read *Housekeeping Hereafter* in the *September Atlantic*, in which it is proposed to farm out the whole business of preparing and serving meals in the family, and to make thereof an independent calling, it seems strange that professional enterprise has not yet been brought to bear upon the department of American travel in Europe. With the exception of the employment of some mechanical devices to shorten the voyage, we are not in the least in advance of our ancestors. We make the trip ourselves and do all our own shopping just as they did. During the spring and early summer the transatlantic steamers are filled to overflowing with Americans going on their mission of generosity; and in the autumn, when they return, jaded and brain-sore, the weather powers do not grant them any special immunity because they have sacrificed comfort and convenience to make others happy, but turn on fierce gales to rattle them up and down in their cabins like dice in a box. I propose to abolish the trip to Europe in person, and offer a substitute, which shall retain its essential feature and do away with its exertion and worry. My plan is to establish companies in all the large cities, to which a person, when he announces his intention of going abroad, may resort, taking with him a complete list of all his family, acquaintances, and friends. The company might furnish blanks, with columns for names, ages, dispositions, colors of hair and eyes, etc., and with a wide space headed "Remarks," in which could be jotted down information as to the habits and tastes of each individual. With this for a guide, the company would engage to procure a suitable and acceptable present for each

person on the list. It would of course have agents in all quarters. It could order lace from Brussels, meerschaum goods from Trieste, mosaics from Rome, corals from Naples, wood-carving from Switzerland, and fezes and other Turkish toggery from Constantinople, by mail or telegraph. Experience would develop the faculty in those employed by the company to hit upon just the right thing for a given man, woman, or child. The pecuniary saving would be large; the articles themselves would be cheaper, and there would be no expenses of travel. And the saving of muscle, mental energy, and sole leather would be enormous. One who goes to Europe and does his own buying is generally ignorant of languages and values, not a judge of qualities and textures; in short, the easy prey of the foreign shopkeeper and curiosity-monger. Then, too, he is constantly beset with temptations to waste valuable time in sight-seeing, in running after pictures and castles and grave-yards. Almost invariably somebody is forgotten. I have often wondered how, under the present system, a person whose father was one of a family of nine, and whose mother was one of a family of eleven, ever ventures to go abroad at all. If the business were transacted through a gift agency, according to my suggestion, a man could make out his list in the quiet of his study. His attention would not be distracted by the annoyances of the journey, and there would not be much probability of his omitting any name from the catalogue which really belonged there. Moreover, the saving of traveling expenses would warrant more costly presents, or even permit the widening of the circle of recipients.

There is one obstacle which I have not considered, namely, that greedy, insatiable monster of the coast, the Custom House. But the good, new times of free trade are said to be coming; and, until they arrive, the company could



provide steam launches to take whole assemblages of friends and acquaintances out to meet incoming steamers at quarantine, in order to wear their things ashore.

— There is recompense of some sort, immediate or in the long run, for most of the troubles of this world, but there are certain pitiable persons for whose unfortunate lot it is hard to discover any compensation, — I mean the unpractical men and women. This is such an extremely practical world ! There really seems no place provided in it for people without the faculty for managing affairs. I don't speak of those generally incapable folk, too weak-headed to grasp any ideas beyond the minimum size, but of those whose whole natural bent is towards intellectual matters, and away from matters connected with the conditions of every-day existence. Nature is responsible for the mental make-up of such men and women, and they suffer without fault of theirs and in spite of themselves. The more general brain power they have, the better of course they fare ; an intellect is not of much use that cannot apply itself at will, and contrive to master a given subject in some degree. But the fact remains that nature discriminates in the kind of her mental gifts, and that the unpractical man, with the most toilsome application of his mind, cannot achieve what his practical fellow does, with little effort or none. Yet there is no escape

for the man of ideas ; he must, in old Carlyle's phrase, "get himself lived" somehow, and grapple in some fashion, no matter how difficult, with the facts of ordinary life ; for the world will not relent to him, and if he fails to conduct his affairs with sagacity he will get more of contempt than pity from his neighbors. The practical man, on the contrary, has no such hard fate dealt to him. He comes off well enough in the life business, although his deficiency is as great as the other's in a different direction. He may be quite unfitted to seize a philosophic conception, to handle general ideas, or even that more limited class of them with which a literary man has to do. But this will not tell against him greatly ; his superiority in his own line of activity will be recognized, and he will not be held accountable for his incapacity in intellectual affairs. The man of intellect — for the very reason that he is a man of intellect, and knows how to appreciate duly the importance of labor in the practical sphere as well as that in the mental — will not despise, though he may compassionate the man who lacks what he himself is endowed with. Does the practical man or the world at large do the like justice to the unfortunate who is set to conquer two kingdoms, while equipped with the means of subduing only one ? There is an inequality, an injustice of fate in all this, that one sees no chance of ever being set right.

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## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*Poetry and the Drama.* Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's poems, which have been appearing at intervals during the last few years, have now been collected into a volume (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and the mere circumstance of grouping will disclose to many the fruitfulness of her mind. There is a rich perfume about all her work. — Come for Arbutus, and other Wild Bloom, is a volume of

poems by Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. (Lippincott.) The inspiration is largely from personal sources. — Purple and Gold is the title of a little collection of poems on the goldenrod and the aster, arranged by Kate Sanborn. (Osgood.) These flowers have a happy faculty of winning the love of the poets. The book is made of separate leaves tied together with a ribbon. — Gems from Petöfi



and other Hungarian Poets is a paper-bound volume (Paul O. D'Esterhazy, New York), which aims at giving a notion of Hungarian poetical literature, especially since the Revolution of 1848. The translator, William N. Loew, has furnished a memoir of Petöfi, and critical sketches of the other writers; his work is enthusiastic, and through the medium of a somewhat literal translation the rude force of the poetry struggles to get a hearing; it is a pity that much of the music should be lost on the way. — *Maurine*, and other Poems, by Ella Wheeler (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), contains a novel in verse, and a hundred or more other poems. — The friendship which Mr. Francis Bennock, of London, had for Hawthorne will be remembered by the readers of Hawthorne's English Note-Books, and his volume of Poems, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will be taken up in a friendly spirit, and read perhaps for its further introduction of Mr. Bennock, rather than for its contribution to poetic literature, since the author frankly disclaims any other relation to poetry than one which makes of it a pastime. He has read other poetry, and made his own cheerfully to run in the same channels. — The new issue of Dr. Holland's Poems contains his *Mistress of the Manse*, and *The Puritan's Guest* and other Poems. (Scribners.) It is a pleasure to look upon the well-leaded lines. — Miss Charlotte F. Bates's *Seven Voices of Sympathy*, from the writings of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a well-arranged, suggestive compilation of such passages as may be trusted to carry not only consolation to the sorrowful, but encouragement to the depressed and quiet to the old. One can readily see how full of material Longfellow's writings are, and Miss Bates has searched diligently, bringing out many passages which would not occur to the casual reader. — The name Owen Innsly has a suspicion of pseudonymy about it; one suddenly remembers Owen Ashford, and the little veil which the name hangs before the personality of the author of *Love Poems* and *Sonnets* (Williams) is not unbecoming, for the poems themselves have a sexless flame. The book will attract attention by its quiet occupation of a place among books of true poetry: here is a maturity and calm of nature which indicate that the writer, if this be a first book, has passed through the experimental stage, possibly by other means than the writing of verse. There is a finish of expression which scarcely allows one to be arrested by the thought, and the thought impresses one as the reverie of a person whose world is a world of art and two or three choice souls. The reader, who is advised to get the book, will find a grateful absence of intensity, using that word as denoting the feverishness of much current verse essaying the same themes. — Mrs. Botta's Poems (Putnam's) will be welcome to many who have known her and her hospitable mind. They are fluent, and they are occupied with other thoughts than those which make the staple of much poetry; large subjects within short compass catch the eye, and forms of expression familiar to an older generation of readers. — *Down the Bayou*, and other Poems, by Mary Ashley Townsend ("Xariffa"),

is a volume of rapid verse, tumultuous at times, busied about a variety of themes, and commemorating scenes and incidents which, in the main, relate to tropical regions. There is a richness about some of the poems, as, for example, that of *The Bather*, which indicates a decorative power (Osgood.) — The title *On the Sunrise Slope*, by Katherine E. Conway (The Catholic Publication Co., New York), would seem to suggest a more cheerful and buoyant class of poetry than one meets in this volume, which is somewhat tearful, but marked by sincere feeling and some melody. If it were, however, a garden of charming poems, we fear that few would get by the menacing sword of the Rev. Patrick Cronin, who guards the entrance by an Introduction. It is a pity that so simple and unaffected poetry should be introduced by such high-strung prose. — *Lora*, a Romance in Verse, by Paul Pastnor (John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia), has given the author pleasure in writing; the reader will find his entertainment chiefly in one or two extraordinary situations, as where a young man, having gone into a muddy bottom to rescue a girl, kneels down, and raises her out of danger, until another young man, coming by, swims out to her, — there seemed to be water enough for him, — and gives her a belt to grasp: —

"Then, as she leaped from her lover, half sunk in the slime-depths

(Pardon the life-loving maiden), she pressed forth a gurgle!"

The realism of that squishing sound is a rare feat in poetry. The young man who dragged the girl to shore brings his thick hunting-jacket,

"Wrapped it around her, and buttoned it, button by button."

Will the reader believe it? This fortunate young man finds the other young man's horse and buggy waiting by the shore, and drives home with the well-buttoned girl, whom the author presently describes, with some slight effort at apology for her coldness, or perhaps for her slimy condition, as

"Excellent clay to the core was this maiden, — this woman."

We regret bitterly that there is not room for more than one further quotation, and after poising like a humming-bird over the blossoms of this poem, we dart into this fine line: —

"Her beautiful, billowy shoulders sank down in a calm."

*History and Biography.* Hon. E. B. Washburne has prepared for the Chicago Historical Society a Sketch of Edward Coles, second governor of Illinois (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), which involves an account of the slavery struggle of 1823-1824. It will be found a rare contribution to the materials for American history. — The eighth volume of collections of the Maine Historical Society has been published (Hoyt, Fogg, & Dunham, Portland), and contains a number of interesting papers, including one on the Northeastern Boundary. — Harper's Popular Cyclopædia of United States History from the Aboriginal Period to 1876, by Benson J. Lossing, is a two-volume work in



double columns, abundantly illustrated, in which the topics and persons connected with our history are treated in short articles, alphabetically arranged. There is a full index, and an index to illustrations. The form is a very convenient one, and the free use of cross-references facilitates the use of the book. We notice that Mr. Lossing has not heard the latest news about General Gage and the Boston boys. His selection of literary characters is somewhat arbitrary, and in general the work may be said to be a well-arranged scrap-book from Mr. Lossing's previous voluminous writings. — Constantine the Great is the title of a monograph for general reading, intended especially to draw attention to the historical genesis of the union of church and state. The author, Rev. E. L. Cutts, has in his mind current problems of church and state, but he appears to take no unfair advantage of the reader, who will find the book a sober, historical sketch. (S. P. C. K., London, E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) — The same society publishes a work on Russia, Past and Present, adapted from the German of Lankenau and Oelnitz, by Henrietta M. Chester, but it is scarcely more than an extended encyclopædic article, and throws no new light upon the country. — The S. P. C. K.'s series of Diocesan Histories includes Durham, by J. L. Low, M. A., and Peterborough, by G. A. Poole, as well as Chichester, which we mentioned last month. — Mr. Grant Allen has prepared for the society a little book on Anglo-Saxon Britain, which will find a more general audience, and the audience will find the book fresher than most of its class. — An anonymous member of the Huger family has prepared a modest but interesting statement of the attempted rescue of General Lafayette from Olmutz, which it will be remembered was the work of Colonel Huger in connection with Dr. Bollman. (Walker, Evans, & Cogswell, Charleston.) — Orations and Essays, with Selected Parish Sermons, by J. Lewis Diman (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may fairly be brought into this division, both because the most important papers in the volume relate to historical subjects, and because a commemorative discourse by Professor Diman's friend, J. O. Murray, gives a sketch of the life led by one whose death seems untimely to all who were aware that the admirable work already done was but the careful preparation for larger and more permanent contributions to literature. It is not necessary, however, to go beyond this volume for reasons why the book itself should be read by all who can enjoy thoughtful and scholarly works expressed in a refined and graceful form. — Capturing a Locomotive, by Rev. William Pittenger (Lippincott), is the narrative, by one of the persons engaged, of a piece of secret service during the late war. It will be widely read, for it has all the air of a true story, and even its faults of style may help to confirm the impression one gets of its veracity. — E. A. Freeman's Sketches from the Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice (Macmillan) treats of historical matters mainly through architectural memorials; the recent moving events in the region are also made to help in the story, and the reader entrusts himself to Dr. Freeman with a sense that in so dimly seen

a country he needs a somewhat positive guide. Dr. Freeman will help him to think lightly of other guides. — The Mendelssohn Family (1729-1847), from Letters and Journals, by Sebastian Hensel (Harpers), is the first American from the second German edition of a delightful book. The editor, who is a son of Fanny Mendelssohn, hopes that the book, with its record of family life, will offer a good picture of a German middle-class household. It does this and more, for it brings forward again the ever-charming figure of Felix Mendelssohn. The work is in two volumes, and has a number of interesting portraits. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library is published the Life of Giuseppe Garibaldi, by J. Theodore Bent, B. A., who has attempted to do historical justice, and no more. — In the same series is Mr. Dorman B. Eaton's Civil Service in Great Britain, a history of abuses and reforms, and their bearing upon American politics; a popularization of Mr. Eaton's work which will be of service in the important matter of educating a large public not yet fairly roused.

*Philosophy.* Text Book to Kant. The Critique of Pure Reason, *Æsthetic*, Categories, Schematism, Translation, Reproduction, Commentary, Index, with Biographical Sketch. Such is the peremptory title of an important work by J. H. Stirling, the author of the Secret of Hegel. It is a little singular that in his biographical sketch he makes no reference to his indebtedness for the material, and perhaps even for the form, to Wasianski's reminiscences. (Putnams.) — Perhaps the properest place in which to insert a reference to T. W. Higginson's Common Sense about Women (Lee & Shepard) is under Philosophy, since the author in a hundred or more short chapters has endeavored to give attention to the various phases of what is known as the Woman Question, and to bring the several subjects to the test of reason and an educated judgment. — Seneca and Kant is an exposition of Stoic and Rationalistic Ethics, with a comparison and criticism of the two systems, by Rev. W. T. Jackson, Ph. D. (United Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, O.) It was originally prepared as a thesis for the doctor's degree in the University of Michigan.

*Fun.* Ballads in Black is the title of a little oblong volume containing silhouette pictures and verses intended as books and patterns for shadow pantomimes. Even if one does not follow closely the subjects as given, there are hints for evening entertainments which will be of service. The ballads are by F. E. Chase, the illustrations by J. F. Goodridge. (Lee & Shepard.) — Cambridge Trifles, or Splutterings from an Undergraduate Pen (Putnams), is a collection of humorous papers on English collegiate life as seen from the point of view of the student who goes there to have a good time. — Helen's Babies has fallen into the hands of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, who now publish it. — The Summer School of Philosophy at Mt. Desert (Holt) is a series of two dozen or so pictures, with sly bits of text, illustrative of flirtation at Mt. Desert. The artist, J. A. Mitchell, has done a clever thing, and the wit is capital. — Oddities of the Law, by Franklin Fiske Heard (Soule & Bug-



bee), is a collection of witticisms uttered by the bench and bar in connection with graver matters of the law; some were unconscious, but in most cases these sharp-tongued people knew very well what they were saying. — A companion volume, by the same editor and publishers, is *Curiosities of the Law Reporters*, which is not so distinctly a jest book as the other, but very entertaining. In both cases the legal habit is strong enough to lead the editor to use full reference to authorities. — In the second of the series of *American Worthies*, Christopher Columbus, by W. L. Alden (Holt), the ratio of fun to fact is considerably greater than in its predecessor. The publishers must breathe more freely as they see their ideal more steadily approached. Mr. Warner sometimes remembered to be funny. Mr. Alden sometimes forgets himself and is serious. The large type of the book was his only salvation. If he had made as many pages in smaller type we are convinced that he would have become at the end as melancholy as his readers. — The *Fortunate Island* and other Stories, by Max Adeler (Lee & Shepard), has some amusing situations, and the burlesque in it is of harmless follies. The writer has exercised some discretion in his fun, and the reader will thank him for not being as grotesque as he could be.

*Criticism.* W. H. Kühl, of Berlin, sends us Studien zu Lessings stil in der Hamburgischen Dramaturgie, by Dr. Max R. von Waldberg. — The Verbalist, by Alfred Ayres (Appletons), will be found entertaining reading by those who like to amuse themselves over words and their abuses; it will be of service to many who fall into the way of using careless English. It is a manual, in alphabetical arrangement, devoted to brief discussions on the right and the wrong use of words. — The latest volume in English Men of Letters is Thomas De Quincey, by David Masson. (Harpers.) The subject has abundant material, and Mr. Masson seems to have preferred to satisfy the curiosity of his readers regarding De Quincey's personal characteristics rather than to give a very acute analysis of his literary power. In truth, two or three books could be made about De Quincey without trenching much on each other. — Words, Facts, and Phrases is further entitled by its compiler, Eliezer Edwards, a Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. (Lippincott.) It is an odd scrap-book, apparently illustrating the author's own interest, arranged alphabetically. The reader can pick up a good many curiosities in it, but it is a chance if he finds the special oddities which interest him. — Aspects of Poetry is a volume of lectures delivered by Professor J. C. Shairp at Oxford (At the Clarendon Press, Oxford), which will be found very agreeable reading. It is not, one thinks, so learned a work as its origin would suggest, but it is pleasantly informed by the author's personality, which is always kind and sensible. — Authors and Authorship is edited by William Shepherd (Putnams), a modest and truthful way of connecting with the work the name of an author who has made a mosaic of all the bright bits which he can find in the personal history of English and American men of letters. The result,

somehow, does not lift the literary calling into dignity; so much tattle suggests a tea-table view of literature.

*Fiction.* Slavers and Cruisers is a Tale of the West Coast of Africa, by S. Whitechurch Sadler, R. N. (S. P. C. K. London; E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), a novel with religious touches here and there. — Tales of the Caravan, Inn and Palace, by William Hauff, is translated from the German by Edward L. Stowell. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) Hauff himself did not translate his stories from the Arabic, but he writes as one who has drunk deep of the Arabian Nights spring. — King's Marden is a domestic novel, which makes up in propriety and virtue what it lacks in art and force. (S. P. C. K. London; E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York). — From the same publishers comes a similar work, A Leal Light Heart, by Annette Lyster, in which much fiction is blended with some seriousness. — Like a Gentleman (Lee & Shepard) is a woman's temperance story. It is not the temperance which renders it an indifferent novel; it would have been no more successful if it had been on the side of continence. — Jules Verne's story of The Tribulations of a Chinaman (Lee & Shepard), translated by Virginia Champlin, offers an amusing medium for acquiring doubtful information about China, and a capital means for passing an hour or two, if one has had his daily allowance of useful information. — Joseph's Coat, by David Christie Murray, is the latest volume in the series of Trans-Atlantic novels (Putnams), with plenty of misunderstanding in it; but all the tangles are finally cleared. — George Sand's Indiana has been issued by the Petersons in the form which has become almost the trade-mark of this house. — Faith and Unfaith (Lippincott) is by the author of Phillis and other somewhat gushing stories. An earl lies dead in the first sentence, and the awe of death with which the reader is ushered into the story is heightened by the extreme nobility which lies dead. — The latest numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library contain Thomas Hardy's A Laodicean, James Payn's A Grape from a Thorn, and Mrs. Cashel-Hoey's The Question of Cain.

*Science.* Mr. Darwin's The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of worms, with observations on their habits (Appletons) is not at all dependent for its power of eliciting interest upon the scientific training of the reader. The worm would have no occasion to turn upon Mr. Darwin, for that gentleman has set him up on end in the most honorable manner. — The thirty-sixth volume of the International Scientific Series is upon Suicide, by Dr. Henry Morselli, and is an essay on comparative moral statistics. It is an Italian contribution to what the writer speaks of as the new method of philosophy. (Appletons.) — The subject seems to be in the air, for Dr. James J. O'Dea appears with a substantial volume entitled Suicide, Studies on its Philosophy, Causes, and Prevention. (Putnams.) Dr. O'Dea collects a great number of cases, and he offers many suggestions as to the treatment of the subject, but his book can hardly be taken as a thorough one. — A World of Wonders, or Marvels in Animate and Inani-



mate Nature (Appletons), is a popular collection of queer things in nature, the storehouse of science being treated as an entertaining circus. — *Freaks and Marvels of Plant Life, or Curiosities of Vegetation*, is a volume which attempts a popular presentation of subjects, by M. C. Cooke, which have lately had a thorough scientific investigation. It is pleasant to see the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (New York agents, E. & J. B. Young & Co.) undertaking the publication of such works. — *The Opium Habit and Alcoholism*, by Dr. Fred. Heman Hubbard (Barnes), is a treatise on the habits of opium and its compounds, alcohol, chloral-hydrate, chloroform, bromide potassium, and cannabis indica, including their therapeutical indications, with suggestions for treating various painful complications. It is intended as a practical guide to the physician.

*Education and Text Books.* B. A. Hinsdale, president of Hiram College, has prepared a volume under the title of *President Garfield and Education* (Osgood), in which the life of the President at the college is affectionately sketched, followed by a series of papers and addresses collected from his writings. The book gives a very agreeable interior view of the President's life, and will be welcomed as a contribution to our better knowledge of him. — The Bureau of Education in Washington has issued No. 4 of its Circulars of Information for 1881, covering the topic of Education in France. It is eminently statistical in form. — *German Principia*, Part I., is the title of a first German course, containing grammar, delectus, and exercise-book, with vocabularies and materials for German conversation; it is prepared upon the well-known plan of Dr. William Smith's *Principia Latina*. The present is the third edition, revised and enlarged. (Harpers.) The book is of English origin. — The same publishers have issued a *Manual of Object-Teaching*, with illustrative lessons in methods and the science of education, by N. A. Calkin whose *Primary Object-Lessons* has long been in frequent use by teachers. It is presumably the summary of a long experience in this special field of educational work, but we are inclined to think that the practical suggestions contained in it will have more value than the author's mental philosophy.

*Business.* The *Book-Keeper's Companion*, by Thomas A. Lyle (Philadelphia), is an ingenious chart, by which the principles of posting and balancing are made clear to the eye and mind. — The *History of the Government Printing Office at Washington*, with a brief record of the public printing for a century, by R. W. Kerr (Inquirer Printing and Publishing Company, Lancaster, Pa.), is a useful and interesting book; it will have a use beyond its intent, if it sets people to thinking of the important questions involved in the establishment of the United States of America as a great publishing corporation. In the Civil Service Reform movement a place should be found for a few pertinent remarks on the Government Printing Office. Other government publications are the *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the year 1880*, and *Alphabet-*

*ical Lists of Patentees and Inventions for the half year, January to June, 1881, inclusive.* Here may one see the poets who have been switched off upon another track than poetry.

*Political Economy.* *Usury Laws, their Nature, Expediency, and Influence*, is Number IV. of *Economic Tracts*, published by the Society for Political Education (New York), and consists mainly of opinions passed by eminent writers, and a review of the existing condition of things in the United States. We do not see that the editor troubles himself much about the opinions of Mr. Ruskin and his obscure friends.

*Illustrated Books and Art.* Too late for record in the holidays comes Tennyson's *The Lady of Shalott*, decorated, as the word goes, by Howard Pyle. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) There is power in the treatment, and there is sometimes beauty, but the artistic masquerade is so elaborate and ingenious that one has a painful feeling that he must turn a back somersault before he can land in a mood suitable for a serious enjoyment of the book. The pictures would be better if they were in glass instead of on paper. — Yankee Doodle has given Mr. Pyle another opportunity, and he has shown his facility in adapting himself to a theme at the antipodes of *The Lady of Shalott*. It was a pity that the verses should have been made the text of old Yankee pictures, for we think they have pulled the artist down a little. The caricatures are harmless, out they have not wit enough to justify the draughtsman's skill. (Dodd & Mead.) — An *Edition de Luxe* of proofs from the illustrated subscription edition of Longfellow's *Poetical Works* has just been published (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and it merits especial mention as a representative collection of engravings and illustrations. When this edition of Longfellow's works was announced as about to be published, the statement was made that it would bring together the best artists and engravers in the country, and beyond question the result justified the high anticipations raised by this important venture. So much is necessary in just praise of the subscription edition that the value of the *Edition de Luxe* of proofs may be appreciated as an art production. The edition contains seventy-five illustrations, which were selected from the whole six hundred, and a limited number of proofs have been taken from the original blocks, on a hand press, in order that the best possible results might be obtained. We have before us, therefore, a portfolio of proofs, — to which the artists and engravers have set their signatures in approval, — representing the condition of the art of engraving in this country at the present time, and such a production has a high testamentary value. Among the artists whose illustrations are included are E. A. Abbey, G. H. Boughton, Mary Halleck Foote, Eastman Johnson, A. B. Frost, F. B. Schell, T. Moran, W. L. Sheppard, W. H. Gibson, J. F. Murphy, Alfred Fredericks, W. H. Low, F. Dielman, and L. S. Ipsen; and of the engravers the following, Cole, Closson, Kruell, Davis, Smithwick and French, Karst, Harley, Dana, Andrew and Son, Morse, Heineman, Russell and Richardson.





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*\*\* The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., 4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

**American Statesmen.**—In February will be issued a "Life of John Quincy Adams," by John T. Morse, Jr., as the initial volume in the series of "American Statesmen." The object of this series, which will include twelve or more volumes, is not to give merely a number of unrelated narratives of men in American political life, but to produce books which shall, when taken together, indicate the lines of political thought and development in American history, — books embodying in compact form the result of extensive study of the many and diverse influences which have combined to shape the political history of our country. The series will be edited by Mr. Morse, who, by his "Life of Alexander Hamilton," as by his other writings, has given ample evidence of his familiarity with American history, and who has secured in this enterprise the coöperation of persons who have made the study of American history a leading pursuit, who are familiar with all its facts, are able to detect the significance of events and influences, and have the literary skill to set these forth in attractive form. The book by Mr. Morse on John Quincy Adams will be found to be an exceedingly clear and impartial statement of the facts in the career of John Quincy Adams, of the political circumstances, influences, and events of his period, and of Mr. Adams's relation to the leading statesmen of his time, and to the many important political movements during the long term of his public service.

**American Men of Letters.**—The first volume of this series, Mr. Warner's "Washington Irving," has been received with marked favor, both as a book of peculiar charms in itself, and as indicating that the series under Mr. Warner's editorship will be one of remarkable interest and value. From the arrangements already made, and the plans which the editor and publishers have in view, it is quite safe to say that this series when completed will form an admirable survey of all that is important and of historical influence in American literature. The second volume in the series is Mr. Scudder's "Noah Webster," just ready, and this volume is an excellent illustration of the method adopted in the series; for although Noah Webster was not, strictly speaking, of great note as an author, aside from his monumental dictionary, yet his relations to American literature, and his influence upon it, have been so undeniable that

the story of his life is an important factor in the proper record of "American Men of Letters." Apart from this, the story as told by Mr. Scudder is so engaging that the book would receive, at least would deserve, a very hearty welcome for its own sake and independent of its interest as an integral part of the series.

**Life of Copley.**—The fame of Copley as an artist has given so much renown to American art that it is somewhat strange that no adequate account has yet appeared of his career. This deficiency will soon be supplied by a Life prepared by one of his descendants, Mrs. Charles Amory, who has availed herself of the ample resources of information in her possession to narrate the events of his life, and to furnish those facts in regard to his career as an artist which every lover of art wishes to know. It is comprised in a single volume, which will be issued in the best style of typography, and will be in all respects a suitable memorial of the distinguished artist.

**Bret Harte's Works.**—A new edition of "Bret Harte's Works," complete to date, will be issued, probably in February, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will comprise all that he has hitherto published in book form, either in America or England, and is brought out under the direct supervision of Mr. Harte himself, who has rearranged the contents, and who furnishes a special introduction. The volumes will be admirably suited for library use, and the edition can hardly fail to win an immediate and retain a permanent popularity.

**"Aspects of Poetry."**—Those who have read Principal Shairp's previous works on the "Poetry of Nature," "Culture and Religion," and "Studies in Poetry and Philosophy" will be pleased to learn that the lectures recently given by him at Oxford, in his capacity of Professor of Poetry, have just been published in a volume entitled "Aspects of Poetry." His treatment of the subject is so fresh and so scholarly that the book is one of remarkable interest to all lovers of poetry and of literature. The illustrations and comparisons, and the various views he takes of his subject, render the book peculiarly engaging, and we congratulate American readers on a volume at once so instructive and so delightful.

**Mr. James's "Portrait of a Lady"** has at-



tracted much attention, and excited no little discussion. The *New York Tribune* says:—

No work printed in recent years on either side of the Atlantic, or on either side of the English Channel, surpasses this in seriousness of intention, in easy scope and mastery of material, in sustained and spontaneous dignity and grace of style, in wit and epigram, and, on the whole, in clear conception and accurate delineation of character. . . . The book is full of living and breathing characters. In every detail of execution it shows a greater facility, a richer command of resources, than any of its predecessors. . . . Of the importance of this volume there can be no question. It will certainly remain one of the notable books of the time. It is properly to be compared not with the light and ephemeral literature of amusement, but with the gravest and most serious works of imagination which have been devoted to the study of the social conditions of the age, and the moral aspects of our civilization.

The *St. James's Gazette* remarks:—

It is in detail the highest expression Mr. James has yet given us of the best qualities of his writing. The style is throughout charming. It is too simple and manly, too free from personal peculiarities, to be altogether justly described in the happy phrase Leigh Hunt applied to Lamb's: "A story pickled and preserved out of the delicatest varieties of the brain." Yet with due allowances these words might be used of Mr. James's writings. The most vivid impression they leave is of the writer's distinctness of vision and mastery over his matter.

Warner's "Washington Irving."—This book, without creating any discussion, or making any special stir in the columns of the newspapers, has been quickly and generally accepted as not only a delightful book on a delightful theme, but as introducing in the best and most agreeable manner the series of "American Men of Letters." Forthcoming volumes will be accepted with all the greater confidence because Mr. Warner in this book has shown that he understands so exactly what this series ought to be, and because he is to have the special supervision of it. In regard to this book the *New York Observer* says:—

The new series, "American Men of Letters," could not begin with a more acceptable subject by a more acceptable author; those who have enjoyed the one being the most likely to appreciate the other. It is with grateful pleasure that we read a thoughtful, sensible book like this, utterly free from obscurities and absurdities common to the pretentious critical literature of the day.

The *New Hampshire Journal* remarks:—

Mr. Warner writes of Irving with admiration, and yet with due discrimination. His biographical sketch is life-like. The man so genial, so loving, so poetic in temperament, seems to be with us. And the account which Mr. Warner gives of Irving's writings, and the judgment which he pronounces upon them, are of fascinating interest. The neat form, the beautiful clear type, the solid paper, the generous margins, above all the exquisitely executed likeness of Irving, make up a book of uncommon worth and attractiveness.

Mr. James T. Fields, says the *New York Christian Intelligence*, was one of those useful and favored men, so rare,—especially in our American life,—who combine the characters of publisher and author.

His personal acquaintance with the literary people of England, as well as of this country, was, probably, more extensive than any of our countrymen, unless it might be George Ticknor. He knew just whom to honor, how to see the things most worth seeing, and how to tell about them in the most charming and vivid way; his conversation, his letters, and his note-books were a treasury of *ana* which will grow more valuable as time goes on. The very cream of it all is given in the "Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches." As we read it, we get a view of the literary men and life of the last forty years, as vivid in its personality as it is delightful reading for its freshness and vivacity of style.

"Recollections of Auton House."—This book has had the rare good fortune to attract the notice of critics who understand its real significance. The *New York Evening Post* says:—

It would be an injustice to this little book to pass it by among the ephemeral juvenile productions of the year. It is more than an irresistibly droll family history: it is a true picture of the domestic life of a period dating two generations back; and the "Recollections," if one could help laughing over them, might be pronounced a serious contribution to American history. It is, however, the peculiar (*abôv*) constitution and activity of the Auton household that flavor this restoration of a bygone time: the "ark" and trundle-bed sleeping arrangements; the eleventh-hour and the early-morning johnny-cake repast; the pranks of the nursery; the putting out of Christmas shoes instead of stockings; the boy who, for the sake of a croupy cough and all the coddling which that implied, got a window opened on a cold winter's day, "in order that he might hang his head out and 'hoarsen up,' as we called it;" his brother, who sat in his night-drawers on the top stair while his sister went below with the message, "T. Auton wants to know if he will live till morning;" the girl who "chewed out" her weekly doll-wash by way of respecting the prohibition against playing with water in the nursery; the pet lamb; the spaniel who used to sit; the nurses "Aunt Moody" and "Dob'rah;" the woodsawyer. These are a faint hint of the entertainment which every page of the "Recollections" affords.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's Poems, recently published, are heartily welcomed. The *Boston Transcript* says:—

Mrs. Spofford has written comparatively little verse,—this single work including all the poetical fruits of her twenty-five years of authorship,—but what she has written is of the choicest quality. Her poems are of the kind that are read over and over, that are folded and carried in the pocket, or cut out and pasted into scrap-books. They are not great or sublime, but they are sweet, sympathetic, exquisite in construction and expression, and full of music.

The *Hartford Courant* remarks:—

They are on all sorts of subjects, but all breathe the true poetic spirit. Some of them—we might mention as illustrations those called *Inside Plum Island* and *Agatha's Song*—have an exquisite charm to them, and are full of grace both of thought and expression. The volume is no mere collection of verses; it is an addition to our American poetry.



**Mr. Trowbridge's New Book.** "A Home Idyl and other Poems" calls forth pleasant comments from the press. *Harper's Monthly* says:—

There are few among our living American poets (none, perhaps, save Longfellow and Whittier) who are more perfect masters than he of the simple cadences and musical harmonies of our English verse, or who unfold a story with more persuasive art.

The *Washington Evening Star* remarks:—

No one but a genuine poet could have written the title-piece of this volume. It is a sweetly and touchingly told family history, abounding in appreciative sketches from nature, and fine poetical passages.

The *Boston Sunday Budget*, regards many of the other poems even more pleasing than the "Home Idyl," and says, very justly:—

If any example were necessary to convince an unbeliever that uncouth phraseology and carefully spelled dialect were unnecessary to the poet who has it in his mind to set a quaint character before his readers, one could not do better than to look for it in the poetry of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge.

"Seven Voices of Sympathy" is very well described in the following paragraph from the *Boston Transcript*:—

Some time since the idea that a collection should be made from Mr. Longfellow's works which should be a solace for those in bereavement was suggested to the author by the late James T. Fields. The plan was subsequently adopted, with an enlargement of the original idea; the selections being made not only for the comfort of those bereaved by death, but for the depressed, the neglected, the toiling, the erring, the struggling, and the aged. The various divisions of the book are thus classified: Part I. Bereavement and Suffering; Part II. Weakness, Struggle and Aspiration; Part III. Labor and Endurance; Part IV. Restlessness, Doubt and Darkness; Part V. Self-Denial and Philanthropy; Part VI. Neglect, Disappointment and Injustice; Part VII. Retrospection and Old Age. The poems of each division are prefaced by selections from "Kavanagh," "Hyperion," and "Outre Mer." We doubt whether there is another American writer whose works are so rich in expressions of sympathy as those of Longfellow, and in bringing them together Miss Bates has not only performed her work with good judgment, but has rendered a public service.

The Portrait of Mr. Emerson, just added to the Atlantic Gallery, is heartily welcomed. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge says:—

Every possessor of the Atlantic portraits will welcome the fine likeness of Mr. Emerson in his prime. This remarkable gallery now comprises the six foremost poets and men of thought America has yet produced.

Mr. George William Curtis says:—

I am sincerely obliged to you for the portrait of Mr. Emerson, who to so many men of my generation has been so great a master that we look upon his portrait with the love and reverence that we feel for the man. It is hard to convey the subtle charm of his expression, but whoever shall see this picture will see the fine, lofty, clear-cut, intellectual purity of aspect and bearing which is most characteristic. The Atlantic Gallery is already a valuable historical collection of portraits in their prime,

of the remarkable group of Americans who will be always associated with the Magazine.

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps remarks of it:—

It is a beautiful thing. The head is that of the man who could have said,

" 'T is man's perdition to be safe

When for the Truth he ought to die."

The *New York Times* pronounces it "an excellent likeness and a good piece of art."

The *Springfield Republican* says "it is a fine portrait, almost the finest of the whole series, and to many quite so."

The other portraits in this series are of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes.

**Diman's Orations and Essays** attract some degree of the attention to which their admirable scholarship, fine historic grasp, and excellent literary qualities entitle them. Professor George P. Fisher writes of it:—

I think it is not the partiality of personal friendship which leads me to regard these productions of Professor Diman as not surpassed by any other writings of the same class in our literature.

The *Providence Journal* says:—

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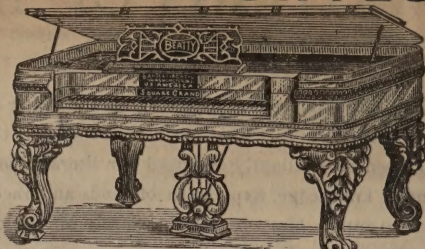
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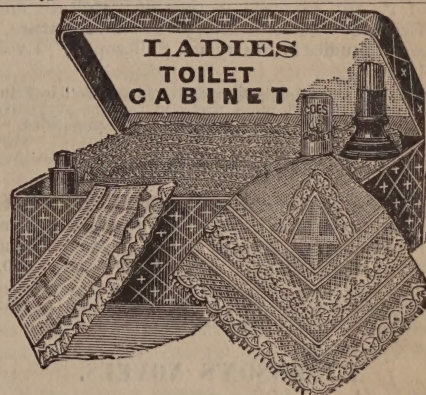
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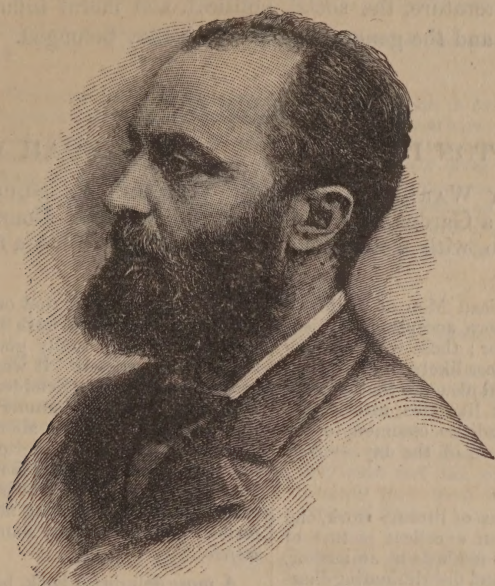
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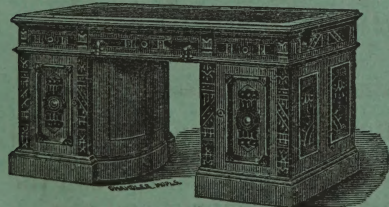
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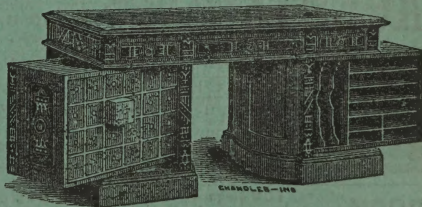
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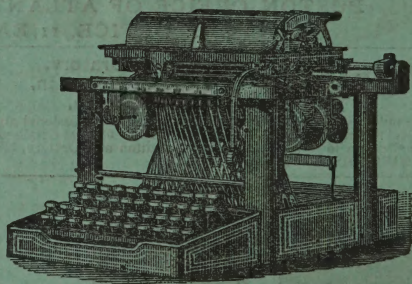
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THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

*VOL. XLIX. — MARCH, 1882. — No. CCXCIII.*

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## THE STORY OF THE HOOSAC TUNNEL.

THE observant traveler in our Northern States cannot have failed to notice, within the last few years, as the long trains of freight-cars sweep by him, how frequently appears, lettered distinctly on their sides, the sign "Hoosac Tunnel Line." It greets his eye all the way from Massachusetts Bay to the Bay of San Francisco, and from the Ohio to the Red River of the North. Wherever corn and wheat grow or swine and cattle feed on the Western prairies, there will be found the cars, bearing that conspicuous sign, waiting to bring their portion of these products to the distant East, and carry back in return the various fruits of its industry. Perhaps beneath that general sign he may notice the words "Foreign Freight," which indicate that the cars so marked are destined to discharge their contents, whether of grain or live stock, into vessels which throng the wharves of Boston, ready to bear their burden to the shores of Europe. But, wherever these cars are met, they tell of a feat of engineering which stands among the most noteworthy mechanical and scientific achievements of our time.

It will surprise some, probably, to learn that the project of a tunnel through the Hoosac Mountain dates so far back as it does, and what was the purpose for which the tunnel was originally designed.

The enterprise of uniting the Western lakes with the Hudson River by means of the Erie Canal, which has given lasting fame to De Witt Clinton, aroused in the merchants and manufacturers of Boston and its vicinity a desire to share in the advantages of traffic with the growing West, thus to be opened. Accordingly, they conceived the plan of a canal which should extend from Boston and meet the Erie Canal at Albany, thus putting Boston in as favorable a position for the trade of the West as New York; while they hoped also to retain the trade of the central and more distant portions of Massachusetts, which the facilities of transit by the Connecticut River were threatening to take away. Railroads had not then come into being, for this was as far back as 1820, and the first road, the Stockton and Darlington, in England, was opened in 1825. It was a canal which the enterprising people of Boston planned, and a tunnel through the Hoosac Mountain was a part of their canal scheme. And so favorably was their project regarded that early in 1825 the legislature of Massachusetts appointed commissioners "to ascertain the practicability of making a canal from Boston Harbor to Connecticut River, and of extending the same to some point on the Hudson River, in the State of New York, in the vicinity of



the junction of the Erie Canal with that river." The commissioners accordingly surveyed two routes, a northern and a southern. The northern was reported to be the more feasible. West of the Connecticut it was manifestly so, as it had the natural valleys of the Deerfield and Hoosac rivers, forming a continuous and very direct course from the Connecticut to the Hudson, separated only by the intervening Hoosac Mountain. But that was a formidable intervention. It was true, indeed, that the northern branch of the Hoosac and the western of the Deerfield originated near each other, in a depression on the crest of the mountain. But this point of common origin was considerably northward of the general east and west course of the contemplated canal, and at an elevation of two thousand feet above tide-water. To carry the canal up the bed of these streams would be attended with much difficulty, while the increased distance of eighteen miles and the numerous locks required would not only render the canal expensive in construction, but make its navigation tediously slow. Accordingly, it was proposed to go through the mountain instead of over it, and the engineers gave a very encouraging report, on the score of expense, in favor of the tunnel. It was estimated by them that a tunnel four miles in length could be constructed for less than a million of dollars, while to go over the mountain would cost more than two millions, and the necessarily slow progress through the numerous locks would consume at least eighteen hours, or nearly two days of traveling time, whereas the tunnel could be traversed in an hour and a quarter. The balance was clearly in favor of the tunnel, and as there was at that time a widespread feeling in the old States in behalf of internal improvements, as they were called, and a strong desire to connect New England with New Orleans and the Southwest by a continuous interior water communication, the success of the

enterprise seemed assured. The entire cost of the proposed canal from Boston to the Hudson was estimated at \$6,000,000. It was presumed that the State of Massachusetts would grant a loan to further the work. It was expected also that the tax upon sales at auction and some other sources of income would be appropriated for the construction of the canal; and in accordance with the sentiment and practice of that time, strange as it may now appear to us, it was also hoped that the aid of a lottery would be authorized. The commissioners, however, felt constrained even then to offer some argument in favor of such a license. And this was their course of reasoning. Having ascertained that \$250,000, probably, were annually expended in Massachusetts in the purchase of lottery tickets, notwithstanding the absolute prohibition of the traffic, and advertent to the fact that lotteries have been used for various excellent purposes, they urge that "if an unabatable evil does exist, let it be converted to the best possible purposes," — which in this case, of course, would be the building of the desired canal. The commissioners also say, "they would be the last among their fellow-citizens to sanction immorality, or impair the omnipotence of justice, but with deference offer such remarks as may tend to the development of truth, the confirmation of what shall be found salutary, and the rejection of that which is supererogatory in our generally most excellent code of laws." The argument of the commissioners then closes with the very pertinent and practical announcement that, "should a lottery be resorted to as one of the means of raising funds, it can be affirmed with confidence that \$20,000 may be thus annually obtained, and probably a much greater sum."

At this remove of time, one can hardly read without a smile the fervid rhetoric with which the commissioners clothe their report. The construction of this



canal would appear to be the great work of that age, something upon which the future of the old commonwealth is well-nigh staked, and in which the whole country is greatly concerned. Patriotism is appealed to, and the traditionary enterprise of Massachusetts is invoked in behalf of the project. The hardihood and perseverance of her sons are adverted to in connection with the settlement of the new States of the West. And this leads the commissioners to indulge in the following lofty strain: "Shall it then be said that their sires, and those who have been reared and dwell in the land of their nativity, have degenerated; that Massachusetts has lost her pristine energy, and is doomed to witness the grand progress of internal improvement in more youthful States, and linger in the rear of this eventful age, when the march of the human race, to its most exalted destinies, has acquired an impetus unprecedented in the annals of the world? The whole people will indignantly answer, No. They will merit and maintain the reputation which their ancestors acquired, firmly meet the moral and physical demands of the times, and urge forward those public works which are required to extend and increase the facilities of intercourse with every section of the Union. They will neither be appalled by the difficulties which must be encountered, nor by the expense which will necessarily be incurred. What their wants demand they have the spirit and ability to achieve; for to free and enlightened citizens nothing is impossible which the public good requires should be accomplished."

But the rhetoric and the appeal to Massachusetts spirit were wasted on the air. The day of canals was passing away, except in Holland. The day of railroads was at hand. The English miners had for some time been using tramways for the conveyance of their coal, and the Stockton and Darlington road, for passenger transportation, had

been opened in the same year in which the canal commissioners were appointed, and was already proving a success. The Liverpool and Manchester was in process of construction. Two years later a short road was built for freight purposes, — the first road in this country, — from the Quincy granite quarries to tide-water. The breath was taken out of the canal project. A survey was undertaken, by direction of the Board of Internal Improvement, in the years 1827, 1828, for a railroad for both freight and passenger service from Boston to Albany. Three routes were surveyed, a northern, a middle, and a southern; the first corresponding very nearly to the northern one which had been explored for a canal, and embracing the Hoosac Tunnel as one of its features. The route adopted was essentially that of the present Boston and Albany Railroad. This line was chosen for the two reasons that it offered the most feasible point for crossing the Berkshire range of mountains, and because it passed through a more populous portion of the State than the northern route; the population of the towns through which the Boston and Albany road passes, and the towns west of Middlesex within ten miles of the line, being set down then as 137,175, while the population of the northern line was 115,892.

But as there were reformers before the Reformation, so, it would seem, there were railroad men before railroads. It has been claimed for the late Dr. Abner Phelps, of Boston, that he advocated the project of a railroad across the State of Massachusetts twenty years at least before the survey for a canal, and more than thirty years before the Boston and Albany road was built. In the year 1806, Mr. Phelps, then a senior in Williams College, read an account of some of the tramways which were at that time in use in the English coal regions. The account started in his mind the idea of a railroad to be used



for the general purposes of public transportation. So firm a hold of his mind did the conception take that two years later, in 1808, he wrote as follows to his brother, who was then a member of the legislature of Massachusetts: "I see by the papers the legislature of New York has before it a proposition for a canal from the Hudson River to the Great Lakes. If they succeed, perhaps we may extend it through to Boston. But I believe it will be found that railways are better fitted to the climate and business of this country than canals. I wish you would propose a railway from Boston to Albany. Make it a great state road. The counties make roads; why not let the State make one? This will bring up a subject which ought to be investigated, and people had better talk on such a subject than to be always discussing politics to no profit. Please, sir, to think of it; and if you see it in the same light that I do you will propose it. Were I in the legislature, I should not hesitate, but would move it as the first subject of attention." But his suggestion was not acted upon. The time for railroads had not yet come in this country. The project of Mr. Phelps slumbered in his own bosom until the year 1826, when, being himself a member of the legislature, he presented, on the second day of the session, the first proposition for a railway ever laid before any American legislature. It led to the appointment of a committee, in which he was associated with such men as George W. Adams and Emory Washburn, afterwards governor of the State, who were directed to inquire into the "practicability and expediency of a railway from Boston to the Hudson River at or near Albany." Their report led to the appointment of the commission for a survey of a route for a railway, which resulted, as we have seen, in the construction of the present Boston and Albany Railroad.

Of course, after the building of the

railroad was begun, nothing more was said of the canal, or, for a time, of a tunnel through the Hoosac. The people of Massachusetts counted it a great acquisition to get any direct channel of communication with the fertile and growing West. It is interesting also to notice just what expectations were entertained at that day in regard to railroads. Their chief value was supposed to be for freight purposes, the diminished friction of wheels running upon smooth rails enabling a greater weight to be drawn with the same power than upon ordinary roads, in consequence of which the cost of transportation would be lessened. The acceleration of speed and the saving of time were not much thought of. There was no intention, either, at first, to use steam-power in drawing the cars. Although the English had successfully introduced the locomotive on the few roads they had built, coal was then so much dearer and the cost of horse-power so much cheaper with us than in England, that it was deemed a matter of necessary economy to employ horse-power, as on our street cars now. The economy of power went so far, even, that it was proposed to let the horses themselves ride, in going down the grades. In a note to their report the Board of Directors of Internal Improvements say, "The labor of the horse may be still further relieved by providing a platform, placed on small wheels, on the long descents, on which the horse himself may ride. This expedient, singular as it may seem to persons unaccustomed to observe the ease of locomotion on a railroad, is adopted with success on the Darlington and Mauch Chunk railroads, and the horses eat their provender while they are returning to a point where their labor is to be resumed."

The commissioners estimated that the freight cars could be drawn at the rate of three miles an hour, by which means goods could be transported from Boston



to Albany in four days. They expected, by having relays of horses once in twelve miles, to attain for the passenger cars a speed of nine miles an hour. The track was to be double, with a flat rail, two inches wide and three eighths of an inch thick, fastened by iron pins into stone sleepers or blocks, about six feet in length and a foot square, resting upon a foundation wall two feet and a half in depth. In the actual building of the road the mode of construction was somewhat changed. Experience had shown that when the rails were fastened to stone sleepers the road was too rigid, and it was better to lay them upon a somewhat yielding wooden foundation.

The road was at first constructed only as far as Worcester. Subsequently another corporation was formed, known as the Western Railroad Company, who built a road from Worcester to Springfield, and finally to Albany, though it did not reach the latter city until 1842.

In the fifteen years which had intervened between the survey and the opening of the road, the population of the State had largely increased. The northern portion, disappointed by the failure of the canal project, which was to have opened to it communication with Boston and the West, had not forgotten the promised tunnel, and was feeling the need of it more than ever. The railroad through Springfield and Pittsfield was built with steep grades, which rendered it a costly route for the transportation of freight. Accordingly, there arose a call for a road along the central or northern portion of the State, and with more feasible grades, which were to be secured by going through the mountain on the west, instead of over it. It is said that when Loammi Baldwin, the distinguished engineer who completed the first surveys for the projected canal, was carrying on his exploration of the valley of the Deerfield, he exclaimed with fervid enthusiasm, "It seems as if the finger of Providence

had pointed out this route from the East to the West!" A somewhat less enthusiastic by-stander replied, "It's a great pity the same finger was n't thrust through the mountain."

The attempt was now to be made to open a passage through this opposing barrier. It was a formidable undertaking. The distance from one side of the mountain to the other, where the Deerfield River strikes against it and is sharply deflected by it, is nearly five miles, and the rock of which the mountain is composed is a tough mica-slate. In 1845, three years after the completion of the Boston and Albany railway, a road had been opened from Boston to Fitchburg; and soon afterwards another was begun, extending from the latter place to the Connecticut River at Greenfield. Finally, in 1848, the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company, with a capital of \$3,500,000, was incorporated, and authorized to build a road from Greenfield through the Deerfield and Hoosac valleys, to connect with a road from the boundary of Vermont to the city of Troy. The length of the road, including the tunnel, was forty miles.

But although the road was desirable, capitalists were slow to engage in its construction. The mountain was a formidable object to attack. Six years passed by, and little money had come into the treasury of the company, and there had been little progress with the road. Surveys for the tunnel were undertaken in 1850, and on the first of January of the following year the directors voted to break ground at once. A few months later they decided to expend a sum not to exceed \$25,000 in experiments upon the east side of the mountain, at or near the mouth of the proposed tunnel. The estimated cost of the work was now a little less than \$2,000,000, or about double what it was twenty years before, when the canal project was under consideration.

It was felt from the beginning that



a work of such magnitude must have the aid of machinery for its execution. Accordingly, a huge machine was built, weighing seventy-five tons, and in the year 1852 was brought face to face with the mountain which it was expected to subdue. It was designed to cut a groove about a foot in width, and corresponding with the circumference of the proposed tunnel. When this groove had been cut to a sufficient depth, the machine was to be drawn back, and the great core of rock left in the centre was to be blasted out with powder, or broken off with wedges. When the broken rock had been removed, the operation was to be repeated. The machine promised well. It actually penetrated the mountain to a depth of ten feet, but then it became hopelessly disabled, and gave evidence that it was not adequate for the work to be done. It was sold subsequently for old iron. Two years now passed without any progress in the work. Meantime the aid of the State had been earnestly sought. The legislature had been applied to, in 1851, for a loan of \$2,000,000. The application was unsuccessful. Another, two years afterwards, was also denied, though in both cases committees had reported favorably. Finally, in 1854, the State having consented to give the desired aid, a contract was entered into with E. W. Serrell & Co., under which some work was done. The conditions of the loan were that \$600,000 should be subscribed to the stock of the company, and twenty per cent. of it paid in. Then for every seven miles of road and one thousand linear feet of tunnel completed the company were to receive \$100,000 of state scrip. These conditions were found to be difficult of fulfillment, and the work advanced slowly. In the same year that the loan was obtained, the legislature authorized the towns adjacent to the road to aid it to the extent of three per cent. of their valuation. But in two years only five hundred and twenty shares were tak-

en, and all the money received on them was \$1400 from the town of Adams. The contract with Serrell & Co. having thus practically failed, a new contract was entered into with H. Haupt & Co., the next year, to complete the road, with the tunnel, for the sum of \$3,880,000, which soon after, by another contract, was increased to \$4,000,000. The work now went on without serious interruption. The contractors were energetic and sanguine. Mr. Haupt revived the project of using machinery, and at an expense of \$25,000 had another boring engine constructed, which he was very confident would prove successful. He wrote to General Wool concerning it in 1858: "The slowest progress of the machine when working will be fifteen inches per hour; the fastest, twenty-four inches. A machine at each end, working but half the time with the slowest speed, should go through the mountain in twenty-six months." This machine never penetrated the mountain an inch, and the work was continued by manual labor, as before. In the latter part of the year 1858 the work had progressed so far that the contractors were able to draw the first installment, \$100,000, of the state loan. In 1860, subscriptions to the road still failing, on account of the unwillingness of capitalists to engage in a work attended with so many difficulties and uncertainties, the legislature authorized the application of \$650,000 of the state loan to the building of that part of the road situated east of the tunnel, the payments to be in monthly installments.

The progress of the work now seemed assured. But in 1861, owing to a misunderstanding between the contractors and the state engineer in regard to the payment of the installments of the loan, Haupt & Co. gave up their contract, and the work was again stopped.

The undertaking now came into the hands of the State, by a foreclosure of the mortgage which it held as security



for repayment of the loan to the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company. The next year, 1862, a board of commissioners was appointed to investigate the condition of the enterprise, and report what action in the case was most expedient. The commissioners recommended that the State should undertake the completion of the work. Their recommendation was adopted. At this time the tunnel had been excavated for a distance of 4250 feet, or about one fifth of its proposed length. In carrying it so far the State had advanced, in addition to what had been expended of the funds belonging to the company, \$1,431,447. It was estimated by the commissioners that it would now require \$3,218,323 to finish the tunnel. It will be noticed how, as its construction went on, its cost was constantly increasing. The estimate had advanced from the original mark of less than a million dollars to two millions; and now to complete it, after so much had been done, it was admitted, would require more than three times the expected cost of the whole undertaking. The engineer who now reported to the commissioners the condition of the road and tunnel, Mr. Laurie, estimated that by sinking a central shaft, and working each way from that as well as from the two ends, the tunnel could be completed in eleven years, or in 1874, which corresponded very nearly with the final result.

Work on the tunnel was resumed, under the direction of the commissioners. They undertook the sinking of the central shaft. The requisite depth of this was 1028 feet. The magnitude of the tunnel undertaking is seen when we consider that only to sink this shaft would require four years of continuous labor and the expenditure of not less than half a million of dollars.

Meantime the work went on, with various obstacles and difficulties. As the miners penetrated farther and farther into the mountain, the labor became

more and more troublesome and oppressive from the foulness of the atmosphere, resulting from lack of ventilation and the elimination of noxious gases in the process of blasting. This has always been one of the chief difficulties in tunnel construction. Hitherto, also, the work of drilling had been done by hand labor alone. We have mentioned the employment at the outset of a boring machine and its failure. Other machines were from time to time constructed, but none of them proved practically efficient. About this time, however, there had come into use in Europe various percussion drills. One, used in the construction of the Mont Cenis Tunnel under the Alps, had been introduced here, but was unsatisfactory in its working. Mr. Haupt, one of the former contractors of the tunnel, had given much thought to the matter, and had nearly completed a machine of this class, when his connection with the tunnel was brought to a close. But a percussion drill, known as the Burleigh drill, from its inventor, Mr. Charles Burleigh, of Fitchburg, was tried, and was so effective that it continued to be used until the tunnel was finished, and is now in very general employment for drilling purposes, both in this country and abroad. It is a small and quite simple machine, and contrasts strongly with the great engines which were at first constructed for use on the tunnel. It can be handled easily by one man. It consists of a cylinder with a piston to which a drill is attached. Steam or compressed air is admitted into the cylinder on the two sides of the piston alternately, as in the case of the ordinary cylinder of the locomotive, and the drill is thus driven back and forth with great rapidity. Instead of the sixty strokes a minute made by the hand drill, and then only with frequent intermissions for rest, the percussion drill makes three hundred, and without cessation until the drill is so dulled that it must be replaced by another. To work these drills, sev-



eral of which were mounted upon a light, movable frame and operated at the same time, the power of the Deerfield River was brought into requisition by means of a dam built nearly a mile above the eastern mouth of the tunnel. The force thus obtained was used to compress the atmosphere to one sixth of its ordinary volume, giving it a pressure of ninety pounds to the square inch. In this condition of tension it was conducted by means of iron pipes to the drilling machines. The compressed air answered a double purpose: by its expansive force it worked the drills most efficiently, and, as it escaped from them after doing its work, served at the same time to supply the miners with pure air from the outer world, and to expel from the tunnel the noxious gases generated by the explosions. The use of compressed air, adopted here for the first time in this country, was a most important aid to the work of constructing the tunnel, and is now regarded as an indispensable adjunct of tunneling operations upon any considerable scale. It was supposed, when the dam was built across the Deerfield River, that it would secure power enough to ply the drills in all the headings of the tunnel, but it was found to be sufficient only for the eastern opening, and steam-engines were established at the western drift and at the central shaft for the purpose of compressing the air for those portions.

The construction of the tunnel, under the supervision and management of the commissioners, went on until 1868, at the close of which year they contracted, on behalf of the State, with Messrs. Shanley, of Montreal, to take the work and complete it. The tunnel was to be twenty-four feet wide and twenty feet high in the clear, and to be finished by the 1st of March, 1874. The price to be paid the contractors was \$4,594,268; the amount, it will be observed, still increasing as the work went on and less remained to be done.

The Messrs. Shanley prosecuted the undertaking with great energy and skill, carrying it on night and day by relays of men working eight hours at a time, and the final blast which threw down the barrier separating the workmen, and established communication through the mountain from the valley of the Deerfield to the valley of the Hoosac, took place November 27, 1873. It was not, however, until February 9, 1875, that the tunnel was so far completed as to allow the passage of cars. The first freight train from the West, consisting of twenty-two cars loaded with grain, passed through the tunnel April 5, 1875. Passenger trains began to run from Boston to Troy in October of the same year. But it was not until July 1, 1876, that the tunnel was officially declared to be fully open and ready for business.

Thus was accomplished a work which had been prosecuted so long and attended with so many delays, and which had been absorbing such vast sums of money, that it had wearied the patience of the public, and become, in the estimation of many, a gigantic folly. At times the State and all parties, probably, would have abandoned the undertaking, so endless did it seem, and so endless was the expense necessary for carrying it on. Nothing, apparently, but the fact that the State had already sunk so much money in the enterprise induced her representatives to vote further sums, in the hope of making what had been spent of some final benefit to the public.

But the work was great and difficult beyond the expectation of any. When it was begun, none such for magnitude had been undertaken here or in Europe. Experience was wanting, and experience only could make known the difficulties to be encountered. Availing themselves of what has been learned in the prosecution of this work, as well as that of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, carried on in part at the same time, and of our experience in mining during the last twenty



years, many would now be ready to engage to make another tunnel through the Hoosac in six years instead of twenty-four, and to do it at a cost, very likely, of \$4,000,000 instead of the \$14,000,000 expended for the present one.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel is the only one the construction of which can properly be compared with that of the Hoosac, and a comparison of the two will show that the work upon both has been attended with singularly like difficulties and delays; although in the case of the European tunnel two great nations, France and Italy, undertook the project from the beginning, and prosecuted it with their combined skill and wealth, while the Hoosac was begun as a private enterprise, and at best had the aid of only one of our States.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel was proposed as long ago as 1832, but twenty-five years were spent in talk and experiment before the work of construction was seriously and efficiently begun. The aid of machinery was early sought for that as it was for our tunnel, and great expectations from this source were aroused only to be disappointed. Ten years before the process of excavation had taken a practically successful form, the Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal for 1847 contained the following statement, under the title, Tunneling the Alps: "The Moniteur Belge announces that experiments have been made in order to test the efficiency of a machine, just invented, for the purpose of effecting a new and speedy method of boring tunnels. It is proposed to apply this machine to the construction of the great tunnel about to be commenced in connection with one of the Italian lines. It was placed in front of the web, and effected a bore to the depth of seven inches in thirty-five minutes. At this rate, the new invention will complete upwards of sixteen and a half feet of bore per day, and the proposed tunnel through Mont Cenis will be finished in

the space of three years. The experiments have been repeated twice before the first engineers of France, and with the *most complete success.*"

Nothing more was heard of this so promising machine. It was ten years later, 1857, that the mountain began to be pierced, and the tunnel was not completed until 1871, or twenty years after this boasted machine was to have done it, and only two years before the Hoosac Mountain was pierced. The undertaking was begun by hand labor, but after a time, as in the case of the Hoosac, machine drills were introduced, which, though they did not cheapen the work to any great extent, hastened considerably the rate of progress.

The cost of the two tunnels was nearly the same, that of the Hoosac being, in round numbers, \$14,000,000, and that of Mont Cenis \$15,000,000. The latter was the longer of the two, being nearly eight miles in extent, but its increased length was offset in cost of construction by the much higher price of labor and materials in this country.

The greatest difficulty in constructing the Hoosac Tunnel was found at the western extremity, for a distance of about half a mile. The mountain as a whole is not unfavorable for tunneling. The rock of which it is composed is not specially difficult to drill, though it is of a tough character, and is not thrown out in as large masses by the explosive charges as some kinds of rock. But it is fairly homogeneous; the dip of the strata is favorable; and the arch of the tunnel is, in the main, self-sustaining. At the western end of the tunnel, however, a secondary formation overlaps the primary. This is composed of a silicious rock, quartzose sandstone, and some limestone, much displaced and broken up, the whole overlaid with gravel, clay, and sand, and full of water accumulated from the slope of the mountain, while a brook actually crosses the line of the tunnel. The loose texture of the mount-



ain at this part and the abundance of water seriously impeded the construction of the tunnel, rendering the work both difficult and dangerous, and making it necessary to uphold the roof with an arch of substantial masonry. Not fewer than twenty million bricks were used in this arching, and occasional archings, for short distances, have also been found necessary in other portions of the work, making the entire length of brick arching 7553 feet.

The other principal difficulties were in connection with the shafts which were sunk near the centre and the west end of the tunnel, for the purpose of ventilation and to hasten the work by securing additional faces of rock to which the drills could be applied. The western shaft was 318 feet in depth. The central went down 1028 feet. This was elliptical in form, and fifteen by twenty-seven feet in sectional area. Its construction was a difficult and perilous undertaking. The process of blasting was necessarily slower than in the tunnel itself. The stone as it was quarried had to be lifted perpendicularly to the surface in buckets, instead of being put upon cars and rolled to the mouth of the tunnel. Then there was the trouble from water constantly pouring into the shaft. At times fifteen thousand gallons, or five hundred barrels, flowed into it every hour, and had to be removed by powerful pumps, in order that the work of blasting could go on. It was estimated that in one year 13,792 tons of rock and 315,095 tons of water were raised from the shaft. It required, as we have said, more than four years of labor and more than half a million of dollars to carry it down to grade. But it so hastened the completion of the tunnel that the saving of interest on the money invested more than paid its cost.

A sad disaster occurred at this shaft. In the earlier stages of the work it had been attempted to light the shaft by means of gasoline; but on account of

the inflammable character of this substance the plan was abandoned. When the excavation had reached a depth of more than six hundred feet, the endeavor to use gasoline was renewed. But on the very first day of trial, the fluid, contained in a tank near the hoisting machinery, took fire. Almost instantly the flames filled the building, drove the engineer from his post, and cut off all use of the lifting apparatus. Thirteen men had gone down to their work only a few minutes before. Now all communication with them was destroyed, while speedily the burning timbers and a mass of steel drills and other tools were precipitated upon them. How soon they discovered their danger from the fiery shower above or the rising water below no one knows. There was no ladder by which they could come to the surface, even if their way had not been intercepted by the flames. How long the agony and torture of their condition may have continued it is impossible to conjecture. The next morning, as soon as the yet burning ruins could be sufficiently cleared away, a brave miner by the name of Mallory ventured down the shaft, being lowered by a rope fastened around his body. When he came near the bottom, he found no sign of any of his fellow workmen. The shaft had filled with water to the depth of fifteen feet, which, with the fallen timbers, made it impossible to rescue the bodies of the dead. Mallory was drawn to the surface in an almost insensible condition. It was not until the expiration of a year that the machinery destroyed by the fire was replaced, and the water which had filled the shaft was pumped out. Then, after so long a burial, the bodies were recovered and identified.

The further prosecution of the work was accompanied by other serious accidents and many marvelous escapes from injury. When it was nearly completed one poor fellow fell from top to bottom and in an instant was a shapeless mass.



The engineers as well as workmen were exposed to almost constant danger from explosions, the falling of loose stones displaced by the inflowing water, and other sources of harm. As Mr. Wederkinch, the engineer in charge of the shaft, was going down, one day, and was nearly at the bottom, a piece of the machinery above broke into fragments, which came rattling around him. Several pieces of iron struck the cage or bucket in which he stood; one pierced quite through the bottom, which was composed of plank two inches in thickness, but the engineer was unharmed. At every descent of the bucket, it seemed as though those in it were being dashed down the dark pit to almost certain destruction. Speed was necessary, and the machinery was so arranged that the descent of over a thousand feet was made in a little more than a minute. The sensations experienced by those who descended the shaft were peculiar: first there was the sense of rapid, helpless falling through space in the darkness; then, as the speed was at last almost abruptly arrested, it seemed for a moment as though the motion had been reversed, and one were being as rapidly elevated to the surface again. In all, nearly two hundred lives were lost in the process of constructing the tunnel; and yet, considering the magnitude of the work, the long continuance of labor expended upon it, and the hazardous nature of the explosives used, this was a small sacrifice of life.

For almost twenty years the operatives, sometimes more than a thousand in number, lived, it may be said, in the midst of burning powder or other more violent explosives. It was about the time the tunnel was begun that Sombre-ro, in Paris, discovered that tremendous explosive, nitro-glycerine, and it became known as a practical agent by its use here. It was found to be safer and much more effective than the ordinary blasting powder, especially when the charges were fired simultaneously, as

they were, by means of electricity. The demand for it became so great that a factory for its production was established near the west portal of the tunnel, and more than half a million pounds were used. Great care was observed in its preparation, and a very superior article, known as tri-nitro-glycerine, was the result. Its successful operation in the tunnel has caused it to be used very extensively throughout the country, and it may be considered as the established explosive where operations of any considerable magnitude are carried on. It is so much more powerful than blasting powder — being estimated to have thirteen times its force — that the cost of mining and tunneling is much reduced by its use. The commissioners in charge of the Hoosac Tunnel estimated that there was a saving of \$276.85 a day, or \$81,557.40 a year, by the use of the nitro-glycerine instead of powder. From their experiments they concluded that the rate of progress in tunneling was more than doubled by this explosive.

The Hoosac Tunnel, with all the delays, mistakes, and disappointments connected with it, is a grand achievement. It is one of the great works of our time. Begun, in its conception, as part of a canal, its completion marks the triumph of the railway, and the great change of inland transportation from the water to the land. Begun with the purpose to make it a part of a canal which, in connection with the Erie Canal, then in process of construction, should form a great line of communication and transport between the new West and the Atlantic markets and manufactories, the tunnel has hardly been completed and brought into use when the question is under debate whether the great Erie Canal itself shall not be abandoned, as no longer able to compete with the railway. Already twenty passenger and as many freight trains pass through the tunnel daily. Every morning through this gateway of the Green Mountains



roll the cars whose wheels, the evening but one before, began their revolution at St. Louis, beside the Father of Waters. More than three hundred cars daily carry their burden through this new avenue of transit. Following, to a great extent, the line of the natural water-courses on the route, the easy grades thus secured cheapen the cost of transportation from California and Dakota, from the corn fields of Illinois and the wheat fields of Minnesota, to Massachusetts Bay; and a cent less of freight on each bushel of grain or barrel of flour means millions of dollars saved to the consumers of bread in New and in Old England.

If for nothing else the tunnel would be worthy of notice as a triumph of engineering. Some may think that it was only a question of Patrick with his drill and plenty of gunpowder and time; and that to go through a mountain is no more than to go through a hill, or a short rock cutting, except that the process is lengthened with the distance. But "time is money." It would take fifty years to go through the Hoosac Mountain, beginning at any point on one side, and burrowing to the other. We could not wait for that. No one, not even a state government, would put capital into a work the end of which was to be reached only after half a century. So the tunnel must be begun at more than one point. Here at once is involved a nice problem of engineering. Working simultaneously from opposite sides of the mountain, it is no longer Patrick burrowing through by whatever zigzag course he may chance to take, but these tunnelings from opposite sides must be so directed that they shall finally meet, and fall into an accurate line of adjustment. How shall this be done? As any one can see, who gives the matter a moment's thought, a slight deviation from the mathematical line required would cause the two arms of the tunnel to miss each

other. The width of the tunnel is twenty-four feet. It is only necessary, therefore, for the approaching excavations to swerve from their true place at the point of expected junction by anything more than half that measure, or twelve feet, in order to slip by each other, and go farther and farther asunder, instead of coming together. Who will measure and set the angle which shall determine the momentous difference in such a case between success and failure? The tunnel is to be nearly five miles long. Each channel from the opposite sides of the mountain will therefore be nearly two miles and a half in length. The problem, then, is to run two lines of excavation through a mountain, with no visible point in front to aim at, as the engineer has in the open field, and yet to have them so nearly coincident in direction, for a distance of twelve thousand feet each, that they will not miss each other, but form one continuous whole. No Creedmoor rifle needs to be aimed so nicely in order to hit the bull's-eye. No allowances for wind to swerve, or the power of gravitation to draw down the ball from its proper course, render the marksman's problem so difficult of solution as the engineer's in this case. An error in the sighting of his instrument, amounting literally to a hair's-breadth, would send the arms of his excavation wide asunder into the bowels of the dark rock, leaving his tunnel no tunnel at all, but only a worm's track in the mountain. But the problem in this instance was still further complicated. To hasten the completion of the tunnel by providing additional faces on which the workmen could operate, as well as for the purpose of ventilation, it was determined, as we have seen, to sink a shaft from the top of the mountain to the level of the tunnel, midway between the two ends. Two factors were thus at once added to the problem: first, to fix so accurately the point on the mountain at which to begin the down-



ward excavation that when, after working by faith for four years, the estimated time necessary, the miners should have reached the requisite depth, they would be in the exact line of the projected and partly completed tunnel; and, secondly, from that pit in the depths of the mountain, to be able to aim their course in either direction so correctly as to be sure of meeting the company of miners approaching them from both extremes of the tunnel. In short, here were four tunnels to be made at the base of the mountain at one and the same time, and another from the summit perpendicular to them, and all to be exactly in the same plane, on penalty of the failure of the entire enterprise!

It was a difficult problem. But it was solved most triumphantly. When the headings from the central shaft and from the eastern portal came together, as come together they did, their alignments swerved from each other by the almost infinitesimal space of five sixteenths of an inch! It was an unparalleled feat of engineering. With the best engineering talent of Europe the opposite arms of the Mont Cenis Tunnel had a divergence of more than half a yard. The office and worth of science were admirably illustrated in the case of the Hoosac. It was science, applied science, which built this great thoroughfare of traffic and travel. Its lines and proportions were all ascertained and laid down by scientific calculation. Patrick could pound the drill and light the fuse that would explode the charges of powder; but without scientific engineering to lay his path for him and mark every drill hole, Patrick would have wandered in the depths of the mountain till doomsday, with his powder and drills, and no practicable tunnel would have been the result.

Let us see if the working out of this purely scientific problem can be rendered intelligible to the general reader. The Hoosac is part of the Green

Mountain range, which extends in a north and south direction along the western border of New England. On the east and on the west of it are other ranges and spurs. Indeed, the whole region is one of mountains and intervening depressions. On either side of the Hoosac are the valleys of the Deerfield and Hoosac rivers, and beyond them rise on the west Graylock, the highest peak in Massachusetts, and the Taconic range, and on the east the mountains of Rowe and its vicinity. The Deerfield River, as it comes down from the north, strikes against the flank of the Hoosac Mountain, and is turned abruptly to the eastward, and flows off, winding like a thread of silver among the lofty and overshadowing hills to join the Connecticut. It was determined to start the tunnel on the east, at the point where the Deerfield touches the mountain. Having fixed also upon a point for the western terminus of the tunnel, the next thing to be done was to connect the two by a line over the mountain which should be throughout its course in the same perpendicular plane. In order to do this, a broad path was cut through the forest which covered the mountain, and an approximately straight line run. Then monuments, or sighting posts, were set up on the mountains opposite the Deerfield and Hoosac valleys, and these were brought into range with the summits of the Hoosac and other points fixed along the course by the engineers. The surveys were repeated and the results marked again and again, and in different states of the atmosphere as to clearness, humidity, and temperature; for it is found that the eye sees differently, and that instruments give different measurements, under varying atmospheric conditions. Finally, the law of averages was brought in, and the mean result of the several measurements was taken as the true course, and the line thus laid down was permanently established by means of iron bolts fixed at



proper distances on the Hoosac and the adjacent mountains. A notch or minute line in the top of these bolts indicated more exactly the course of the tunnel, and reference was made to these notched bolts, throughout its construction, for the verification of all positions and measurements. Having established this line over the mountain and range-points on the adjacent elevations on either side, it was comparatively easy to sight back from those range-points to the mouths of the tunnel, and so push the work into the mountain in the proper direction. But the same care was taken to secure accuracy as in running the line over the mountain, by repeated surveys and measurements, and constant endeavors to reduce all errors to the minimum. How great that care was is shown in the result, as the lines met each other in the heart of the mountain within a small fraction of an inch.

The problem of the engineers was somewhat complicated also by the sinking of the shaft near the centre of the line over the mountain. With that line fixed, it was easy enough to begin a shaft at whatever point on the line should be considered desirable; and if the shaft were sunk perpendicularly it would of course strike the line of the tunnel beneath. But the shaft was to go down more than a thousand feet, and as it went deeper and deeper it became a matter of increasing difficulty to secure a perpendicular course by means of the plumb line, the dripping of water, falling stones, and explosions of powder or glycerine, occasional currents of air, and other disturbance tending to sway the plumb from its perpendicularity. Even after incasing the lines in boxes, and immersing the plumb bobs in water, to shield them so far as possible from these adverse influences, it was found that at all times, by day and by night alike, the plumb bobs had an oscillating motion of some extent in an elliptical orbit, the ellipse sometimes lying in a direction

with that of the tunnel and sometimes across it. Such were the obstacles encountered in this part of the work. But the trouble was not so much in getting the shaft down to the tunnel with a fair degree of accuracy — at least such as would render it available for the purpose of ventilation — as in establishing a line at the bottom of the shaft which should be coincident with that of the tunnel, and on which the work of excavation could be prosecuted in both directions, toward the east and the west, with the certainty of meeting the headings which were approaching from those directions, and thereby shortening the time to be consumed in the whole work. But the engineer in charge of the work at the shaft, Mr. Wederkinch, was equal to the demands upon him. He was a Dane by birth, and not only had the ordinary education of an engineer, but had been employed in a manufactory for making mathematical instruments. The knowledge acquired in this occupation he put to good account now by contriving some ingenious machines to enable him to overcome the difficulties confronting him. After four years of toil and constant watching, the shaft was sunk to the proper level. Then, from that narrow base, that mere well-hole in the depths of the mountain, the courageous engineer struck out right and left in the darkness, and carried forward his channels of excavation with a sublime confidence which was fitly crowned by the result, already mentioned: that he met, at a distance of sixteen hundred feet, the heading which had been driven towards him from the east portal of the tunnel for a space of more than eleven thousand feet, or two miles and a quarter, and the headings coincided almost absolutely.

The length of the tunnel was also calculated in advance from the measurements made in going over the mountain, and when the tunnel was completed it was found that its actual length differed



from the estimated by only eighty-five one hundredths of a foot, or three one thousandths of one per cent. in a distance of four miles and three quarters! It was another triumph of engineering skill, a triumph of science as applied to practical work, and most creditable to the chief engineer, Mr. Frost, and his three assistants, Messrs. Locke, Wederkinch, and Fisher, respectively in charge of the eastern, central, and western portions of the work. The scientific reader will understand at once that the determination of the length of the tunnel from the length of the line over the mountain was made by a system of triangulation, and the application of the familiar theorem for finding the third side of a triangle when two sides and the included angle are given. For the general reader it may be needful to say that the measurements up and down the face of the mountain were made by means of a steel tape-line, one hundred feet long. Each length of this line was regarded as the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle. But it is well known that no power can stretch a line of any considerable length so that it will be absolutely straight. It will always sag, or be curved to some extent. It will break before it can be made straight. But it was necessary to have this measured line from point to point a mathematical line, in order to be able to apply to it the geometrical theorem or principle. A nice calculation, therefore, had to be made of the amount to be allowed for the curvature of the tape-line; in other words, to determine what length of absolutely straight line each curved line of the successive measurements was equivalent to. Such a calculation was made, and with the result above given. And so the Hoosac Tunnel stands as one of the finest exhibitions of engineering skill and of the application of science to practical life which the world affords. As such it is well worth visiting, whether by the scientific or by the unscientific.

And yet, after all, there is little to be seen of this great work. The passing traveler by the railway, looking from the rear of the train, as it glides into or out of the tunnel, witnesses nearly all that a more protracted visit would enable him to behold. The description we have here given will really afford one more knowledge of this great work of art than he will be likely to gain by a personal inspection. Going to it, he will at the most see only the archway at either end, and the masses of shapeless rock which have been excavated and used in part as an embankment for the railway approaches. He will come to the portal expecting, probably, to look through to the opposite entrance, — at least to see a ray of light from that point; or, if he has been told there is an ascending grade from either end, which would preclude such a sight, he will still expect to look along the symmetrical archway of stone to such a distance within as will give him some impression of the magnitude of the work here wrought. But if ever such a sight were to be had, it must have been before the tunnel was completed and brought into use. And what, after all, is an opening only twenty feet in diameter in a mountain that towers above it to the height of seventeen hundred feet, and is almost five miles from side to side? How could we expect the light to stream through such a knitting-needle kind of hole? But whatever may once have been possible, now that scores of trains are daily passing through the tunnel, the original dimness has become blank darkness. A cloud of smoke pervades it through its whole length, wafted backward and forward to some extent by the occasional winds, or creeping slowly out at one portal or the other; but each passing train adds enough to keep the entire tunnel charged so that practically no one can see more than a few yards or rods, at the most, within the great cavern. No artificial light, not even the



head-lights of the locomotives, can penetrate the darkness for any considerable distance. The engineer sees nothing, but feels his way, by faith and simple push of steam, through the five miles of solemn gloom. If there is any occasion for stopping him on his way through the thick darkness, which may almost literally be felt, the men who constantly patrol the huge cavern to see that noth-

ing obstructs the passage do not think of signaling the approaching train in the common way, by means of a red lantern. That would be useless. They carry with them powerful torpedoes, which, whenever there is occasion, they fasten to the rails by means of screws. The wheels of the locomotive, striking these, produce a loud explosion, and this is the tunnel signal to the engineer to stop his train.

N. H. Eggleston.

## LOKI.

IT is remarkable that the Scandinavian mythology is the only one which in its evil spirit presents a perfect incarnation of mischief, in the true meaning of the word, and which shows how from the least beginnings evil is gradually developed to a maximum. As every mythology is the reflection of the *cultus* of a race, it follows that this very original conception must have resulted from the peculiarities of Norse life and thought, and these causes must be examined before the moral value of the myth of Loki can be fairly understood.

The difference between the modern or romantic spirit and the classical or Greek is that while the bias of the one was towards unity the other inclines to harmony and contrast. The Greek poet and artist separated the serious from the comic and the beautiful from the unsightly. The Romantic poets and artists delight in grouping these opposites together in rich and strange combinations. This blending of contradictions, which would have been incomprehensible to the ancient Greeks, runs through all Northern life, in its literature as Caliban and clowns employed to set off their nobler lords, and perhaps let the mind down as a relief; in Gothic architecture, where grotesques grin over dim religious aisles; and in glowing golden

manuscripts, where apes and goblins and chimeras cluster around the sacred text. The key-note to this peculiar spirit is found in the Eddas and Sagas of the North. There has sprung up a battle or battles, of late years, among the learned as to whether the Norse mythology and cultus were ancient Aryan, modern Græco-Roman, or chiefly borrowed from Scandinavian neighbors. From the indications afforded by mischief mockery and humor it would seem as if, while its roots and trunks are old Aryan, its boughs and leafage came not from the ancient earth, but from the air and light of the new world up to which it had grown; the new elements having, however, in their past all come from a common *prima materia*.

"Something of all is true and all are right;  
Each is an endless ring and all a chain,  
Which is itself a ring without an end."

Sunshine never seems so bright as when it is contrasted with storms and darkness, and humor is nowhere else so striking as among the struggling men of the North. "Mirth resting on earnestness and sadness as the rainbow on black tempest,—only a right valiant heart is capable of that," says Carlyle. True humor seldom exists in any but great and noble natures. He who dives deepest into the mysteries of life often



soars highest into the fairy-land of fancy. The Northern humorist is not unlike the tree Yggdrasil, the ash, which is the "best and greatest of all trees; its branches spread over all the world, and reach up above heaven." One root is with the Asas, another with the giants, and the third in heaven, and beneath it is the fountain of Urd. The Norsemen, with all their thoughts centred in the present, touched both extremes of seriousness and fun, and were worthy progenitors of the more modern humorists of Northern Europe. There is a vigor and earnestness in the Scandinavian gods not to be found elsewhere. The simplicity of the heroes and heroines of the Nibelungen Lied and Gudrun epics, their making of clothes and brewing of beer, is mirrored in these deities, who are great independent beings, not above waiting on themselves; reflecting a real state of society into which little of the poison of shams and etiquette had found its way. Norse thought was born of trials sufficient to crush any but gigantic hearts. The long winter night; the intense rigor of the climate, from which arose the myth of a chaos of snow and ice giving birth to a race of frost giants, from whom was developed in time every living thing, caused men to draw nearer to each other, and awoke within them a strong feeling of humanity.

Their very existence depended upon their activity. The "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die," of the Greek fatalist, or the

"Drink, for you know not whence you came nor why;

Drink, for you know not why you go nor where," of the Persian pessimist, would to the active Norsemen have seemed sheer nonsense. Eat and drink they could and did, and that right heartily. Even Odin the Allfather sometimes stooped to the common man's beer-bibbing.

"Drunk I was,  
I was over drunk,  
At that cunning Fialars,"

is his ingenuous confession in the Hávamál. But there was frequently such difficulty in providing the necessities of life that carousing and feasting, when indulged in, were never so wantonly riotous as among the luxurious sons of the South and East. Man always appreciates that which costs him dear. Where life is easy, annihilation is the ideal of happiness. The career of the Norseman was a conflict, and he clung to life as the greatest blessing, and looked forward to transportation after death into Valhalla, where the old struggles and warfare would be continued on a grander scale. In the Eddas there is not a trace of the Hindu's metaphysical speculation, nor a germ of the Greek's idealism. There are no pessimists in Europe now among healthy people who live out-of-doors. The objective world was too real for the Northern Bards to endeavor to penetrate into the realms of the subjective. This is why there is such an odd mixture of child-like qualities and giant's strength in their representations of their gods. They imagined their deities to be, like themselves, dependent upon their own energy for their existence. The Asas were not even immortal. They relied upon the apples of Iduna for the preservation of their youth quite as implicitly as a modern *prima donna* or *jeune première* depends upon her rouge and powder. Once when these were stolen they all became old and shriveled. At Ragnarök, the twilight of the gods, they were to perish. They appear to us much more like industrious, very hard-working mortals than divinities. After Asgard was built, they themselves erected the court in which they were to sit in judgment; and when that task was finished they built Vingolf for the goddesses, — for, with all their roughness, they were not entirely wanting in gallantry. Then they manufactured a forge, and worked in metal, stone, and wood. Besides home labors, there were constant attacks of the Jötuns and



Trolls, giants and devils, to be repulsed. The walls of Valhalla were hung with shining shields. Even the Einherjes, or the dead heroes, found their heavenly enjoyment in real hand-to-hand combats, which they undertook not from necessity, but from inclination thereunto.

"All the Einherjes  
in Odin's court  
hew daily each other.  
They choose the slain  
and ride from the battle-field;  
Then sit they in peace together."

No delicate rose-water and black-eyed houris in this paradise, but an eternity of work, and strong gods and goddesses able, and fortunately willing, to accomplish it. In the intensity of life in Scandinavia originated the humor which illumined the gloom and softened the ruggedness of Valhalla.

The natural tendency of national thought is usually the leading, even if hidden inspiration of the people's myths, and very often those human qualities and characteristics which are most loved and admired are made by the myth-makers the attributes of one personality. All the beauty, poetry, music, and wisdom worshipped by the Greek were centred in Phœbus Apollo. The asceticism, cruelty, and inflexibility respected by the Hindu became essentially the marks of Siva. In mediæval Europe, when chivalry was in its glory and every knight vowed allegiance to some "faire ladye," the Virgin Mary received more honor and devotion than even Christ himself. In like manner, all the rude mirth and wild sport of the Norsemen were concentrated in Loki, until they formed one great whole of mischief, suggestive of an archetypal or demon monkey, or of a school-boy god; and plain, domestic, house-baked mischief at that, but clear and intelligent, as was everything which was early Northern. The greatest moral lesson which the Eddas teach is contained in the delineation of the character and the story of the career of this Azrael-Triboulet of Asgard.

It is wonderful how the early, untrained thought of a people unconsciously recognizes many fundamental truths of morality, and analyzes them with a keenness of insight which is lost in a more learned but more artificial age. It seems almost as if the human mind unaided could advance farther on the road to truth than when it is armed with all the aggressive and defensive weapons of logic. But the wisdom of the Norsemen was like that of children, who often utter truths of which they neither understand the meaning nor realize the value. In the conception of Loki, his creators with the wise ignorance of youth or infancy have embraced a moral law which, long but imperfectly comprehended, is now at last being placed upon its proper physiological basis. Compelled to labor almost incessantly, they nevertheless felt the necessity of pleasure, both physical and emotional. They were still in the stage of barbarism, and their method of satisfying this necessity was of the lowest. Physical pleasure in its beginning is purely egoistic. The simplest animal organisms are dependent upon egoism for their survival. The same is true when, in the history of evolution, we arrive at the mental and moral organization. As Herbert Spencer says, egoism must come before altruism. The lower we descend in the moral scale, the more pronounced is the tendency to find enjoyment in actions which produce a feeling of exhilaration or delight in the actor irrespective of the emotions they arouse in others. The course of development is the same in every race and in every country. But the climate and other external factors each exerts its influence in impressing a distinguishing mark upon national character. The Norsemen, while they were pagans, and even for long after their conversion to Christianity, were cruel and barbarous in manners and morals. It was great fun for their warriors to "cut the eagle" on the captive; their Skalds



sing of blood and wounds with hearty delight; there is a roaring laugh in their defiance of death; in them the *gaudium certaminis* rises to ecstasy. But while exulting in bloodshed, and carelessly playing with war and death as a child might play with its toys, they were obliged in their sober moments to work in company with their fellow-countrymen. And this it was that saved them. This association of sympathetic fellowship with fierce joys was the redeeming feature, which, as it developed into more perfect kindness and human love, suppressed their less agreeable characteristics, and led them to so high a civilization that their descendants are now the most powerful and most cultured of all Aryan and non-Aryan races.

In the Scandinavian theogony Thor and Loki represent these two sides of the Norse character. Thor, the sworn enemy of the frost-giants, is the deified power of work. When their enemies approached Asgard, all the Asas were wont to call upon him to defend them; and he, seizing his hammer Mjölner, his belt of strength, and his iron gloves, with lowering brows sallied forth to overthrow the wicked Trolls. He is typical of the bravery of a people who defied the natural elements, and who, after struggling all winter with real storm demons and frost giants, could arise triumphant at the first touch of spring. On the other hand, their "grin of Brobdingnagian humor," their conception of amusement, as yet primitive, he it remembered, was idealized in Loki. This idealization, once they gave it shape, carried them with it, *volens volens*. As if unwittingly, they were forced to bring it to a conclusion which is as true as it is terrible. Loki's life was one of pleasure. He had no other aim than self-gratification. And now for the truth involved therein. Any one who pursues such a career uninterruptedly, though he begin in light jesting or petty egoism, is apt in the end to degenerate into a *vaurien*, a

hypocritical Pecksniff, perhaps a criminal, or at least a bore. Loki's selfishness and love of pleasure converted him into a fiend. He was by no means a demon in the purest sense of the word, though he afterwards became the devil of Christian Europe. He belonged by blood to the race of giants, but he lived with the Asas, and is represented as one of them in both Eddas, and in the Prose or Younger Edda is included by Har in the list of the twelve great Asas. He was always cunning and fond of his own amusement, but at first he was only a good-natured Momus, a laughter-loving Puck, who contributed to the mirth of Asgard by his jesting and mummery. He was as ready to undertake a mission in behalf of the Asas as he was willing to enjoy himself at their expense. The intermingling of good and evil, first manifested in Loki, influenced later the formation of many mediæval myths, which seem intended to be half jest and half serious. But this indifference to everything save his own emotional nature was the element which occasioned his becoming as diabolically wicked as the Talmudical Samaël or the Persian Ahriman. Sometimes intriguing for the Asas, sometimes against them, he never cared to which side he attached himself so long as he could find a field for his insatiable roguery. In addition to this instability of partisanship he was as ardent a coward as Falstaff or Panurge, and through his cowardice became like a weathercock, which is changed by every puff of wind. With each successive exploit, no matter from what motive it was undertaken, he was more enamored of his trickery, which was finally his sole inspiration, in response to which he committed that outrage which exhausted the already wearied patience of the gods. As logically as if seeking to demonstrate a moral axiom, the Northern myth-makers related to the people the legend of Loki, and seemed to impress upon them by his forcible example



the fact that there is no true goodness save when work and recreation are equally balanced in the life of an individual. Whatever form recreation may assume, if it be healthy and well moderated, it will in time acquire a higher standard; if, on the contrary, it be carried to excess, the result will be deterioration of purpose and weakening of moral force. A child's pleasures are very inferior to those of youth, and these, again, are immensely below the joys of manhood. So it is with the national *nisus*. At first there is the tendency to rejoice in deeds of cruelty, and the minstrels sing of battle-fields, and triumphs of war. Later comes the period of knight-errantry, and the favorite songs are overflowing with the sweetness of love and the beauty of women. And this in turn is succeeded by a still more perfect and glorious age, when work is apotheosized, and the representative men of the people cry out that there is no salvation except in activity and no pleasure save that which has its roots in human sympathy. The Norsemen knew nothing of the system which was to evolve from the germs laid in the Eddas. But in their straightforward, Northern, manly way, they unknowingly inculcated a truth which the Eastern Aryans, with all their metaphysics and subtle reasoning, had never divined.

The myth of Loki has been related many times and in many ways. It has been explained by comparative mythologists in its connection with Vedic myths, and the relation of the Northern Asa to the Hindu Agni has been carefully considered. But its true moral significance has never heretofore received the study and attention which are due to it. The solar myth may be the only satisfactory explanation of the meaning of the Mahabharata, the Homeric poems, and the Volsung Saga, but in itself it cannot account for their distinctive features. These three great national epics could never have been the products of one

land and of the same people. Agreeing in broad outlines, they differ very little in minor details. The gods of India, Greece, and Scandinavia may all have had the same origin, but in each country, as the elemental myths became systematized, they were influenced by the peculiar ideas of each branch of the one primeval stock. Therefore a knowledge of these myths is important, not only for the advance and furtherance of the sciences of comparative mythology, philology, and religion, but also as aids in the study of moral evolution and sociology.

Loki, like Lucifer before the fall, was fair of face and beautiful of person. But he was the father of the Fenris wolf, the Midgard serpent, and the awful Hel, whose abode was in Niflheim, whose table was Famine, and whose knife was Starvation. Sweetness born of bitterness was in his case reversed. Excelling in craft and cunning, and fickle in disposition, he was the originator of deceit, and the backbiter of the Asas. His first adventure, related in the Edda of Sæmund, appropriately refers to an occasion when he was acting in behalf of one of his fellow divinities, and when his actions might be ascribed to benevolence. He is introduced, as it were, taking his first step in his downward career. His ends were good, but, as has happened with many mortals since, the means he took to attain his end in themselves became an end. Thor had lost Mjölner, and he suspected the Jötuns of the theft. In his perplexity he went to Loki and held counsel with him. There is something very striking in the fact that Thor and Loki are so frequently supposed to undertake their expeditions together. Success, in the Eddas, often appears to depend upon the alliance of the principle of activity with that of recreation. It is like a prophetic warning, the decree of an inspired Vala, which reveals to man the knowledge that his success in life can



only result from a just equilibrium of work and pleasure. After a short consultation, the two Asas hurried to the dwelling of Freyja, the Northern Aphrodite, and from her Loki borrowed a feather garment which she possessed, and in which he clothed himself. So disguised, he flew to Jötunheim, — “the plumage rattled;” he interviewed the giant Thrym, who confessed himself the thief, but refused to give up the stolen treasure unless he could have Freyja for his bride. The feathered Hermes quickly hastened home, and delivered his message. Poor Freyja! To her it must many times have seemed that beauty was a heavily burdened gift. The goddess was wroth, and there was anger among the Asas. The plot thickened, and Loki quietly enjoyed the general discomfiture and his own importance. A council was held, and it was determined that Thor must be disguised in woman’s garments, and sent to the Jötun as the desired bride. The mission little suited the slayer of Trolls, and he chafed against it; but Mjölner must be recovered, and he alone could do it. At this juncture Loki stepped forward. He was certain there was fun to be had out of the enterprise, and so declared that he would go with Thor and help him carry out the play. He would be the maid, for it was only seemly that the fairest goddess in Asgard should not go alone to meet her bridegroom. Then they both began the journey: one saddened at the indignity forced upon him, the other only too well pleased with the masking. In the evening they arrived at Jötunheim, where every preparation had been made to give the bride a joyful welcome. Supper was served. Thor was hungry, and in his hunger forgot the part he was playing. He was no adept in deception, and came near ruining the success of the expedition. Ravenous as the Dragon of Wantley, he alone devoured an ox, eight salmons, and all the sweetmeats, and washed down the plen-

tiful meal with three sals of beer. Thrym stood by amazed, as well he might be. Was this a bride, who could eat so voraciously and drink so much mead? Had Thor been alone the game had been lost. He had deigned to dissimulation enough, and with his natural impetuosity and belligerence could never have passed the giant’s criticisms. But there sat by him a “crafty serving-maid,” who was in his element, and loved nothing better than pleasant deceit and wily stratagem. Quickly, so as not to give Thor time to speak, Loki allayed the suspicions of Thrym by declaring that the bride had been so eager to come to Jötunheim that for eight days she had eaten and drunk nothing. Thrym stooped, and peered through the veil that covered Thor’s face. The eyes that met his were as startling as the wolf’s eyes within the grandmother’s cap were to little Red Riding-Hood. What eyes are these that shine so brightly? asked the giant. The wily Loki once more interrupted with his ready answer. How could they be otherwise than bright, he said, since the bride had fasted for so long. Fasting and watching and longing had made her fair face haggard, and her eyes shone with the fire of desire. The play was now almost over. Thrym’s sister came into the hall, and, as was the custom, asked for a bride-gift. But the Jötun directed that before there was giving of gifts the hammer should be brought and laid on the bride’s lap, and the marriage sanctified. And in this manner the lost Mjölner was restored to its rightful owner. Then Thor’s soul laughed within him, and he arose, and slew Thrym and the poor old sister: —

“her who a bride-gift  
had demanded,  
she a blow got  
instead of skillings,  
a hammer’s stroke  
for many rings.”

The slaughter was complete, and the hall ran with blood even as did the hall



in which Odysseus exultingly slew the suitors. The simple phraseology of the old Northern chronicle is more forcible than an elaborate modern version of the story would be. The two Asas, in whom are typified the two important elements in the life of the Norsemen, are at once beheld, with their opposite natures distinctly defined. Thor, the idealization of action, could but sit and chafe at the falseness of his position. Though he understood the high stakes he was playing for, he could not quite enter into the spirit of this to him novel method of conducting the game. When hard work was required and blows were to be given Thor showed himself in all his greatness. But this sitting still in feminine guise was hard to bear. It was as if Heracles had been forced to conquer the Hydra by the wiles of a siren, or as if Samson could overcome the Philistines only by the stratagem of a Judith. Thor never so completely manifested his active nature as in his attempted passivity. Loki, who was really his guardian spirit through this adventure, and to whom its success must be credited, betrayed at once his inward inclination to practical jokes. He never would have attacked a giant in fair and open combat, — he was too cowardly; but this only added to the pleasure he took in fooling Thrym, as it seldom fell to the lot of giants to be fooled, and he had also the satisfaction of witnessing the misery of Thor. The evil which he afterwards developed was only beginning to assert itself. In the Lay of Thrym, he is still only mischievous, but his mischief gives signs of the fruit it was destined to bring forth. As though the taste he had on this occasion of the sweets of mischief-making seduced him entirely from the path of kindliness and unselfishness, he plunged into a course of hoaxing, teasing, and blackguardism which is more suggestive of the Bowery, or the Seven Dials in London, than of a heaven. In other mythologies the line between demon and

deity is more accurately drawn. Loki is first god, then god and devil combined, and finally devil *pur et simple*. The story of his fall is far more logical than the legend by which the Talmud accounts for the fall of Lucifer. Step by step he sank lower morally, until he descended to that depth from which there was no escape. He wrought his eternal damnation not by one single act of rebellion, but by his constancy to the pursuit of evil.

Variable as a weather-vane in one point, in his greed for trickery he was ever the same, and this very unity gave rise to a strange seeming of duality. Now, his mischief was light and airy, as he flitted around the halls of Geirod in his bird disguise, while a servant chased him; or when, transformed into a wasp, he worried the friendly dwarfs, he was only a jolly Robin Goodfellow. But when, in fun, he slew Balder, his devilishness exceeded that of all the devils in hell. The same emotion gave the inspiration to both classes of action, though the results differed so enormously. The great contrast between his good and his evil deeds at times puzzled even the early myth-makers. They could not consciously follow the line of argument which unconsciously they had at first adopted. They could not quite understand the incongruity, and they explained it away — let it be hoped satisfactorily to themselves — by separating into two distinct beings the one who in the beginning was single. Loki, though an Asa, was related to the Jötuns, and it was very simple to account for the seemingly unaccountable by ranking him at one time as a god and at another as a giant. Thus in an earlier age the Greeks imagined two Sapphos, one a goddess, another a mortal; ignoring the fact that the true Sappho was intended or accepted as the highest type of woman, all but divine. She was the combination of female genius with passion. In one myth the twofold nature of Loki led to start-



ling consequences. In it occur the perplexing incident of a face-to-face meeting of Loki's two personalities, Asa-Loki with Utgard-Loki, and the strange phenomenon of one portion of this dualism falling a victim to the other. It sets forth hoaxing and practical jokes of a gigantic kind, fooling within fooling, quaint conceits, and a species of sleight-of-hand deception, — all enveloped in dreams or nightmare, until we, like the tricked Asas, must go our way wondering. And then it all ends in Maia, as the Hindus would say, in thin air and delusion. The necromancy of Jötunheim far surpassed that of Asgard, and Loki, as Jötun, was the prince of necromancers, the arch-Cagliostro, who not only cast his magical spells over the Asas, but showed them how limited and hampered the power possessed by divinity was. Gods who were obliged to fight like ordinary mortals, and who could not even distinguish delusion from reality, were far from being omniscient or omnipotent.

Once, out of pure mischief, Loki cut off the golden hair of Sif, Thor's wife. Another time, when the daughter of Thjasse had come to Asgard to avenge her father's death, and the gods had succeeded in making a treaty with her, one of the stipulations being that they should make her laugh, which heretofore had been an impossibility; and when all had failed in doing this, Loki, by playing the buffoon and the juggling jester, was as successful as the maid Iambe was in her efforts to lighten the gloom of the sorrowing Demeter. But it was not until the famous feast given by Egir that Loki allowed the growing evil within him to show itself, and his malignancy and narrow, petty-minded jealousy to foreshadow faintly the deed that was to be his crowning exploit. "How fares it with the Asas?" the Vala asks, in the Voluspa Saga. Grievously indeed, we can answer, when Loki was near. Egir gave a feast, and all the Asas were

there except Thor, who as usual was busy crushing Trolls. During the feast two of the servants were praised, and the praise so enraged Loki that he killed one of them, and for this was chased away to the forest by all the guests. He soon returned, however, into their midst, and poured out a volley of abuse upon the assembled party. He was a greater master of abusive and insulting epithets than the Protestant reformers; he was as much at home in invective as the Parisian *gamin*, and quite as ready to hunt up old discreditable incidents in the career of the abused, or personal blemishes, as politicians and newspaper men are during a presidential campaign. If, as Rabelais has it, when Shrovetide spoke it was coarse brown russet cloth, Loki's speech was common burlaps or rough sailcloth. Odin, the Allfather, asked the gods to give Loki a place, for the latter had reminded him of the days when they had drunk beer together in friendly companionship. Bragi objected, and Loki directed the first instalment of his raillery upon the master of wisdom and flowing speech. He was valiant enough, the tormentor declared, when comfortably sitting within Egir's hall, but without, when there was question of blows and fisticuffs, who could be more backward than Bragi? The war of words raged high. Idun interposed, but to no avail. Her efforts at peacemaking were rudely returned, for she was told that she of all women was "most fond of men." Finally Odin himself sought to bring to an end the untimely rankling, but Loki sneered at him, and held him up to scorn because, years before, the Allfather in disguise as a Vala had wandered among mortals; and that, "methinks, betokens a base nature!" cried Loki. Then in turn Frigga, Freyja, Njord, Tyr, and Frey, and all the other brave Asas and fair Asinjes were made butts for this rude ridicule. When Thor came in Loki at first would not be silenced, and had his laugh at the



Thunderer, who had passed a night in fear and trembling within a glove-thumb, and who in the end must be swallowed by the Fenris wolf. But Loki was timid, and well knew the might of Mjölner and the meaning of its owner's white knuckles. His courage gave way before Thor, and he departed from the banquet hall; not, however, without a parting shaft at the other gods, of whom, as he insinuated, even he need not be afraid.

"I have said before the Æsir,  
I have said before the Æsir's sons,  
that which my mind suggested:  
but for thee alone  
will I go out,  
because I know that thou wilt fight."

In the Elder Edda Loki's capture and imprisonment are supposed to have followed the altercation at the feast of Egir, and in the words which Loki addressed to Frigga there is an allusion to the death of Balder, as if that calamity had already befallen the Asas. But the Younger Eddas make the fall of Loki result from the evil he had wrought in slaying the summer god, and this seems a more logical order of events. We can readily understand that Loki, by his wholesale abuse and the contumely with which he covered the dwellers of Asgard, had lost all favor in their sight, and had been banished forever from their society. He had disclosed the blackness of his heart. The die was cast, his Rubicon crossed. Henceforth the demon within him was triumphant over what there had been of god-like.

Longing and searching for new deviltries which would throw his preceding tricks into the shade, his eyes fell upon Balder, and the way was clear before him. Balder was the favorite in Asgard; he was the White God, the God of Summer, the Beautiful, and the best beloved son of Frigga. It had been decreed that no harm should come to him from anything in heaven or on earth, save through the mistletoe, which was an insignificant shrub, and hence appeared

powerless to work him evil. Sometimes, for amusement, the Asas made a target of Balder, and would throw at him sticks and stones and other missiles, and all took great pleasure therein. But Hoder, the blind god, stood to one side, and had no part in the games. Then came Loki the Tempter and gave Hoder a piece of mistletoe, and promised him to so guide his arm that he too could have a shot at Balder. Hoder, unconscious of the nature of his weapon, threw it. Balder fell, and there was silence in Asgard. The summer had faded beneath the first breath of winter, and all nature was desolate and forlorn. Hermod, on the famous steed Sleipnir, rode to Hel, and asked her to set Balder free from her gloomy regions. But she said no, unless perhaps he could prevail upon every living thing to weep the loss of the White God. Then messengers were sent far and wide, and they begged all things to shed tears for Balder. And then,

"Through the world was heard a dripping noise  
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back."

But as the messengers rode homewards they came to a cave wherein dwelt an ogress. This really was Loki in disguise; and he jeered and mocked them, and asked them what good Balder had ever done that he should so bewail and bemoan his loss. What was Hecuba to him that he should weep for her! And the joy departed from their hearts, and they went their way sorrowing. The Asas arose in righteous indignation, and vowed vengeance upon Loki. He made his escape, but only for a time. In the end Thor captured him, and he was fastened to a rock, and a serpent hung directly over his head so that its venom should fall upon his face. Sygin, his wife, came and held a dish in which to catch the falling venom. But whenever it was filled and she went to empty it, then the drops fell upon Loki, and in his agony he writhed and twisted his body so violently that the whole earth



shook, and this was the cause of earthquakes.

With Balder's death the light had gone from Asgard, and there were no more rejoicings. The Asas knew by the Vala's prophecy that their end was near, and in silence and sadness they awaited Ragnarök. At its coming Loki broke his bands asunder, and openly displayed his bitter enmity to the Asas by placing himself at the head of all the evil spirits, the frost giants and the mountain giants, the Fenris wolf and the Midgard serpent. Then Heimdal blew on the dread Gjallar horn, and the combat began. Odin perished, and Loki and Heimdal met in a deadly duel which resulted in the fall of both. Asas and Jötuns and all living things were destroyed.

This is the story of Loki. We see him passing through every stage in the journey from good to evil. He begins with actions which are the outcome of superabundant activity misdirected, and these in turn lead him to deeds undertaken out of sheer wantonness and caprice, and, still pursuing the one path, to those which are inspired by malice and pure love of evil for its own sake. This myth is essentially Northern in conception and execution. It is curious to contrast it with those legends of other mythologies which at a first glance suggest a kindred inspiration. In the old Japanese mythology there is a Sosonono-Mikoto, who at first appears as a hay-god playing pranks upon his sister and brother divinities, and his tricks far excel the early ones of Loki. But as he grows older he casts aside the childish state and its toys and play, just as after boyhood and college years most young men bid farewell to joking and hoaxing, and he becomes a great and

just god. The Greek Hermes, when but two hours old, steals the cattle of Phœbus Apollo, and is as merry and mischievous as the elfin Puck. But his mischief has no thought of malice or touch of evil. Whatever may be its beginning, it all ends in a laugh or a smile, as if a bomb-shell in descending were to burst open and rain down flowers, sweetmeats, and perfumes. But that which in Loki enters with light comedy and broad burlesquing retires in tragedy and tears. It is as if a scene on the stage opened upon a fairy ring in the forest, where Titania and Oberon and all their fairy attendants are dancing and sporting merrily. But slowly, so that the process of transformation escapes even the most observant, the scene changes, and the audience suddenly find themselves whirled away to the Brocken, and introduced into the riotous revelry of the Walpurgis night. The soft horns of elfland are drowned in loud incantations; the fairy ring is covered with burning caldrons and all the hideous paraphernalia of magic rites; Titania, Oberon, and Puck are transformed into Mephistopheles, Lilith, and the ignis-fatuus. Instead of pale moonlight, the fiery flames of hell burn high. Bluebells, cowslips and daisies have withered, and where they once grew, rue and St. John's wort and rosemary and all rank weeds flourish. So the nightmare creeps into the fairy dream. From a garden of Eden to a fiery abyss, from heaven to hell, was Loki carried in his fall. The joy he felt in the expedition to Thrym's castle was the "little rift within the lute," or the small speck on the horizon, which, at first unheeded, in time bursts into the wild and furious tempest.

"Oh the little more and how much it is!

And the little less and what worlds away!"

*Elizabeth Robins.*



## THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

## III.

## AT MUSICAL MRS. CLEF'S.

MRS. CLEF was a lady of excellent social standing, being of the old, so much esteemed Knickerbocker stock. She had had losses, and had reconstructed her circle thereafter, contracting it to moderate dimensions, and basing it upon her ruling taste for music.

She had the faculty of enlisting in her service the leading professionals who appeared before the public in turn. They came willingly to a hostess of cordial, unconstrained manners, who was a person of such intelligent sympathy, and a performer besides of no mean skill herself. She had played before Thalberg and Liszt.

In her apartment at the Brandenburg, a fashionable semi-hotel on Madison Avenue, the occupants of which either took their meals at a dining-room in the house, or had them sent in from neighboring restaurants, she had some old family portraits, long, low mirrors and other furniture, of an elegant, antiquated cast, which had been imported by her grandfather, when communication with Europe was by no means the easy matter it is at present. These formed an interesting reminder of her former more stately and expensive style of living. A great violinist, in a freak, had written his name across one of the door-jambs. She pointed out the autograph as one of her treasures.

She was of an easy liberality of views, and encouraged sprightliness in her guests. She was fonder of young than of elderly company, as a means, perhaps, of keeping off intrusive suggestions of advancing age. She made a delightful chaperon for certain young ladies of her acquaintance, who often came in search

of her for this service, and was usually ready at short notice for their excursions.

Most things were treated of there with a tone of humorous cynicism, that nothing greatly shocked. Mrs. Clef, in a kind of bravado of throwing off the tiresome caution with which the world was stifling itself, said sharp and bright things of people; but generally with the implication that she thought little the worse of them in consequence, and that she herself was subject to the same treatment as a matter of course.

The graceless Huyskamps, who fell with a sort of helplessness from one sin and folly to another, came in for hardly more caustic disparagement than the upright Walkills, who made profession, with large wealth and not a little fashion, of strict evangelical piety, — to whose large houses, in fact, a certificate of church membership was almost a necessity for admission.

The air of refined Bohemianism, with the excellent music, attracted Bainbridge. He had a long-established repugnance to the conventional and ordinary; and, in a desultory frequenting of society, in which he was to be but irregularly counted upon at best, he sought by preference those places which promised a little variation from it. The extremely worldly tone, too, was that which he was pleased to call his own. After an experience of life which had not answered to his sanguine expectations, he considered himself a deeply knowing person. He constituted himself, in speech, the apostle of views and practices he declared to prevail, not such as ought to prevail; though it is probable it would still have troubled very much the conscience of which he made so light to injure in the slightest any human being.



To the ambitious of both sexes, after the long miscarriage in succession of favorite plans, there is apt to come a period of revolt against most that had been deemed sufficient and established. Since all that is usually received has been so unpropitious to the warmly-cherished aspirations for happiness, perhaps there are other systems, other directions, heretofore undreamed of, by which it may be attained.

Bainbridge passed a life (now unlikely to be of any special importance, he deemed) in an attitude, if the contradictory traits may be framed together, of calm recklessness. "At least," he said, putting the new experiences together with the old, "I shall have lived; I shall not have stagnated."

A volatile spirit and a susceptibility to humor, not wholly repressible by any adversity, played over this really tragic substratum, so far as it was genuine and of probable cause, as will-o'-the-wisps are said to dance cheerfully above very black and dangerous pools.

Mrs. Clef sang, swelling out her ample throat and bosom in the process. Signor Banderoli gave a comic duet from Don Pasquale, with Miss Stella Burgess, who had been his pupil, and nearly put that young lady herself out of countenance with his droll grimaces, though she knew them so well.

Among those who played, with a skilled touch and quite a noticeable degree of feeling, was a Miss Emily Rawson. She captured Bainbridge afterwards, as she had often done before, and led him away to one of the chintz-covered sofas for conference.

"What shall we do with you? What a stranger you are! I had to put up my eye-glass before I knew you," she began. "Are you never coming near me any more? I did want you to come so much last Thursday night, and just rehearse once, even if you afterwards found you could not take part in the little concert. What *made* you drop out

of the club? I suppose we shall never get you around to the reading-class any more. And as to that poor German class, you and some others have set such an example of neglect we are quite in despair. Professor Blauvelt says we must have fines. We think of going to the German theatre again in a body, a week from to-morrow night. Can you not come?"

She spoke in a high-pitched, agreeably modulated voice, which conveyed in itself an intimate association with fashion, or at least with refined prosperity. She was handsomely attired, and of a plain but lady-like aspect. A dot or two of court-plaster coquettishly aided her complexion, which was not of the most brilliant. Of a frail and nervous type which fades early, she appeared to be not far from Bainbridge's own age.

This was a young woman who, in her native city, — it was Bridgefield, — had "outgrown her set." Experiencing a certain mortification to see all her friends and acquaintances married about her, she set off on her travels; first to Europe, where she sojourned in numerous pensions and perfected her music, then through the West and South of her own country, — to the health springs of Colorado and to Florida. She settled finally, for its "advantages," in New York, making a portion of that accretion which the great city gathers every year, as planets gather star-dust: part come to seek their fortune, part to spend it in the greatest variety of pleasures.

Daughter of a semi-invalid, unenergetic, widowed mother, one whose easy motto was, "Whatever is to be will be," she had latterly taken the disposition of her fate and of all their affairs very much into her own hands. She was ambitious both of the married state (taking no warning from the revelations of the divorce courts, and from others, not a few, daily before her eyes), as an essential condition of happiness, and of a social career. But thus far she had had



no great success in any plans she may have laid for either result. Without fortune sufficient to impress so great a city, though a very snug amount in itself, she had been able only to draw around her and join herself to a somewhat miscellaneous circle, composed of acquaintances of watering-places and of travel, those of coteries of music, languages, the decorative arts, and religion, — into all of which she had plunged in turn, in the craving for excitement and new opportunities, — and of some few lesser society people, to whom they had brought letters of introduction.

She had secured a great deal of the society of Bainbridge, after a first meeting on some minor musical occasion, by a pertinacious ingenuity of inventions. They had been associated together in the pleasant intimacy of private theatricals, musical duets, the Amaranth German, and classes in reading and the languages. She had even asked him to come and *smoke to her*, as another might have asked him to play or declaim. She believed in him, or affected to, and predicted fine things of his future. When he grumbled at his ill-luck in the world and his poverty, of which he made no sort of secret, she said, "We are all poor in a genteel way," and professed simple, domestic tastes, and at the same time artfully dangled before him, under pretext of taking counsel on the prices of certain bonds and shares, glimpses of her private fortune.

Bainbridge, since his losses and the affair of Madeline Scarlett (who had given him a successful rival in the person of the capitalist and invalid, Elphinstone Swan, the father of children, by a former marriage, much older than herself), had not looked upon himself as a desirable person from the matrimonial point of view. He would not have been averse to continuing a platonic relation with a person who was prepossessing in

many ways, and had the good taste to appreciate his merits so excellently.

But Miss Rawson secretly thought otherwise. She made her own estimate of his character as a trustworthy and interesting person, and of the value of his connection with the Hudson Hendricks, an elegant family of the first prominence, whose near kinsman he was. With her income and the social advantages open to one of his blood, she would have counted on making a bold push to the front rank in society.

From certain signs, — he hoped it was not a mere masculine vanity, — the young man regretted to suspect her of making what is called a "dead set" at him, and had thought it prudent for some time past to withdraw as much as possible from the intimacy. He yielded himself easily now to her old air of *bon camaraderie*; he could hardly do less, but whispered to himself at the same time, "Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re."

"I really fear I shall not be able to. An engagement, that" — he began, in reply to her invitation.

"Oh, always some excuse," she interrupted, — "always something! You do not wish to."

"Oh, really" — he protested. He by no means wished her to divine from his manner his changed point of view.

She began to question him on the doings of late, that kept him away from her. What was the McMurray-Bourdon wedding like? And were there as many guests at Mrs. Antram's ball as usual? She had the names and personal descriptions of the leading society people all at the tip of her tongue, acquiring them from the position of a very close observer.

As to the first, he had had a headache, and taken a Turkish bath instead. On the evening of the other he had got mixed up with some young artist acquaintances in a rather jolly time at the Sketch Club, and forgotten all about it, or at least given it the go-by.



This neglect of what was so choice and distinguished, in favor of something very ordinary and vulgar, seemed to Miss Emily Rawson little short of sacrilege. The Antrams' ball was the principal event of the winter. A team of wild horses should not have kept her from either that or the McMurray-Bourdon wedding, had she been asked.

"Society and I neglect each other very much," said Bainbridge. "I wonder they don't cross me off the books more than they do. I suppose they forget it. Mrs. Riffard, for instance, must be in a very pretty muddle, with her list of a thousand invitations. I always tell her my name when I go in. 'Mr. Bainbridge.' 'Ah, Mr. Bainbridge! I am so pleased.' Then my successor follows. My Hudson Hendricks were good enough to start me very fairly in that sort of thing some years ago; but I have cultivated it about as little, I dare say,—it really seems amusingly impudent,—as the greatest snob in town: as young Kingbolt, or Austin Sprowle, or Sprowle Onderdonk, for example, who assert that it is only the inexperienced and strugglers for a foothold that make party calls and dinner visits, or show any particular recognition of the civilities offered them. The certain-of-their-position get their invitations just the same. For my case, it is partly a native apathy, and partly—I could hardly tell you what. If they treat me ill, that stands for itself; if well, I consider it a case of false pretenses. They attribute to me, no doubt, a bank account and all sorts of other advantages I don't possess."

"Then you think money of so much consequence?"

"Lack of it is the only crime that is not forgiven. Its possession is the cardinal virtue, the one thing that it is interesting to hear about. What is done in courts and camps is of no importance nowadays. It is what is done in a bank."

To vary a line of discussion which was not uncommon with them, he told her in an easy way, as an amusing anecdote of an indifferent person she would never be likely to see, of the visit of Otilie to the store, that afternoon, her chiding by her uncle, at which he had been unwillingly obliged to be present, her piquant manifestation of independence, and how Rodman Harvey had just been bequeathing her an infinitesimal legacy (he supposed he could say thus much without breach of professional confidence), which added to the interest.

"Is she pretty? You men always ask that. Nothing else will do you."

"Oh, she is pretty enough. I should not call that kind of looks particularly imposing in themselves. It all depends on the manners. I should think that she might have manners of quite a nice sort. I should judge that she might have that sentiment of rhythm, that touch of delicate suppleness that is a great thing in a woman."

"Since she is so very fine, I should think her uncle would give her more. He is a hard, disagreeable man, as I have always heard. He never did anybody a good turn in his life."

"I have come to have considerable regard for anybody who does not do you a bad turn."

"Oh, yes! you stand by him because he gives you business, and you hope, very likely, to become his principal attorney."

"I know of no better reason, if that were so. But I believe I am candid enough to judge of people apart from their relations to me. I should say that affection was not Rodman Harvey's strong point; but that he would be a person very regular and upright in his dealings; that he might be a person who would cherish a very high ideal of commercial integrity, if only for the neatness and symmetry of it."

Later in the evening the same name was a subject of discussion in another



group; to which Miss Rawson called him, vivaciously, crying, —

"*Au secours!* Your beloved Harveys are in danger."

Mrs. Clef was dissertating casually, in her tart way, on the engagement, not long since made public, of the daughter, Angelica Harvey, and an extremely well-connected, though, according to her, not especially brilliant, young man, Austin Sprowle, who had at one time been an under secretary of legation at Paris.

"They say they were engaged, or at least there was an understanding, for some time before it was formally announced," she said. "The way it came out was, some of the girls were rather ridiculing his appearance, at Mrs. Bloomfield's kettle-drum, and Angelica Harvey, who was present and heard them, broke out with, 'He is of the finest family in America, and — I am engaged to him!' She happened to be in one of her vicious, domineering moods, I suppose, that day. They say it was positively dreadful, the way her eyes flashed! However, that does not prevent her from flirting with other men, and notably with that young Kingbolt, as much as before. The match was made by the two mothers, at Pau. Family is Mrs. Harvey's hobby. Having married as she did herself, she thinks that is the direction in which they chiefly need strengthening; and her daughter shares her taste. I suppose the Sprowles are expecting something very handsome in the way of dowry from Harvey; but I should be inclined to think, with his fancy of piling up the largest sum possible for his eldest son, they would be rather disappointed. The Sprowles are far from poor, of course, but people who have had so many generations behind them unconnected in any way with trade cannot expect to compete with the vulgar modern style of fortunes. He is *not*, in fact, a fine-looking person," Mrs. Clef continued. "I always think, somehow, of the *knobs* of his body. His feet

stick out at an awkward angle, and he has one of those gourd-shaped heads with nothing in particular in them which I should think would be the despair of the phrenologists. It looks toppy; his neck is so very slender. He never said a brilliant thing in his life. I wonder how she puts up with him, she is so very ready with her tongue. Though she is a vixen of a girl, too, when she wishes to be; and he has no great treasure in her, either."

"As to his doing nobody a bad turn," said Miss Rawson, returning to the subject of Rodman Harvey with Bainbridge, "you know what *I* think of his conduct towards my friends, and yours, the Hasbrouck family, in the matter of their property. I was talking about it with Mrs. Hasbrouck only the other day."

"What! Is Mrs. Hasbrouck here? Since how long? Why did I not know of it before?"

"She has been here some little time, — at the Regina Flats. She is going to have an evening, and get together some of the Southern element in New York, I believe. She must have entertained very charmingly, I think, when she had the means. How *should* I have told you anything about her, or anything else, when you never come to see me?"

#### IV.

##### SUNDAY ON THE AVENUE.

By the middle of April the high board fence which had long obscured the view of the work in progress at the new mansion of Rodman Harvey, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and West Blank Street, was down. It came down of a Saturday afternoon, and on the Sunday following, the completion of the house was a matter of general notoriety.

On Sunday noons, in New York, on the letting out of the churches, there streams along Fifth Avenue, the chief



thoroughfare of the great quarter of brown sandstone and plate-glass inhabited by its wealth and fashion, a procession which is unique in the civilized world. In the charming early spring-time, after the severities of the winter, it is swollen to its fullest dimensions. Then the most exclusive people, who properly consider a promenade so open to all as quite too vulgar for their usual participation therein, are often allured to take part. To-day was not only in the genial spring-time, but it was Easter Day, the great festival of the Christian year, and a recognized occasion for the display of feminine fashions.

The air yet seemed full of the chiming of bells, the swelling notes of organ, harp, and viol, and of clear voices chanting anthems, and perfumed with the white lilies and roses from around all the fountains and chancel rails. The Resurrection had been, naturally, the theme in all the pulpits of the line of Gothic churches following each other interminably down the Avenue; but the Rev. Mr. Haggerson had managed to combine with it a discourse which made the fourth in his regular series to young men. The Rev. Mr. Goswin had attacked skepticism. The Rev. Mr. Telfair demonstrated the absurdity of imagining any necessary connection between ideas of supernaturalism and morality. Mr. Dillman had drawn the lessons of the City of Trebizond disaster. The Bishop of Orinoco, at Saint Barnabas', had made an eloquent appeal for the missionary work of his far-off station. The Rev. Mr. Gambit, taking the parable of the barren fig-tree, had divided his subject under three heads: first, the conditions of fruitfulness; second, the penalties of unfruitfulness; third, the fruits which his hearers might be reasonably expected to bring forth. The Rev. Mr. Bashan utilized in some appropriate way the blowing down of the walls of Jericho by the blasts of rams' horns. How simple, how appar-

ently contemptible, were the means; and yet at the fated hour, at the final note, the fortifications of the derisive city, that contained the elements of weakness in itself, crumbled to inevitable ruin. An analogy, he thought, might be found to this in the terrible force of public opinion when directed upon reputations falsely enjoyed, and undermined by secret consciousness of guilt.

The pastor of Rodman Harvey, the polished Dr. Miltimore, had little of all this hewing down of barren fig-trees and blowing of rams' horns of judgment. He softened the asperities of theology. He adopted a temperate, scholarly air, as of a person delivering addresses before historical societies. He devoted himself somewhat to reconciling the supposed inconsistency between temporal and spiritual welfare. Rodman Harvey had had one of his sermons of this sort put into pamphlet form, and kept copies of it by him, which he sometimes presented to new acquaintances, saying, "My good minister preached a sermon the other day that pleased me so well that I had to have it printed;" and this by no means did him harm in his business relations down town. Watervliet, the club wit, complimented the gentlemanly tone of things at Dr. Miltimore's highly. "He never touches on politics or religion," he said, "and offends the prejudices of no man."

Was Dr. Miltimore then to harrow up the feelings of the much-burdened capitalists, his parishioners, on their sole day of rest? Why, the responsibilities of Rodman Harvey alone, sitting there in his crimson-lined, oaken pew, were something incredible. Stockholder and director in the Antarctic, Cosmopolitan, and Union banks, the Alien-Mutual and Planet insurance companies, the Great Western Mail steamers, the Great Southern Devious Air Line, the Rio Bravo and Willamette, the Onalaska and Maumee railways, the Vulcan Rolling Mills, the Franklin Telegraph, the Metropolis



Gas, the Featherstone Hay-Scale companies, and in the Chamber of Commerce, the Union League Club, the Academy of Music, the Historical, the Agricultural, the St. Nicholas, and the New England societies; treasurer and active worker in that excellent association for the purification of municipal affairs, the Civic Reform Association, — these, with his mines, his charities, his great business house, involving the calculation of effects of climate, seasons, and changing political conditions on goods purchased from distant lands, to be sold in lands as remote, his family, and the supervision of the new mansion, even these were but a portion of his titles to more than ordinary tenderness and exemption from annoyance.

Rodman Harvey issued from the porch of Dr. Miltimore's church, accompanied by his wife, his younger son, Rodman, Jr., and his younger daughter, Calista, this last a tall girl aged ten, with dull blue eyes, a profusion of yellow hair hanging down her back, and a languid, complaining way of speaking. Rodman, Jr., a well-grown youth, still wore the gray uniform of the military school from which, it appeared, he had been, but a few days since, summarily dismissed, — a circumstance which by no means seemed to weigh heavily on his spirits at the present time.

Their landau, with the front let down, two tall men in drab on the box, the strong, large horses set off with silver-mounted harness and saddle blankets in dark green embroidered with a monogram in red, was awaiting them, in the concourse of carriages in front. Alphonse called the attention of Joseph, who was gossiping across to the coachman of General Burlington, — there was no valid reason why the serving-men should disagree, though there might be a coolness between their masters, — and Joseph promptly drew up to the curbstone.

"Let us walk, mamma; I am so tired

of riding," pleaded Callista, in her complaining voice. Rodman, Jr., left them at once on some no doubt important business of his own.

Quite unexceptionable people were going by. "Very well," said Mrs. Harvey, putting up a little parasol above a plump face still retaining a middle-aged prettiness. "Joseph, nous allons promener jusqu'à la nouvelle maison. Attendez nous là!"

"Parfaitement, madame," replied the Swiss Joseph. He drove decorously before them to the new house, and there took them up, and conveyed them to their stopping-place at the Bayswater Hotel.

The elder son, Selkirk, according to an account being given of him at about this very time by his brilliant elder sister, Miss Angelica Harvey, passed his Sunday mornings in moping over Herbert Spencer and such rubbish in his room, or in rearranging his books, or in calling on one Aureolin Slab, who set up to be an arbiter of taste in matters of art, to whom he brought late acquisitions of Banko and Kaga and old Kiyoto wares for discussion and advice.

The critical Angelica herself found Saint Barnabas' better adapted to her spiritual needs than Dr. Miltimore's. She had no great leaning towards historical society discourses, in fact, and the system here was more like what one was used to abroad, the stately religions of the people of title one knew. She thought of walking down the aisle at Saint Barnabas' with a footman carrying prayer-books behind her, as they do in England, but had hesitated as yet to introduce this innovation. At Dr. Miltimore's, however, there were no prayer-books to carry. She was on her way up from Saint Barnabas' now, attended by two young men, one on either hand, engaged in lively talk. These were recognized, by the set which knew them, the one as Austin Sprowle, formerly an under secretary of legation at Paris, her



affianced husband; the other — who had alighted from a dog-cart in which he was driving up the Avenue with a friend, on getting a little past, and come back and joined her — as Arthur Kingbolt, a fortunate person in the world, heir to that great manufacturing property, the Eureka Tool Works, of Kingboltsville, Connecticut.

Now that the fence was down, the new house of Rodman Harvey was seen to be a substantial edifice of brown stone, not differing greatly, except in size, from others in the neighborhood. It might have been fifty feet on the Avenue, and two hundred, with all its appurtenances, on the side street. It was of three liberal stories in height, covered by a mansard roof, which was topped by a gilded railing. The classic pediments over the first row of windows were of a curved form, those of the second triangular, and of the third straight. A stone balustrade inclosed the low "area" in front of the basement windows, which were protected by iron gratings with gilded spear-heads.

A flight of broad steps, curving hospitably outwards, led up to a porch with a couple of Corinthian columns, a pair of heavily embossed doors, and a little paved vestibule within these, which was closed by lighter doors, with amber-colored stained glass in their panels. The long stretch on the side-street was broken first by a bay-window reaching past the several stories. Then an expanse of blank wall, relieved by panels, and a glimpse of opaque sky-light above it indicated a picture-gallery. Following this, a brick wall, considerably higher than a man's head, extended back to where two tall posts, topped with stone balls, formed an entrance gateway to the low brick stables.

Promenaders, who had so long been filled with disquietude by the blasting, forced into close proximity to beds of slacking lime, and made to walk the plank over dubious chasms, welcomed

the disappearance of the last obstacles with genuine relief. The absence of the fence, so long blazoned with advertisements in the most florid style of ornamentation known to the art, was a novelty that could not escape attention. A flying nymph had symbolized the virtues of Kalophlogullmos, the unfailing complexion renovator; the Comet velocipede, the Schwartzbrod piano, the Pocahontas tobacco, and the winter route to Florida had all had their panels, and the Evening Meteor, which it is well known has a larger circulation than all of its contemporaries together, had been seen welcomed into the bosoms of delighted families.

The Prudential Land and Loan Company had announced its attractive system of combining the savings of many small depositors into investments for the extraordinary advantage of all. For prospectuses describing the plan in detail, application was to be had to the management, Fletcher, Sisson & Co., at the Magoon Building, in lower Broadway.

Whatever other matters then filled up the discourse of the crowd elsewhere, at this point — as the same light cloud always appears to hover at the mountain top, though the particles of which it is actually composed are flying past at the rate of sixty miles an hour — it was unfailingly Rodman Harvey and his affairs. He was a person hardly ever spoken of by the press except as "one of our leading merchant princes." Those who knew little of him now learned more; and those who knew much were glad to rehearse their stock of information. So that one could have obtained a very tolerable idea of the history and leading traits of this merchant prince only by lingering a little, and taking heed, in front of the mansion he had reared.

Aureolin Slab and the young architect, G. Lloyd, regretted that wealth should ever consist with such lack of



taste ; that the residence of so prominent a person should be neither Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Francis I., nor Eclectic Gothic, but a great nondescript monument to a wasted opportunity.

"He was of mere farmer origin, of course," remarked the severely aristocratic and Roman-nosed dowager, Mrs. Sprowle, to her stalwart kinsman, Sprowle-Onderdonk, who was walking with her a little distance, on his way to a late breakfast at the Empire Club ; "but I must say he has conducted himself in a very praiseworthy manner. His first wife, I believe, was quite of his own sort,—a wise Puritan virgin, who knitted stockings, sang psalms, and quoted the maxims of Cobbett and Poor Richard to him. But the present Mrs. Harvey is one of the Muffetts, and all that could be desired, from the point of view of family. Her first husband—for she was a widow—was thrown from his carriage and killed, early in their marriage. He left her very little, and her own family, who had the habit of spending all they could get, could not extend much aid. She inherited the Muffett place, however, which Harvey has lately built up into blocks of houses, and lived in it when she met him. I dare say she was having a very stupid time. I remember that it was thought quite a piece of presumption, his aspiring so high, particularly as he was not as rich then as now, and nobody had ever heard of him socially. However, as I have said, he has certainly used his money in a gentlemanly way. I have no adverse criticism to make either upon him or his daughter. Your cousin Austin seems very happy in his choice of her for a wife, and, as you know, I have never at any time withheld my approval."

Dr. Wyburd—diner-out, dabbler in literary and scientific matters in addition to the exercise of the medical profession, depositary of universal information, a tall man verging to portliness,

with a shining, ruddy complexion—dwelt on the beginnings of his fortune. "He made most of it during and after the War of the Rebellion," he said. "Previous to that he catered eagerly for the Southern trade. His credits were widely extended over the South at the breaking out of hostilities, and his losses must have been very heavy. He was one of those who showed at the time no great antipathy to slavery, but accepted things as he found them. The consequence was that the Southern dealers continued, and even increased, their trade with him, when they withdrew it from others of more radical opinions. This was all very well for a time, but when the separation came, and debts were repudiated, it was quite another story. He was lucky, I fancy, to pull through that business at all."

The dashing Cutter and the steady-going Whittemore, of the merchant's own clerks, went by, among others. Cutter had apparently been so much pleased with the boarding-house in Harvey's Terrace that he also had lately taken up his abode there.

"The old man is as obstinate a person, and as set in his way, when he once starts in, as ever was," said Whittemore. "They tell of a bank, some years ago, at Bridgefield, which refused him some small accommodation. He went to work and bought up its bills, and presented the whole issue for redemption at once. The officers apologized humbly, and begged him not to wind them up, but he paid no attention to them. It was the end of *that* concern."

"What I like," said Cutter, "is to get him on the subject of the economies he used to practice when he was young. He lets us have it, you know, as a reward of merit, occasionally, when he comes around in his snooping way, and finds everything going straight. Probably that was all right, you know, for those times ; but this thing of walking to save your car-fare, never taking a drink,



or a shine, or a day off, does not figure up the same way under the present system. Trade is too large. Look at the size of our place!—a hundred and twenty employees, sales of ten and fifteen millions a year. It would take a good many car-fares to compete with that, eh? The retail business is even worse, if anything. The big concerns eat up the little ones. It is no time for small fry nowadays.”

“Of course a man would expect to go into the country, somewhere,” said Whittemore, “to begin.”

“No country for me! none of that in mine! I stay here. Where will you find anything of this sort, for instance, in your rural districts?”

Whittemore looked about with a pleasure perhaps almost equal to his companion's in the bright and animated scene of which they formed a part.

Two slow divisions passed, one up, one down, on each sidewalk, almost touching shoulder to shoulder. The individuals composing them gazed into one another's faces, at these close quarters, nonchalantly, amiably, haughtily, impertinently, admiringly, distrustfully, according to the character of each. There were modish young women and young men without end; old beaux, gray, experienced, and distinguished-looking; stately matrons, with an air of solid elegance; children in plushes, velvets, and laces, like young princes of Vandyke. A sweet-faced girl, of a kind of pathetic interest, walked with a rosewood and silver crutch. Some, in deep mourning, seemed to hold in their crapes airs from the laurel and cypress dells of the cemeteries. At one point a tramp, his torn clothing held by a girdle of rope, crossed from a side-street, like some wild beast out of its jungle, and gave the whole concourse a momentary check, as those nearest shrank back on the others.

Almost the first parasols were out. There were some of pure crimson; others in concentric rings of black, gold,

and scarlet, like the patterns of archery targets. Bluish shadows streamed from the figures along the pavements. The sunshine, filtered through a thin haze, arising from the burning of stubble in the country round about, had a mysterious quality, like the smile of the Mona Lisa. The first leafage showed on the willows and maples in the public squares. The generative feeling of the time was in the air. Housewives planned to buy on the morrow new pots of geraniums, and sods of grass for the little city door-yards, tramped out in the winter by the feet of the serving-maids.

“No. The thing to do,” continued Cutter, “if it were possible, would be to die and collect one's own life insurance. But since that cannot be done, what is wanted is a safe speculation. There are plenty of good ones, if one could only find them. I was down the other day to see a party, St. Hill, at the Prudential Land and Loan Company, who would give me a position, with good pay and a chance to take a hand in the deals they are constantly making, without any risk worth mentioning, if I only had a small sum of money, to put up as a guarantee. It would be regarded by them merely as a deposit for the proper performance of the duties. If I had it I should certainly have taken the place; but there's the rub. When Miss Speller and I are married” —

“When what?”

“Oh! by the way, had I not told you? Yes, it is all fixed. The engagement will be but a short one. Then, as I was saying, there will be two of us to take care of. I am particularly interested, you see, in looking out for something better than before. I shall not stick to dry goods any longer than I can help, I can tell you. Look at McKinley! He has drawn exactly the same salary for the last fifteen years, and he will go on drawing just that and no more if he lives to the age of Methuselah.”

It was rather odd, Whittemore mused,



that Cutter, who had always insisted on his worldly wisdom in the matter of settling himself in life, should be going to marry Miss Speller. But she was pretty; they had been getting on capitally together,—he had seen that,—and no doubt, like prudent men before him, he had yielded to fascinations which he had not properly estimated.

## V.

## A MAN OF FASHION DRIVES OUT A FRIEND.

Young Kingbolt, of Kingboltsville, had the fancy this morning to take a turn up the road in his dog-cart. He had invited to a seat beside him his friend, intimate, and *protégé*, though a man much older than himself,—St. Hill, the leading manager of the Prudential Land and Loan Company.

A large, high-stepping, gray horse, with a quantity of silver chains rattling about his harness, drew along the box-like vehicle, with a slight rocking motion on its single axle. The master of this conveyance, half standing against its thickly cushioned seat, with one hand forward on the reins, and the other near the breast of his well-fitting frock coat, with a bunch of violets at the lapel, was as fine a picture of supercilious young patricianism as one would wish to see. He was of a type of feature, not uncommon in the well-looking American race, in which almost any change must be for the worse, and which therefore does not always grow old so agreeably as others of less perfection. His expression denoted petulance and self-will. There was something terrier-like (of the best breed, be it understood) in the trimness of his cut,—his small ears, his close-cropped hair brushed to a polish, his slight, dark mustache, his teeth, which glistened when he smiled.

While he was probably twenty-six, his companion must have been towards forty, and was a much stouter man, blonde, with a glass in one eye, and a round, red face, above which he wore a hat of the smallest size permitted by the prevailing mode.

The contribution of these two to the discussion of the merchant prince was of quite an unusual character.

"I am thinking of giving him a twist with some papers that were sent up to me the other day," said St. Hill.

"Giving him a twist?"

"Yes. Well, if a man won't pay you what he owes you in one way, I suppose you have a right to make him, if you can, in another. I have a lot of his letters, which he would not be at all anxious to have see daylight, especially about these times, when he begins to have political aspirations. I think I shall have to crowd Rodman Harvey for about twelve thousand dollars."

"He ought to be good for anything against him in the regular way. If you have a claim, why do you not put it into the hands of a lawyer?"

"Oh, this is an old matter, and barred out long since by the statute of limitations. He owed my father for cotton at the outbreak of the war. When we applied to him for payment, after it was over, he refused in the most abusive terms. He said he had lost enough by our side—meaning the South—already, and we might see how we liked it ourselves. At the same time, as I happen to know, he was remorselessly following up all who owed *him* there, and had anything left to bless themselves with."

"But you could have made him pay you then, you know; the five years' limitation was not out."

"It was pretty nearly out. Both my father and myself had had the misfortune to be rather actively engaged in what you call here the rebel service, and thought it advisable to go for a time to Europe, and to Egypt, as you know,



and did not quite understand what our rights were. When we did understand that we could sue in your courts it was too late. I wrote to him from London, asking for payment on grounds of justice, and it was then that he sent the response I have told you of. I did not have these letters then, nor have I had them at any time since till within a couple of days, or I should have given him a turn before."

"And these letters, what are they?"

"Well, they show him up, great philanthropist as he is on that subject now, as an actual slave-owner, for one thing. He used to take slaves on chattel mortgage for goods, and buy them outright also, and hire them out to work on the plantations. We had some of his niggers on a place of our own, up the Ashley River. And there are plenty more things. You see, he and my father used to be very thick at one time, and carried on an intimate correspondence, business and otherwise. The letters turned up only the other day, at an auction sale, for the third or fourth time, of the Ashley place. It was racketed to pieces, by troops of both sides, during the war, and has been in the hands of the Jews ever since. The papers were picked out of a barrel, with some other traps, by an old overseer of mine, who sent them up here to me to see if they might be of any interest."

"Now, see here! I've been a friend of yours, have n't I?" said young Kingbolt, when the scheme of forcing Rodman Harvey to restitution had been explicitly laid before him. "I don't say anything about what I did for you in Europe; but you were rather down on your luck, and I got you over here, and put you through at the Empire Club, and gave you a send-off in some good houses, — old Mrs. Sprowle, who is a great snob, was cracking you up only the other day on the score of family; and now you have got a big financial scheme, in which you think there is a

fortune, and some of my money in it to boot, have n't you? Well, now what I say about this bluff game is, Let it alone! Drop it! See?" Perhaps the superior age of the protégé added zest to the domineering air assumed by his younger patron. "You don't want to stir up anything of that kind," he continued. "Your rôle is to go on and get as many persons as possible favorable to your new enterprise. You asked me, when you first came here, what kind of a reception you were likely to meet with, on account of having been connected with the other side during the war. I told you that New York was too big and too bustling a place to devote much time to antiquated bygones. I said it might make you a bit of a curiosity and be a point in your favor, and so it has. But now, if you go to raking up those dead and buried issues that people had rather forget, if you go to attacking one of the few men who has not forgotten, but for some reason or other of his own keeps up a peculiar grudge about it, it will not be to your advantage with the community. And as to getting money out of Rodman Harvey, you may dismiss that idea at once. It can't be done. You would come out second best. Besides, I don't see that it would be right."

This was an unusual display of morality and consideration in one who was not noted for squeamishness, and was rather known for readiness in putting things at cross-purposes, if only for the sake of the sport. St. Hill cogitated whether there were not some hidden motive inclining his friend in Rodman Harvey's favor.

At this time Rodman Harvey's beautiful daughter went by, with the young Sprowle to whom she was engaged. Kingbolt acknowledged her bow from the sidewalk with much effusiveness, and glanced back at her furtively.

"It is too good a thing to give up. It is too much money to forego," St. Hill persisted in arguing.



"You'll have to choose between that and me, then," said Kingbolt sharply. "See here! I think I'll get down. You can take the trap up by yourself. I believe I won't ride to-day."

St. Hill saw him go back and join Angelica Harvey. A sudden theory flashed into his mind as a solution of his previous meditations. He put together the recollection of extreme eulogies he had heard from Kingbolt on the beauty and style of this prominent social ornament, and other attentions he had paid her, engaged as she was, and securely fixed in her choice by her own wishes, the plans of two prominent families, and the respect due to the usages of society.

"Oho! is that it?" he said to himself. "He is a little gone on the young woman, and so takes the family under his protection. It is like one of his whims. Well, we must wait a little for the weather-cock to blow around. It can't sit long in that quarter. There is altogether too slim a prospect even for him."

It is not too much to say that Mr. St. Hill was very considerably disappointed. He had not even arrived at the subject of a small loan he had intended to propose, on the basis of the profits to be derived from Harvey. And further than this, a positive interdict had been laid on the promising scheme itself, which he could not disregard without the loss of a connection from which he expected many substantial favors in the future, as he had received them in the past. But he had occasion to know something of his friend's vacillations of purpose. He was encouraged to believe that in a brief period Kingbolt would have forgotten Harvey and his daughter, even to the bare fact of their existence, and that he could then again proceed with his design, for the present postponed.

There was not a group on the Avenue that drew more admiring attention than the trio of Miss Angelica Harvey and her two cavaliers, proceeding towards

the Bayswater Hotel. Not that the one on the right, her accepted suitor, was a model of perfection in looks. He had, indeed, something of the ungainly aspect pictured by Mrs. Clef in her lively descriptions. On the other hand, there was hardly any mistaking his fashion, his membership in a select circle. He affected a quiet elegance. All his costume, to his black gaiters, was black. He wore a weed on his hat, carried his elbows at an artificial angle, and balanced a small stick between a thumb and finger. "Commonness" was understood to be the chief avoidance of Austin Sprowle in life. When under secretary of legation at Paris, retained there through a number of changes by family influence, he was said to have spoken of the ministers who came and went above him as "common."

But the one on the left was a very handsome young man. And then the young woman herself! She had fine, large, dark eyes, which she rolled about vivaciously as she talked. She had a small dimple in her cheek, and a smile which, in showing her fine teeth to the most complete advantage, caused little wrinkles to appear momentarily around her quite enchanting nose.

Her costume was of some drab or pale yellowish cloth, which fitted her like her skin. Well-defined triangles of daylight appeared between her slim arms and the contours of her shapely waist. As she moved her skirts flew off from the hips, first this way and then that, in the undulations of a walk which was broken into syllables, as it were. At the breast was a nosegay of yellow flowers. Kingbolt always noticed in her some subtle touch of distinction from the crowd. Yellow flowers, now? It was a small thing, but nobody else wore yellow flowers. And be assured that when, partly through her example, they should have become the mode, she would be as far in advance again with some new bit of tasteful ingenuity.



It was to these two, Kingbolt and Angelica, that the interested glances were principally directed. So perfect in every artificial appointment, so elastic of tread, so comely and blooming in looks, so airily free from every shade of self-distrust, a young Diana and her brother, Phœbus Apollo, of the upper society, they radiated around them to those below a kind of awful splendor.

"I got down on your account," said Kingbolt. "I saw you walking. I was going for a turn up the road after my breakfast."

"How very good of you! I have not seen you for a long time. What news have you for me?"

"I am bringing over an English tilbury. I like to have something a little different now and then, you know," he said, twisting a finger nonchalantly into the front of his collar, to relieve some slight pressure there. "It has a rumble, you know, for one's man, and the horses are harnessed with a silver bar across their backs, and are put in this way," indicating by a gesture with his hands.

"You must take me out in it."

"I think I'll get a tilbury, too," said Sprowle, in an imitative way, not to be wholly relegated to the position of a listener merely because he was less fluent in talk. As to the tilbury, he might have intended to get it, and might not, at least till after his marriage. The standing of the Sprowles, fortunately, did not depend upon their lavish expenditure of money.

Being of those who had not often taken part in the procession, the group set themselves to making satirical comments on it, as if at some display of the manners and customs of aborigines.

"I am told that many of these persons who make such a fine appearance are mere clerks," said Kingbolt. "Indeed, I have seen some of them in the shops myself."

"I never go to shops," said Angelica.

"I send my maid. As much as possible I order things directly from the manufacturers, gotten up to special designs for myself. Then you get things that all the world cannot tiresomely imitate. There ought to be some special dress for the lower classes, — for all that kind of people," she recommended. "Simple caps and aprons for the women, and blouses for the men, so that mistakes could not be made."

"Yes, there ought to be a law, you know," said Sprowle.

Mr. Cutter, for instance, who, with Whittemore, was hardly scanning the fair proposer of the measure herself with an air of connoisseurship, from the steps of the Windsor Hotel, at this moment, would have made a very pretty resistance to being put in a blouse, as a mark of his social station.

"I suppose you will be going out a great deal again, now that Lent is over," suggested Kingbolt, turning to a new topic.

"Yes, I suppose so. I am so lately back from abroad that I do not find the novelty exhausted, you see. Besides, one is so uncomfortable in a hotel, what else can one do? It will be such a blessed relief when our new house is done. I went to two or three places almost every night during the winter, and was hardly ever in bed before two in the morning. I wonder, sometimes, how I stand it."

"You are made of *i-on*," said Sprowle, admiringly.

"I have done my share of all that, too," said Kingbolt. "I used to lead the German, you know, a good deal, while you were abroad. I recollect at one time going to ten young people's dinners, followed by ten large balls, in succession. New York did not content me in those times, either. I used to go into the country. I made it a point to know every society belle from here to St. Louis. I thought nothing of running out to Cleveland for a wedding,



or to Cincinnati for private theatricals. You would hear about me yet, I dare say, almost anywhere out there. But I am not going in for that sort of thing now. I shall just give a theatre party or so pretty soon, and perhaps a dance, at Delmonico's, or the club house up at Jerome Park, and then clear out."

"Where shall you go?"

"Up to my place at Kingboltsville." He would have liked to hear her protest against this; but she only said, —

"What do you do there? It must be very stupid."

"Oh, I have my horses, you know. I speed them on a track I have had made. Then I get some of the men up from here. We are close to Bridgefield, you know, which is quite a big city. We shall probably be taken in soon as a suburb. We have a club there, of which I am president. Then they have made me president of a railroad. They make me president of almost anything, there, you know, if I like. I have a lot of trustees, who expect me to be around and be nagged at a part of the time. And then there is building going on."

"I recollect that when I first met you, at Pau, we learned of your traveling with your architect, to get up plans for some industrial museum, or library, or something of that kind, for the improvement of your tenantry. I suppose that is finished by this time."

"Oh, all that rot! No, I abandoned it long ago. You can't do much for people of that kind, you know; they don't appreciate it. Besides, I could not stand the person, this Lloyd, that I took along with me. He was an old acquaintance of mine, and I thought I could depend on him to follow my directions and do as I said. Why, you would have thought that *he* was the one who was going to do the building, and had hired *me*! I had to turn him adrift. No, it is my sisters, — they are two widows, a good deal older than I am, — who are tinkering with a church and a

new wing to the house. They make me subscribe to the church, though I started it originally, and let it go again; that was another of my ideas; and the house has more wings now than it knows what to do with. They went over a while ago to the Maximoff sale, at Florence, if you remember, and brought back a lot of vases and things to put into the house and the church."

"I used to go to school with one of the little Maximoff princesses, at Geneva," said Angelica, by way of reminiscence. "She had some trouble with her spine, I believe. She took a liking to me. They were enormously wealthy. They had one of their residences there, and when they sent their great men-servants, — I was about twelve then, — I was often taken out for an airing with her in the carriage."

They were continually passing, while engaged in such discourse, people they knew. The two young men were never done doffing their hats and putting them on again. The old beau, Robert Rink, who was sometimes spoken of as "the gray deceiver," Judge Chippendale, Watervliet the wit, and Dr. Wyburd looked for the bow of the young beauty with interest. Baron Au, of the Pomeranian legation, and Bulbul Effendi, the Turkish secretary, whom the women tolerated as a hideous little piece of live bricabrac, chuckled over it audibly. De Longbow Rowley, failing to receive it, though she knew him perfectly well, — it was a trick she had, occasionally, to keep them on their mettle, — said to Whitehead Finch, —

"I don't admit that she is such a howling belle."

When she passed Ada Trull, whose blonde hair, smoothed over her forehead and cut to an even line, resembled a cap of gold, these two exchanged many nods, and smiled brightly in recognition of things in common between them. But with Alice Burlington, between whose father and her own there was a feud,



only glances of far-off, pensive criticism were exchanged.

"She has the knack of making herself the most distinguished figure of every company," said Kingbolt, walking away after leaving her at the Bayswater Hotel. "She would do a man credit."

Had he been a marrying man, he thought, in season, he could have found no one who would do so more completely. She was haughty; he did not mind that. They would have been haughty together. "Why did I not see her before?" he said. "Or rather, why were not my eyes opened? I had the same chance to know her at Pau as Sprowle."

It was not possible, after all his experiences of life, after the atmosphere of gentle sighs, the swath of damaged affections, which he had left behind him in his career around the world, that he could have come to the absurd pass of being inconvenienced in mind by one who was irremediably beyond his reach.

"What in the world, at any rate," he cried, "could she have seen in that muff of a Sprowle, to take up with him?" Then he scoffed at himself for the unprofitable speculation, and went down to join a group of his friends of the Empire Club, ruminating in the large windows with their sticks under their chins.

*William Henry Bishop.*

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## LOVE AND DEATH.

WHAT comfort this to souls that dread their fate:

Though in thick darkness long their image lie,  
Oblivion shall be lighted soon or late

By some unknown, unconscious passer-by.

I, on the way to meet new love and fair,

Clinging to naught in heaven or earth beside,  
Felt my dead love returning, unaware,

To seize the heart where reigned a breathing bride.

For lo, there passed me, on my altered course,

A stranger, who, despite the strangeness, wore

What stemmed new passion with a painful force,—

The semblance to my bride of years before.

Not this the face or figure of my dead,

More or less lovely,—ah, that matters not;

Like hers, the way of speech, the turn of head,

The wordless something not to be forgot.

Had this reminder come when loss was new,

How had my heart then quivered with regret,

And cross-like anguish thrust me through and through,

That her own self could nevermore be met!

But now, warm lips to greet me in an hour

Dismissed the wish for hers, long turned to dust;



The past surrendered to the present's power,  
And I, to-day, grudged not the grave its trust.

Instead of that, the thought flashed like a bolt,  
Shocking my sense of faith and love sincere, —  
Nay, like a crime from which I would revolt, —  
“The day has come you would not have her here.”

I had been sure, with grief at awful height,  
That other love could never, never be;  
Both law and gospel giving ample right,  
I start to-day at time's strange alchemy.

*Charlotte Fiske Bates.*

## HURRICANES.

THE general physical order of our universe is singularly well suited to the needs of organic life. Death comes in most cases from the forces within the being, or from the action of other organic forms. Only now and then do we find the inorganic machinery of the earth compassing at once the wide-spread destruction of living creatures. These departures from the calm order of physical events of our earth fall into a few classes, and are all momentary in their action: they are the earthquake, the lightning, and the violent movements of the atmosphere, known as cyclones, typhoons, or hurricanes.

Although these rude modes of action of the natural forces fill a large place in the fears of man, they are so uncommon that few of those who read these lines will have seen any deadly effects from their action. It is rather because of their uncommonness that they have an importance to us; if they were very frequent events, if much of the death in the world came through them, familiarity would have made them contemptible. A single bad sewer may, in its time, kill more people than all the shocks of earth and air within the bounds of an empire; but the great incidents of nature are pic-

turesque; they have the noble charm that belongs in things terrible; and so I may fairly hope for an interest in this paper that would not be given the disorders and ravages of a Cloaca Maxima.

Our own country has a more direct interest in the matter of violent wind storms than in any other of the cataclysms of nature. We have long been spared serious ravage from earthquakes, and though lightning probably does more effective work in the eastern half of North America than in any other country, its destruction here as elsewhere is of a sporadic sort, never leading to wide-spread ruin; but in all the region of the Western prairies we have the frequent visitation of hurricanes, bringing about catastrophes more terrible to the imagination, less limitable by any human skill, more utterly destructive to all the works of man, than any other accidents of nature. Several times in each summer season we hear that some of the new settlements in the region of the Mississippi have been visited by one of these meteors, and that the very face of the earth has been blown away; villages, fields, and forests flying before it as the grass before the blast of the cannon. The only mitigation to the horror is the



narrowness of its path: while an earthquake may devastate a hundred thousand square miles by its shocks, sometimes the area of a hurricane's ravages is not over a mile in width and ten miles or less in length. If space admitted, it would be interesting to trace in detail the circumstances that attend these calamities; they afford scenes of terror to which the most dreadful earthquake can scarcely furnish a parallel; but for our purpose it will be sufficient to note the purely natural side of the convulsion, leaving its woful incidents out of sight.

All the wind storms of the hurricane class, as far as their most evident phenomena are concerned, conform closely to a single type. Of their exact physical history we are yet in much ignorance. Such conditions as they bring about are not favorable to close observations; no mind can see calmly when the body is in the very hands of death; but out of the cloud of fables that gather around such tempests we can collect facts enough to make a tolerably clear picture of the events that hurriedly succeed each other in these catastrophes.

In the season of hot weather in the central part of the Mississippi Valley, there often come successions of days when the atmosphere is not stirred by the winds, but remains as still as the air of a cave. Despite the steady gain in the heat, the sky stays cloudless, or at most is flecked by those light clouds that lie five miles or more above the surface of the earth. All nature seems cowed beneath the fervent heat, yet there is nothing of distinct portent in earth or air. At last, towards evening there may be seen a sudden curdling of the western sky; in a few minutes the clouds gather, coming from nowhere, growing at once in the lurid air. In less than half an hour the forces of the storm are organized, and its dreadful advance begins. If we were just beneath the gathering clouds we would find that the air over a space a mile or so in diameter was

spinning around in a great whirlpool, and while the revolving mass slowly advanced, the central part moved rapidly upwards. Beginning slowly, all the movements of the storm, the whirling action, the vertical streaming of the air, its onward movement, all gain speed of motion with astonishing rapidity. In a minute or two some cubic miles of air are in a state of intense gyratory movement, mounting upwards as violently as the gases over a volcano. To replace this strong whirling uprush, there is an indraught from every side towards the centre of the whirlwind; and as this centre moves quickly forward, the rush of air is strongest from behind towards the advancing hurricane. The rate at which the storm goes forward is very variable, though it is generally as much as forty to one hundred miles an hour; but this is not the measure of its destructive power. The rending effect of the storm is much greater than would be given by a simple blast of air moving at this speed. Much of this peculiar capacity for destruction may perhaps be due to the gyratory motion of the wind in the storm centre, which on one side of the whirlwind adds the speed arising from its circular movement to the translatory velocity of the whirlwind itself. Some of the records tell us that houses with closed windows have been known to burst apart, as if from an explosion of gunpowder, while others, that had their doors and windows wide open, remained essentially unharmed. It has been conjectured that this action may be due to a sudden rarefaction of the air on the outside of the building; but this cause cannot be sufficient to produce such effects, and if such explosions occur the cause must be looked for elsewhere. After the storm is once developed, it seems very quickly to acquire its maximum of destructive power and its speed of translation. At the outset and during the period of most efficient action, the strip of country affected is generally very



narrow, not often exceeding a mile in width; as the storm advances the path seems gradually to grow wider, and the gyratory movement as well as the translatory motion of the meteor less considerable, until at last it fades into an ordinary thunder-storm, or dies into a calm. Through the whole course of the hurricane, and especially during its closing stages, there is generally more or less rain and hail. Storms of this class are so exceptional in all their features that it is not yet quite certain to what combination of causes they are due. To give the reader what light we have, it will be necessary to do with them what the inquirer will find it well to do with all the large phenomena of nature: first, to examine their relations to other similar phenomena, and second, to study the law of their geographical distribution.

These storms differ from our ordinary atmospheric disturbances in the following ways: Ordinary winds are produced by an excess of atmospheric pressure in the regions whence they blow. The wide-ranging steady winds flow out from regions of high barometer to those where lower pressure prevails. They rest upon gravitative forces, flowing in obedience to the same force that impels streams to the sea; it is evident that they have no distinct relation to hurricanes. Besides this class of general, steady winds we have the class of cyclones; storms belonging to this group are almost always developed over the surface of seas, — usually, if not always, near the land. They are like hurricanes in the general laws of their motion, having a whirling movement and a forward movement of the centre; they differ, however, from hurricanes in their vastly greater volume and in the enormously greater length of their courses. It seems doubtful whether there are gradations of size between the largest hurricane and the true cyclone; related in every other feature, these storms are distinct in the magnitude of

their phenomena. None of the hurricanes of the Mississippi Valley, of which I have seen accounts, approach the typical cyclone in size, except, perhaps, the memorable storm of July, 1857. This singular meteor swept from the region west of the Mississippi across the continent to the seaboard, and thence far out towards Europe; it was at points a hundred miles wide, and save for the rapidity of its translation was a normal cyclone of great power. Yet I fail to find a series connecting the largest of our ordinary hurricanes with this great storm. In the ascending scale of size our hurricanes shade obscurely into the greater cyclone. In the descending scale they pass in the same obscure manner into the little whirlwinds which may often be seen on our streets and fields. In any time of bright sunshine and moderately still air we may see these last-named little dancing storms; they never seem to attain a very great size, the largest being a score or two feet in diameter, and their lifting power very slight. In many other respects, they closely resemble hurricanes: there is the same upward, whirling motion, and the same onward moving of the axis of the column, but all the dimensions are in miniature. Although on the land these whirlwinds are small, over the surface of the tropic seas and in the Mediterranean they attain a large size, and take on the character of water-spouts. These in violence resemble our hurricanes, but in dimensions they are much less considerable than the ordinary meteor of the Mississippi Valley type. Yet their lifting power is far greater than that of the small whirlwinds of the land; the latter can raise clouds of dust or small light objects, while there can be no reasonable doubt that the water-spout whirlwind can lift large bodies of water to a great height above the sea.

Thus we see that we have three or more divisions in the class of whirlwinds, which give a great series of circular



storms, ranging in size upwards from the familiar dust whirls of the land to the water-spout of the sea, then to the hurricane, and still further to the vast cyclone. All these storms are akin in their essential features, differing only in the magnitude and intensity of the disturbances they bring about.

Having traced in this brief and incomplete manner the classification of circular air storms, let us next look at the circumstances of their distribution. A study of these conditions shows us that these whirlwinds are not developed except in regions where great heat prevails in times of comparative calm. They do not occur in high latitudes, or indeed beyond the tropics, except during the summer season.

Limiting ourselves to the forms of these storms that occur in this country, we further perceive that they are encountered only in regions of level surface, and that they are practically limited to districts that are not forest clad, or to wooded regions near the line of treeless plains. Storms having the general aspect of hurricanes, but wanting their very great destructive power, occur occasionally all over the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. To cite but one case, there have been two hurricanes in the valley of the Mystic River, near Boston, within thirty years, that did a good deal of damage to vegetation and to weakly constructed houses; one or two lesser blasts of the same nature have ravaged this valley in other years. The careful study of one of these meteors, which was made by Professor Eustis, of Harvard College, shows that it was distinctly a whirlwind storm, essentially like the Western hurricanes. But the hurricane as a normal feature in the atmospheric economy is limited to the central part of the Mississippi Valley; this hurricane country extends from Texas and Mississippi in the south well up to the head-waters of the great stream. Its borders are not clearly defined, for the

region has in parts not been long enough dwelt in by civilized man to show us the true character of its conditions, but it seems to include all the treeless district that lies in the far west and north-west of our country. Eastward of this region the hurricanes become less powerful, and fade away into the ordinary thunder-gusts, which have something of the same character, but less concentration and more diffused energy. In the Rocky Mountains, though small whirlwinds are very common, being often a most conspicuous feature of the landscape, they never take the form of hurricanes.

This brief sketch of the distribution of hurricanes makes us ready to look to the nature of the causes that set these dreadful engines in motion. Several rather vague theories have been presented to us, but they deal in glittering generalities. The only hypothesis worthy of the name is one suggested by the late Mr. Thomas Belt, author of that charming book entitled *The Naturalist in Nicaragua*, which is essentially as follows: As is well known, the direct heat rays of the sun pass through the atmosphere with extreme ease; this is shown by the low temperature of the air in its upper regions. Even in the lower regions of the atmosphere, if the air be dry, or if its moisture be in the state of vapor insensible to the eye, the heat goes through it like water through an open sieve. It is quite otherwise with radiant heat. When the surface of the earth becomes heated the heat thrown off by radiation does not so easily escape; the considerable amount of moisture resists the passage of the heat into the upper region of air, so that the lower stratum of the atmosphere may acquire a high temperature, while the upper regions remain very cold. Now the difference between these regions of lower heated and cold upper air inclines them to change their relative positions: the hot lower air tends to ascend, and the



cold air above seeks by its greater gravity to descend to the surface of the earth. All the movements of the air are in the main due to this peculiar set of conditions, but generally they produce winds of a more or less continuous character, varying in permanence from the ceaseless trade-winds that have blown from the beginning of geological times to the transitory breezes of a summer day. When there are strong winds blowing the air is in a state of constant disturbance, and a sufficient mingling of air from the two regions takes place to remove all strain; but when, in times of long-continued calm, no mingling is allowed, the heated and the cooled levels are kept in their places, until the strain becomes very great. At last some small accident starts an upward stream of air at one point; up this column the heated air rises with a rush, and down the sides of the column the cooled air finds its way; with great swiftness the long-accumulating strain is broken, and large masses of the two diversely heated airs exchange places. The whirling motion of the ascending air is explained by the common laws of passage of one mass of fluid through another. Something analogous to it may be seen in the gyratory movement of water flowing out of a wash-bowl through the opening at the bottom. When the diameter of the storm is great, as in a cyclone, the difference in the rotary motion of the earth in the northern and southern parts of the storm causes it to whirl in a fixed way: always going round in one direction in the northern hemisphere, and in the reverse way in the southern hemisphere. In the smaller spirals, however, of the hurricane and water-spout, or the small land whirlwinds, the twist may take place in either direction. This hypothesis will help us to explain the peculiar seasonal and regional distribution of hurricanes and other circular storms. The reason that they do not occur in hilly or mountain countries may be found

in the fact that in such regions the difference of temperature between the hill-tops and valleys, or between the sunny and shaded sides of the declivities, causes a motion of the air that prevents the formation of the intense atmospheric tension necessary to the creation of the characteristic hurricane. These slight movements bring about an equilibrium of the upper and lower levels of air before any cataclysm is possible. The covering of forests or even the ordinary surface of cultivated land prevents the earth from becoming intensely heated by the sun's rays, so that the lower air is not brought to so high a temperature as it is over low and therefore easily heated plains. Thus the conditions that this hypothesis requires are best met in the regions where these storms exhibit their most intense power. Although this view was only outlined by Mr. Belt and is somewhat modified in this statement, we see that the facts correspond with the theory in a closer way than they commonly do in the case of a new hypothesis. It may not apply so well to the other genera of circular storms, the whirlwind and water-spout, or the vast cyclone. Yet, taken altogether, it seems more reasonable than any other hypothesis that has yet been brought forward. It is only necessary to suppose that the bodies of air involved in the disturbance differ in mass or depth to bring all the various causes of circular storms within the bounds of the explanation. In the trifling whirlwinds the depth and mass of the heated air are probably very slight, and the energy with which the air streams upward is relatively insignificant; in the cyclone a vast body of air, of profound depth, joins in the movement, and gives the storm its magnitude.

Circular storms do not seem to be limited to our earth; they evidently occur in the atmosphere of the sun on an infinitely vaster scale. The sun spots appear to be descending whirlwinds of



vast dimensions, and the flame-colored protuberances that are so conspicuous in a total eclipse are probably gigantic uprushes of the intensely heated gases that wrap the surface of the solar sphere. The great dark spots on the surface of Jupiter, which appear from time to time to be the puzzle of astronomers, may have the same general nature. Like those of the earth in their general physical character, they differ in their origin; on the sun, and probably on Jupiter, they are due to the heat of the sphere on which the atmosphere of those bodies rests, and not to the heat from without, as is the case with our own globe. In the early days of our earth's history, before the coming of life upon its surface, its air was doubtless beset by storms similar to those that sweep the spheres that still retain their ancient heat. But there is no reason to believe that for all the space of geologic time this atmosphere has ever been much more liable to these accidents than it is at present.

Science has already done a great deal to protect man from the dangers that come to him from the air. Lightning is now perfectly in his control; he can easily secure absolute safety in the times when it seems to rend heaven and earth. Can he hope by his arts to escape the bitterer ravage of the hurricane?

At first sight there seems little hope of any important contribution from science to this problem. There is, however, reason to believe that a careful study of the conditions which precede hurricanes may give us the data for determining the times when they may be expected to develop in any region. It is likely that by means of small balloons inflated by gas or heated air, with a conducting wire through the cord that retains them, it will be possible, by a well-known system, to determine the relative temperature of the air at different heights; so that if the hurricane be due to the difference of temperature at the earth's surface and in the upper re-

gions of the air, a basis for prediction can be secured. This knowledge of the conditions which favor the production of hurricanes would be of little use in guarding against their destructive power, unless other means of protection were devised. It will doubtless be possible to build habitations that will be practically secure against their action, but for this purpose nothing but the most solid masonry will serve,—a class of construction for which we cannot look in the regions where most needed.

Even a cursory examination of the paths pursued by these storms shows that they tend to follow certain geographical lines, and that in any region where they have once occurred they are likely to happen again. If a careful study of hurricanes should show this certainly to be the case, it will be possible for those whose homes lie in the tracks of these meteors to take special means of insuring protection by building exceptionally strong dwellings or under-ground places of refuge in the time of such catastrophes. I am inclined to believe that the hurricanes of the Mississippi Valley tend to lose their intensity as the country becomes more generally tilled. As far as these storms depend on the heating of the earth's surface we should naturally expect some mitigation in their intensity from the tillage of the soil. As before remarked, the compact and exposed natural surface of the Western prairies, with little capacity for containing water, and of scant herbage, is more readily heated than a wooded or cultivated surface. As tillage becomes more general and the planting of timber more extensive, we may expect less disturbance in the atmosphere from the super-heating of the earth's surface in the long period of the strong sunshine, during the summer season in the Mississippi Valley. Yet we can hardly hope for a perfect immunity from these evils. The dweller on these open woodless plains has certain



advantages from the absence of forests ; the earth is to his hand when he comes upon it ; and with this advantage he must take the loss that comes from the want of the sheltering woods which ex-

ist in the older and better dwelling-places of his race. He can drive his plow easily and with swift profit ; drought and hurricane serve but to balance the account with nature.

*N. S. Shaler.*

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## HYMNS AND HYMN-TINKERS.

"MANY gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honor to reprint many of our hymns. Now, they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are ; but I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favors : either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse ; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men." So wrote John Wesley something over a hundred years ago in the preface to *A Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists*. The outburst is both amusing, as showing the decided opinion the Rev. John Wesley, M. A., held in regard to the merits of his own and his brother's work, and instructive, as indicating the extent to which the practice of hymn-mending had been indulged in, even at that day. It has had but little effect, however, as a restraint upon the tinkering tendencies of succeeding compilers. There is hardly a stone in all the noble temple of our English hymnology which has not been chipped or beplastered, sometimes quite out of its original form and color, by these literary deformers. In a few cases they have done really good service, removing ugly projections

or filling up unsightly crannies left by the carelessness of the original artist, but as a rule their work has been fearfully and wonderfully bad.

Looked at from the literary point of view, it is as disfiguring as are the names of John Brown and Ezekiel Spriggins cut into the cap-stone of the pyramid of Cheops. Seen from the moral side, it is hard to understand how these emendators defend their work from the charge of absolute dishonesty. Forgery is an ugly word, but there is no other which applies. The attempt to eliminate from *Paradise Lost* all references to hell, in order to make that poem edifying to such as disbelieve in eternal burnings, would probably be received with little favor, even if honestly undertaken. The words which people of good taste would use in reference to the man who should make it would be either very severe or very contemptuous. Yet the hymn-book compilers, of every denomination, have unhesitatingly and freely remodeled the hymns written by members of other sects, in order to adapt their phraseology to the creeds of the churches in which they were to be used. It is fair to suppose that such divines as Watts, Doddridge, Newton, and the Wesleys had certain well-considered opinions upon the subjects of which they wrote. It is not fair, nor is it honest, that their carefully chosen words should be so transposed or changed as quite to reverse the original sense. Nevertheless, this is frequently done, so that the singer, ac-



quainted only with the hymn-book versions, is often led to suppose that the writers whose names are appended to them were sharers in his peculiar belief, when, as a matter of fact, they would have condemned his faith as absolutely heretical.

The theological aspect of hymn-tinkering, however, can be more safely ignored than discussed, and no reference would be made to it here were it not that in some cases it merges with the literary so as to be hardly capable of differentiation. Hymnology is by no means the least important branch of our various literature; the hymn-book is to be found in many a library where the only other volumes are the Bible and almanac. The corruptions of Shakespeare's text are discussed with careful scholarship in ambitious works, yet the much more numerous and radical corruptions in the lines of our hymn-writers, whose words are familiar in homes where Hamlet was never heard of, pass almost unnoted. It may be interesting to some readers to have their attention called to a few examples, merely in the interests of good taste and literary honesty.

In 1562, "The Whole Booke of Psalmes collected into English metre by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins and others, conferred with the Ebrue, with apt notes to sing them withal," was first appended to the Book of Common Prayer. For more than a century these paraphrases remained in popular use. The most of them were rough in structure, coarse in expression, and faulty in versification. Nevertheless, the "Kinge's Maiestie's Groome" and the Suffolk school-master in a few instances produced verses whose rough vigor and healthy, sturdy sweep disarm criticism. One notable example has been preserved to us, after a fashion, in nearly all the modern hymn-books. It is Sternhold's version of the eighteenth Psalm, the ninth and tenth verses. Here is the original:—

The Lord descended from above,  
and bow'd the heavens hye;  
And underneath his feete he cast  
the darknesse of the skye.

On cherubs and on cherubines,  
full royally he rode;  
And on the wings of all the windeles  
came flying all abroad.

And here is the way it is now printed:

The Lord descended from above  
And bowed the heavens *most* high,  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On *cherubim* and *seraphim*  
Full royally he rode,  
And on the wings of *mighty* winds  
Came flying all abroad.

This is usually followed by several stanzas taken from Sternhold's paraphrase of the twenty-ninth Psalm, all exhibiting similar changes. The second line loses much of its majestic simplicity by the addition of that redundant adverb. One is tempted to ask how many sets of heavens the corrector wished us to understand there were, and whether only one was "bowed"! The grammarian who objected to "cherubs and cherubines" doubtless had grounds for doing so, and no especial fault can be found with "cherubim and seraphim," except that Thomas Sternhold, to whom the conscientious editor credits the psalm, did not write it so. "Cherub and cherubim," which is fully as bad as the original, still survives in half the hymn-books. But what shall be said of the taste which prefers the feebly descriptive "wings of mighty winds" to the sounding, forceful line of the original? Yet in every collection of hymns now in use the corrupted version is the one to be found. Nay, so universally has the alteration been accepted that in a recent anthology, prepared by one of the best known literary men of America, it is made to do service in a quotation from this psalm.

Dr. Watts has been one of the most fortunate of the hymn-writers in his treatment at the hands of his editors. Of the one hundred and sixty hymns



and psalms written by him which are contained in a recent popular collection, only about sixty have been changed to any extent. Of course such merely verbal changes as "hath" and "doth" for "has" and "does," "mine" and "thine" for "my" and "thy," "who" and "which" for "that," the plural form for the singular, and the general interchange of "and," "or," "then," and "but," are not considered. Very few hymns are reprinted with accuracy as regards these particles of speech. Many of the other changes in Watts's hymns are also unimportant, and of such a nature that the only reasonable supposition is that they were originally proof blunders, perpetuated by constant reprinting. If this be the case, what a commentary it furnishes upon the fidelity with which the compilers have done their tasks, and the care with which they have compared the originals! In that noble prayer, "Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," the opening line of the fourth stanza was written, "Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie;" it is now universally printed "and shall we ever *live*." "And Satan binds our captive minds," Watts wrote in another hymn. According to the present version "auld Cloutie" is not required to take so much trouble. He simply "*holds* our captive minds." "David's holy Son" becomes "David's *only* Son." "All things but lost for Jesus' sake" is now "All things but *loss* for Jesus' sake."

Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread,

are two lines in the paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm. At least one hymnal prints "Thy hand, in *sight* of all my foes." In another hymn the last words of the lines, —

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed  
With a revenging rod,

become "with an *avenging* rod." Many examples of such changes, made without apparent motive, occur in the hymns of other writers: the line in E. H. Sears's ringing Christmas anthem, "Where wild

Judea stretches forth," is usually printed, "Where wild Judea stretches *far*;" Wesley's "Jesus weeps! but loves me still," softens into "Jesus weeps, and loves me still;" Mrs. Steele's "Let thy kind spirit in my heart" becomes "Let thy *good* spirit," etc. Newton wrote, —

But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled to him in God.

The types became mixed here, and as we see them they read "reconciled *in him to God*." And so on through scores of similar examples.

These changes are but slight, however, and would justify no severe censure, except of editorial carelessness and laziness. Some of Dr. Watts's familiar songs have not escaped so fortunately: —

One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

This becomes in one popular hymnal, —

One day *in such a place*  
Where thou, *my God*, art seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

Another just published collection makes it still different: —

One day amid the place  
Where my dear *Lord* hath been  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
*Within the tents of sin.*

A third collection of hymns, "faithfully compared with the original forms," gives us, —

One day amid the place  
Where *God, my God*, hath been  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
*Within the tents of sin.*

A fourth hymn-book, whose editors frankly admit that they have treated the hymns which have come before them "as common property," and have made various changes "with freedom," furnishes us with still another variation: —

One day amid the place  
Where *God my Saviour's* been  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of *pleasure and of sin.*

In the fourth stanza of the familiar hymn beginning, "Alas, and did my



Saviour bleed," the third line was written by Dr. Watts, "When God, the mighty maker, dy'd." This is to be found in one hymn-book in the form, "When *Christ, the great Creator*, died," while others give us, "When *Christ*, the mighty maker, died."

Almighty God! to thee  
Be endless honors done,  
The undivided Three  
And the mysterious One.

"The mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid" is no longer mysterious to the hymn-tinker, and the last line becomes in his hands "The *great and glorious* One." He also understands the classification of the angelic hosts better than did uncultured Watts, and accordingly teaches us to sing, "*Bright seraphs* learn Immanuel's name," instead of "sweet cherubs," to whom the latter assigned that labor of love. Moved by the wonders of the incarnation, Dr. Watts broke forth into the beautiful paraphrase, —

Ere the blue heavens were stretched abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word.

This did not jingle properly in the ear of our accomplished editor, who gives us, instead of the first line, this: "*Before* the heavens were *spread* abroad." Too material for him is the doctor's line, "Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly at the great rising day," and so he gives us, "Up to the Lord *we too* shall fly," etc. In the familiar hymn, "When I can read my title clear," the poet emphasizes the believer's security against both the persecutions of the world and the anger of the adversary by exclaiming, —

Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

But the emendators have entirely destroyed the climax in the first two lines by substituting "*fiery*" for "hellish." In a paraphrase of the ninetyeth Psalm Dr. Watts wrote, —

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,

Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

This, evidently, savored too much of the "doctrine of good works" for the esteemed editor. He accordingly gives us, instead of Watts's third line, his own, "Till *thine own grace, so rich, so free*," which is certainly a very different idea from the original.

O, the sweet wonders of that cross  
Where God, the Saviour, lov'd and dy'd,

also seems to have conflicted with the tinker's theological ideas, and he has changed the second line to "Where *my Redeemer* loved and died." The vigorous line "To triumph o'er the monster death" degenerates in our versions to the weaker "To triumph o'er *approaching* death."

Many of Dr. Watts's hymns were altered by the Wesleys, who, despite their desire to be let alone themselves, did not hesitate to lay their hands on other people's work. The remarkable thing about their alterations is that they were often real improvements. The hymn on Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning originally opened in this wise: —

He dies! the heavenly lover dies!  
The tidings strike a doleful sound  
On my poor heart-strings. Deep he lies  
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Wesley transformed this almost out of recognition, and we now wisely sing, instead of the original, his vastly better lines: —

He dies! the friend of sinners dies;  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

Dr. Doddridge has suffered much more severely than Dr. Watts from the "improvements" upon his hymns. It was his custom, after he had prepared a sermon, and while its thought was still burning in his mind, to write a short hymn for the congregation to sing at the close of service. His pupil and associate, the Rev. Job Orton, informs us, in his preface to the collected hymns, that they were written "during a series of



many years, amidst an uncommon variety and daily succession of most important labors, by a man who had no ear for music." They "want his retouching hand." "There may, perhaps, be some improprieties, owing to my not being able to read the author's manuscript in particular places, and being obliged, without a poetic genius, to supply these deficiencies, whereby the beauty of the stanza may be greatly defaced, *though the sense is preserved.*" Candid Job Orton! Let his name be sent down to posterity, followed by the applause of every lover of literary honesty and humility! He is the one hymn editor, "without a poetic genius," modest enough to admit that his author was a better poet than he, and honest enough to apologize for possible deviations from the correct rendering, with the plea that he did the best he could with difficult manuscript. At any rate, "the sense is preserved." Would that as much could be said of the work done by his successors!

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above;  
To that our lab'ring souls aspire  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

So sang Doddridge, looking forward with hungering and thirsting of spirit to the far country and its eternal Sabbath. But the hymn-tinker evidently disapproves of such strong emotions. He gives us, in place of the last lines, these:

To that our *longing* souls aspire  
With *cheerful hope* and strong desire.

No "ardent pangs" for him. "Let us labor, therefore, to enter into that rest," exclaimed Paul. None of that for our friend. He prefers "longing with cheerful hope" to the travail of soul with which the disciples were bidden to "strive to enter in at the strait gate."

One of the most jubilant pæans of victory which the church still sings, as it marches on its conquering way, is that beginning, "Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes:" —

He comes from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eye balls of the blind  
To pour celestial day.

Instead of the third line is now printed, "And on the *eyes long closed in night.*" The poetic figure is weakened by its dilution, and the harmony and rhythm of the line injured. Why? No one but the hymn-tinker could tell, his ways being, indeed, past finding out.

The names of all his saints he bears  
Deep graven on his heart;  
Nor shall the meanest Christian say  
That he hath lost his part.

Thus Doddridge. Nowadays we are given this to sing: —

The names of all his saints he bears  
Engraven on his heart;  
Nor shall a name once treasured there  
E'er from his care depart.

Is this a "manifest improvement"? The hymn-mender gives it to us as such.

Some of the mere word-changes in Doddridge are curious. In one hymn the line "Soften to flesh the rugged stone" is changed to "*Oh, turn to flesh the flinty stone.*" In another, "An instantaneous night" becomes "*At once eternal night.*" "Through horror's darkest gloom" is remodeled into "Through *death's impending* gloom." "Nor could untainted Eden give" is now "Nor could *the bowers of* Eden give." "Grace taught my wandering feet" is amended to "Grace *led* my *roving* feet," and "The gospel's gentle voice" becomes "The gospel's *cheering* sound." "And turn each cursed idol out" is altogether too profane for the tinker, so he makes it, "And turn *the dearest* idol out." These are a few of the minor and merely verbal changes to which Doddridge has been subjected. There are many other cases where whole hymns have been mangled barbarously. His sermon on 1 Corinthians vi. 17 was gathered up to be sung by the people, after its delivery, in the hymn beginning, —

My Saviour, I am thine  
By everlasting bands;  
My name, my heart, I would resign,  
My soul is in thy hands.



To thee I still would cleave  
 With ever-growing zeal;  
 Let millions tempt me Christ to leave,  
 They never shall prevail.

The hymn-mender loses entirely the delicate touch of the last lines of the first quatrain, which he renders, —

*Dear Saviour! we are thine  
 By everlasting bands;  
 Our hearts, our souls, we would resign  
 Entirely to thy hands.*

Neither does he allow us to sing, with the sublime confidence of the poet, his preference of his Master over all the millions of earth, but gives us instead a wishy-washy expression of his own desire to be prevented from becoming faithless : —

*If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
 Oh, let them ne'er prevail.*

Dodderidge's hymn written to follow his sermon upon Mary's choice of the "good part" is one of the most tender expositions to be found in the range of our hymnology. Here is the original :—

Why will ye lavish out your years  
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares,  
 While in this various range of thought  
 The one thing needful is forgot?

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,  
 And famish an immortal mind;  
 While angels with regret look down  
 To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?

Th' eternal God calls from above,  
 And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;  
 Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;  
 And shall they join their pleas in vain?

Not so your dying eyes shall view  
 Those objects which you now pursue;  
 Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,  
 When the decisive hour is near.

Almighty God, thy pow'r impart  
 To fix convictions on the heart;  
 Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,  
 And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

Compare this with the hymn which is now printed in the hymn-books with Dodderidge's name affixed :—

*Why will ye waste on trifling cares  
 That life which God's compassion spares,  
 While, in the various range of thought,  
 The one thing needful is forgot?*

*Shall God invite you from above?  
 Shall Jesus urge his dying love?*

*Shall troubled conscience give you pain,  
 And all these pleas unite in vain?*

Not so your eyes will always view  
 Those objects which you now pursue;  
 Not so will heaven and hell appear,  
 When death's decisive hour is near.

Almighty God, thy grace impart;  
 Fix deep conviction on each heart;  
 Nor let us waste on trifling cares  
 That life which thy compassion spares.

This last version, which retains enough of the original to prove its source, appears in one hymnal, among others, in the preface to which five clergymen declare over their signatures that "the hymns in this book have been faithfully compared with their original forms, so far as such comparisons were possible; and the original readings have been faithfully adhered to, except where hymns have been manifestly improved by alterations which usage has sanctioned." In the multitude of five-stanza hymns it is a little curious that the second stanza of this hymn should have been generally omitted. It is certainly equal to the others in manner and matter. As to the other changes, it is safe to leave the question whether or no the hymn has been "manifestly improved" by them to the decision of any intelligent taste.

Unquestionably, the most prolific of all our hymn-writers was Charles Wesley. During his eighty years of singing he published over four thousand hymns, and left at his death more than two thousand more in manuscript. Dictated by a glowing poetic nature, imbued with fervent piety, and modulated with rare taste and excellent scholarship, by far the larger proportion merit the great popular favor with which they have been received. Of the eleven hundred hymns in the hymnal of the denomination founded by his brother and himself, three hundred and forty are his, and in the hymn-books in use in other churches those bearing his name are generally more numerous than those of any writer



except Watts. But alas, the trail of the hymn-tinker is over them all. John Wesley's earnest adjuration to hymn-book compilers has been unheeded, nor have they apparently agreed with him in his opinion as to the merits of the originals. "In these hymns," wrote he, "there is no doggerel, no blotches, nothing put in to patch up the rhyme, no feeble expletives. Here are no cant expressions, or words without meaning. We talk common sense, both in prose and verse, and use no word but in a fixed and determinate sense." The hymn-mender is not of this opinion. He conceives himself able to better nearly all of Wesley's hymns, and sets about the work vigorously. Take, for instance, Wesley's best known Christmas hymn, the first lines of which were written, —

Hark, how all the welkin rings,  
 "Glory to the king of kings;  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled!"  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 Universal nature, say,  
 "Christ the Lord is born to-day!"

Instead of the above we now have something like this, slightly varied in different hymnals: —

Hark! the herald angels sing  
 "Glory to the new-born king:  
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled!"  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With the angelic host proclaim,  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

One of the most striking examples of the hymn-tinker's peculiar "genius" is furnished by Wesley's hymn for Ascension Day. The stanzas corresponding to those selected for the hymn-books were written as follows: —

Hail the day that sees him rise,  
 Ravished from our wishful eyes!  
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
 Reascends his native heaven!

There the pompous triumph waits;  
 "Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
 Wide unfold the radiant scene;  
 Take the King of Glory in."

Him though highest heaven receives,  
 Still he loves the earth he leaves;  
 Though returning to his throne,  
 Still he calls mankind his own.

Still for us his death he pleads;  
 Prevalent, he intercedes;  
 Near himself prepares our place,  
 Harbinger of human race.

Grant, though parted from our sight,  
 High above yon azure height,  
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
 Following thee beyond the skies.

Whatever the Rev. John Wesley may have thought of this hymn, the decidedly irreverend hymn-mender is of the opinion that here are several "blotches" and much "doggerel" which his practiced hand can improve. He accordingly gives us this instead: —

Hail the day that sees him rise,  
 Glorious, to his native skies!  
 Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
 Enters now the gates of heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits,  
 Lift your heads, eternal gates!  
 Christ hath vanquished death and sin;  
 Take the King of Glory in.

See, the heaven its Lord receives!  
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves;  
 Though returning to his throne,  
 Still he calls mankind his own.

Still for us he intercedes;  
 His prevailing death he pleads;  
 Near himself prepares a place,  
 Great forerunner of our race

What, though parted from our sight,  
 Far above yon starry height!  
 Thither our affections rise,  
 Following him beyond the skies.

"Pompous triumph" hardly means now just what it did to Charles Wesley and his contemporaries. Neither does Hamlet's exclamation, "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me." An occasional archaism is not displeasing to the cultured taste, and can it be that any man of common intelligence ever thought the line "Enters now the gates of heaven" a real improvement upon the terse, powerful, picturesque words of the original, "Reascends his native heaven"? Indeed, what possible mo-



tive can be conceived of for the perpetration of any one of the changes?

Occasionally a spasm of conscience seems to twinge the otherwise peaceful breast of the laborious editor. In at least one hymn-book the fact is now and then especially noted that a hymn has been altered. No such sign accompanies either of the preceding, but on a later page appears a hymn of two stanzas, credited "C. Wesley, *alt.*" The only changes consist in the omission from the first line of the last two words, "Forever here my rest [shall be]," and the omission of "dying" in the line "My [dying] Saviour and my God." Will some student of metaphysical lore explain by what mental or other process the compiler decided that the alterations in this case were of sufficient importance to be noticed, while those in the Christmas and Ascension Day hymns were not? The next hymn to this marked "*alt.*" is also by Wesley. It bears no such apologetic abbreviation to explain or excuse its short-comings, yet of its twenty lines only four are to be found *verbatim* in the original hymn. Another hymn, also marked "*alt.*," shows changes in three lines. The alterations are of a very slight nature, though the candor of the compiler is to be praised for noticing even such. Here is a hymn, however, to the changes in which he did not feel the necessity of calling any attention:—

Thou hidden source of calm repose,  
Thou all-sufficient love divine,  
My help, and refuge from my foes,  
Secure I am, if thou art mine;  
And lo, from sin and grief and shame  
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

Jesu, my all in all thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;  
The medicine of my broken heart,  
In war my peace, in loss my gain;  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame my glory and my crown:

In want my plentiful supply,  
In weakness my almighty power;  
In bonds my perfect liberty,  
My light in Satan's darkest hour;  
In grief my joy unspeakable,  
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

That is what Wesley wrote, and here follows the hymn-book version:—

*Jesus, thou source of calm repose,  
All fullness dwells in thee divine;  
Our strength to quell the proudest foes,  
Our light in deepest gloom to shine;  
Thou art our fortress, strength, and tower  
Our trust and portion, evermore.*

*Jesus, our comforter thou art,  
Our rest in toil, our ease in pain;  
The balm to heal each broken heart,  
In storms our peace, in loss our gain;  
Our joy beneath the worldling's frown,  
In shame our glory and our crown:*

*In want our plentiful supply,  
In weakness our almighty power;  
In bonds our perfect liberty,  
Our refuge in temptation's hour;  
Our comfort when in grief and thrall,  
Our life in death, our all in all.*

Comment or criticism would seem to be quite unnecessary.

Of the threescore hymns by Charles Wesley in one collection, nearly two thirds have been more or less changed. Of the greater alterations the specimens given must suffice, but many of the lesser are quite as vexatious. In a jubilant paraphrase of the last Psalm, Wesley breaks out into this ascription of praise to the Almighty's warlike powers:

Publish, spread to all around  
The great Jehovah's name;  
Let the trumpet's martial sound  
The Lord of hosts proclaim!

The hymn-mender who "improved" this evidently belongs to the peace society. He is strongly opposed to anything martial, and accordingly gives us,

Publish, spread to all around  
The great Immanuel's name;  
Let the *gospel* trumpet sound,  
The Prince of Peace proclaim.

Certainly a very different proclamation from that of either Wesley or his original, the Jewish king, both of whom were good fighters as well as excellent poets, and thus doubly unlike our esteemed tinker. In the familiar hymn, "Light of those whose dreary dwelling," we find the lines, —

Come, and by thy love's revealing  
Dissipate the clouds beneath,

changed into, —



*Rise on us, thyself revealing,  
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.*

In the same hymn we have "all-sufficient merit" in place of "all-restoring merit," and "Come, thou glorious God and Saviour" instead of "Come, thou universal Saviour." One editor makes the name of Jesus "music to my ravished ears" instead of "in the sinner's ears," and another prints, "He breaks the power of reigning sin" for "He breaks the power of cancell'd sin." It may be that some of these changes have been justified to the hymn-tinker's mind by the necessities of adapting the words to music, by the requirements of condensation, or by the changes of a varying theology, but what excuse can that man make who gives us, in place of Wesley's perfect lines, —

Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high,

these substitutes: —

Jesus, refuge of my soul,  
Let me to thy mercy fly;  
While the raging billows roll,  
While the tempest still is high.

The acme of asininity, however, is reached by the editor who gives us an "improved" version of the third quatrain: —

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

This was Wesley's prayer. One accomplished editor, who could perfume the violet and paint the lily, — or who thought he could, — cast it into this shape: —

Other refuge have I none,  
Lo, I, helpless, hang on thee;  
Leave, Oh! leave me not alone,  
Lest I basely shrink and flee.

A column of exclamation marks down the rest of the page would be the only fitting comment. "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet," according to Shakespeare, have some faculties in common. A comparison of the words of Charles

Wesley with those of his editor will show that there are also some differences between the last class and the first, to say the least.

But it is not alone these older singers whose glowing thoughts have been obscured by the flabby words of the hymn-tinker. It might be supposed that Bishop Heber was orthodox enough to write correct theology, and poet enough to be above the correction of common men. But the hymn-books show that this is not so. The familiar hymns, "From Greenland's icy mountains," "By cool Siloam's shady rill," and "Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee," all have undergone more or less serious mutilation. His magnificent hymn for the second Sunday in Advent is to English almost what the *Dies Iræ* is to Latin hymnology. It is the resonant war-cry of an inspired prophet-warrior, who stands, in all the gospel armor clad, fronting his own and his Master's enemies, the while, with "faith's foreseeing eye," — not "aspiring eye," — he looks across the dust of battle for the victorious coming of his Lord. He sends his voice pealing over the heads of his foes in the triumphant shout, —

The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixed seat forsake;  
And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,  
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human kind!

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!  
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come!

The third stanza is left to us unaltered, but the others were not quite to the taste of some one, and he has "improved" them into this form: —

The Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,  
The mountains to their centre shake;



And, withering from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord *shall* come! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,  
A silent Lamb *before his foes*,  
A *weary man*, and *full of woes*.

*While sinners in despair shall call,*  
"Rocks, hide us! mountains, on us fall!"  
*The saints, ascending from the tomb,*  
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come!"

This last version is also one which we are told has been compared with the original form, and retained only because it has been "manifestly improved by alterations which usage has sanctioned." Verily, there is no accounting for tastes.

The few fine hymns which young Henry Kirke White left us have not escaped. Every one is familiar with his pilgrim song:—

Through sorrow's night, and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We, soldiers of an injured King,  
Are marching to the tomb.

It was not thought best, evidently, to allow the *mobile vulgus* to sing of their "injured King," and the line has accordingly been remodeled into "We, *followers of our suffering Lord*." There are several other changes in the succeeding stanzas, but their climax is reached in the last line but one, where, instead of the poet's intense and vivid words,—

And the long-silent dust shall burst  
With shouts of endless praise,

we are given to sing, "And the long-silent *voice awake*," etc. This also, we are to believe, is one of the "manifest improvements." It would seem as if a little care would have prevented the almost universal reproduction of White's glorious anthem, "The Lord our God is clothed with might," with its opening line replaced by Dean Alford's "The Lord our God is *full of might*." The dean's line is no better than White's, and it belongs with an entirely different hymn.

No Christmas ever passes but from thousands of churches and Christian homes rise in glad song the words of

E. H. Sears's beautiful hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear." This is a modern composition. Dr. Sears has been in his grave but a very few years, yet a comparison of the hymn as it appears in his volume of Sermons and Songs with its form in half a dozen different hymnals shows no less than twelve variations. Some are unimportant: "earth" for "world," "heavenly wing" for "hovering wing," and the like. Others are more radical. Here are the last eight lines as Dr. Sears desired them to stand:—

For lo! the days are hastening on  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world give back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

Nevertheless, we are still given, in one of the most widely used hymnals, instead of the above, this:—

For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets *seen of old*,  
When with the ever-circling years  
*Shall come the time foretold*,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
*The Prince of Peace their King*,  
And the whole world *send back* the song  
Which now the angels sing.

The limits of space forbid reference to a great number of hymn-writers whose words have had no better fortune than those of the few already quoted. Cowper, Keble, Newton, Toplady, Mrs. Steele, Bonar, Addison, Hart, Stennett, Bowring, Mant, Montgomery, Perronet, Neale, Tappan, Whittier, Ray Palmer,—all these and as many more have had their words passed under the harrow and mangled with needless and cruel wounds. It is the duty of all who have the interests of an authentic literature at heart to manifest their disapproval of such literary crimes.

Lest any one should think that too harsh words have been applied in this paper, I beg leave to refer him to the opinion of one of the most genial and kindly as well as most accomplished of Amer-



ican critics, who says, "The compilers of hymn-books used in our churches have taken the strangest liberties in altering the style, and sometimes the meaning, of the religious poets from whom they have made their selections. A lawyer who had strict views regarding the guilt of transposing or omitting words in a written document duly signed,

and of substituting different words from those which the signer used, could hardly enter a church in the land without having a strange sensation, compounded of the horrible and the comical, in listening to choirs devoutly chanting or singing verses WITH FORGED NAMES appended to them in the hymn-book he holds in his hands."<sup>1</sup>

A. P. Hitchcock.

## AN ECHO OF PASSION.

### VI.

A FORM was stirring among the tall blackberry bushes, when they regained the empty house, which was not that of Star or the Nameless Gray. It proved to be the noxious student with eyes like a bug's, who had inconvenienced the Fenns at the tea-table, two evenings before, and was now browsing upon the vines with joyless diligence.

He looked up, saw them both, recognized Fenn, and resumed his eating.

"How did that insect ever get up here?" wondered the chemist. "Can it be his *habitat*?" And he was smitten with an unpleasant apprehension as to the rumors which might find their way to the hotel from this source. He made haste to lead up Star for Anice to mount.

Holding out his gloved hand for her to rest her foot upon, he gazed at her with vague entreaty; and she responded with so kind and clear a glance that he was reassured.

"You will dine with us, won't you?" she said, when they had ridden a little way. Her cheerfulness was returning.

Fenn had an uneasy belief that he ought not to go again so soon; but he could not resist. "Thank you," he said. "That will be much pleasanter than waiting alone at the hotel."

They did not talk much, on their way to the farm, but whatever the slight cloud had been which had floated between them, it was gone now; and this was enough for Fenn. This woman who had so enthralled him had already become his conscience. If she was not offended, he did not care what other power or being might condemn him.

Mr. Evans was at dinner, and to be alone with them in this way carried the young man back to the situation of eight years ago. The elder man's aspect was precisely what it had been at that time; he may have had a few more wrinkles and become a little dryer in the skin, but he gave the impression of having been thinly coated over with some preservative gum, which produced a wonderful semblance of arrested maturity that could not alter. Hitherto, Fenn had been aware that Anice and himself had grown older, sadder; that the texture of their characters was more complex, and a correspondence of sympathies less surely to be relied upon. But to-day Mr. Evans's air of permanence and fresh conservation put all this in the light of an illusion. Fenn was inspired to be as young and free as he had been long ago.

As if he, too, shared in this glamour

<sup>1</sup> Fields' and Whipple's Family Library of British Poetry, Introduction, page vii.



of the moment, and felt bound to trust the young people to their own devices, the father retired soon after dinner, leaving his daughter and her admirer alone. They talked of his profession, for a while: Anice becoming seriously interested in his account of what he had already done, of his ambitions and the interest of his studies; and she in her turn revealed, with greater certainty and a more hopeful eagerness than during their talk in the woods, her own wish to become something more than a creature of social accident, an after-thought of fate.

"Have you ever thought of using your voice on the stage?" Fenn asked, with an absorbed air.

"Oh, often. I don't underrate the difficulty of success in that art," said she; "but it seems too easy a thing for me individually to enter into. I have the voice, and it may be some of the dramatic gift. But if I failed, I should have lost nothing: I should still be a person of society in New York, with opportunities for entertaining others and being entertained myself. I want to make a sacrifice. If I do anything, it must be an attempt in which failure would be very painful or ridiculous."

"Ah, you don't know what you are speaking of, Anice," he returned, using her name unconsciously, in the concentration of his thoughts. "With us who have to succeed in order to live at all, there is no need of piling on the agony by making more difficulties than will come naturally."

The sound of her name, which he had never uttered before, was welcome to her, much as she might have imagined she would reprove his using it. It struck a slumbering chord. "Ah," she sighed, "that necessity for struggle, — that is what I lack! You don't know what it is to have no one to struggle for or with. I suppose I'm wasting my strength on a chimerical idea of what I would like to do. But — what is there to live for?"

It was hard for a man to hear this, who found himself all at once ready to tell her to live for his own admiration or devotion. Fenn was greatly agitated.

"Sing for me, — sing for me," he begged, in a stifled voice, rising and going to the piano.

She obeyed. He could not have given her a better injunction. In dreamy succession she recalled and wafted through the room melodies of Abt and Franz and Jenssen and Schumann, poetic and impassioned, yet infinitely soothing, which seemed to lift both her and her listener into a more noble and a serener atmosphere.

"Lean, love, oh lean thy cheek on mine,  
And let our hot tears flow together."

These words from one of the songs, shrouded in dim German syllables, unloosed those bonds that tie people down to their own personality: all the anguish and the holy sorrow of doomed or breaking hearts everywhere flowed through the young man, as, with some leaves of music held vacantly in his hands, he sat there and let the yearning harmony steal upon him.

If they could not exist together otherwise, they could live together for a time in this echoing world of music; and the flood of emotion it brought did not weaken Fenn, — it was purifying.

When the last strain was over, he determined to go. Anice remained motionless at the piano; he went towards her, and said, "Thank you." Tears were coming into her eyes, but she looked up at him. Impulsively he took her hand, touched it lightly with his lips, and left her. She did not stir; and in a few moments she heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs dying away on the bend of the road.

Arrived at his room, he plunged swiftly into his work, writing letters, making estimates, going through long calculations; and, quicker than he expected, the



results were ready for mailing to Boston. He took his packets over to the little store, scented with molasses and soap, where the dignity of the government was represented by a cage of letter-boxes; then he returned to the hotel entrance, and in a short time had the luxury of seeing the Athol stage arrive, jouncing on the top of its dusty red body a leather-colored suit of clothes in which the driver was encased, and several new holiday travelers.

He wondered when Ethel would return. He did not feel in the least wicked, though he was under peculiar excitement, and he looked forward with entire equanimity to encountering his wife. I shall not pretend to decide whether this indicated a hardened conscience. To what he knew were the conventional requirements he so far deferred as to hold a scattered discussion with himself, during the intervals of watching the stage and the lazy movements of people about the house or in the street. But this discussion was very one-sided. He persuaded himself that the world at large could not understand his particular situation, and therefore had no right to impose upon him arbitrary restrictions calculated on too rough a scale. What had he done? He loved his wife; but could he not love Anice in another way? Poets had been praised for such wealth of passion, and by enlarging it had contributed vastly to the delight and elevation of later generations. Society must trust the individual more, he told himself. Neither Goethe's theory of a law of attraction, which Anice and Ethel had both condemned, nor the world's theory of absolutely excluding mysterious unions like this which had grown up between himself and Mrs. Eulow, could be right. There must be a middle ground, where one could walk safely and with truth.

This conclusion was much more moderate than the impetuous and reckless visions of that morning, during the ride

with Anice. He did not notice the fact; but doubtless the relief of knowing that he had not repelled Anice, and the triumph of kissing her hand at parting, had steadied and given poise to his blind longings, and convinced him that he was satisfied with so much liberty.

It was dusk when Ethel returned with the picnic party. Fenn went forward buoyantly, helped her to alight, and, in the spontaneous pleasure of having her with him again, kissed her on the forehead under protection of the falling darkness.

"You have been a long time," he said. It even seemed to him that he entertained a new tenderness for her.

"It has been so delicious," she went on to tell him, as they made their way up-stairs. "The trees come down to the lake all the way around, and make it lovely; and then we went out sailing, and Mr. Sharon Reeves caught some little bits of fish, — the tiniest you ever saw, — in a row-boat; and we had *such* fun with the lemonade and the ice and getting all the things ready. And, oh, Ben, the Pincotts were there, and what do you think? Mr. Pincott painted a beautiful little picture of the lake, while we watched him; and when I told him how much I liked it he said he would make me a copy for myself. He wanted that one for a study, but he's going to make me a present of the one he paints from it. Is n't that nice?"

"Yes," said Fenn; "but I shall ask him to do it as a commission."

"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Fenn, in a miniature rapture. "Our first order to a painter! But I'm afraid you can't afford it, Ben."

"No, I can't. But neither can Pincott afford to give away his pictures. I'm afraid he has a hard time of it, supporting his family."

"Well, you have a pretty hard time, too, dear. But it's real kind and good of you to want to pay him."

"I would like to own it that way,"



said her husband candidly, and fully meaning what he said, "because then I can feel that I've had some share in your happiness to-day."

Ethel was touched. "That is generous," she said, coming close to him, and putting her head against his shoulder. (They were now in their room.) "Do you know, Ben, I missed you dreadfully, and at first I thought I ought not to have gone without you. I was so sorry, thinking of you all alone here."

"Ah, but I have n't been alone all the time," he returned, gayly.

"Did you get through your work?"

"Yes. But first I had a horseback ride."

"With Mrs. Eulow?" Ethel guessed, at once; and as she saw the surprised affirmative in his face, she went on, "I'm so glad! Then you had a pleasant time, too."

She patted his bearded cheek with her small hand, as if he were a novel and mysterious object, and she were anxious to find out whether the pleasant time had worked any change in him, that contact would disclose.

Fenn was driven to make excuses. "I enjoyed it very much: but my first idea in getting the horse was to go after you and spend the day at the lake."

"Why did n't you? I'm sorry you had any second idea, if that was your first."

"Well, I felt rather blue; and then there was the long ride to be taken alone; and I did n't feel sure you cared much about it."

"Oh, never think that, Ben, if I *am* cross," said she, with a charming reproachfulness. "But I'm glad you did what you felt like doing."

Fenn was hardly prepared for this cheerful ease. But although in his interior councils he judged that she would have felt very differently had she known the unspoken history of that day's emotions, he was extremely pleased at her behavior. It bade fair to allow him

without a struggle all that liberty which he had been theorizing upon as desirable.

"We both seem to have been very sensible," he remarked, with a laugh.

"And the horseback riding is a very good idea," Ethel continued. "I believe I shall try it myself. Mr. Kingsmill and I were talking about it at the picnic, and he says there are no very good horses here, but he's going to have two brought up from his uncle's at Worcester."

"Oh," responded her husband, not very warmly. For a moment he suspected that this was retaliation, but he soon saw that it was no more than a coincidence. Moreover, it would be in accord with his theory. "What is this Kingsmill, any way?" he asked presently. "Has he any profession?"

"His uncle is his profession," said Ethel laughingly. "He has a large property, and Mr. Kingsmill is going to inherit it, — so Mrs. Dadmun tells me."

"And what does Mrs. Whidden say about it?"

"The same."

"Oh, then it must be true," said Fenn, with as much of a sneer as he thought the subject deserved. "Those females are two negatives, and two negatives, you know" —

"I rather like them, in their way," said his wife. "They're not ill-natured, if they *are* gossipy."

"You would n't think so, if they happened to select us for an object," Fenn intimated. He strongly suspected that the much-bewrinkled Mrs. Dadmun and her scanty little friend would yet give him trouble.

"But I don't see," objected Ethel, "that their saying Mr. Kingsmill is going to inherit a lot of money is disagreeable, at all."

"No, it is n't. But that was n't the point, exactly."

They were not to be put out by differences of opinion this evening, how-



ever. They retained their good spirits. A tremendous political discussion took place among a group of gentlemen, in the course of the evening, founded on the morning's papers, in which most of the male boarders had been wrapped since the arrival of the stage; and they took great delight in advancing with all the vigor of originality the views contained in the latest editorials of their favorite sheets; but, singularly enough, no one seemed to be aware of the transparency of this process. One elderly merchant, who at home never read less than six newspapers a day, and generally as many as ten, had in his present remote abode been reduced to a meagre diet of two, and his intellect, in consequence, gave unmistakable signs of shrinkage. Another had been careful to subscribe to opposite partisan organs, for the campaign then pending; and, being unable to make up his mind, from the information they gave, that either side was fit to be trusted, he acceded, during the progress of an hour's talk, to nearly every proposition made by the rest of the disputants, and opposed in rotation each one that he had acceded to. But most of the controversialists had a very simple conception of national affairs, which was that there was a party of atrocious evil, and another so pure and beautiful as to have risen to the summit of human possibilities; and they invariably considered themselves to belong to the second, to which they gave either name they liked best. But even this assumption did not prevent any of them from admitting that their own party had been guilty of indescribable corruption.

In all this Fenn thought he saw a reflection of the false side of society and human nature, — the same side which would oppose itself to his new opinions concerning the relations of men and women. At all events, if these opinions were deceptive, they derived support from the obvious self-delusion of

such politics; and the young chemist found himself straying off into speculation as to whether much of the hypocrisy of certain phases in American life — swindling, embezzlement, and false pretenses in churches — be not aided by the readiness of the people to depend on the factious perversions and crude exaggerations of their political men and sundry of their journalistic prophets. From time to time he joined in the *mêlée* of alarms as to a new Southern war, charges of unconstitutionality, assertions of corruption, local or central tyranny, and clashing financial policies; and, although he had not read the papers of the morning, he astonished the others by a little freshness and force of insight. But the amount of sham in the subject had a bad effect on him.

## VII.

The next day rose in cold bluster and rain. The Institute became a scene of desperate idleness; the wet wind groaned along its wooden sides, shaking blind and sash monotonously; and the boarders not only groaned, but also yawned, within. Imprisoned in the commonplace hostelry, Ethel began to find even Kingsmill wearisome; and he was wise enough to retreat. She then had recourse, in company with other ladies, to the solace found in working out the soft perplexities of crochet. But Fenn was weighed down by a reaction from the excitement of the previous afternoon. Reading, games in the parlor, the society of a Dadmun or a Whidden, and of Miss Ibbit and Miss Hamill, were ineffectual to dispel his gloom and weariness. As a last resort, and to relax the stiffness that came from his ride, he got out some rubber boots, and went for a long walk through the wind that still spun across the ridge and slashed the air with sudden bursts of rain like fringed whips. But he set himself resolutely towards



the quarter directly opposite to where Anice was. When he came back, late in the afternoon, drenched, glowing, and limber, Ethel showed him a note which had been brought up for her by a glistening man in an open cart.

It was from Mrs. Eulow. "If Mr. Fenn is too busy to bring you down," it said, "why can you not spend the day with me to-morrow, if it clears?"

Nothing had been said about his expecting to be busy, and the inference was perforce that it would be judicious for him to become so.

"You will go, of course," he said.

"Yes; I expect to enjoy it immensely."

Fenn did not mind this incident much, at first; but before long it began to annoy and puzzle him, and by the night he was consumed with a wish to accompany his wife, and see Anice once more.

At about ten in the morning, Ethel went out, prettily dressed in a dove-like suit, to keep the appointment, and he was left to himself. Ordinarily it would not have been hard for him to find employment for a few vacant hours; and in fact, having come to the country to rest, it would have been sufficient occupation to lie on the ferns under the shady side of a rock and watch the changing shadows and colors of the hills, had his mind been at ease. But he could not compose himself to anything passive. He was obliged to attach himself to Miss Ibbit and Miss Hamill, who, being in several particulars good contrasts for each other, — Miss Ibbit pale and her friend pink, for example, — had grouped themselves together effectively for the summer. Kingsmill approached after a time, the deserted husband proposed a game of croquet, and they all went out to the rough sward behind the Institute, where the wickets stood. Fenn came to the conclusion that Kingsmill was a gallant, amiable, and harmless young aristocrat; but the game did not interest him. If it had been dismal

work passing a stormy day out of Anice's society, it was still more tedious to undergo this exile under a clear sky. The odor of the hot grass, the click of mallets and balls, the well-modulated cries of satisfaction or dismay from the two young ladies, and Kingsmill's painfully scientific shots like West Point experiments in gunnery, all wearied the chemist, instead of refreshing him. The bright sunlight was even more distressing than the cold rain had been, because so persistently cheerful.

They returned to the house for an uninteresting dinner, and then Fenn took a volume of history, and went out to an arbor which stood on a rise beyond the croquet-ground, amid the parched remains of what had once been a flower-garden. He smoked cigarettes and kept his finger in the book, but did not read a word: he had discovered that he could see the roof of the farm-house from the arbor.

Between four and five o'clock he marched in a straight line for the roof, descended the bank, and presented himself at the door.

"You are late," said the widow, coming out with Ethel; "but still you are too early for Mrs. Fenn to go. Why did n't you let us see a little of you before?"

Fenn was astounded. "I found so much to do" — he began, mendaciously, his dignity so much offended that truth would no longer protect it. "Do you mean to say you expected me sooner?" he recommenced, turning from one to the other of the two women.

"I'm sure I did n't," said Ethel, provokingly, but with a mollifying good-humor in her eyes. "We've been so busy talking and embroidering and reading and singing that I did n't notice the time."

"No, it was n't on our account I meant," said Anice, with her arm in her friend's. "I thought you might come for your own sake."



"Well, here I am, at any rate," returned Fenn grimly. He was positively raging within. "There's no knowing how long I may be at your service, Ethel," he added, with an attempt at a jesting tone, "so you'd better seize the opportunity to go home with me now."

"Upon my word, he's getting very lofty!" observed Ethel to Mrs. Eulow. "The men have been so political up at the hotel, lately, it's too bad. You don't happen to know, Ben, that Mrs. Eulow and I have been talking woman's rights, this afternoon."

"Ah? I'll strike my flag at once, then. Come, Ethel, we really must make haste." And accordingly the champion of feminine independence was taken away to get her things on.

Fenn was very silent on the way back. He thought he had been trifled with. For a time, he even admitted the suspicion that Mrs. Eulow had betrayed his indiscretion to his wife, and that the two had entered into a scheme for punishing him; his head was in a whirl, and he was minded to do something violent, but the situation was too hopelessly intangible and placid to furnish any chance for this. Ethel's recital of how the day had been passed convinced him that his suspicion was a foolish one. The widow and she had chatted quietly, had picked flowers and done fancy-work; and then Anice had sung some plain little English and American songs, which Ethel liked. "But I did n't think she sang with much spirit," Mrs. Fenn commented. "I was n't nearly so much impressed with her voice as I was the other day."

Her husband was secretly flattered: he considered this a proof that Anice could not sing so well out of his presence, or would not do her best for any one but himself. Nevertheless, her manœuvre in dispensing with him during the day remained inexplicable to him.

Mrs. Eulow's intention had, indeed, been a mixed one. Her recent scenes with Fenn had startled her; she instinctively sought some means for keeping him at greater distance without breaking their intercourse abruptly. She also felt a genuine interest in Ethel, and some curiosity to know her better; and to see her alone offered just the temporary protection she wanted. What she should do in the end she did not know; it was not part of her plan to dispense altogether with the peculiar relation which had so unexpectedly drawn the chemist and herself closer than they had ever been. It, had come spontaneously; she had not willed it; it had as much power over her as it had over him. The widow had already gone so far as to think, albeit with no cool deliberation, that she had a certain kind of right to some amends for the inconsiderate plainness with which he had banished sentiment from their view of each other, long ago. If he chose to import it at this late date, she would receive so much of it as might form a proper tribute, without letting it become an embarrassment or a source of pain to any one. It ought, fairly, to be said that she was as honest as most people are in intricate crises where their own passions or pride are actively engaged; and she fancied that by strengthening a friendship with Ethel she would be able to conduct herself with justice towards the wife.

It is easy to see inconsistencies or mistakes when they are written down plainly, but it is quite another matter to read them as clearly in our own instinctive actions and feelings, or in the casual outside knowledge we get of those with whom we are going through the incidental and unshaped record of daily life.

The effect of Mrs. Eulow's precaution upon Fenn was dangerous. "If she is making fun of me, or using any artifice," he declared to himself, "I have ended with her!" He imagined that



what she had done diminished his regard for her perceptibly. But, in reality, it only stung him into renewed excitement. His mind became fixed upon the aim of probing to the bottom the nature of her feeling for him.

In the quiet, sunless hours when Tanford slept, and the wide earth moved noiselessly, bearing along with it the grotesque hotel and all its inmates, and the little room where Fenn and Ethel lay, — that was the time when his passion grew. Alone with his wife, whom he would have cherished in any manifest sorrow as he would a dearly loved child, this dark infatuation asserted itself even more boldly than it might have done in her absence.

Through the open window floated the wandering perfume of night-scented balsams, in a garden by one of the meek village houses across the road, and the crickets trilled plaintively from farther away in the fields, as if with a prevision of summer's transitoriness; while, lying awake and motionless, Fenn's heart burned with anguish for the wife whom he was tacitly wronging, and glowed with an insensate prepossession when he thought of Anice. Like the flower that delivered its sweetness only to the night, he yielded up his spirit in the darkness to this fatal passion more ardently than in the healthful brightness of daylight.

Ah, human nature, — prosaic, light-hearted, tear-bringing human nature! — how easily we take you up in our hands, and think we understand you; and how easily you evade us, because in you too there is a day-time and a night-time, and we cannot look upon you in both at once! Fenn had yet to learn that the man who persuades himself that he loves his wife at the same time that he is yielding to another woman's fascination stands in even more seductive peril than he who wholly loses his attachment to the one, while aware of the pitfall prepared for him.

The storm, by confining the Dadmun

and Whidden intellect to the house, had generated an atmosphere favorable to gossip. These ladies, with sundry others of a congenial kind who were present, came to the country annually to "recuperate," — a process in which so many women pass their entire lives; but they usually found so much charitable work awaiting them, in the way of regulating the behavior of their immediate neighbors, that it is doubtful whether they ever got much benefit from their migrations.

While Fenn had been playing croquet with Kingsmill and the young ladies, these regulators were stitching and knitting in the parlor. There was a piano there, which had worn out many young women of the winter academy, who had hammered away valuable hours on its faded key-board, and it had itself been nearly exhausted of tunefulness by these means; but the stiff young collegian, heretofore mentioned, was playing on it with a specious and unmeaning brilliancy.

"That young Gregg plays very nicely," remarked Mrs. Whidden. "I think it's a very good thing for young men; don't you?"

"Yes," said the other, catching a stitch.

"It keeps them," Mrs. Whidden began, "out of" —

"But I don't like them to play too much," interrupted Mrs. Dadmun, with a severe sense of what was desirable. She always knew exactly what was desirable for everybody.

"No?"

"Oh, no; not to be *musicians*," Mrs. Dadmun's tone was one of grave disapproval, to be justified only in a person whose standard of social dignity was rigid.

"Dear me, no," assented her friend. "But it's a specially nice accomplishment for young men. It occupies them, and keeps them out of" —

Mrs. Whidden here introduced a sig-



nificant pause, a sort of blank form, which Mrs. Dadmun promptly filled up with an emphatic, "Oh, yes; yes!"

Having thus whetted their appetites by the contemplation of this innocent and exemplary young man, they began to discuss the Fenns.

"It seems a little odd," said one of the other women in the group, "that Mr. Fenn should have stayed away from the picnic, and now here he is passing his time with young unmarried ladies, while his wife has gone away, apparently for the day."

Three days earlier, this same critic had been finding fault because the Fenns were so much wrapped up in each other, and did not join with a community of feeling in the life of the Institute. But that did not prevent a general ratification of the idea that they were at present going on very unwisely. Several nice ethical and social points were carefully debated, in this connection, and settled to the satisfaction of the group, but rather to the damage of Mr. and Mrs. Fenn.

The collegian of the vitreous eye, whose playing was so entirely mechanical that he had been able to attend to the whole conversation across the room, left the piano and came over to the gossips.

"Do any of you ladies know this Mrs. Eulow?" he asked in a scrannel voice.

"No," said Mrs. Dadmun, composing her wrinkles with comfortable disdain.

The rest remained silent, leaving it to be presumed that it was a great blessing that they did not know her.

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Gregg, dropping his eye-glasses. "I was hoping I should be able to get an introduction to her." The presumption of this gave a shock even to the critics who heard him. "I would like to know her very much," Gregg went on piping. "She is handsome, you know,—very." The ladies were rapidly becoming annoyed at Gregg. "I think I saw her yester-

day, with Mr. Fenn," he concluded, reserving this for the last shot.

The junto, from being disdainful and displeased, became all alert. Some looked sharply at one another, and others exclaimed, "You did! Where?"

The noxious youth enjoyed his momentary power, though he pretended to be unaware of it. He contrived to impart very slowly the story of his discovering Fenn and the widow in their lonely excursion on the mountain. It was only on sufferance, however, that he was admitted to the confidence of the group even far enough to give them this information; and when it was done, a tardy sense of the fitness of things caused him to glide away.

## VIII.

Three weeks passed, and during that period the watchful eyes of the feminine police had much to observe which was not at all what they would have any one suppose they liked; but, fortunately or unfortunately, they were a police without the power of arrest. Otherwise, they must inevitably have taken into custody not only Fenn and Mrs. Eulow, but Mrs. Fenn and Kingsmill, in addition.

Ethel was a person of little experience, who absorbed whatever came into her life that was agreeable, in an unconscious, dreamy way. She of course did not hesitate to take a drive with the fatherly Mr. Evans in his light buggy, but she had no greater fear of riding on horseback in company with Mr. Arthur Kingsmill. He, on his part, was a chivalrous young man, whose chief defect was that he required several square miles of country, or a crowded drawing-room, to bring him into effective relief, but who took a reasonable and healthy delight in the society of an unaffected and pretty young married woman. When his uncle's horses came up from Worcester, he considerably placed them



at the disposal of Fenn and his wife, in the beginning; and Ethel practiced a little with her husband, to regain her seat in the saddle. After this, there were one or two parties made, in which both they and Mrs. Eulow and Kingsmill joined. But it was not always easy to form a cavalcade of four at the same time; and even when they went out together, each pair was alone during so much of the ride that Ethel saw no remarkable difference between this and going with only Kingsmill.

But somehow it happened too frequently, after this custom had been adopted, that Fenn and Mrs. Eulow went out alone also, when there was no very good reason why they should not have joined the others. Besides, Ethel took her rides less often, and rather as a diversion forced upon her by Fenn's constant attentions to Mrs. Eulow. When she stayed at home, however, there was no more escape for her from the strictures of her gossiping acquaintances than when she rode; for Kingsmill still managed to be near her most of the time; his customary attendance on her being now rendered more thoughtful by the compassion he began to feel at seeing her comparatively neglected by her husband.

Anice and her father had been invited to dine at the hotel two or three times, as a meagre recognition of their hospitality. They saw something more of the people there, and liked Kingsmill, who strolled over to the farm for tea with the Fenns. Mrs. Dadmun and some of her friends were asked to call, and always treated Mr. Evans and his daughter with distinguishing cordiality when they met: this gave them a soothing sense of justice in their subsequent severe condemnation of the widow, among themselves. For the four people under surveillance were of course mingling with the rest all the time, and underwent not even the mildest ostracism. There were more picnics, games of croquet, small teas at different houses,

groups of æsthetic talkers at Pincott's, in the evening; there was a choice of two churches on Sunday, and these being only half filled Sharon Reeves was encouraged to organize an impromptu chapel at the Institute. There was an entertainment by the village dramatic club, in which "statuary" appeared against a screen of black cambric, in the glare of red or blue fire, while the audience was nearly suffocated with the smoke; and there were card parties and political discussions at the hotel. These were the social diversions,—not the most brilliant in the world, but still offering a good deal of entertainment and relaxation to people who knew how to use them, and who had had enough of stimulation and to spare during the town winters. But the best of the summer was in the rides, the drives, and the walks,—the last revealing the most things of natural interest and beauty in the surrounding territory; and, strange to say, those persons among the floating population who had traveled in Europe, and otherwise cultivated their sensibilities to good purpose, were among the ones who appeared most contented with simple out-door enjoyment, watched for the wild American sunsets with the most eagerness, and found a source of pleasure in the homely barns filling with new hay; the drowsiness of the village; the occasional sheep and numerous cattle grazing on the strongly moulded hills, where perhaps a tall white birch rose up with classic slenderness to shadow them.

Pincott, whose gentle eyes had dwelt upon the rich impasting of color on Roman ruins and the delicate-tinted distances of the Campagna and the Alps, slipped lovingly and quietly as a sunbeam from nook to nook of these unstoried highlands, and, like the sunbeam, made a picture wherever he went. It was in the little parlor at his boarding-place, the walls of which he had coated with a glinting mail of color-studies,



where Mrs. Pincott had also disposed bits of artistic needle-work and æsthetic fabrics to conceal the harsh barrenness of the rustic room; that there arose a short discussion, one evening, which had a special meaning for Fenn.

His wife was there, with Mrs. Eulow and Kingsmill; and by some chance the incongruous Mrs. Dadmun was also reposing her baggy skirts in one of the tapestried chairs. The talk turned for a moment to the instance of some distinguished artistic people abroad, among whom a singular affair had occurred; one man resigning his wife to another because he found that she loved his friend.

"I can't understand such a thing," said Mrs. Pincott.

"It could n't happen in this country," the artist observed. "And it seems to me that that proves the advantage of our freer manners. Where the safeguards are so much more strictly insisted upon, it results often in a violent reaction or an extraordinary assertion of liberty, now and then, among the people of greatest intellect and finest character."

"I never heard of a woman giving up her *husband* in that way," said Fenn, musingly. "It is a great deal harder to imagine that happening. Why is it?"

"Perhaps women are not so generous as men," hazarded Ethel, in a tone the distant, interior sadness of which roused her husband to wonder.

"Do you call it generous?" Mrs. Dadmun demanded, indignantly. She was scandalized that such a theme should be discussed at all. Matters of this kind, she held, should be deplored at great length, and with judicious dwelling upon details, in a select, confidential circle of women; but any approach to a philosophical consideration of them she resented as dangerous.

"I meant, taking it in the noblest sense, — supposing it to be done with pure self-sacrifice." Again Fenn was

surprised. Could this be his ardent, prejudiced little wife who was speaking?

"It might be just as true," suggested Mrs. Eulow, "to say that they are more devoted, and that that makes them more exacting."

Ethel looked up at her gently and steadily, and smiled; but there was a strange pensiveness in the smile, though she seemed to be thanking Anice for what she had said.

Mrs. Pincott, who occupied neutral ground, rallied to the attack with, "Oh, it's all wrong, very wrong. There is no way of excusing it."

"A woman who consents to such a very improper thing," asserted Mrs. Dadmun, the ribbons on top of her head frowning loftily as she spoke, "can have no heart. She is not worthy the name."

"I think that's too harsh," said Fenn. "Might n't it be possible that she loved her husband and his friend both, but in different ways?"

"If she did, she'd better have just turned the ways around, then," said the regulator of society, aptly enough. "But really, Mr. Fenn, I don't see what good these questions do. I can't talk of it."

Pincott yielded to a malicious desire to plague her. "Men," he said, taking up a drawing with which he meant to change the subject, "have been known to be in love with two women at once, or to fancy they were."

He had no share in the current gossip of the hotel, and was innocent of any design to reach Fenn with his remark; but the chemist, who was looking at him at the instant, turned cold. His glance moved quickly towards Anice, and from the half shadow where she sat she returned it with a deep gaze, in which he fancied a soft warmth flashed.

It was the first intimation he had had, since the day of the thrushes' song, that she was not using her power over him in a luxurious cruelty. After Ethel's visit to her alone, he had sought in vain



for a renewal of that day's mood: he had received no new pressure of the hand, upon which he could fasten, nor any clear glance of meaning, known only to themselves, though undefined. He had hovered on the borders of a tempting intimacy, interrupted now and then by pangs of doubt and a sense of unsatisfactoriness; agitated and increasingly captivated; but now the intoxicating certainty of that memorable afternoon seized him again. He awoke from this second's reverie to hear Mrs. Dadmun saying conclusively, —

"Occupation, — that is what such people need. It keeps them out of — out of" — And, having thus put forward Mrs. Whidden's blank form, she paused.

"Heaven knows," said Mrs. Pincott, helping her along, "artists have plenty of occupation."

But if Mrs. Dadmun, who was thinking of Mrs. Whidden's remarks in connection with young Gregg, could have had her way, she would doubtless have prescribed for Fenn a term of hard labor at the exhausted Institute piano.

Kingsmill had said nothing.

It was an instance of the coarse injustice of our system of judging people, that Kingsmill and Ethel were placed by the feminine police in the same category with Fenn and Anice. These inquisitors imagined that the wife was retaliating on the husband, and that Arthur Kingsmill was taking an unfair advantage of the situation.

He himself supposed that Ethel was blind to the progress of her husband's infatuation. The gossips were in error about him, and he was mistaken in regard to her.

Sanity, so long as it is not stolid, is deeper than insanity; and jealousy, fatal though it may be, is a disease which works in the surface region of character. Ethel was not jealous. She did not even give way to hatred of the woman who she saw was drawing Benjamin Fenn farther and farther away from her. She

had loved Mrs. Eulow from the first; they had soon learned to call one another "Anice" and "Ethel," and the young wife felt that the widow was an enlarging influence upon her, which she was glad to have. When she detected the growth of that attraction which was swaying Anice towards her husband, her intuitive justice and strong sense of mercy prevented any malignant change in her regard for her new friend: it did not surprise her that Anice should love him. She loved him herself too bitterly well, in the depths of her sweet and vigorous nature, to be astonished; and — so far as it was possible — she forgave her. Neither was she jealous of her husband. Her agony was far more terrible than that. It was a silent, unutterable, radical grief, that seemed to be gradually altering the whole substance of her being, as one can imagine the soft, plant-bearing earth hardening into metal through slow ages, in the midst of hardening rock. A convulsion and change of primeval scope and vast duration, one might say, were compressed for her into a few days of suffering. There was no weakness in her acceptance of the situation. Sharp and rack-ing revolt was hers, at times, and it seemed as if the end of the earth had come; but she had a sublime native fortitude, the extent of which she had not known till now. Once when she was a girl of about twelve, she had been with her father on a steamer in Long Island Sound, and a collision had occurred with a collier. Every one supposed they would sink: people ran for life-preservers, some even jumped overboard, and most of the female passengers huddled together, shrieking. She fully comprehended what awaited her, but remained perfectly dumb, with a look of far-reaching anguish in those trusting eyes and in the face which had that faintly rustic expression; and she held on to her father's hand with an intense farewell in the grasp. But ah, how differ-



ent was the present horror! Her father was long since dead, and there was not even a hand to hold in token of her parting from all that made life dear.

To say that she bore all this without showing a single trace of it would not be literally true; but the signs were so indistinct as to escape all observers, excepting Anice, possibly, who had begun vaguely to awake to the doom that was settling down upon Mrs. Fenn. Her trouble showed in her eyes. It was not that there was a cloud in them, exactly; but sometimes you see a soft blue lake darkened by a cloud in the sky, and it was a shadow of woe resembling this that dimly overgloomed her gaze, seeming every moment to pass away, yet returning, and never discovered by Fenn in his preoccupation.

She sat, one afternoon, on the high balcony above the hotel colonnade, listless and unemployed. In the drowsy silence, an occasional rapid carriage would suddenly be heard at a little distance, would fly by with a buzz and rattle, and would pass out of hearing in the other direction. Sometimes the vehicles crossed each other in front of the hotel. They came and went so unexpectedly that they seemed to start up out of the ground for the express purpose of amusing her dull attention, and then to sink into it again, so that they might repeat the performance. Then she watched the slow life of the post-office store, where dullness and deliberation reached a climax bordering on the sublime. Yet she knew that there was a quick brain inside of the small establishment, a mind of local enterprise, such as it was, and she thought of the care and energy involved in the business; all the anticipations, too, and petty excitements and droll bargaining attending the purchases made there by the country folk. She tried to think of their existence in all the vivid actuality it had for them, and wondered if they were happy. There was a wagon with-

out a driver standing at the store steps. There seemed to be always a wagon there. "If I should die," she mused, "it would go on standing there just the same." This contrast of ideas struck her very oddly, and the image of the ugly wagon seemed to give a singular hideousness to the thought of death. The next moment she made a desperate effort to throw aside all belief in the unhappiness that encompassed her, but it would not be shaken off; and she began to resolve that if she must lose Ben, or even lose his love and not his presence, it would be better to kill herself than to go on enduring. Fortunately, a few tears fell and relieved the stricture at her heart. The afternoon was waning; her husband was still absent, taking a walk with Mrs. Eulow, from which Ethel had excused herself because she longed for a little solitude in which to face her misery. There could not be any solitude, however, she found: even here on the balcony she was crowded upon, oppressed by other presences. Nor could she face the future and try to give it any probable shape: it must all remain vague and dreary.

A little boy was passing in the street, and some people in a garden called out, "What time does the church say, bub?"

He looked long and attentively at the church-clock. At length he drawled, "One hand's way up, and t'other's most straight down."

"Six? No, it must be five," concluded the questioners, too much enervated by the heat to look for themselves. A moment later, the bell struck, clear and solemn.

Ethel was laughing, in spite of her wretchedness, at this mode of telling time, when the warning notes from the tower rang out, and seemed to quiver through her, summoning her back to her agony.

"I cannot bear this! I will not!" she exclaimed, under her breath, and bringing her hands together in a close



knot. "I have rights, and I will make Ben remember them. He does not know what he is doing. Oh!" she moaned, and then passed into silent thought again: "I have been too lenient, too forgetful of myself. And then, Anice, — she has conscience; she will listen to me and bring this to an end."

But, for the twentieth time, she found herself unable to remain firm in any design of interposing or appealing, or claiming her rights. The stoicism, enshrouded where no one suspected it, in the centre of her heart, restrained her.

There are people in meeting whom we are buoyed up to the surface like corks, floating on the wave of casual talk, and unable to get down into profundities of any kind, however much we may see of them. There are others with whom we tend at once towards the core; it was so with Anice and Fenn. They conversed on large themes, speculating upon society, love, the work of women, poetry, and belief. That in itself might have been very well, but everything they said had an indirect, veiled reference to themselves as they now stood, and to their mutual regard. The nature of this regard they did not openly inquire into, but they continually touched the edge of such inquiry in a furtive way, speedily recoiling again. Partly to satisfy the taste for intellectual subjects, and partly also to place some object of attention in the way of this tendency to probe each other's state of mind too directly, they liked to carry a book or magazine with them, in walking, and to diversify the exercise with reading in some sheltered border of the woods.

On this afternoon they had come up by the path through that rocky pasture where Fenn had had his strange experience of believing that Anice had pressed his hand, in getting over the wall, and they had settled upon the place under the oak where he had first heard her voice with its echo, to rest in.

They had with them a little volume of Shakespeare, containing *Much Ado*, from which they read alternately. Fenn took the second act. Suddenly he stopped, after reciting these words: —

"For beauty is a witch  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood."

"Is that always true?" he asked, doubtfully, letting the book drop into a neglected position, as he commanded Anice's attention.

"You ask me to revise Shakespeare's judgment?" she returned.

"Certainly not; it is only what Claudio says in a hasty moment, when he's surprised. But I like to weigh how much truth there is in it."

"I don't think a woman can tell. I don't think *I* can."

"Yet you are very beautiful."

There was a moment of perfect silence, during which Fenn's ears rang. He could hardly tell why he had said this.

They looked into each other's eyes steadily. "Mr. Fenn," said Anice, when that silent parrying had spent itself, "I can't afford to lose a friend."

"I don't see why I should n't say it," he answered, doggedly, looking at the book. "It is true; and I do not believe that such beauty melts away the impalpable but persistent thing called faith, — though these lines are wonderful, and express the power of a beautiful woman as a poet would naturally do it."

He had managed to turn the point of her rebuke; and besides, she was secretly influenced by that centripetal attraction which would not let them remain on the safe exterior of things.

"Are poets so much more faithless than other men?" she asked. Then, as he did not at once reply, she went on to say, "The power of a beautiful woman, which you speak of, is not entirely her own, you know. After a certain point, it is what the person upon whom it falls makes it."

"Then why should n't any honest



man be able to feel and respond to those charms, without letting them work witchcraft in his blood?" cried Fenn, in a glow; yet at that very instant the stream of passion in his veins was dissolving his faithfulness. "That is what I believe in: the establishing of a clear relation of admiration and devotion, where a man may be more than a common friend, and yet" — He did not know how to finish.

"I understand," said Anice in a low voice, that vibrated like the note of some instrument of fabled sweetness. "I believe in such a thing. I think it is possible."

They allowed their glance to wander away into the lovely scene before them, where the land dipped towards Swallow Pond, and rose again, melting away to a curtain of haze in which one rank of receding mountains stood beyond another. Somewhere in the deep valleys beyond, it seemed to Fenn that there must be a place where he could find a new life, — a place so secluded that no rumor of conscience could reach him there; and a desire seized him which belied what he had just been saying, to be lost in such a retreat with Anice.

"I don't know really what is meant by a platonic affection," he continued, languidly, half closing his eyes as he looked at the mountains. "But this that I mean needs no artificial name, subject to sneers and misconstruction; and it has nothing to do with any philosopher. It will come to be recognized, after a while, as something warmer and more real than that, yet" — A second time he was at a loss for terms, and let his voice die.

Anice had thrilled with an unreasonable joy, in which triumph and tenderness were blended, when he had begun describing the relation which was really meant to represent their own. She could not tell precisely what she wished that to be. And now a faintness, a gathering desolation, began to come over her. What did it mean? She did not

know whether she was glad or sorry; there was a kind of anger in her at the whole situation, — and yet was not this because Fenn was not free? She trembled. To have answered herself would have been to risk losing his friendship, because in the light of a positive decision her conscience might have forbidden her to continue it. She could not reprove him for what he had said, either; anger, or any emotion, would be unsafe.

"I don't believe we will read any more," she said, after a brief deliberation. "I must go back soon and get ready."

Fenn glanced at her questioningly. "For what?" he asked.

"I am going to Boston to-morrow."

"You are going away!" he demanded, thunderstruck. "And why to Boston?"

She smiled. "Only for a day or two," she explained. "There is a friend of mine, a lady, who was to come up from Newport and be in Boston for two or three days, and this will be my only chance to see her."

"Your father will go with you, of course," propounded Fenn, out of sorts at the prospect.

"No," said Anice, faltering. "He is afraid of the heat."

The chemist's heart bounded. To go with her! — it was like a response to that stifled yearning he had had that they might escape together into some hazy distance. "Will you allow me to be your escort?" he asked, with an effort to be simply formal.

"Oh, Ethel mustn't be left; I could n't think of your doing it!" exclaimed Mrs. Eulow. "Besides, there's no reason why I should n't travel alone. It is very easy."

"I have some business there that I ought to attend to," said Fenn. "I had been thinking about it, but did n't want to go."

She needed no explanation as to what



it was that had held him here. But she hesitated.

"Well?" said he, waiting for her answer.

Anice looked at him in a kind of fear.

"I shall probably go in the next train after yours, any way," he declared. "Would n't it be better for me to be at hand, in case I might be of use?"

"Very well; I shall be glad if you will," she responded, but without energy. She felt that she was a coward.

But the cowardice had been in letting him know at all that she was going.

Fenn told his wife, in the evening, that he had engaged a place on the stage, and was going to town on business. "It happens very luckily, too," he added, with factitious ease, "that Anice wants to go down, too, to meet a friend of hers."

Ethel gave a muffled cry.

He turned from his task of throwing some things together for the journey, acutely alarmed. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, no, no! I can't let you go!" she exclaimed, with indescribable pain in her voice, and putting both hands on his shoulders, as if to assure herself that he was not already gone. Her fair young figure was alive with terror, and the light downy eyebrows were puckered in sharp lines upon her forehead.

Fenn became peculiarly calm. "Ethel, what does this mean?" he asked, in a tone as if he were drawing his breath in while he spoke.

She came to herself, like one who has been sleep-walking. Her face relaxed. "Oh, don't think anything of it," she said, softly, smiling. "It was only a sudden feeling I had that I might never see you again."

"Poh," said he, "that was foolish." He kissed her, and said tenderly, "Dear Ethel." Then he seemed to consider, and went to his hand-valise. "Shall I stay?" he asked. "Would you rather?"

"No. If you have business, I must not keep you," she answered, with restored calmness.

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

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## SYRINX.

COME forth, too timid spirit of the reed!  
 Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,  
 And find delight at large in grove and mead.  
 No ambushed harm, no wanton peering eye,  
 The shepherd's uncouth god thou need'st not fear, —  
 Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start, —  
 The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;  
 The willow's woven veil they softly part,  
 To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast:  
 No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near, —  
 Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,  
 And heeds not how the acorns drop around,  
 Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,  
 Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,



He wakes not, answers not our sylvan cheer, —  
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,  
To upland pasture lead his bleating charge:  
There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,  
No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;  
Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear, —  
Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,  
The best and smoothest of thy mellow store!  
Now, I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,  
And listening streams forsake the paths they wore:  
Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear, —  
Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year!

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge  
Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,  
As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,  
And thou didst safely win the breathless race. . . .  
I am deceived: nor Pan nor thou art here, —  
Pan has been gone this many a silent year!

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## LIFE AND THE DREAM OF LIFE.

"Unter allen Völkern haben die  
Griechen den Traum des Lebens am  
Schönsten geträumt."

GOETHE.

*November 14th.*

HERE I am, dear old fellow, on the classical shores of the Ægean, and my life's dream seems to be unfolding to a reality! We have selected the spot for our excavation, have made ourselves comfortable in our improvised quarters, and shall soon make the world ring with our discoveries. You have doubtless heard of the great things found at Assos, — archaic centaurs, bronze tablets bearing decrees of the Assians to Caligula, sphinxes, bulls. My pulse quickens to an hundred and forty (remember, I am not scientific), when I reflect upon what the future may have in store for

us. A vision of a beautiful statue, the highest expression of a Greek ideal, is before my eyes. I dream of her! I worship her! She is the embodiment of all that will turn men, in this striving, bustling, mercenary age, — this age of the vulgar and prosaic, — to the contemplation of noble ideals.

Horace, how fortunate we were in giving our young lives so solidly to the study of Greek while in school and college! I am reaping the advantage of my classical training every day. I hear, by the way, that those Philistines, the scientists, — wretched dumb beings, armed with kilogrammes and clocks, — are attacking the study of Greek again. May their profane attempts be covered with confusion! If all the scientific men in the world were as liberal as you



are, we should have nothing to fear. Fear! Fear begone! Those who raise their hands at Greek will be struck by a fire from heaven.

From our camp we catch a distant view of Mount Ida. The morning sun strikes it, and as I lie, half awake, I seem to see the clouds in the east form a procession of Greek priests; they worship, and amid the incense I behold my statue arise in all the transcendence of the perfect! The mists roll through the stern ravines like flying centaurs; and then our Greek boy summons us to breakfast.

NEW YORK, November 14th.

Something tells me, Philip, that you are writing to me at this instant, and although my scientific sense informs me that night with us is day with you, I shall give myself up to the impression, and have a chat.

My duties as house physician in the hospital are very arduous, and the tender within me has not been sufficiently conquered to make me a good working machine. The boiler, my heart, thumps too much for the true action of the piston-rod, my arm. How great the work is before me, and how poorly I am fitted for it! There are grand discoveries to be made which will be of inestimable value to humanity. H—— has been trying, to-day, some experiments on a cheap substitute for quinine. He gave it to an old impecunious invalid, to whom quinine has become a daily necessity. "Doctor," said the old man, "quinine may save me, but it will kill my family. It takes bread from their mouths." I fear that the cheap substitute is, in truth, a cheap affair. Science, however, will make a valuable synthesis some day, and we shall then have the drug in plenty.

A beautiful girl was brought to the hospital lately, suffering from a strange disease which is now raging in certain quarters of the city. How dreadful it is! And we are so helpless through ig-

norance! This girl has the form and profile of a Greek statue. She is the eldest of three sisters, and has supported them by her exertions as a teacher. I saw them leaving the hospital to-day, crossing the court-yard in the falling snow; and the inexorableness of fate seemed to find expression in their figures. Greek tragedy, and its old theme, the inexorableness of fate! Yes, but science may yet illumine the stage with a gleam of sunshine. The patient, apparently, has the disease lightly, and I have a theory that I can check its progress. Oh, if I only knew more of science, of physics and chemistry! I am handicapped by ignorance. Horace, we enjoyed our study of Greek together. It was the study of poetry and philosophy, and I value the training it gave; but as a future physician, had I the right to devote so many precious years to it alone, and to neglect science? However, I will not pain you by striking at your ideal. Life is at a white heat now with me. I lie awake during the early hours of the morning, combating symptoms of disease with all my little array of facts; grouping these facts together, and asking myself, Will local faradization do this? Will powerful electrolysis in certain tissues do that?—until the hospital nurse arouses me with a disturbed look upon her face.

January 20th.

Your letter, Horace, was gloomy. It aroused both my sympathies and my ire. She will recover, — I am ready to swear to it; and there will be a wedding some day. Charming romance, I see thy beginning! Don't let that narrow H—— corrupt you. His tirades against too great attention to Greek studies in education jar upon my ears, even on these classic shores. I send you by this mail a complete answer to all the arguments of his ilk. The philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin have put on record the results of their experience



with students from the *realschule* who have been admitted into the university without a knowledge of Greek. With one voice — and mark you, the professors of science are most earnest in the matter — they denounce the attainments of these students, and say that their intellectual fibre is far inferior to that of students who have taken the classical courses in the gymnasia. Read it, and give it to H—— to ponder over. Hurrah for Greek! When we received the news from Berlin we made obeisance toward Hellas.

To-day we unearthed the foundations of what was apparently a gymnasium. This discovery proves that our hypothesis is correct, and that we are really upon the site of an ancient city. We have found a curious bas-relief, a beautiful archaic thing. Our artist has made a drawing of it, which is really apostolic. I will send you a photograph. But, after all, photographs are brutal things, — so coldly scientific. I wish you could see the tender drawing. We came upon the bas-relief just as the new moon became visible in the waning daylight, and we felt how the Greeks could worship perfection. I withdrew from my companions, and read a chapter of Homer aloud. The rocks and the ravines, over which and through which sandaled Greeks had trod, echoed the Greek words, and I felt inspired. We had a Greek banquet later in the evening. Imagine us reclining upon wheelbarrows, improvised *κλῖναι*, and drinking some wine from a Greek vintage, which Herr Schlieborn brought with him when he joined our party. Our Greek boy sang a song in modern Greek, and we took the unclassical ring of it out of our ears by reciting a chorus from *Antigone*. After the banquet we invoked the stars to direct us in our excavations. There is one bright particular planet which rises over the hills (science has a name for it, doubtless). It is eloquent to me with bright angu-

ries, and its spear-like reflection in the gulf points toward the scene of our explorations.

*November 20th.*

I cannot sleep. A long investigation, together with the routine business of the day, have worked upon my nervous system, and I must commune with you. My experiments have apparently checked the progress of the disease in my patient. She is very grateful for the hope I give her; and the thanks of the three sisters are extremely touching. I must save her! But alas! Empiricism must be my reliance, with a small pinch of science. I must make researches upon absorption spectra, — upon the influences of temperature and of currents of electricity. I should know enough to decide what analyses should be made by a competent chemist. I should have sufficient technical skill to make the necessary rude apparatus to test my hypotheses. I should have a command of French and German to enable me, in the short time at my disposal, to go over the mass of literature bearing upon the points at issue. Unfortunately, I never got this knowledge of modern languages. Above all, my scientific instinct should have been cultivated sufficiently to give me an insight in science comparable to yours in literature.

I did not intend to write this, but the struggle for life is ever before me. The curtain of my window is up, and I look over the great city, with its myriads of bright lights, and seem to feel the throbbing of life in thousands of hearts. I know what work there is to do, if I only had the skill. My patient evidently studies me; I see a look in her fine eyes that says, "I must not doubt his ability to save me." There is a fine sense, what in a man might be called chivalry, which she exercises toward me. She has seen many cases of this disease which afflicts her; but she cheerfully submits to my treatment. Her



nature is strangely self-reliant: feeling the sickness coming on, she made all her preparations for entrance to the hospital, even to the necessary arrangements in regard to her clothing; and apportioned her little savings so that her sisters might not be put to inconvenience. Now she waits calmly and patiently for the result. Have I not found your Greek ideal in New York?

*January 22d.*

Success has crowned our efforts! We have unearthed a mosaic pavement, and have also found remains of porticoes and colonnades, together with numerous inscriptions. I believe that we shall yet find a temple erected to the deity of this city. There is a suggestion of a fine female figure on a remnant of a bas-relief discovered a few days since, which leads me to think that we shall light upon a large statue of a goddess. The arm that was sculptured on the fragment was exquisite. We enjoy our life. It is laborious, but the quest is exciting. I drink in the intellectual pleasure of it to the utmost. It is a continual banquet. I wish you were removed as far as I am from the distracting influences of modern life. After all, is not this scientific investigation overestimated? Don't you remember that antistrophe in Antigone? —

"By learning and fair science crowned,  
Behold him now full fraught with wisdom's lore  
The laws of nature anxious to explore,

With depth of thought profound:  
But naught, alas! can human wisdom see

In the dark bosom of futurity;  
The power of wisdom may a while prevail,  
A while suspend a mortal's fleeting breath;  
But never can her fruitless arts avail

To conquer fate, or stop the hand of death."

And Goethe says somewhere, —

"Mikroskope und Fernröhre verwirren eigentlich  
den reinen Menschensinn."

I believe in getting upon the high mental plane of the Greeks, and looking at the woes of life with the perfection of composure.

I shall cable my discoveries to the

Academy as soon as the wires beyond Athens are repaired. We are uncomfortable at present, owing to the detention of our supplies. The steamer which was to have brought them is a poor affair. (I can hear H——'s rasping voice exclaim, "Ah! You Greeks have to depend upon science ultimately!")

*November 28th.*

We have spent a weary week fighting disease. H—— has had a theory that the disinfectants upon which we relied were of no use. He is a thorough skeptic, you well know. We have therefore tried many experiments, and have found that he is right. Germs seem to flourish in what was thought a bath of poison for them. Down fell what I have always considered a chief reliance. The disease seems to be a form of blood poisoning (to speak in common parlance), and I have begun to study the absorption spectra of the blood. Unfortunately, I am not used to investigations in light, and I spend much time on false tracks. I have had a wild theory in regard to the effect of electrolysis in the arteries combined with a system of subcutaneous injections; but my knowledge of electricity is small, and I find I rediscover old and well-observed phenomena. I am like a general who begins a campaign against a mysterious foe with no mobilization of resources. H—— called my attention to-day to the recent report of the philosophical faculty of Berlin, in which the admission of students from the real schools to the university is deprecated. It seems that even the scientific professors believe that the training of the gymnasia has been shown to be superior to that obtained in the polytechnic schools. This report is certainly a strong argument for the classics. H——, however, says that it is a very illogical report. He sums up his arguments as follows: It is claimed that the experience of the last ten years in the University of Berlin proves that the



real school students are inferior in intellectual grasp, even in scientific studies and investigations. Suppose that this is so: would any living physiologist dare to base wide conclusions upon observations upon a few thousand students, during the comparatively few years of a university curriculum? The classical students represent the fostering care of centuries. They are of the privileged class, and show the effect of heredity. The report says that the number of real-school students who are desirous of obtaining the benefits of the university is far in excess of the students who have graduated from the gymnasias, and there is danger to the high stand taken by German universities in the classical studies. Granted. Shall the university give its broad instruction to those only who have a taste and capacity for Greek, and refuse to influence the instruction in science in the real schools? Is an argument drawn from the experience of a German university with *élèves* of technical real schools of value to us in America? The Roman republic was not a success; therefore, the American republic will prove a failure.

H—— says that he lost four years of the most enthusiastic period of his life in school and college by being compelled to study Greek; and he says that there are twenty-five men like himself in every college class, who have no philosophical tastes and yet would make their mark in some branch of modern study. "Is it not despotic," he exclaims, "to compel these men to give lip service when the heart might work at its best!"

I am in doubt concerning this question. I feel my lack of scientific training, however, sadly. My patient does not improve. We have many talks together; for she has moments of freedom from pain. She has been a great worker among the poor. Her minister called to see me, and spoke of her with tears in his eyes. "You have a valua-

ble life to save, doctor," he said. "She is as good as she is beautiful. To her we owe the organization of the charity work in our little parish. She is the counselor of many who are striving to maintain themselves against the evil influences in this great city. She is a Greek statue vivified, and endowed with the noble attributes that should accompany perfection of shape." I am ready to believe the minister, and to my feeble knowledge, to my untrained hands, is entrusted this responsibility. Not to me alone, but to me so far as I pretend to be a doctor.

January 24th.

At last our supplies have arrived. These wretched people have not mobilized their resources as we have in America. Think of steaming only eight miles an hour, and taking a week to repair telegraphic connections! Our excavations are going deeper, and to-morrow I hope we shall strike something. . . .

Hurrah! Hurrah! The morning has arrived. At ten o'clock I heard a shout from my chief assistant, and, hastening to the spot, I saw him uncovering a beautiful, transcendent form. I trembled with ecstasy as I gazed. A head finer than that of the Venus di Milo appeared half buried in the earth. The marble is stained, but the face divine looks forth from the dross of centuries. What a living force is perfection! The face seemed to say, I am unearthed at the ripe moment to lead the world, with its unclean tendencies, back to the fount from which the Greeks drew their inspiration. With reverent hands we drew the statue from its bed. What grace, what loveliness, was revealed! We all felt purer and nobler as we gazed. To look was devotion. The statue was tenderly placed against the hard, unyielding rocks which had coldly held it for centuries, and we stood about in silence, while the cloud shadows appeared and disappeared on the slopes of the distant hills. Twice given to the



world! What a thought! The sculptor, imbued with the purest ideals, gave thee to the world, and the choicest spirits of that age of intellectual greatness felt that thou expressed the highest moral sense. Thou wast worshiped as a visible type of perfection, in the days when art lived daily with men. Then came brutes, fierce marauders, — Goths and Vandals. Art fled, shrieking, through polluted colonnades. Thy form was reverently concealed till art should find its own again. Forgive me, Horace, for this rhapsody. I could not help it. Tomorrow I shall be calmer.

*January 21st.*

The end has come. It was very sudden. H—— and I worked night and day, and thought that we had mastered the strange disease; but a change came in the night, and she is no more! Greater knowledge might have saved her. But she has not died in vain. H—— and I stood at her bedside, and vowed to devote our lives to investigation. When the allurements of the world shall tempt us, her beautiful spirit will lead us on in the laborious path of scientific research.

I rejoice in hearing of your successful explorations. Do not think that I consider your investigations less valuable than mine, — I trust that I am not so illiberal, — but I feel that I am not so well fitted for my work as you are for yours. Our early training, both at school and in college, gave you the advantage; for we studied little but the classics. To deal with the study of ancient life you needed accurate and long-continued preparation, which you received. For my profession I needed

severe discipline in scientific studies, which I did not receive. If the teaching in Greek is superior to that in science in the early years of a boy's life, should the universities strive to raise the standard of the classics, and not lend at the same time a helping hand to scientific studies? I trust our close friendship will continue as firm as of old, although our paths diverge. H—— and I go into the infected district to-morrow to study the dread disease of which our patient died. We intend to establish a branch hospital, and to make as complete investigations as the state of our knowledge permits.

*February 20th.*

I write to you, my dear Horace, from Athens, having arrived here much in the condition of the shipwrecked messengers announcing Xerxes' disaster. The plague broke out in Asia Minor, and, advancing along the shores of the Ægean, drove us from our exploration. We chartered a vessel, and placing our statue on board set sail for Greece. On the third day a tempest arose, and drove us upon the rocks of a small island. The bark foundered with our beautiful statue, — A! A! — and we barely escaped with our lives. Courage! we shall return to our exploration when the doctors shall tell us that danger from the plague is over. I will answer your budget of letters soon. They have remained unopened on account of the pressure of events. We shall spend some time in Athens deciphering the inscriptions which we have discovered. I find myself well equipped for the work in hand, and we shall soon retrieve our late disaster. I must drop a tear, however, for the lost.

*John Trowbridge.*



## A VISIT TO JERUSALEM.

EVERYBODY knows the general aspect of Jerusalem now. Ordnance surveys, societies for exploration, Sunday-school teachers, and artistic friends have brought pictures of it for those of us who live in these most remote corners; Jerusalem itself, be it remembered, being in the "middle of the world." Indeed, such is the ease of travel now, that it is safe to take for granted, in any considerable assembly, that some one is present who has walked in the streets of Jerusalem, has seen the Jews weeping by its walls, and can describe from personal remembrance the Mosque of Omar.

This general aspect helps us in forming an idea of what it looked like eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, — of which, by misfortune, there is no description. Of the temple and its glories, as all readers know, there is very full description; but the indifference of the ancients to the picturesque, and even to topography, leaves us to construct for ourselves the Jerusalem of the gospel time. Still, the slopes of the hills are there; the olive-trees and the anemones and the cyclamens, with the rest of the spring vegetation, are there. The wood has been destroyed from the country generally by the ravages of Islam and Islam's wars. But the neighborhood of a city as large as Jerusalem was then is never heavily wooded. The population of the city itself was then six or eight times what it is now. Such a population requires diligent farming and market gardening in the neighborhood. So that it is probable that the country around had more farm-houses and hamlets and other aspects of habitation than it has now. But, making such allowances for changes, the traveler to-day has a right to feel that he looks on much such a landscape as the traveler coming down to Jerusalem from Jericho saw in

the days of Jesus Christ. A New Englander sometimes catches a bit of landscape in his own region which reminds him, if the conditions of sky and climate are right, of these rounded hills and rounded olive-trees and closer olive-orchards. I have a photograph of a piece of "hill country" near Jerusalem which may easily be mistaken for a home scene in Northern Middlesex or Southern New Hampshire. You have only to select a bit of rolling country, well covered with orchards, without New England houses, forests, evergreens, or pines, but with a fair share of stone walls, photograph it, and place the picture in your portfolio, between a view of Jaffa and one of the Dead Sea, and even an experienced pilgrim would take it up and say, "And this is somewhere near Jerusalem."

The city was built so long ago that nobody knows when. It is on the crest line between the waters of the Dead Sea valley and those which flow into the Mediterranean. The hills on which it stands were abrupt enough to make an admirable fortress; what has been said of rounded slopes does not apply to them. Fortress it was in the days of the Jebusites, when David took it. After his time it assumed the state and importance of a capital. And this was no little state and importance when it meant a capital to which "the tribes come up three times a year." Josephus says — in what is probably an unintentional exaggeration — that at the time of the Passover a million and a quarter people assembled in it, or in tents around it. Even if this is not true, it gives an idea of what an intelligent man thought true in times immediately after Christ's visits to the city.

It is not so much matter of regret that we have not the physical picture of Jerusalem of that day, as we have from



the Gospels and from many other writings of these times good glimpses of social order there, and of men's habits of life. All this recent delving into the Talmud and kindred writings, which has taught something even to superficial readers, gives local color for any picture of gospel times. And all the photography in the world would never help us to any knowledge of Jerusalem as it was then, — though we had perspectives of Herod's temple, and elevations by Herod's architects, — unless we could make real the moral perspective and moral elevations of the city. In an admirable paper by Mr. Francis Tiffany, he compares this city, the head of ecclesiastical machinery, with such a manufacturing place as Lowell or Holyoke: "Imagine all the mills in Lowell one vast corporation temple: the bulk of the operatives in it priests and temple servants; the fabrics turned out creeds, treatises, or disputations; the tenement owners dependent on pilgrims for their lodgers; the neighboring farmers finding the market for their wood, cattle, and oil in selling them for the sacrifices, or for the maintenance of those performing the sacrifices, — do all this, and you have a rough but palpable working idea of Jerusalem."

As Jesus Christ sees Jerusalem, on his first visit there, after his baptism, it is a city of about one hundred and twenty thousand people, which would not exist but for the temple service and those whom the temple calls there. But as the temple and the temple service do call, three times a year, so large a multitude of visitors that they are counted more than a million by intelligent men, a prosperous city of one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants exists there. Herod's erection of the magnificent temple has called together artisans who are still at work upon it. In the Saviour's time a special prosperity, caused more by such expenditures than by any other causes we know of,

has added a new suburb to the old city, which has grown up outside its walls. This "Jerusalem new town" takes the name of Bezetha. The Romans have assumed the direct government of the place, having deposed Archelaus, the last native ruler, for very good reasons, and in all the visits which Jesus Christ makes to the city in his manhood Pontius Pilate is the procurator. As all the world knows, Pilate is personally present in Jerusalem on the occasion of the last of these visits. He has a legion of Roman soldiers, more or less, with which to keep his whole province in order. He has an official residence in Jerusalem. But it seems as if he and all the Roman governors preferred in general to live at Cesarea. This was a purely Roman city, rather more than fifty miles away, where they were on the sea-board and in comparatively easy communication with Rome. At Jerusalem all their surroundings were foreign, not to say hostile. While the Roman commander was governor in name, an aristocracy of priests maintained with inflexible severity the traditions of old times. And a republican general in New Orleans in the heat of the war, or in Charleston the week after its capture by the Union forces, was not in more unsympathetic surroundings than was Pilate, with his cohorts around him, in Jerusalem.

But the Jewish people is not all of one type. Nor are Jews in Jerusalem here all of one type. Take the throng of work-people, who have been at work — they and their fathers — for forty-six years building up the temple: they are very different people from Levites and priests, — from officials, whether at the top or bottom, who carry on the machinery of daily service in this temple and its courts. And either set is different from Jews of Galilee, — country cousins, indeed, — who come in upon them at either of the festivals for which Jerusalem and its magnificence exist. The difference



between a Parisian and his visitor from Normandy or Gascony, or the difference between a Londoner and his visitor from Lancashire or Yorkshire, have often been made the themes of comedies, — very funny, and relished, perhaps, by all parties. In neither case is the difference wider than the difference between the Jew of Jerusalem and the olive dresser or fisherman from Galilee.

Yet Jerusalem was glad to have the multitude of such rural visitors as those whom the festival of Passover brought them every year in the spring-time. In our own day there is still just a hint of that arrival, because the pathetic associations with Good Friday and Easter so often bring the Christian pilgrims of to-day to Jerusalem, at the end of March or in the beginning of April. And the travelers who are there at just that season, and at no other, do not echo the frequent complaint of the desolation of the country around the city. That is the period of the short spring-time of Palestine. The ground is green for a few short weeks, and glowing with the brilliancy of spring flowers, which make a living carpet of the sward. The heat of sudden summer dries up such vegetation only too soon, and these same hills are then white, arid, and desolate.

The season was in old times so much more forward than ours is that there was no hardship in tent-life for a few days, even in March or April; and when hundreds of thousands of Jews — called together partly for festival enjoyment, partly by religious obligation — met for a week, meaning to render daily service at the temple, there was no shelter for them in house or shed, and they were forced to spread the tents which they had brought with them all over the neighboring hills. Jesus is not the only visitor to the city who, when the night-fall comes, goes out from its gates to spend the night with friends who live outside the walls.

It is impossible for us to think of Jesus of Nazareth as coming to Jerusalem, at what we call the first Passover, with little or no external consideration. But, in truth, there are as yet no twelve apostles; there is no crowd shouting "Hosanna!" A few personal friends who love and who wonder, — these at most are all. There is no record saying who they were. But as all the disciples as yet spoken of who had shown any sort of interest in him were but five, we naturally imagine that the disciples who were then with him in Jerusalem were a part of that number, — of whom we know the names of Andrew, Peter, Philip, and Nathanael. The fifth is perhaps John the Evangelist, from whose Gospel we have the names of the other four. It is without any state, among officials who know as little of him as of any other traveler from Nazareth or from Capernaum, that Jesus enters the temple courts, as hundreds of thousands of others do.

All that he ever says or does in Jerusalem from this moment until his death bears such a stamp of what may be called intensity, or dignity, or even severity, so distinct from the simplicity or spontaneous light-heartedness of Galilee and his life there, that the few critics who bring any tenderness of feeling with them to their estimate of his life try some explanation of it. Thus M. Renan says that the scorn with which the city Jews regarded the Galileans always pained Jesus; also, that the "dryness" of Nature herself — brooks without water, and dry and stony soil — would add to his displeasure. Most of all, he says — and here every one will agree with him — that the utter worldliness of the temple service, where men who ought to have been the spiritual leaders of a nation were fairly at work on the most carnal things in the most brutal fashion, disgusted him. In his constant vein of humor, M. Renan says that the sextons in the temple evinced



that irreverence which seems to be the besetting danger of sextons in all communions in all times. As for study of the word of God, — that was perhaps worse than chaffering over the price of a dove, or cutting out from the sacrifice the share for the dinner of a priest's family. Here Jesus comes down, from his lovely mountains and his sympathetic friends: comes this time from his vision of an open heaven and the soaring dove; from desert communion with himself, from all temptations of hell, and all good angels of heaven; comes to the head-quarters of the faith of Israel and her life, to proclaim a present God, — God here and God now. He will enlist the leaders of Israel in the proclamation of these glad tidings; and he finds that the best scholarship of a Jewish doctor is the weakest splitting of hairs. And this splitting of hairs has bred the most preposterous conceit. The whole is as destitute of moral elevation as are the tricks of a medicine-man among the Apaches. These are the men of learning. And the men of religion, the officers of worship, are squabbling about the price of this sheep or that ox, or are scolding this or that worshiper because he does not hurry up his beasts fast enough to the butcher. Here is reason enough for any depression in the young Nazarene's spirits or any severity in his language, without our inquiring whether there were more or less water in the beds of the brooks, or more or less soil on the stones of the orchards. And this depression of spirits and this severity of language are to be borne in mind as we read his ejaculation when he enters the great court-yard which surrounds the temple: —

"Take these things hence. Make not my Father's house a house of merchandise."

With the natural feeling that they looked on him then as we do now, we imagine this scene, and the artists represent it, as if the whole throng in these

temple courts — where, in their eighteen acres, hundreds of thousands of people were sacrificing, were buying and selling, or were staring — all were hushed in astonishment, and witnessed the act of indignation as if it were indeed a token of divine wrath thundered from heaven against these tradesmen. But this is, again, to transfer the impression which centuries have been receiving regarding Jesus of Nazareth, to the everyday people around him when he came in as a stranger. The more natural conception of the scene at this feast — as something like it took place at another Passover — is to suppose that he chose to assert his prophetic character in some visible, concrete act, which might stand like the old prophetic symbols. These hucksters who had found their way inside the gates knew they did not belong there. They recognized his divine wrath, and they felt, as every one always felt, the power of his person. It needed no personal violence on them or theirs. When he bade them go, they went; he needed his scourge of small cords only as a sign of authority. This, too, it is important to observe: that he was not yet in the position of a reformer who is overthrowing sacrifice or offering. He commands thus far the respect and even the gratitude of the purists among his own people. They, if they dared, would have turned out these traders before. And now that one appears who certainly speaks as if he has authority, even if he wear the costume and speak with the accent of the hill country, they are not sorry that he says what he says and does what he does. The more pharisaic a man was, the more sure he would be to say, "This was a nuisance; and what the young man does should have been done before." Wholly outside Scripture, in authorities which are quite full regarding the tone of feeling of the time, we have evidence that there would be thus much sympathy with his indignation.



One of the senators, as we should say, is the person to show this sympathy in history; that is, it is one of the seventy men in highest official position in the country. And when he introduces himself to this young protestant from Galilee, the contrast between them is as if a member of the House of Lords — say one of the Bench of Bishops — should be attracted in the streets of London to-day by some audacious protest of a countryman of the "Salvation Army" against the greed or cant of London, and should hunt up the young man's address, and should drive down in his carriage to talk to him. It is like it, only to-day the bishop and the hedge-row preacher would both be remembering the time when the Master of both was the hedge-row preacher who received the call.

The importance of the occasion, to any one unfolding the successive steps of Christ's plan, is that here was the only faint flicker of success which attended any of these visits to Jerusalem. Jesus went there because it was his duty to go. He had to give these men their chance. He gave them the refusal of the apostleship of the world. All prophecy said that Israel was to be redeemed. He sees that she is to be redeemed. He sees how, and he sees that now is the time. "God is here," is the word of redemption. Why should not Israel's leaders utter it? Why should not her leaders lead? Why should they not take up this gospel, "God is here, God is now"? Why not? He will try. So he goes to Jerusalem, walks into the temple court, and avows by a visible sign his authority. And in reply there comes this ruler, who says, "Master, you have come from God. Nobody can show these signs which we have seen you show in the temple, un-

less God be with him." In that civil speech is the first flicker of success of the visit to Jerusalem.<sup>1</sup>

When the preacher from the hill country replies to the courteous senator he shows native authority by signs more imposing. There is perfect courtesy on his side. But there is no shadow of deference to that self-satisfaction, so often bred by book-learning, and which, in that case at least, was so constant an attribute of the governing power. Jesus is young, and this man must be twice his age. Jesus is a carpenter; this man is a ruler. Jesus has been in no school of the prophets; this man has the learning of the schools. Jesus is a Nazarene; this man has all the elegance of the nobility. And yet Jesus speaks to him exactly as he would speak to fishermen by the Sea of Galilee. There is that grave severity which belongs always to his life in Jerusalem. But nothing else is changed. It is in the even tone of an elder brother speaking to a younger. There is perfect kindness, and readiness to explain. There is transparent simplicity, and yet conscious dignity.

Most remarkable of all, there is the demand of complete allegiance to the cause. All or nothing! With two or three personal followers, he has come to see whether doctors and priests care to take hold with him. And in the first interview he claims the whole from them. He does not want any honorary members, though they come from the aristocracy; any members to be named on the lists, but who do not expect to be called on for duty. He wants no irregular troops, — here to-day and there to-morrow. He asks for all or nothing. "If you wish to take hold with me, you must become as a little child. You must be born again." If you do not be-

they are the visible protests which the new prophet had made in the temple. But when the old version read, "No man can do these *miracles*," we looked back for "miracle," and there was no miracle. Sign there was, and sign very intelligible.

<sup>1</sup> Here is one instance, out of thousands, where the Revised Version makes sense, where before was little or none. Nicodemus's words are, "No man can do these signs, unless God be with him." What are the signs? We look back, and see that



come as a little child, if you are not born again, why, you will not see the kingdom of God; far less will you ever stand within its portals."

Well, most people could tell us what reply those men would make to such a statement as that. Indeed, it was comparatively easy for fishermen by the Sea of Galilee to give up their past and take lot with the Nazarene carpenter; certainly much easier than for this gentlemanly Nicodemus, of whom the world has said and thought hard things because he hesitated. He had worked his way quite up the ladder. He had succeeded where so many had failed. He had burned midnight oil over these books of Rabbinical puzzles which we call "fol-de-rol." He had waited in antechambers till the time at last had come when he might make others wait there. He had waited obsequious till it was his turn to make others wait. For him, then, this was very hard doctrine, which said that he must give all this up and be born over again. And it is no wonder that he hesitates. "Do you really mean, my young friend, that our Jewish state, preserved by miracle for so many hundreds of years, is to give up all the prestige of age and discipline? Do you really suppose that I, who am talking with you, shall give up my position and my weight in this community to take my chances with a carpenter from Galilee? Do you really suppose that I, who have become what you see me by and after the toil of thirty years, am to lay down all that I have learned and all that I have gained, to begin at the beginning, as this handsome young fisher boy you have brought along with you seems to do?"

That is a free translation, into more words, of the ejaculation of his surprise, "We be born again?"

And Jesus Christ told him that that was just what he did mean. If any man supposed that senatorial rank helped him into the kingdom of heaven,

he was mistaken. If he supposed length of years helped him, he was mistaken. If he supposed Rabbinical learning helped him, he was mistaken. The pure in heart see God. A little child, new born, because of his purity, may see God. And if senator, or gray-haired man, or learned doctor wants to see him, he must try the same means. He must become as a little child. He must be born again.

Nicodemus went away. And, after a little, Jesus of Nazareth went back to Galilee. That is the end of his first effort in the mission which opened for him at the river Jordan.

As the world counts failure and success, it was absolute failure.

NOTE. I understand very well that this is not the place for critical discussion of the value of the authorities used in the narrative I have given. But as a considerable section of critics, whose opinion is important, regard the Fourth Gospel as valuable for its moral instructions, but not as the historical statement of facts made by an eye-witness, it is but fair that, though with the utmost brevity, I should recognize that opinion of theirs, and state the ground which I take, even in papers as familiar as these are. I have no intention of going into the delicate historical argument, recently handled so admirably by Professor Abbot. I have simply to say what I believe would be admitted readily in the case of any biography, not of such transcendent importance. We have four authorities which have been recognized as authorities till the present generation. Of three of them it is admitted on all hands that their origin is as early as the century in which Christ died, — that they were written while men lived who saw him. Of the fourth, the Gospel of John, it is admitted on all hands that it was written later than these three. The question raised has been whether it were written by the disciple John, who



was a young man when Jesus was thirty years old, — written in his extreme old age, as the church has always held, — or whether it were written as late as the year 150, in which case it is not the narrative of an eye-witness. That question I do not discuss. But I do say that some such narrative is necessary for the intelligible reading of the other three Gospels. If we had only those three Gospels, we should know that before the time they speak of Jesus had visited Jerusalem often, — “How often would I have gathered thy children!” — and that Jerusalem would not receive him. We should know that the authorities in the temple knew him, and hated him. Of the reason why and of the detail of those earlier visits we should

know nothing; for the first three Gospels begin with Galilee and its successes. To readers seeking just that information, the fourth Gospel supplies it; and whether it were written by the hand of the aged John, or by people who wrote or collected what he had said or written, it supplies the gap just as well. With such an authority in any other biography men would be satisfied. Such is just a hint of the reason which makes a critic as fearless as M. Renan say of this Gospel that, while it does not show “how Jesus spoke,” it is “superior to the other three Gospels in all that touches the order of facts.” He urges this at length in the appendix to the *Vie de Jésus*, in the thirteenth and subsequent editions.

*Edward E. Hale.*

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#### AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace —  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place:



Some humble door among thy many mansions,  
 Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
 And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
 The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
 And find, at last, beneath thy trees of healing,  
 The life for which I long.

*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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### AMONG THE SKY LINES.

It would seem, perhaps, that to people living six thousand feet up in the air, a mile or so farther up would not be a matter of much moment or interest. Not so. The most passionate climbers and lovers of mountains are mountain-dwellers. Only they know the mystic lure a peak just out of reach can be; or the haunting, insatiate desire which takes possession of one, gazing, day after day, from heights already won to heights unattained, but near.

When a road was opened from the town of Colorado Springs across Cheyenne Mountain, the southern bulwark and ending of the grand range lying west of the town, it was an event of distinct personal interest to every soul in the village. The fact that the road was part of a contemplated route, shorter and better, to Cañon City entered not at all into most people's interest outside of the corporation which had been deluded into building it. That it was a way of getting "up on Cheyenne" was the main thing to everybody.

People who had never suspected themselves of a longing to be on the mountain suddenly became restless to try the "new road," and for a long time not the least of the interests in driving over the road was the watching what diverse sorts of people were drawn thither by the resistless magnet of the sky.

Laboring men, of a Sunday, their young sons trudging along with them, carrying a tin lunch-pail, perhaps, or a bunch of scarlet pentstemons for the tired mother in the little house below; fine ladies, lolling back in barouches, "summer boarders" from the hotels of Manitou; hunters, with guns and knapsacks; camping parties, with wagons packed so full of tents, rifles, stove, and stores that the campers must walk and ride in tie; tramps in rags, with a stick and a bundle, going, nobody, least of all themselves, could tell where or for what; prospecters, tramps also, but with visages unlike those of the common, aimless vagabond. Keen, intent, analytic, is the face of the Rocky Mountain "prospector." To the instincts and training of the hunter he adds the patience and the habit of the alchemist; his faith, also, and a touch of his mysticism, and, after a time, the complacent serenity of the hermit. I knew of one such, who tramped and slept on Cheyenne Mountain for years. I never saw him, but I envied him. He is gone now, doubtless, to some remoter, higher mountain. I often see deserted "mine-holes" that he dug; and there are several springs, near which I knew of his dwelling for short seasons. I never drink at them without drinking to his health.

All this was in the old days of the



"new road." New things crowd new close and fast in the opened wilderness, and the very words "old" and "new" lose significance from shifting and interchanging with each other so perpetually. Our "new road" up Cheyenne Mountain is five years old. That is very old, — as old as forty for a woman, or eighteen for a young man.

Last summer, however, the old new road renewed its youth, and lived afresh in the interest of the people, by an expedient very simple and a process very natural, — as simple and natural as a grandchild or a wedding.

A mile higher up than Colorado Springs, quite out of sight, — in fact, not even indicated by a break or a dip in the mountain's front, as seen from the town, — is a vast basin, where, in the days of those prehistoric poets, the pterodactyls, there must have been a mighty mountain-locked sea. Pike's Peak had its feet in it, and a half score more of grand peaks, from ten to twelve thousand feet high. Gradually part of it filtered and sank; made its way to the plains in two or three beautiful little streams; and what was left of it broke up into a chain or group of seven lakes, separated by belts and circles of grass-bearing, flower-bearing meadow.

Hunters have known the spot for many years; a cross-trail to it was made years ago from the Pike's Peak trail, so that the strong and adventurous, who can sit a whole day on the back of a horse which is dancing on his hind legs and pawing the air with his fore legs, — this is as animate a description of what it is like to go up steep "trails" on horseback as I can give, — have been able to see the Seven Lakes. But a spot that can be reached only in this method cannot be properly said to be accessible; and, spite of the cross-trail, these beautiful lakes remained, summer after summer, almost an *incognita aqua* to the thirsty people living on the parched plain, only a mile below; that

is, only a mile below as the plummet flies, — nearly twenty by the trail.

Four or five years ago two of the hunters who first discovered the place built there a log house, two stories high, and with fourteen rooms, — an uncommon height and size for a log house. The log house, however, was only the tangible token of an air-castle much bigger and higher than itself. Loving the spot as only hunters could, and knowing all its beauty and fascination as only hunters can, they had wild dreams that merely by sheltering and feeding people who came up there they could lure them into staying a long time. They had still wilder dreams of stocking the lakes with fish, cutting bridle-paths to the tops of all the high peaks, keeping donkeys, guides, and all sorts of hunting equipments, and so making a "summer resort" of the place. Of course, they failed miserably. To build even a log house where every pound of nails must be brought twenty miles by horse or mule, a twenty miles' steady climb, is dear work. The poor fellows had to give up, with a good deal less than their "labor for their pains," and their log house came into the hands of a strange man, — a man who, if he had been born a Moham-medan, would, no doubt, have been a sacred dervish, and roamed from city to city and desert to desert, preaching by the wayside. I never see him on our streets without thinking how quick a bronzed skin, a green turban, and a flowing robe could transform him into the semblance of an ideal dervish of the higher order. But, having been born an American, he drifted into some out-of-the-way beliefs of the spiritualistic order, and also into a kind of semi-medical, semi-religious practice among the sick; never taking fees, and, I believe, rating the laying on of hands, after the old Apostolic fashion, as of more value, in most cases, than anything set down in the *materia medica*. He has wan-



dered nearly around the globe, walked over the greater part of Palestine, and finally, in a pause of the currents of his strange life, has come to a halt in Colorado, — finding in the scenery there a greater resemblance to the natural features of the Holy Land than he has seen anywhere else in the world. His wife — whom, though he is a man long past sixty, he married only a few years ago — is a person of as exceptional characteristics as his own, and as peculiar in attire and speech. She has, however, made some study of the science of medicine through regular channels, and her type of unworldliness is a shade more worldly than his; but they seem a singularly well-matched and mated pair, and the wilderness is their natural habitat. Together they stride up, down, and across the mountains in midwinter, day or night, without fatigue or alarm. The old man times himself on his quick runs down to the town, and exults in their marvelous record, not so much as a token of his own remarkable vigor as a token of how the human body was meant to last, strong and vigorous, for a hundred years, he says; and he bids fair to do all one man can towards proving it, since few men of forty can equal him to-day.

It was in one of their long tramps together that he and his wife struck out a pathway from their house on the Seven Lakes to the old "new road" on Cheyenne Mountain; by it they have been in the habit of coming and going, for pleasure, ever since. It was a twenty miles' walk as against a fifteen; but that odds would never enter into their reckoning, one way or the other. It was thus that the idea of the grandchild of our old new road started. A wagon-road once made through this eight miles' labyrinth of beautiful parks and grand peaks, by which the doctor and his wife went up and down, people might drive comfortably to the very lakes, and the original intent of the inn on the shores

still be realized. How much the idea of possible profit to come from such inn-keeping may have had to do with the project is neither here nor there in our satisfaction in the result.

The doctor and his wife are not beholden to any inn-keeping for bare support; for he has always had money in a moderate way, and might have grown rich, like many of his neighbors, I dare say, if he had not had such an unworldly habit of helping men poorer than himself, by easy loans or outright gifts. This is matter of common knowledge in the region, and is one among the strongest reasons in the minds of that money-getting, money-begetting community for holding the old man to be not quite sound of intellect. I fancy that upon another showing and a different standard he might, on this very ground, be adjudged to be one of the few sane men in the State. But this, also, is neither here nor there in the story of the road. It was no doubt part of their plan to make money by lodging and feeding people in their house; and the wife has a more extended scheme of setting up a "milk cure" there, like those which have had such success and fame in Switzerland. There is sweet pasturage in abundance on the lower slopes of the surrounding mountains, and something might come of such a project in other and more conventional hands than hers.

The rumors of the completion of this road outran the speed of the workers on it. Again and again we heard that it was open, only to hear again that it was not. By every fresh delay impatience gained and anticipation heightened, until, finally, it was with a certain unjustified sense of personal triumph that, one early September morning, we set off, sure at last of being able to drive all the way to the lakes; eleven thousand five hundred feet above sea level.

Our old new road winds and unwinds in lasso loops on the ridges and around the ravines of the north side of Che-



yenue Mountain. We have summered and wintered it till we know it so well that no railroad-tie man can cut down one fir-tree in sight of the road without our missing it; and we perceive if a single purple clematis patch comes to grief between one summer and another.

Ten or twelve miles we have thus known for years; and once, on a memorable summer day, we pushed still farther on, by a track faintly worn, in some places hardly that, as far as wheels could go,—down the western slopes of the mountain, into a succession of wooded basins and spurs and spaces of meadow, like breathing-holes for the hurrying streams. Here, in one of these meadow bits, the road flickered out and disappeared in tumbled grass.

When I heard of the new road across to the Seven Lakes, I at once recalled this spot, and fancied it must be there that the Seven Lakes road came in; that ending seemed so fit beginning for a charmed way to a charmed spot. But when we reached the place, we found the wild meadow wild meadow no longer. Camp-fires had smirched its fair green on either side, and a scare-crow, the freak of some vagabond, stood in it. Why any one had seen fit to cast away so seemingly decent a coat, hat, and trousers there is no knowing; but there they were, hung conspicuously, stuffed out into the semblance of a man, and bearing a rough label, "Bound for Pike's Peak, or Bust." One felt an impulse to burn the thing down. It seemed such insolent affront to the solitude. The road, which I recollected as a flickering grassy trail at this point, was now travel-worn and dusty, and led on still westward, still up and down, over ridges and through basins; wilder and wilder, however. The stream was choked by boulders, and tangles of fallen trees made layers upon layers of drifting lattice-work across it; the forests were darker and thicker; bare summits of stone and disintegrated rock stood out fierce against

the sky. At last, from the top of a long spur, which was all a-flutter with yellow aspens, we looked down into a little valley, laid like a mat between the mountain ridges: it was a mosaic of exquisite colors, brown, green, and that richest of all yellows, soft, yet bright, which painters know as "Indian yellow." Four separate mountain peaks walled the valley to south and west: one, bare, stony, gray, and red; the next one, green, flecked with blazing yellow in great spaces where pines had burned down and aspens come in; the next one, bare and stony; the fourth, a solid wall of fir forest to within a thousand feet of the top; there, crowned with huge masses of many-colored rock, looking like ruins of a colossal temple. A rude gate of twisted saplings set across the road here is the only token of man's presence or possession. It is a fair enough spot to attract owners of herds. As we followed the grassy trail we passed one patch of blackened, frost-bitten potatoes; a most melancholy, blighted, lost-looking little stray of a field. On the other side of the valley the road begins again, this time in earnest. The west wall is a Gibraltar; the loops and turns of the road upon it look, from below, mere vertical lines. No horses could draw a loaded carriage up them; it is all they can do to take up the empty carriage itself; driver and all must walk. In the rarefied air at this altitude, one's heart becomes an alarming pedometer; at each step of the climb, it beats harder and quicker. When we reached the crest of this wall, by a simultaneous impulse we began to count pulses. From a hundred and thirty to a hundred and forty they ranged. Another valley and another wall; this time so high up that, as we looked back and off, through vistas of the forest, there was only sky for background down to the very bottom of the nearest trees. Sky lines of myriads of summits, in drawing massive, yet clear



cut, were all around us; through openings to the west were glimpses of the peaks of the main range, glittering in their eternal snow. From thousands of feet below us, to the north, there stole up shining glints and gleams of the water of the Seven Lakes. We were on the top of the south wall of their basin. Descending by zigzags through a dense forest, one gets, at turns of the fragrant fir-walled tunnel, sudden sparkles of bright water; such as one gets driving fast across a wide river on a covered bridge with windows in it at intervals.

We came out on the shore of the largest lake, just as sunset reds and yellows, streaming across the zenith sky, were reflected in its surface, — the only way this lake ever knows sunsets, translated and handed down to it by skies. The sole motion in the scene was a comical, slow-moving group just before us: a woman, with a big sketch-book under her arm, sitting with evident uneasiness and alarm on a donkey led by a little girl. The donkey, frightened by the unusual sound of wheels, began to run, and twitched his rope from the girl's hand; the artist screamed, slipped off, and sat down ignominiously on the ground; the donkey flung his heels in the air, and galloped away with a triumphant snort, answered instantly on the opposite shore by a bray from his mate, who came running at full speed to hear the joke. The expression of the two donkeys' faces, as they put their noses together, was irresistible: the first donkey, with one ear cocked back, pointing over his shoulder, so to speak, at his outwitted leader and unseated rider, plodding along on foot in the distance; the second donkey listening with a sly, appreciative, man-of-the-world expression to the story. To have painted the scene and caught the donkeys' looks would have been a fortune to an artist.

The largest of the Seven Lakes is about eighty acres in extent, and lies close up to the southern wall of the

basin. The next one is separated from it by a strip of meadow, only a few feet wide, through which gurgles a tiny rivulet, hidden in lush grasses, — the unseen bond between the two lakes. The others follow in irregular groups, and are of varying sizes in different seasons. It will not be at all out of the natural course of things, in Rocky Mountain parks, if a day comes when there is no lake left of all the seven. But it will not be until long after the memory of the place as it is now has been lost from the earth.

The peaks which make the south wall of the basin are all between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet high. Over such a wall as this moons and suns come late and stealthily, as if they had no right in the place. The slow approaches of moonlight on a full-moon night are wonderful to see. Its first radiance begins on the northernmost peak, while yet all the lakes and the whole basin are wrapped in darkness; it is not a radiance, but a sort of shining dusk, only one shade less dark than the darkness. For hours this creeps slow as a mist, inch by inch, from peak to peak, round by way of the west; then, above the upper line of the south wall, comes a white glow; from this is gradually diffused a silvery sheen over the upper half of the valley. Still no moon; still the larger lakes, at base of the silver-crested south wall, are black. Not until full midnight or past does the first direct beam fall on the water; then it is but a bar, — one narrow, sharp-lined, straight bar of white, — beneath which the water seems to quiver, shot through and through with silver sparkles; then, in a second more, the moon, as if the bar of light had been her silver wand, lifted just in advance of her, compelling surrender of the spot.

Dawn comes over in the same way. Long after day has begun, the lakes lie purple and black and darkest malachite greens; and the shadows of the



mountains do not seem to give place. Not until ten o'clock of the forenoon on the day we left did the full sunlight get in. It came with a rush at the last second; as it swept over us, it seemed strange that it should be soundless, for it passed swift like a wind.

I had a curiosity to know if continued living in so weird and lonely a place wore away the strangeness of it; but I found that to the doctor and his wife there was no loneliness or weirdness in the spot.

"I am tired of civilization; it is so common," said the doctor's wife, in a quiet tone of supreme confidence which gave one a sudden sense of half shame of civilization. "There are no wicked people up here," she continued, in the same low, half-dreamy voice. "When I lived in Colorado Springs, I had to make companions of birds, cats, and dogs. There have been only two wicked people up here all summer."

This dire reflection on the character (and characters) of Colorado Springs stung faintly, — stung us into replying, "But if all the good were to seclude themselves in this manner, in high mountain places, and leave all the wicked people shut up together below, would not the wicked people be likely to grow more wicked? Ought not the good to endure the cross of living with the wicked, for the sake of making them better?"

Our little weapon fell to the ground harmless, all the edge of its satire blunted and turned by the quiet reply in the same low, dreamy voice: "Probably it is because I am wicked myself that I can't bear to be among wicked people."

It seemed she had spent many weeks entirely alone in the place, and proposed to pass a large part of the coming winter there alone, her husband's affairs requiring his absence.

"Are you not afraid?" was our surely not unnatural exclamation.

"What should I be afraid of?" she

replied. "I am never ill. The house is secure."

"But will you never be lonely?" I said.

"Oh, no," in the same placid, low tone. "I shall have plenty of fuel and food laid in, and my books and study. What more could I need?"

The repose and poise of her manner made it seem pusillanimous even to think of needing more; but discussing the matter on the way home, we reverted to a more human way of looking at things, and reassured ourselves enough to take the liberty of bestowing on the contented recluse some pity; at which, no doubt, she would simply have smiled, if she had known it. Going down the heights we had climbed was almost terrifying; surely, only people of the order — if it be not a genus — of the doctor and his wife would ever have laid out such a road. Before it will lure many to their inn, some of its steepest plunges must be done away with.

The day of our going down was one of those days, such as only September knows, when the air fairly shines with flights and flocks of winged seeds. There are no days in the whole year so splendid; and it is in my mind a question whether there are in the whole world any so beautiful things as seed vessels, which are built for scudding before the wind, on high aerial seas. Colorado has a fine navy of them: the clematis, purple and white; the purple anemone, which sets afloat a globe of downy wheel spokes more exquisite than the dandelion's; and the despised "grease wood," a single bush of which will, in its season, launch a million a minute of tiny narrow pinnaces, feathered as fine as an ostrich plume.

But the most splendid show of all is made by the fire-weed, which grows in Colorado four and five feet high. Its stems and seed pods are brilliant red; semi-transparent, too, so that in sunlight slanting across them their color kindles



like wine held up to light. When the pod bursts, and the silver-winged seed first is set partly free, it instantly coils and twists around the stem, as if loath to depart. The lower half of the plant thus becomes tangled and draped with this fine curling silver plumage, rising above which stands the superb columnar red stem set with the narrow red pods. There are many wild clearings where this fire-weed grows solid by the acre; and on a breezy day in September every wind that sweeps across snatches whole fields of these silver plumes, and whirls them aloft, to separate and float, and drift as they may.

We saw on this day, in many a sky "offing," fleets of them; which had almost a preternatural look, as of shoals

of glittering pearl flies, or slow-floating snow, where no snow could be. At sunset, great masses of crimson and gold clouds hovered above the heights where we had been in the morning. Long after these had all faded into gray, there lingered at the highest peak, as if clinging to it, one long narrow thread of crimson. It seemed to float like a banner; and, recalling the weird valley and the weird waters, lying high, dark, and lonely at the foot of this peak, and the tone of voice in which the doctor's wife had asked, "What more could I want?" it seemed natural enough that a cloud should linger and float there, unseen and unknown of the strange recluses, but keeping "colors flying" for them till dark.

*H. H.*

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## OUR WINTER BIRDS.

AFTER several years' careful observation in Southern New Jersey, I find that winter gives us a phase in the life and character of birds quite unlike that displayed in summer by the same species, yet none the less interesting.

The permanent residents of this latitude which come about our house and grounds are the song sparrow, field sparrow, English sparrow, yellow-bird, pine linnet, bluebird, robin, meadow lark, quail, bluejay, crow, and several species of hawks and owls. The Northern birds which make this section their winter home are the white-throated sparrow, fox sparrow, tree sparrow, chickadee, and the dark slate-colored sparrow, or snow-bird, as it is more usually called. There are also several species restricted to the woods, with which I am unfamiliar.

Most of these birds will become quite tame with a little care on our part, and will soon come to look to us for their

daily food. Especially if the ground is covered with snow, they will learn to become clamorous for their food, even alighting on the window-sills and striking the glass, apparently to attract attention to their wants. In summer the same species are much more shy, so winter gives us a better opportunity to study the habits and dispositions of the various birds which remain with us.

With most species family ties are not broken in winter. Bluebirds, perhaps more so than most of our birds, maintain a strict family relation during the winter, — even while assembling in large flocks. Not only do the partners remain true to each other during their lives, but they continue their care over the young throughout the first fall and winter.

When a pair of bluebirds succeed in rearing three broods in a season, in the autumn these broods unite and stay with the parents, making a little flock of



about fourteen. All the autumn through they keep together, feeding from the same bushes, poke, ampelopsis, and other wild berries, and upon such stray insects as they may find.

The first cold days of December send them to the cedar swamps, where great numbers congregate. Here, too, large flocks of robins keep them company. But each mild day brings the bluebirds from their retreat back to their forgotten home. And there is nothing more fascinating in bird life than to see the frolics of the young birds and the grave demeanor of the parents. The young visit the various houses in which they were reared, sometimes two or three entering at the same time, and all the while keeping up their low sweet twittering, as if conversing.

But in the spring all is changed. The parents tell the young in a very peremptory manner that they must now seek new homes. Sometimes the young are quite persistent about remaining, when the parents at last seem to become exasperated, and drive them fiercely from the premises.

During the summer of 1880, I was particularly interested in a pair of bluebirds which had the misfortune to rear but one brood of three during the season. The young were hatched in a little house fastened to the railing of an upper piazza. They became quite tame, and remained with us until the first week in December. After this I saw them no more until the first day of January, 1881, when, to my surprise, the entire family came to my study window, — a bay window, fronting south, — and perched upon the sill. The mercury stood fifteen degrees below zero on this morning, an unusual temperature for our latitude.

I have found that an intensely cold day will drive both robins and bluebirds from their retreat in the cedars to our homes, as if they hoped for better protection against the cold.

Our little family had accompanied a sorry-looking flock of forty or fifty bluebirds, with ruffled feathers, which had halted in the vineyard near the house on this bitter morning.

By ten o'clock, the sun shone brightly against the window glass, and the warm fire within helped to make the window-sill comfortable; and here all five of the birds perched, thus getting the full force of the sun's rays. After basking awhile in the sun, their feathers smoothed down, and they seemed quite bright and happy, and toward noon disappeared with the flock. Several times, on the coldest days, during this severe winter, this little family came to my window in the same manner.

I could mention several other instances which have come under my observation, in proof that the parent bluebirds, with their broods of the previous season, are a united family; but one more will suffice.

The past summer, 1881, a pair of bluebirds occupied a box placed on a projecting part of the cornice, in the rear of the house. After the first brood left the box, the parents soon commenced to tear out the old nest, preparatory for a second family in the same box. The second nest is usually built in some other place, in the vicinity of the first, and here was no lack of empty boxes for them to choose from; but for some reason, known only to themselves, they were determined to occupy the house of their first choice, notwithstanding the bad condition in which it was left.

Seeing their determination, we had the box emptied of its contents, and, as might be expected, found it swarming with vermin. We sprinkled it thoroughly with insect powder, and the birds commenced at once to build.

When the second brood were hatched the English sparrows annoyed the parent bluebirds exceedingly by going to the box and looking in, and one of the sparrows even had the audacity to attempt



to adopt and feed the young bluebirds. What could the parents do? They could not stay and watch the sparrows continuously, for the lusty young were clamorous for food. So these wise birds called together the elder brood, — elder brothers and sisters, whom I had not seen for weeks, — who were by this time as large as the parents, but readily distinguished from them by their curiously mottled breasts, which they wear the first summer. The parents instructed these young ones to keep guard over the house while they were away in search of food, which they did for several days. The house was scarcely left a moment. One or more of the family were almost constantly present, and would dart at the sparrows whenever they made an attempt to come near, until the young left the box; and now, at this present writing, — October, — this happy family are united; both broods, with the parents, eating poke-berries from a large bush which I have allowed to remain expressly for them.

When the ground is covered with snow, the various species of our native sparrows, so full of life and jollity, will doubly repay any lover of birds for the care bestowed upon them.

Last winter I kept a space of ground beneath my study window free from snow, where I scattered coarse Indian meal and millet seed, and this ground soon became a mimic stage for these bright actors. The names of the most noted were *Junco hyemalis*, *Zonotrichia albicollis*, *Spizella monticola*, and *Melospiza melodia*. The names of these actors are known throughout the civilized world. All nations recognize the family name, and often the specific name gives a clew to the character; as *hyemalis*, our winter or snow bird; *monticola*, a dweller in the mountains, where this species spends its summers and rears its young; *melodia*, the sweet songster, or song sparrow.

*Junco hyemalis* is excellent in dra-

matic performance. Two of these actors meet face to face on the stage, in their dark glossy coats, and each tries to make the other quail before his fixed gaze. Nearer and nearer they come, constantly chattering and bowing, until within a few inches of each other, when they elevate their heads and bodies to a perfectly upright position, and chatter vehemently with wide open mouths. Sometimes one of the actors leaves the stage at this juncture, and the other remains; but generally they both withdraw and have a trial of strength in the air.

And now *Zonotrichia albicollis* comes forward in another act. He is the most gorgeously attired and the largest actor in the drama. The crown of his head is black, bordered with white, and his full muffled throat is pure white, sharply contrasting with the dark ash of his breast. The back of his coat is striped with black, chestnut, and fulvous white. He excels *Junco* in tragi-comic performance. He opens the act with a prolonged musical note, and flattens himself in front of a brother actor, and spreads his tail fan-shaped. Faster and faster come the notes from the two actors, until they are so blended that we can scarcely distinguish one from the other. The birds approach each other squatted to the ground. Their feet have disappeared. When the climax is reached, like *Junco*, they leave the stage in a twinkling.

Usually the actors are of the same species, but occasionally *Junco* and *Zonotrichia* enliven the drama, — each acting his part with his own individual characteristics. *Junco* chatters and bows to *Zonotrichia*, who cowers apparently at his feet, meanwhile entertaining his audience with his long musical notes. And now, while *Junco* is straightened to his utmost height, hurling his rapid invectives, *Zonotrichia* leaps up like a flash, and strikes him in the breast, with sufficient force to hurl him across the stage.



But Junco is not always taken by surprise and kicked from the stage in this inglorious fashion. Although the smaller bird, he is occasionally victorious.

I would not have it understood that these small actors are entirely given to theatricals; there are times when they are quiet and orderly, and seem to be enjoying each other's society.

My favorite among them all is *Spizella monticola*. He comes to us toward the end of October, and remains until April. The crown of his head is a bright chestnut, and upon his shoulders are chestnut epaulets; his breast is a soft ashy color with a dark blotch in the centre; the back of his coat is streaked with black, chestnut, and flaxen, and two conspicuous white cross-bars are on his wings. He is the handsomest member of the genus, and considerably larger than the little chipping sparrow (*Spizella socialis*), that is always about our doors in summer, but goes South to winter.

Although *Spizella monticola* flock together in considerable numbers, yet they keep the family relation as strictly as the bluebirds, generally in groups of four or six, which indicates that the parents rear but one brood in a season, or, if more, each brood keeps by itself. The birds comprising these groups do not quarrel, but are so closely attached that one cannot fly away without the others following. The actors in the quarrels and trials of strength are made up of birds from different groups, — strangers trying for the championship. This species does not go through with many preliminaries before the final act. They commence chattering, and clinch at once. Up, up, they go, high in the air, striking, railing at each other as they ascend, until one is victorious.

The English sparrow merits notice, although I must confess he is not a favorite with me. He is not so graceful or beautiful as our indigenous species;

still I do not wish to be unjust toward him. I have uniformly found him to be the least quarrelsome of any bird that comes about the grounds. I have never seen him aggressive toward our own species, even when mixing thickly with them. He usually prefers to remain about the barn and stable, where an abundance of food is scattered for the fowls and pigeons, but occasionally quite a flock comes and mingles with our native species beneath my window, and here I can watch them at my leisure. Our indigenous birds know better than to attack him, for he is stronger and more heavily built than they are.

Only once since my observations commenced have I seen anything like a quarrel between the English sparrow and our native species, and in this instance the aggressor was the champion Junco, who was ruler over his own tribe, and had also whipped many white-throats and song sparrows.

A little group of English sparrows was quietly feeding beneath the window. Junco struts around them, and chatters; but they pay no attention, not even deigning to look at him. Failing in his attempts to elicit any notice, he flits to the window-sill, and looks down upon them. Finally he seems to single out one which has wandered a little apart from the rest, and in a twinkling he strikes him broadside, throwing him off his feet, and then flies several yards away. The English sparrow is on his feet in an instant, slowly turning his head all around in evident amazement, but is soon eating again. Junco does not renew the attack, but mingles with his kind, picking up seeds. The English sparrow, however, has his eye upon him, and now Junco has to keep at a safe distance.

The summer yellow-bird also mixes freely with the various sparrows. This charming little creature looks so different in his plain gray winter coat, which he puts on in September and wears



until April, that it is with difficulty we recognize him, so complete is the transformation. The brilliant yellow and black have disappeared, and only faint tracings of greenish-yellow about the head and throat remain. But he is apparently as happy in his sombre suit, picking up millet, as when more brilliantly attired, and rollicking amid the rounded globes of the dandelion, scattering the airy seeds, and capturing them as they start on their winged course.

Our little gymnast, the titmouse, or black-capped chickadee, must not be forgotten. He is not regarded as migratory, and yet he comes to us each winter, and seems to go northward in the spring. He is the most fearless bird of my acquaintance, frequently eating from my hand, and is almost omnivorous, taking anything that comes in his way, from a bone that we hang on a tree for his tiny lordship to pick, down to a plate of preserved berries which we have placed on the doorstep for the bluebirds. But he is quite exclusive in his society, and does not mingle freely with the other winter birds. The cold Northern snow-storms seem only to increase his jollity; now here, now there, clinging to a bough, head downward, chanting his chick-a-dee-dee. Emerson pictures him to the life in the following lines:—

"When piped a tiny voice hard by,  
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,  
*Chic-chicadeedee!* saucy note  
Out of sound heart and merry throat,  
As if it said, Good-day, good sir!  
Fine afternoon, old passenger!  
Happy to meet you in these places,  
Where January brings few faces.

This poet, though he live apart,  
Moved by his hospitable heart,  
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,  
To do the honors of his court,  
As fits a feathered lord of land;  
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,

Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,  
Prints his small impress in the snow,  
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,  
Head downward, clinging to the spray."

When the smaller birds have been driven from the fields and woodlands to our dwellings by the snow, the birds of prey are forced to follow them; so there is scarcely a day but we see various species of hawk or the day owl (*Surnia Hudsonica*) watching their opportunity for a meal. We vainly try to frighten them away; but hunger knows no law, and they are often successful in snatching a bird within a few feet of us.

This owl, *S. Hudsonica*, is less timid and much more persistent than the hawk in following his prey. Often, when I think I have frightened him from the neighborhood, he will noiselessly slip out of an evergreen, and with the coolest audacity take a sparrow in my near vicinity.

Sometimes one drops down from the roof of the house, among the feeding birds beneath my window, and, taking one of these beautiful creatures in his claws, proceeds to the nearest post, and crushes its life out. It is a mercy to my little favorite to let the owl alone after he has secured his prey, for he kills it much more quickly than when disturbed.

At sight of this apparent cruelty in nature comes the impulse to shoot these raptorial birds. But when we think of that other biped, whom it is not lawful to shoot, who often hunts and kills the beautiful denizens of our fields and woodlands, from mere wantonness and sport of the chase, the hawk, or owl, which takes a bird only to appease his hunger, towers above him in moral rectitude. So our gun leans idly against the wall.

Mary Treat.



## BEFORE THE CURFEW.

1829-1882.

Not bed-time yet! The night-winds blow,  
 The stars are out, — full well we know  
 The nurse is on the stair,  
 With hand of ice and cheek of snow,  
 And frozen lips that whisper low,  
 "Come, children, it is time to go  
 My peaceful couch to share."

No years a wakeful heart can tire;  
 Not bed-time yet! Come, stir the fire  
 And warm your dear old hands;  
 Kind mother earth we love so well  
 Has pleasant stories yet to tell  
 Before we hear the curfew bell;  
 Still glow the burning brands.

Not bed-time yet! We long to know  
 What wonders time has yet to show,  
 What unborn years shall bring;  
 What ship the Arctic pole shall reach,  
 What lessons Science waits to teach,  
 What sermons there are left to preach,  
 What poems yet to sing.

What next? we ask; and is it true  
 The sunshine falls on nothing new,  
 As Israel's king declared?  
 Was ocean ploughed with harnessed fire?  
 Were nations coupled with a wire?  
 Did Tarshish telegraph to Tyre?  
 How Hiram would have stared!

And what if Sheba's curious queen,  
 Who came to see, — and to be seen, —  
 Or something new to seek,  
 And swooned, as ladies sometimes do,  
 At sights that thrilled her through and through,  
 Had heard, as she was coming to,  
 A locomotive's shriek,

And seen a rushing railway train  
 As she looked out along the plain  
 From David's lofty tower, —  
 A mile of smoke that blots the sky



And blinds the eagles as they fly  
Behind the cars that thunder by  
A score of leagues an hour!

See to my *fiat lux* respond  
This little slumbering-fire-tipped wand, —  
One touch, — it bursts in flame!  
Steal me a portrait from the sun, —  
One look, — and lo! the picture done!  
Are these old tricks King Solomon,  
We lying mode claim?

Could you have spectroscoped a star?  
If both those mothers at your bar,  
The cruel and the mild,  
The young and tender, old and tough,  
Had said, "Divide, — you're right, though rough," —  
Did old Judea know enough  
To etherize the child?

These births of time our eyes have seen,  
With but a few brief years between;  
What wonder if the text,  
For other ages doubtless true,  
For coming years will never do, —  
Whereof we all should like a few  
If but to see what next.

If such things have been, such may be;  
Who would not like to live and see, —  
If Heaven may so ordain, —  
What waifs undreamed of, yet in store,  
The waves that roll forevermore  
On life's long beach may cast ashore  
From out the mist-clad main?

Will earth to pagan dreams return  
To find from misery's painted urn  
That all save Hope has flown, —  
Of Book and Church and Priest bereft,  
The Rock of Ages vainly cleft,  
Life's compass gone, its anchor left,  
Left, — lost, — in depths unknown?

Shall Faith the trodden path pursue  
The *crux ansata* wearers knew  
Who sleep with folded hands,  
Where, like a naked, lidless eye,  
The staring Nile rolls wondering by  
Those mountain slopes that climb the sky  
Above the drifting sands?



Or shall a nobler Faith return,  
 Its fanes a purer gospel learn,  
 With holier anthems ring,  
 And teach us that our transient creeds  
 Were but the perishable seeds  
 Of harvests sown for larger needs  
 That ripening years shall bring?

Well, let the present do its best,  
 We trust our Maker for the rest,  
 As on our way we plod;  
 Our souls, full dressed in fleshly suits,  
 Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,  
 The daisies better than their roots  
 Beneath the grassy sod.

Not bed-time yet! the full blown flower  
 Of all the year—this evening hour—  
 With friendship's flame is bright;  
 Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,  
 Though fields are brown and woods are bare,  
 And many a joy is left to share  
 Before we say Good-night!

And when, our cheerful evening past,  
 The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,  
 Ere on her lap we lie  
 In wearied nature's sweet repose,  
 At peace with all her waking foes,  
 Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,  
 Good-night! and not Good-by!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

#### A DIFFICULTY IN HAMLET.

I HAVE looked in vain through the voluminous commentaries upon Hamlet for any satisfactory explanation of a superficial difficulty in the closing scene of the first act. How are we to interpret the sneering flippancy with which Hamlet treats the spirit of his father under circumstances of the deepest solemnity? Several theories respecting the meaning of the play and the sanity of its hero would have little basis, were it not for a misinterpretation of the epi-

thets "boy," "true-penny," "old mole," and others, which Hamlet lavishes upon the ghost. Mr. R. G. White declares it to be a great offense in an actor to omit a line of Shakespeare which portrays character, merely because he considers it inconsistent. Now, these opprobrious utterances certainly portray character in a very decided manner; but, as they have been thought inconsistent with the true conception of the part, they have been, until very recent-



ly, omitted upon the stage. Macready, the most intelligent student of Shakespeare living men have seen, invariably left them out. The elder Booth, Forrest, Anderson, Charlotte Cushman, and other distinguished players, apparently not knowing what to do with them, always cut them from the part. Old attendants upon the Shakespearean drama heard them for the first time in the later representations of Mr. Edwin Booth. But while this admirable actor introduces these expressions of unfilial contempt with considerable effect, he sacrifices his conception of Hamlet in giving them utterance. For, according to the published opinion of Mr. Booth, Hamlet is not mad at all, yet these speeches are given as if coming from a mind totally unhinged, or, as recent psychologists might write it, as representing a convulsion of nerve centres in the last extremity of disorder. Now, even if we admit that the central figure of the drama at last passes the boundary line of responsibility, a plunge into a shocking and offensive perversion of madness at the beginning of his career is equally an offense to art and to nature. For art would never introduce a jar so discordant with the reverence the situation excites, and nature makes no such leaps as this, but passes from health to delusion by very gentle gradations. I desire to suggest what has always seemed to me the explanation of these troublesome speeches. It is an explanation consistent with the sanity and moral responsibility of Hamlet, and one which a good actor would have no difficulty in making obvious to his audience.

It is impossible to understand the drama to which this paper relates unless we dismiss from our minds the ideas of the nineteenth century in relation to the supernatural, and place ourselves in the position from which the Englishman of the Elizabethan era regarded it. To him visitations from other realms of be-

ing were simply facts, — facts as unquestionable as the law of gravitation or the Copernican system seems to us. But concerning the interpretation of these admitted facts, there was a wide difference of opinion. The belief in ghosts was fading out, and the theory of devils who personated the departed was taking its place. This may be called the better opinion of the time. It was held by the reformers, whose active intelligence chafed against the old limits of credence, while evolving ideas which were to be fruitful in wider circles. Now, unless this condition of thought is remembered, the character of Hamlet's perplexities will be misunderstood. For, in spite of evidence which was at first convincing, the doubt whether the spirit he had seen might not have been a devil is continually suggesting itself; at moments it becomes so predominant as to permit the assertion that no traveler has ever returned from the undiscovered country whither mortals tend.

Upon turning to the scene where, after the departure of the ghost, Hamlet is joined by his companions, we find that he has pledged himself to action under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, — circumstances which require on his part the greatest circumspection. Horatio and Marcellus are full of curiosity; but what satisfaction does their curiosity seek? Not, as has been hastily assumed, to partake of any startling revelation that may have been made to Hamlet, — for of the fact of a revelation they know nothing. There was no suspicion of any murder in the case, and (supposing the apparition to be genuine, and to have found the use of voice) there was no reason why they should share any secrets of statecraft which the king might have confided to the prince, or learn the whereabouts of treasure extorted from the womb of earth, with which the father naturally wished to endow his heir. The ghost's *identity* is the important matter upon



which Horatio and Marcellus are eagerly curious. Did this appearance turn out to be a spirit of health, or was it a goblin damned? This was the interesting inquiry to the skeptical Horatio. Let us not forget that this man admitted to the son no more than that he had seen "a figure like your father;" that when the figure was before him he had regarded it first as an "illusion," and, even at its final disappearance, as some materialized demon which might be struck at with the partisan of the guard. It had seemed to him a *usurper* of the fair and warlike form, whose appearance was borrowed, and he was quick to note how it had started "like a guilty thing," upon the crowing of the cock. So far was this cautious man from identifying the ghost with the "goodly king" of his remembrance that he had used force to restrain Hamlet from following this "image" of his father, lest it should presently assume "some other horrible shape," that would unseat reason. Had such a transformation actually occurred? Or could it be possible that Hamlet was convinced that the late king himself had stalked by their watch? These were the questions which his inferiors had, under the circumstances, a right to ask the prince, and upon which their curiosity was naturally intense.

Looking at the text, we find that Hamlet's first impulse is to reveal all that can be told, and gain the support of human sympathy in bearing the burden thrust upon him. But the peril of such a course flashes upon him, and the confession that rises to his lips is changed into a platitude.

*Hamlet.* There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,  
But he's an arrant knave.

*Horatio.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,  
To tell us this.

Or, to expand the meaning, "If this is the amount of your interview, your visitor was a deluding fiend, as I have

more than suspected, and by no means the spirit of your royal father."

*Hamlet.* Why, right; you are i' the right.

Or, to convey the thought more fully, "My ruse has been successful; you have drawn just the inference from my words which I intended them to convey."

And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:  
You, as your business and desire shall point you;  
For every man hath business and desire,  
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

The underlying thought here being, "I must break off this interview; for if it is prolonged I may at any moment betray my secret. The circumstances of my position preclude human sympathy; I can lay my burden only at the feet of my Maker."

*Horatio.* These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

So, indeed, they appear to one whom they were designed to mystify,—to one who does not perceive the consistent thought of which they are the partial expression.

*Hamlet.* I am sorry they offend you, heartily;  
yes,  
Faith, heartily.

*Horatio.* There's no offence, my lord.

Catching at the word, and stung with the imputation of trifling under circumstances of such solemnity, Hamlet suddenly gives way to an overwhelming impulse, and confesses that the phantom was no illusion of the devil.

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.

But no sooner is the avowal made than its imprudence is realized, and the abrupt declaration follows that no further confidence is to be expected.

For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'ermaster it as you may.

These lines are sometimes given as if addressed to Marcellus; the confession of the ghost's identity being made to Horatio alone. But they more naturally imply a spasmodic effort to close the bag after the cat has been let out of it. For Hamlet instantly sees how com-



pletely he has placed himself in the power of others. *If the spirit's identity has been acknowledged, what secret remains to be concealed?* King Claudius, upon learning that the ghost of his predecessor has appeared to the prince, will not have the slightest difficulty in divining the errand upon which it came. The strongest measures for self-protection, including the death of Hamlet, must inevitably follow. There is but one course to pursue. Hamlet must exact a solemn oath of secrecy, and then, admitting the truth of the confession into which he had been drawn, trust himself and his cause to the honor of his companions. But before this important oath can be administered the voice of the dead king (heard for the first time by Horatio and Marcellus) rises from beneath. The attention of the watchers is diverted from the ceremony of juratation, now more than ever important. Unhappily, the interruption is in itself a confirmation of the confession which Hamlet had so rashly let fall. There is no time for reflection. Hamlet must act at once. And he adopts that course of action which is perfectly natural when one is mastered by an intense emotion, which must on no account be shown. Serious agitation is often best concealed by feigning a state of feeling directly opposed to it. The agonized mother who discovered her child on the brink of a precipice compelled herself to dance and sing, to allure it from danger. In precisely the same spirit, Hamlet now forces himself to meet the inquiring faces about him.

Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage, —

Consent to swear.

The thought is this: "Infer from my treatment of this matter that this is by no means the august spirit of my father, but only some deluding imp of darkness, with whose tricks I am well acquainted. Do not let this absurd trifler

delay the business we have in hand. He is not worth a thought. Give your attention to me. Consent to swear."

Now, if this explanation of these words of contumely be correct, it follows that their utterance upon the stage should suggest something very different from hysteria or madness. Hamlet had evidently great gifts as an actor. Later in the play we find him declaiming tragical speeches, and giving excellent counsel to professional players. In the desperate urgency of his present position, he essays the art of the light comedian. Gesture, attitude, and stage business, as well as voice and manner, must now contribute to the part of easy nonchalance he has suddenly determined to play. The effort which this determination has cost Hamlet a good actor would indeed make apparent to his audience; but to Horatio and Marcellus the art should be so perfect as to be mistaken for nature. With easy, laughing banter, — such as Charles Surface might use in his dealings with little Premium, — Hamlet now receives the admonitions of the ghost: —

Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Horatio. O day and night, but this is wonderful strange!

What produced this cry of wonder? Not the fact of a supernatural visitation, for this was an old story, but the astonishing way in which Hamlet took it. Horatio was completely puzzled. Could any mortal be on such free and easy terms with the powers of the air as this man represented himself? The voice then came from no royal ghost, but from some trickish imp, which Hamlet knew all about, and which might be treated with this extraordinary levity!

Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome;

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

The last two lines are usually delivered



in tones of subdued reverence, such as Professor Tyndall might use in airing his rhetoric about the vastness of the Unknowable. But, considered with the context, quite another expression should be given to them. For the clear-headed Horatio never could have held any philosophy which disputed the unfathomableness of the unseen universe; his marvel was that Hamlet should have possessed himself of such concrete particulars concerning it as his words seemed to imply. It is as if Hamlet had said, "You are surprised at my jesting with these shadows? Why, they are worth no better treatment. You would laugh at them as I do, if you knew as much about them. There are more things — more trivial and contemptible things — in heaven and earth than your grave philosophy suspects!" The remark belongs to the part of careless unconcern which Hamlet is attempting to act. It should be given very much as Prince Hal might rally Falstaff for his cowardice.

Hamlet's manœuvre is successful. He has diverted the attention of his companions from the ghost, and has fixed it upon himself. He has gained time to specify, minutely and in detail, just what this important oath must cover: —

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, —

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on, —

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, "Well, well, we know," or, "We could, an  
if we would,"

Or, "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if  
they might,"

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me: this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,  
Swear.

The oath is now administered with all proper solemnity. After it has been duly taken, the voice of the ghost is again audible: —

*Hamlet.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

It is the custom of the stage to put

into these words whatever of reverence and tenderness the actor can express. This is well, but something more is wanted. For the actor should make it plain that Hamlet's words are indirectly addressed to the living, and carry a full confession to friends who have now entitled themselves to his confidence. It is as if he had said, "I now throw off these attempts at concealment which prudence nerved me to make while you were unsworn to secrecy. The voice you hear is indeed that of my father. Join with me in praying for his repose." All this may be suggested by suitable stage business before the aspiration for the spirit's rest is spoken.

With exquisite courtesy, Hamlet now pledges himself to reciprocate the good will of his confidants, giving them assurance that no expression of his love shall be wanting. He may now hint at the terrible disorder in the state and family with which the ghost has acquainted him. At length he may find relief in utterance, as he sinks under the burden which has been thrust upon him: —

The time is out of joint; — O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!

I shall never forget the pathos and despair which Macready used to put into this confession. It was a cry of incompetence, which struck the key-note of the tragedy. The tension of assuming a part to deceive others is over, and Hamlet collapses before the awful responsibility that confronts him. When, after a time, he recovers his self-possession, Horatio is about to speak. But words are useless, for there is now only question of a deed. Hamlet signifies this by a gesture, and adds a monosyllable which imposes silence. Then, slowly and with effort, he gives the signal for departure, as one who goes forward to meet a future from which his whole nature is repelled: —

Nay! Come, let's go together.

The view above given is consonant



with that stage tradition of Hamlet — faintly traceable to the time of Shakespeare — which makes him a responsible human being, instead of the candidate for Bedlam which certain medical gentlemen have professed to discover. For if Dr. Conolly was right in supposing that the revolting epithets lavished upon the ghost show “a madman’s perversity,” or if Dr. Ray reasoned well in finding that they exhibited “the wanderings of a mind reeling under the first strokes of disease,” then undoubtedly the interesting character which the sane world has found full of instruction and warning becomes little more than a sort of clinical demonstration for a handful of specialists. That the wavering will of Hamlet implies a substratum of morbid emotion, no one will deny. In the fifth act of the play we are shown how perilously near the verge of mania — if, indeed, it be not passed — a man may come who persistently avoids action, and lets feeling loose to carry him where it

will. We may agree with Coleridge that Hamlet’s wildness is but half false, and that he is sometimes very near being the character he would act. But this is very different from supposing that Shakespeare could mar the majestic and tender opening of his noblest tragedy with the repulsive exhibition of irresponsible lunacy.

The Elizabethan drama was, first of all, written for the stage, and the interpretation of the theatre is necessary to educe its full significance. In the case just considered, the actor must supply the links to connect the condensed speeches of the dramatist in order to exhibit his meaning in logical coherence. The text gives scope to the most delicate powers of the performer, and provides a strong situation capable of the most effective theatrical handling, — a situation worthy of that matchless playwright of the Globe Theatre, who does not forget his bread-winning business to become the poet of humanity.

*J. P. Quincy.*

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## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Most people would shake their heads dubiously over a statement that the country appears to be on the eve of a dissolution and recrystallization of parties. He who should make it would be told that ever since 1872 there had been prophets by the score foretelling just such a change, and that nothing had come of their predictions. Nevertheless, there now exist stronger reasons than ever for believing that the change is fast approaching. Perhaps these reasons are not conclusive, but there surely can be no harm in giving them a fair consideration.

A reorganization of parties does not necessarily imply the adoption of new names. Names are often more persist-

ent than ideas. In the domain of political action, especially, they survive the principles and purposes they typify in their origin, and are easily adapted to new conditions of party strife. The names “democratic” and “republican” have each done service for a multitude of varied and sometimes conflicting issues, and as they are good general terms, of no particular meaning that any believer in a representative form of government can object to, they may last for generations longer. But the signs of the times plainly indicate that if they are not abandoned they will soon cease to represent the old questions and elements which they have designated in recent years.



Let us see what these signs are. One of the most conspicuous is the fact that an annual message of a president goes to Congress, for the first time in a quarter of a century, in which there is no reference to the South as a political entity, or even as a geographical section. This is of great significance. The South, its institutions, behavior, and designs, has been the pivot of national politics ever since the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. Even as late as the presidential campaign of 1880 one of the great parties made its most effectual appeal to the patriotism of the voters on the ground that the South was solid in support of the opposing party. Now the official chief of the very party which obtained another four years' lease of power on that argument finds nothing in the attitude of the people of that section to call for even a passing remark. But this is not all. The omission of President Arthur to discuss Southern politics might be said to be accidental or a deep stroke of policy. But Congress has been in session for many weeks, and neither in the debates nor in the measures introduced can we find any trace of a Southern question. Apparently, the South does not need legislation, even in the opinion of the most radical of the republican members, nor is any occasion found for discussing her affairs. Thus the central question which has divided parties since the war closed appears to have faded out of sight.

Yet the progressive changes in Southern opinion were never more marked than now. These changes, however, are all in the direction of obliterating old party lines. The strong argument of the republicans in the North has been that by a system of intolerance, fraud, and violence the Southern States were kept in the political control of the democrats. Only one party was permitted to have any potency in the election of public officers and the settlement of public questions. Now the result of the

spirited canvass in Virginia last autumn shows that the one-party epoch is passing away. Ardent and healthful opposition to democratic ascendancy is developing in the whole region between the Potomac and the Rio Grande, seizing upon one local issue in one State and another in another, but always fighting the old order of things. In Virginia the new movement seeks to scale down the interest on the state debt; in Tennessee it advocates full payment; in South Carolina it makes a grievance out of a law prohibiting cattle from running at large; in North Carolina it wants a tax on liquor-selling; in Texas it talks of greenbacks. All these issues are temporary and to some extent subterfuges, thinly covering the impulse to new organizations which many men are reluctant to avow at the outset. Below the local questions, apparently paramount, is everywhere the desire for freedom of political action, for broader views, for better educational systems, and for more liberal and progressive legislation.

All this is very encouraging. The republicans will say it is just what they have long been seeking to bring about. They have the right to rejoice over it, but they may well pause and ask themselves, "What is it going to do to our party as a national organization?" What grip will they have on the masses of the voters who have so long followed their standards, when they shall be forced to say that matters are going on well at the South? What will be the unifying idea to hold the party together when equal citizenship and fair suffrage are secured by the action of the Southern people themselves? So far as the dignity and perpetuity of the Union are concerned, the South is now as patriotic as the North. A foreign war would, beyond a doubt, rally under the national banner as many volunteers from the South, in proportion to the arms-bearing white population, as from the North.



Respect for the cardinal principles of the new Union — equal rights for all citizens, and the supremacy of national over state authority — is now asserting itself in the once rebellious States, as all far-sighted men long ago predicted, in the local political conflicts and in the growth of sound opinion, after pressure from the North had failed to develop it.

If the republicans are losing their cohesive force as a party by the progress of the South, the democrats are no better off. They have kept their Northern contingent together, of late, by their power to throw the electoral vote of all the old slave States into their side of the balance in national contests. "Here are so many votes, sure," they were able to say, sweeping a hand over the map from Virginia to Texas. "Now we have only to gain a few more in the North to win the fight." This they cannot say in future contests. The development of what is called Mahoneism in the South makes it almost certain that if the present party lines are preserved in the North in the next presidential campaign, two or three of the Southern States, if not more, will be lost to the democracy. They may not become republican, but they will choose electors who will cooperate with the republicans in the choice of a president. With this probability before them, the democrats cannot make another canvass on their chances of success as an opposition party alone. They cannot get votes on the showing that they have the best chance to win. They must take up fresh issues, and demonstrate a patriotic purpose, or their party will fall to pieces. But they are as loath to identify their organization with any of the live questions fermenting in the public mind as are the republicans. They have no policy but to drift.

The absence of party questions in the debates and divisions in Congress has already been referred to. Neither party

has introduced a single bill which can be taken as the expression of its wish as a political organization, or as a rallying-ground for its members. When we remember how many such measures the last Congress produced — the long and acrimonious debates, the strict party divisions, the presidential vetoes, and all the heat and fury of partisan strife — the present calm becomes doubly significant.

Where are the questions which were fought over with such earnestness in the winter and spring of 1879-80? Not one of them has been revived. Where are the new questions which for years have been waiting for the wreck and rubbish of the war to drift away with the past, in order to appear upon the surface of politics? They are plainly enough in sight; they challenge attention; the press writes about them, the people talk about them, but the politicians avoid them. Neither party is willing to take them up, declare plainly its purposes concerning them, and make from them a new platform to submit to the people.

Here, for example, is the question of tariff reform. Now no intelligent man, whether he be in theory a protectionist or a free-trader, denies that our present tariff is a thing of ill-adjusted shreds and patches, demanding thorough renovation and refitting to the present condition of our industries and the present diminished needs of the treasury. It abounds in inequalities and favoritism. One industry gets protection to the extent of one hundred per cent.; another, only ten per cent. Some manufacturers pay forty per cent. duty on raw materials used in their product, while the product itself is protected by less than half that amount of duty. Then there are insignificant industries, employing in all only a few hundred hands, which supply but a petty fraction of the total consumption of the article they make, but which are allowed to put a heavy



tax on the whole amount for the benefit of a few individuals. The theory of protection is not going to be abandoned in this generation, but its real friends, who are such from principle, and not from self-interest, are as desirous of a revision of the tariff as are its opponents. They want to put a scientific system in place of a hap-hazard one, partly made up of vestiges of war legislation, and partly the result of bargains and trades between the representatives of local and special interests. But how are the two great political parties treating this question? Instead of making its solution the chief work of the session in Washington, they are actually vying with each other in eagerness to shove it off upon a tariff commission, in order to get rid of it for two years longer. Neither has the courage to raise the standard of tariff reform. Advocates there are of such reform in both parties, and a basketful of bills have been introduced on the subject, but neither organization shows a disposition to make it a party measure. So it is with the less important matter of simplifying the internal revenue system, which is producing more money than the treasury requires, and which the common sense of the people demands shall be cut down, both as to the rates of taxation and the number of articles taxed. Probably nine tenths of those who have given the subject attention will agree that all excise duties, save those on spirits, malt liquors, and tobacco, should be abolished, and that the rates on those articles might wisely be reduced. Perhaps the session will result in some practical work in these directions, but obviously it is not going to be party work.

Then there is the question of what shall be done with the national banks, whose charters are fast expiring. The question may fairly be raised whether the present system should be reëstablished and perpetuated, or whether it

should be allowed to die out, and the paper circulation be wholly furnished by the government. Here is a plain opportunity for party strife. The democratic party, by its traditions and by the convictions of a large majority of its members, is an anti-bank party; the republican party, as the author of the national bank system, is committed to its support. Individual democratic effort has been made in Congress to abolish bank-notes, but many of the party leaders are bankers themselves, while its Eastern membership, as a rule, stands with the republicans on the question. So there seems to be no possibility of the bank issue being made the new dividing line between parties to replace the old sectional line, now, happily, almost obliterated.

A party division line might perhaps be drawn upon the railroad question, involving the highly important point of the expediency of the general government assuming control over the trunk lines, were it not for the fact that the democrats, who in several of the States have recently shown a disposition to favor such control, are committed against it as a national body, by their historic hostility to centralization, which dates back to the anti-federalist movement in the early days of the republic.

At one time the republicans had an excellent opportunity to make a destructive issue of the civil service reform question; I am afraid that time has gone by. It must be said to their credit that they first saw the importance of the question; that in their ranks arose the first reformers; that from their side in Congress came the first bills to provide for appointments and promotions on the score of merit; that in their national platforms they have indorsed this principle; that presidents and cabinet ministers of their party have established commissions and examining boards; and that the general tendency of their administration of the government has been



towards increased stability in the tenure of office. It must also be said that, until recently, the democrats took no sort of interest in the question, and seemed determined, if they got control of the administration, to turn out all the office-holders, and parcel out the places among themselves, on the old principle of their party that to the victors belong the spoils. Nevertheless, the republicans have failed to adopt any thorough measure of legislation for establishing a permanent civil service, freed from the influences and limitations of politics, and we now have the remarkable spectacle of a democratic senator stepping into the vacant position in Congress of leader of the reform movement. The most conspicuous figure in either house among the advocates of reform is unquestionably Senator Pendleton, of Ohio. No republican congressman has taken hold of the work with such zeal as he. The republican president, although his views have probably undergone some modification since he entered the White House, comes from an element in his party which has steadily opposed civil service ideas. We cannot be out of the way, then, in concluding that the civil service question now lies across party lines, and does not afford an issue for the old party organizations to join battle on in future campaigns.

A strong evidence of the decline of party feeling and the relaxation of party discipline was afforded by a recent contest in the House over a proposition to enlarge the committees. This proposition was supported by members on the republican side whose position entitled them to assume the functions of leadership, and by democratic members heretofore accepted without question as chiefs of their side of the House. The attack upon it was an open revolt against these leaders. It was in fact a parliamentary *émeute*, engaged in by over two thirds of the members with a relish and recklessness which showed an utter disre-

gard for the old restraints of party expediency. The speaker, who, as the chosen chief of the majority, should exercise a large influence with his political associates, and does in ordinary times, was powerless to quell or even moderate an assault upon a proposition originated by him as a measure to strengthen his party. The spirit of independence was abroad, and got the better of all habits of discipline. The fact that the measure in question was unpopular does not of itself explain the vigor with which it was assailed. The truth is, the bonds of party fealty rest lightly on members of both parties, and they welcome an opportunity to show that they no longer feel bound to obey their old party drill-masters.

If these bonds rest lightly on members of Congress, who have a direct personal interest in keeping up the party organizations which have given them their places, how can they be expected to bind the private citizen, who is stimulated to obedience by no honors or salary? Last autumn nearly fifty thousand voters broke away from the old parties in Pennsylvania, and formed a new independent organization. Most of them were republicans, who believed that the masses of voters were deprived of their rightful influence in shaping party action and making nominations by the machinations of a small skillful and powerful clique. The magnitude of their vote, obtained without the usual appliances of political organization, was a significant sign of the times. This independent movement promises to be stronger this year than last. It has already arranged for a state convention. Who can say that it will not spread to other States, adopt in addition to its one principle of hostility to machine rule some of the other important issues of the day, and become a potent disintegrating force, acting upon both the old party organizations?

While party feeling has thus plainly declined, factional feeling within parties



is intensified. The quarrel in the South between the Bourbons and the Liberals, both claiming to be democrats, has a parallel in the North in the strife between the two wings of the republican party which contended at Chicago for the control of the last nominating convention. The tragedy at Washington last July, followed by the solemn death scene at Elberon, does not seem to have healed this strife. The recent publication of a confidential dispatch, intended solely for the information of the late president, brought out a discussion in the republican press which showed that the division of opinion is just as pronounced as it was during the long contest at Albany over the senatorship.

Perhaps a prudent course on the part of President Arthur will cause this breach to narrow in the two years yet to intervene before the next national campaign opens; but, looking at the matter now impartially and in the light of the history of previous political parties, we must class it with the old-time contests between the Silver Greys and Woolly Heads in the whig party in New York, and between the Hards and Softs in the democratic party, as a sign of weakness and approaching change. When parties are more occupied with internal quarrels than with differences of principle or policy, the people begin to question their usefulness.

We have seen that the democratic party is already hopelessly shattered in its former chief stronghold, the former slave States. In the State of New York, once its great battle-field in the North, and its only hope for national success, it is crippled by the Tammany revolt, which time seems to have no in-

fluence in subduing. We have seen also that the republican party is divided into two elements, which, if not always aggressively antagonistic, are not at all sympathetic: the one relying upon tact, management, the self-interest of politicians, the power of official patronage, and the machinery of organization; the other demanding popular measures and the full participation of the masses in party action. We have seen, further, that neither party shows a disposition to deal earnestly with the new issues of the day, that the old issues are worn out, and that party spirit is at a low ebb. What is to follow? It would be rash to jump to the conclusion that the old parties are speedily to give place to new ones. All we can reasonably say is that the signs of the times point to new groupings of political forces upon new questions, chiefly economic in their character. Several years may elapse, however, before the change comes. Another presidential campaign may be fought, with the old names on the banners and the old leaders in command, and with no particular cohesive force to keep the armies together save the memories of past contests and the habit of antagonism. Such contests were fought between the whig and democratic parties before the last great change in American politics, and they were as acrimonious as any ever waged over important principles. On the other hand, a change may come suddenly and unexpectedly, like a spring freshet. Dreading a general thaw and break-up, shrewd politicians are exceedingly cautious nowadays. They moor their boats in sheltered coves, and rarely venture far from shore.



## ON A GREAT MAN WHOSE MIND IS CLOUDING.

THAT sovereign thought obscured? That vision clear  
 Dimmed in the shadow of the sable wing,  
 And fainter grown the fine interpreting  
 Which as an oracle was ours to hear?  
 Nay, but the gods reclaim not from the seer  
 Their gift, — although he ceases here to sing,  
 And, like the antique sage, a covering  
 Draws round his head, knowing what change is near.

*Edmund C. Stedman.*

## CAPTAIN FARQUHAR.

On the evening of the 22d of September, 1879, Mr. William Farren stepped upon the boards of the Imperial Theatre, as Archer in *The Beaux' Stratagem*, which, since his assumption of the same part in 1856, had not been seen in London. That perennial youth which is the secret of the English light comedian had not forsaken him, and he cocked his laced hat with all the easy effrontery of Wilks or Garrick. A brand-new prologue, obviously written by a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vice, had been prepared for the occasion, and the play itself was brought out with all the conscientious realism of the contemporary stage. In the very first scene an authentic stage-coach was driven into the inn court-yard, and the horses were rubbed down by unmistakable grooms. Captivated from the beginning by these managerial subtleties, the audience dispersed as well pleased with Farquhar's masterpiece as the old play-house mob which beheld its first performance at the Theatre Royal, nearly two centuries ago.

This comparatively recent revival of *The Beaux' Stratagem*, after a death-like trance of twenty-three years, calls for some remark upon the life and work

of its author, whom periodical literature has never honored with an article all to himself. Excluded for want of space from Macaulay's famous essay on *The Comic Dramatists*, and denied mention in Thackeray's *Lectures on the Humorists*, he becomes fairly the prey of humbler pens. This neglect of Farquhar by the writers best fitted to deal with his period is by no means due to the inferiority of his place in dramatic literature. Dr. Johnson, whose critical faculties, however they may be regarded, were fearlessly exercised, thought his writings had considerable merit. In Goldsmith's opinion he was more lively, and perhaps more entertaining, than either Wycherley, Congreve, or Vanbrugh. That he improved in each play we have the testimony of Oldisworth, whose obscurity lends an air of mystery to his approval. Macaulay pronounced him a man not to be hastily dismissed. All his critics have not been equally kind. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough, esteemed him a mean poet, placed by some in a higher rank than he deserved. Pope called him a farce writer, and somewhere exclaims, "What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ!" Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt date the decline of



English comedy from the death of Farquhar. Fielding's birth in the same year would have been a better date. Nothing was more fatal to English comedy than the rise of English fiction. Moreover, comedy did not die until Goldsmith and Sheridan had written their last. They were both greater men than our author, though each was in some sort an imitator,—the former of Farquhar, the latter of Congreve and Vanbrugh. Wycherley had no follower. It has been found quite as easy to copy directly from Molière. Such is the varying testimony concerning our author, whose talents certainly were sufficiently commanding to make some slight acquaintance with him a necessary part of one's impolite education.

George Farquhar was born at Londonderry in 1678, and is said—upon information imparted by an unknown person to an untrustworthy biographer—to have been the son of a dean of Armagh. So trivial, however, is the evidence on two of these points that one might almost venture to call him a foundling, and, on the strength of his phonetization of the Milesian accent in *The Twin Rivals*, to deny that he was an Irishman. There is, indeed, about all the recorded incidents of his early life, an air of unreality. That he passed a year at Trinity College, Dublin, is probable; but the two irreconcilable accounts of his career there cast doubt even upon this fact. It is incredible that he should have gained a reputation for scholarship, and at the same time have been "reckoned one of the dullest young men at the university;" that he should have been at once "volatile and giddy," and "as a companion heavy and disagreeable;" or that his parents, desiring for him "a genteel education," should have consented to his performance of the menial duties of a sizar.

Not until the beginning of Farquhar's friendship with Wilks, which doubtless originated in a natural propensity for

the stage, are we on firm ground. The first result of this intimacy was his début as Othello at the Dublin Theatre. It was not a triumph. Good looks and a graceful bearing could not compensate for a thin voice and an unconquerable tendency to stage-fright. To the latter infirmity, it may be assumed, was due the serious accident attending his last public appearance, on which occasion he played Guyomar, in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, and was awkward enough to pass his sword through the luckless performer of Vasquez, inflicting a wound little short of mortal. This put an end to his acting forever. He renounced his profession, and presently left Dublin in company with Wilks, now summoned to Drury Lane Theatre.

How Farquhar came to know the Earl of Orrery does not appear, but soon after his arrival in London he was made a lieutenant in that nobleman's regiment, with which he saw service in Ireland and in Holland. In both of these countries he is reported to have given proofs of "courage and conduct," under what would seem considerable disadvantages, as there was no war in Ireland, and, while he was there, no fighting in Holland. A passage from *Love and a Bottle*, however, throws a side-light upon this apparent contradiction. "Surely your sword and skill did the king great service abroad?" says Squire Mockmode to his fencing-master. "Yes, sir," replies Nimblewrist. "I killed above fifteen of our own officers by private duels in the camp, sir."

Never in active campaign, Farquhar must have found a soldier's life, with its dull round of duties, enlivened only by cards, pipes, and bottles, monotonous enough. A man of sprightly genius, what more natural than that, urged by Wilks, he should turn to play-writing as an employment for his abundant leisure? From a literary point of view, the chief value of his military experience was the use he made of it in his come-



dies, to every one of which it imparts a martial coloring. Fortunately, too, for Farquhar, the time had come for the soldier to show his face upon the stage, from which he had been excluded, as Professor Ward points out, by "the uneasy remembrance of the military era of the Civil War and the Commonwealth." Indeed, the plays of Thomas Killigrew and of Davenant plainly show a dislike of soldiers. The Dutch wars of Charles II., appealing for support only to the base sentiment of commercial rivalry, did not remove this prejudice. Not until the victories of Marlborough had aroused an enthusiasm in which the whole nation could share did dramatic sympathy with the military life begin to revive. And it first shows itself in the comedies of Farquhar.

The opening scene of our author's first comedy, *Love and a Bottle*, introduces Roebuck, who is out of money and resolved to turn soldier. In this state of mind he meets a crippled veteran, who asks for a farthing. "Ha!" he exclaims. "A glimpse of damnation just as a man is entering into sin is no great policy of the devil." The old soldier has borne arms for five years, and crutches have borne him for fifteen. "Very pretty!" continues Roebuck. "Five years a soldier and fifteen a beggar! This is hell, right! an age of damnation for a momentary offense! Thy condition, fellow, is preferable to mine. The merciful bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful country, has given thee a debenture in thy broken leg, from which thou canst draw a more plentiful maintenance than I—from all my limbs in perfection." That the begging capital of wounds should be the sole reward of patriotism is an admirable stroke of satire.

Of *Love and a Bottle*, which was played at Drury Lane in 1698, little further need be said. Its coarseness exceeds that of any other of Farquhar's comedies, and this alone would make

an extended account undesirable. It is, however, worth reading, if only for the pretty song of Leathe. Roebuck, its hero, can best be described in her words: "How charming would virtue look in him whose behavior can add a grace to the unseemliness of vice!" The most laughter-provoking scene in the play is that between the poet, Lyric, and Pamphlet, the bookseller. "Poetry is a mere drug, sir," says Pamphlet; "one must write himself into a consumption before he can gain a reputation." "That's the way to lie abed when his name's up," replies Lyric. "Now I lie abed before I gain a reputation." The poor fellow has no clothes. He offers three thousand lines for two guineas, for nothing, hoping something from the dedication, but in vain. Presently a boy whispers him that two bailiffs are below stairs. Handing the bookseller a play to look over, Lyric borrows his hat and wig, claps his own "right poetical cap—baize the outside and the lining fustian"—on Pamphlet's head, and makes his escape. "And furious lightnings brandished in her eye," reads the bookseller, as the catchpolls lay hands upon him for Lyric. "These wits are damnable cunning! I always have double fees for arresting one of you wits," remarks the first bailiff. "Ay, sir, we know what you are by your fool's-cap there," says the second. "Yes, one of you wits would have passed upon us for a corn-cutter yesterday, and was so like one we had almost believed him," adds the first. It is of course impossible, without reproducing the scene entire, to give any idea of the liveliness of the dialogue, which is free from the pinchbeck wit of verbal antithesis so frequently resorted to by Farquhar, such, for example, as "You have wit enough to talk like a fool, and are fool enough to talk like a wit." If this be an epigram, its disguise is complete.

To his military fascinations Farquhar had now added the charm of literary



success. Tavern doors flew open at his approach. Wits lent him their ears, and bar-maids basked in his smile. To him were first revealed the brilliant gifts of Anne Oldfield, and his approval gave them to the stage. She was but sixteen when our author, dining one day at the Mitre, in St. James's Market, chanced to hear her reading Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* behind the bar. That he was delighted, who that has read Cibber's idolatrous account of her can doubt? The original performer of Lady Betty Modish, of Lady Townley, of Mrs. Sullen, and of Marcia in Addison's *Cato*, her theatrical career was one unbroken triumph. She had her faults. As Cibber said of Mrs. Rogers, she could never be reduced to marry. But she was the benefactress of Savage, and it was her boast that she had wronged no wife. There are earls who may not claim descent from her, but who cannot escape it. Of her Pope wrote:—

"One would not sure be frightful when one's dead:  
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!"

Noblemen bore her pall, and she lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. Farquhar's kind impulse had sent her from the bar of the Mitre tavern to Westminster Abbey.

Little less coarse in language than his first comedy, *The Constant Couple*, or *a Trip to the Jubilee*, which was produced in 1700, has a plot quite as objectionable. Sir Harry Wildair's mistaken advances to the innocent Angelica, whom a rejected suitor has represented as a light woman, and the deceptions practiced upon her various gallants by Lady Lurewell, in revenge for an early misfortune, are materials susceptible of no great refinement. Lady Lurewell and the lover of her girlhood, Colonel Standard, are the constant couple, who, after years of separation, are unhappily united. Sir Harry, too, makes matrimonial amends. The characters in this play and its sequel of the next year, *Sir Harry Wildair*, are fairly

drawn, but not with the art shown in Farquhar's later comedies. Lady Lurewell, elegantly immoral, fastidious even in her vices, with just enough virtue to reward the fidelity of Standard, and too little to prevent a relapse into her former habits of intrigue, is an interesting study of a rich, empty-minded, luxurious woman, with whom sin has lost its savor, and who can find relief from devouring *ennui* only in dangerous amours or purposeless mischief. Even the sparks of her wit are struck out of the flint of her selfishness. Annoyed by her clumsy English servants, she wishes "the persecution would rage a little harder, that we might have more of these French refugees among us." Standard, without the graces to long commend him to her fickle ladyship, is still a true soldier, and his graphic description of his disbandment is almost pathetic: "This very morning, in Hyde Park, my brave regiment, a thousand men that looked like lions yesterday, were scattered, and looked as poor and simple as the herd of deer that grazed beside 'em." Captain Fireball, of the navy, is also noticeable for his fine scorn of domestic life. He takes his brother Standard to dine at Locket's, expressing as he goes his detestation of family dinners: "Where a man's obliged to, 'O Lard, madam!' 'No apology, dear sir!' Where between the rubbed floor under foot, the china in one corner, and the glasses in another, a man can't make two strides without hazard of his life. Commend me to a boy and a bell: 'Coming, coming, sir!' Much noise, no attendance, and a dirty room, where I may eat like a horse, drink like a fish, and swear like a devil. Hang your family dinners!"

Sir Harry Wildair, the joy of the playhouse and the life of the park, newly come from Paris, is a differentiation of Roebuck. He has the same high spirits, the same careless humor, but not the same poverty. Nothing can ruffle his temper: "A man of eight thousand



pounds per annum to be vexed!" He is, in short, what Farquhar thought he could best draw, and Wilks best perform, a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young gentleman. Our author's heroes are all of this type. They are simply the fops of Etheredge and Ciber transformed by courage. That is to say, they are just as fond of fine clothes and genteel debauchery, but they do not drawl, and will fight. Charles Surface is a lineal descendant of the incorrigible Sir Harry Wildair, whose picture he doubtless put up at auction to Mr. Premium. The only difference between them is that Sir Harry's sale would have been without reserve. Charles saves the portrait of his uncle, while presumably selling that of his mother. This is always a sure card with the unthinking audience, who never reflect that even so reckless a spendthrift, reduced to such necessity, might well consider the return of a relative from whom he had expectations.

Besides being that of the production of *The Constant Couple*, the year 1700 is memorable for the death of Dryden, of whose funeral Farquhar has left us an amusing account. "We had," he says, "an ode in Horace sung instead of David's Psalms, whence you may find that we don't think a poet worth Christian burial. The pomp of the ceremony was a kind of rhapsody, and fitter for Hudibras than him, because the cavalcade was mostly burlesque." After praising Dr. Garth's oration, he concludes: "And so much for Mr. Dryden, whose burial was the same with his life: variety and not of a piece; the quality and mob, farce and heroics; the sublime and ridicule mixt in a piece; great Cleopatra in a hackney-coach."

Farquhar's fourth comedy, *The Inconstant*, or *the Way to Win Him*, a depoetized adaptation of Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*, made its appearance in 1703. It is notable only for the character of young Mirabel, perhaps the most

incorrigible of Farquhar's rakes, and the excellence of its fifth act, for which our author was not indebted to Fletcher. The turn of the plot in the last act, he tells us, is an adventure of the Chevalier de Chastillon in Paris, and matter of fact. Young Mirabel, in the play, offers his coach, at the door of the theatre, to a handsome lady, whose own has not arrived. His offer accepted, he accompanies her to her home, sends away his coach to avert scandal, and remains attended only by a page. Deprived of his servants, he is gradually robbed, by the unfair hostess and four bravoës, of his diamond ring, his Tompion watch, his sword, his wig even, — all in the politest manner. They admire, and he, taking the hint, gives. Presently, to make a pretext for killing him, a bravo drinks his health, at the same time pulling his nose. His hostess offers him a glass of wine. Mirabel praises the quality, but pronounces in favor of some burgundy in his own cellar. He begs permission to send for a dozen flasks. The bravoës consult, and conclude to accept his proffer. The page, unconscious of what is passing, is called in, ordered to bring half a dozen flasks of the red burgundy marked a thousand, and departs. The page is of course the heroine of the play, enamored of Mirabel. Everything depends on her intelligence. Love quickens her apprehension. There are a thousand men in a regiment, and their coats are red. She returns with Captain Duretete and a half dozen soldiers. Mirabel is saved. Repeating the same courteous phrases used by Lamoree and her bravoës, he reclaims the articles of which he has been robbed, and avenges the indignity to his nose. The bravoës are led away. Oriana discloses herself, and Mirabel is at last won. For melodramatic effect, few situations more striking than this are to be found in the whole range of the drama.

The year of *The Inconstant* was also the year of Farquhar's marriage. He



thought he had married a fortune. A lady, madly in love with him, and knowing his narrow means, had baited the matrimonial hook with a purely imaginary estate. Farquhar was caught; he made the best of what was after all a desperate sort of compliment; and never, even in the bitter poverty to which he was subsequently reduced, offered a word of reproach to its author.

With the exception of a farce called *The Stage Coach*, the year 1704 saw nothing from Farquhar's pen. The following year is memorable for the production of *The Twin Rivals*, a play in which our author attempted the double task of writing a regular comedy and enforcing a moral. Critics say he succeeded in the first half; whether making his villain a hunchback accomplished the second is doubtful. Be this as it may, the failure of the play demonstrated the justness of Farquhar's remark, in his only considerable essay, that "the rules of English comedy don't lie in the compass of Aristotle, or his followers, but in the pit, box, and galleries."

The Recruiting Officer, second in merit only to our author's last comedy, was first played on the 8th of April, 1706. Apparently, it is almost an actual transcript of his own experience while on recruiting duty in Shropshire. "Farquhar's plays talk the language of a marching regiment in country quarters," says Horace Walpole, probably having in mind this comedy; and though it is said in scorn, he unwittingly pays a high tribute to our author's realism, — a literary quality not as much prized then as now. From the moment we hear Sergeant Kite inviting to serve her majesty all 'prentices with severe masters, all children with undutiful parents, all servants with too little wages, and all husbands with too much wife, down to the roll of the drums in the epilogue itself, we breathe a military atmosphere. It is somewhat thick for modern lungs, to be sure; but it did not clog the respi-

ration of our grandfathers, who knew not moral ventilation, and could be happy in almost any dramatic Black Hole. The story of this play is not remarkable, but its characters are many of them well studied. Officers of the army, who have been afflicted with intelligent sergeants, will appreciate Captain Plume's horror when he learns that Kite has enlisted an attorney. "I will have nobody in my company that can write; a fellow that can write can draw petitions." Not wholly absent from places of safety during our own late war was Justice Balance, who wants blood and wounds for his taxes, and complains that for a long time we have had "nothing for our millions but newspapers not worth a reading." Soldiers are well enough to be killed, he thinks, but he objects to Captain Plume for a son-in-law. "A captain of foot worth twelve hundred pounds a year! 'T is a prodigy in nature. Besides this, I have five or six thousand pounds in woods upon my estate! Oh, that would make him stark mad! For you must know that all captains have a mighty aversion to timber; they can't endure to see trees standing." Topsy old Quin, in this part, once said to Peg Woffington, who performed Sylvia, "How old were you when your mother was married?" "What, sir?" asked the laughing actress. "Pshaw! I mean when your mother was born!" "I cannot answer you precisely on either of these questions," answered the undismayed Peg, "but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died." It is worth while to give a sample of the conversation held with a raw recruit by Sergeant Kite, who has seen hussars eat ravelins for breakfast, and afterwards pick their teeth with palisadoes. "Ay, you soldiers see strange things," says Bullock; "but pray, sir, what is a ravelin?" "Why, 't is like a modern minced pie, but the crust is confounded hard, and the plums are somewhat hard of diges-



tion." Deceitful scoundrel as he is, Sergeant Kite is not without a touch of poetry in his blackguard composition. "Pray, now, what may be that same bed of honor?" inquires one of his simple victims. "Oh, a mighty large bed, bigger by half than the great bed at Ware: ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another." A good character, also, is the ignorant and vainglorious Captain Brazen, who might have married no end of German princesses and daughters of pachas, and who has had twenty-two horses killed under him, "all torn to pieces by cannon-shot, except six I staked to death upon the enemies' *chevaux-de-frise*."

While Farquhar was a bachelor the profits of his annual play added to his military stipend made an income sufficient for his wants. With a wife and two infant daughters, he soon began to feel the gripe of poverty. Duns knocked at his door, and tipstiffs haunted his dreams. In his distress he applied to the Duke of Ormond, who advised him to sell his commission, promising at the same time to give him a captaincy in his own regiment. The commission being sold, the duke proved faithless, and Farquhar was in despair. Wilks told him that he must now look to his pen alone for support. "Is it possible," cried Farquhar, "that a man can write common sense, who is heart-broken, and without a shilling?" The generous answer was twenty guineas from Wilks's pocket. Encouraged by this gleam of golden sunshine, our author set about writing *The Beaux' Stratagem*, for which Lintot paid him thirty pounds in advance. In this comedy two gentlemen, one acting as servant to the other, start out to mend their broken fortunes by marriage. At Lichfield, with her pretty daughter and her no less lovely daughter-in-law, lives Lady Bountiful, famed for charitable healing. A guest in the servants' hall, Archer, the brilliant footman, makes the acquaintance of

Mrs. Sullen, while, by skillfully fainting in Lady Bountiful's grounds, his master, Aimwell, compasses that of Dorinda. A burglarious attack upon Lady Bountiful's house, of which Aimwell has been warned by the daughter of Boniface, his landlord, who is in league with highwaymen, brings about the *dénoûment*. Rescued by their respective admirers, Dorinda and Mrs. Sullen pay their debt of gratitude in the usual legal tender of comedy. This is hardly true, however, of Mrs. Sullen, whom her sottish husband turns over to Archer, fortune and all, without any ceremony whatever. Leigh Hunt finds in this circumstance a powerful argument for divorce reform, but it was considered a defect by Mrs. Oldfield, who said at rehearsal that in some manner the honor of Mrs. Sullen should have been secured. To this objection, repeated to him by Wilks, the easy author replied, "Oh, I will, if she pleases, salve that immediately, by getting a real divorce, marrying her myself, and giving her my bond that she shall be a widow in less than a fortnight." On the stage the most pleasing of Farquhar's comedies, *The Beaux' Stratagem*, after reading, leaves an impression almost as slight as that produced upon Dr. Johnson by his perusal of *High Life Below Stairs*: "Here is a farce which is really very diverting when you see it acted; and yet one may read it, and not know that one has been reading anything at all." This is probably due to the even excellence of the whole performance. Unforced humor is always less striking than laborious wit. It is the difference between Argand lamp and Congreve rocket. That *The Beaux' Stratagem* is the best of our author's comedies, there can be no question. Decenter in language, its plot is comparatively inoffensive, and it has given to literature types of character of which universal acceptance proves the truth. The gracious figure of Lady Bountiful has flitted across many a page,



whose reader knew not whence she came; and Boniface has baptized half the inn-keepers of Christendom with his dishonest name. Scrub's "I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly," and Gibbet's "'T was for the good of my country that I should be abroad," are familiar quotations. The latter is perhaps best known in the form lent it later by George Barrington, in his prologue written for the opening of the playhouse at New South Wales, a well-known convict settlement:—

"True patriots all; for be it understood

We left our country for our country's good."

The Beaux' Stratagem was our author's last comedy. When he had finished it he wrote this note to Wilks:—

DEAR BOB,—I have not anything to leave thee, to perpetuate my memory, but two helpless girls. Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was, to the last moment of his life, thine,

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Leigh Hunt has wasted a great deal of perverse ingenuity in an attempt to show that Wilks was insensible to his dying friend's request. He was, perhaps, not quixotically generous; but a performance was given at his theatre for the benefit of Mrs. Farquhar, and twelve years later he was trustee for the daughters of an annual pension of twenty pounds, granted them by the king, most probably through Wilks's mediation. With Hunt, however, all this weighs as nothing against the facts that the daughters were apprenticed to mantua-makers; that one married a low tradesman; that the other, in 1764, was an ignorant maid-servant, with no filial pride; and that mother and daughters died in indigence. But this, it must be remembered, is the judgment of a man who himself leaned rather heavily on his friends.

With the moral aspects of the later Stuart drama it is not here proposed to

deal. The work has been done once and forever by Macaulay. In his hands those fascinating sophistries in which Charles Lamb enwrapped the artificial comedy of the last century have turned to rags. But it should not be forgotten that it was he who wrote, "We cannot wish that any work or class of works which has exercised a great influence on the human mind, and which illustrates the character of an important epoch in letters, politics, and morals, should disappear from the world."

Even on the score of morality it may be said for Farquhar that he is a vast improvement on the three authors whose names are invariably linked with his. Far less coarse and with a lighter and airier touch than either Vanbrugh or Wycherley, he has none of the devil's wit of Congreve. With the latter writer, however, he had something in common. He was not an imitator. In an age when the great Dryden, who, in his *All for Love*, sought to rival Shakespeare on his own ground, condescended to borrow from Calprenède and the Scudérys, it was Farquhar's proud distinction to be strictly original. The only charge of plagiarism ever brought against him was exploded forty years ago by Leigh Hunt's discovery that he wrote *The Adventures of Covent Garden*, from which some of the incidents in *The Constant Couple* are taken. Farquhar was not a sublime genius; he was at best a surface realist, a painter of swiftly perishing manners, who found his inspiration in the garish dissipations of the town and the rude jollities of camps; but he was himself. Less picturesque in effect, it is better, after all, that one's Pegasus should be a real donkey than a wooden horse.

It has generally been assumed that in several of his characters Farquhar painted his own portrait, though from his report that melancholy was the "every-day apparel" of his mind, and that his own sex took him for "an easy



natured man," and women for "an ill-natured clown," it would seem that his sparkish gallants, far from being repetitions of himself, were the product of intellectual sympathy with traits which he did not possess. Showy vice had for him an undeniable attraction, but he had neither the constitution to practice it, nor the assurance to set it off. Besides, he had a conscience. Let us not deal harshly with this man, who fell so bravely, fighting the wolf at his door, shielding to the last with his worn body the wife and children behind him. He was

but twenty-nine when they carried him to the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and his final comedy was in the height of its success at the Haymarket. It was Farquhar who called Necessity the mother of Invention. He wrote *The Beaux' Stratagem* in six weeks. Death's heavy hand was upon him, but his own was as light as ever. Into the gay troop who people his last comedy passed the life that was leaving him. Farquhar died in 1707. Archer and Aimwell, Dorinda and Mrs. Sullen, were in London only two years ago.

*H. A. Huntington.*

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## CAMPAIGNS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

THE object of the general work here undertaken is to "bring together for the first time a full and authoritative military history of the suppression of the rebellion." But the work, at the non-existence of which after the lapse of twenty years surprise is expressed, is elsewhere described as "a strong, vivid, concise, but truly proportioned story of the great salient events." Of these two definitions, the latter is the one which we should be inclined to adopt for the valuable and undoubtedly reliable volume with which Mr. Nicolay has opened the series.<sup>1</sup> That the private secretary of the beloved and martyred Lincoln should relate that which he undertakes to tell invariably in the vein of the dispassionate chronicler of events—the historian of the future—is hardly to be expected. But that his work supplies a great want and contributes remarkably to a clear understanding of the situation before and during the first scenes of actual warfare there can be no doubt.

In the first three chapters, the manner in which "the local insurrections of the cotton States became an organized rebellion against the government of the Union" is clearly and concisely set forth, and the opening scene of the war in Charleston Harbor is vividly described. That, as above intimated, the narrator's tone is not that of the dispassionate historian of the future is not matter for captious criticism, as such is by no means the rôle which he assumes, but he should, we think, occasionally bear in mind the familiar distich, —

"Treason is ne'er successful; what's the reason?  
If it succeeds no man dare call it treason."

Had the great slave empire established itself, few would now describe the proceedings of the South Carolina commissioners as characterized by "the decorum and mock solemnity with which children play at kings and queens." Even the beginnings of our own successful rebellion against the mother country were undoubtedly stigmatized by as contemptuous an epithet as "a

<sup>1</sup> *Campaigns of the Civil War*. Vol. I. The Outbreak of Rebellion. By JOHN G. NICOLAY, Private Secretary to President Lincoln, late Con-

sul General to France, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.



miserable farce of conspiracy" by those who refused to address "Mr. Washington" by the title of General. Moreover, at the present day, few will assert that the slave-holders' rebellion was without "good" in the sense of "sufficient" cause, when considered from the standpoint of those who, in defense of their institution, were forced into the declaration, "Evil, be thou my good." That no cause existed so long as the North opposed only the *extension* of slavery, Lincoln's own forcible words showed to be a fallacy, when he said, "The Union cannot permanently endure half slave and half free." Our author's tone in this regard rather resembles that in which at that time we all indulged, than that of to-day.

In the second chapter the imbecility and helplessness of Buchanan amid the traitors surrounding him are well portrayed, but we confess to a smile at the idea of Jeff Davis as the wily Vivien, and presumably in the petticoats "of the period," practicing the charm "of woven paces and of waving hands" around such a Merlin as the Old Public Functionary.

In so detailed a description of the reduction of Sumter as is here given, it would seem that the only loss of life which occurred—that by the final salute to the flag—should not have been ignored, nor, in describing Lincoln's journey to Washington, the facts, whatever they may have been, which originated the stories of the passage through Baltimore in disguise. In our author's eulogy on the character of his chief, he has our hearty assent; and that even the historian of the future will agree with us in finding in his career "much to praise, little to be forgiven," is also our belief. Whether the accusation of personal ugliness can be regarded as "an utter mistake" is a point upon which the opinions of experts may differ. The passage of our troops through Baltimore and the march of the New

York Seventh to Washington are forcibly described, but in our author's estimate of the significance of the death of Ellsworth we can scarcely agree. "A sensational climax, of deeper import than Sumter and Baltimore," it does not seem to us. Had any doubts been left as to the existence of the elements of a civil war, the shot fired by Jackson would have hardly removed them. Ellsworth, having captured a town in the enemy's country, pulled down their flag with his own hand, where later in the war he would unquestionably have detailed an enlisted man. He was shot by a man in whose eyes, rightly or wrongly, that emblem was sacred. The act was murder; but had the circumstances been reversed, and a rebel officer been sacrificed while pulling down the stars and stripes in captured Washington, the "demon of a hellish purpose" might not have been so evident as prompter of the shot.

In the chapter devoted to Missouri we have a forcible and clear setting forth of Governor Jackson's complicity with rebellion, his endeavors to carry the State into the Confederacy, his discomfiture by Blair and Lyon, the capture of the rebel Camp Jackson by the regulars and Home Guards, the occupation of Jefferson City, and the "battle" of Boonville,—a battle which with its casualty returns, stated at two killed on the one side and fifteen on the other, yet marked the salvation of a State to the Union, and did more to hasten the downfall of rebellion than did the "slaughter-fields" (to use the German expression) of Fredericksburg or the Wilderness.

The successful attempt of the Unionists of Western Virginia to "secede from secession" is the subject of the twelfth chapter. Here McClellan first enters upon the stage, and his own and Rosecrans' Rich Mountain campaign is described in detail, illustrated with a map, and with its consequences well



summed up by the statement that "this petty skirmish with three hundred rebels and this rout of a little rear-guard closed a campaign, dispersed a rebel army, recovered a disputed State, permanently pushed back the military frontier. They enabled McClellan to send a laconic telegram, which gave such a general impression of professional skill and achievement as to make him the hero of the hour, and which started a train of circumstances that, without further victories, made him general-in-chief of all the armies of the United States." This telegram is added in a foot-note, and there are few but would imagine from its *veni, vidi, vici* ring that its author's impetuous ardor might indeed need restraint, but assuredly never that his inaction would provoke even from the patient Lincoln the quaint accusation that he had "got the slows."

Patterson's campaign, with its disastrous failure to detain Johnston from the field of Bull Run, comes next, and is well described. With all the excuses that can be offered, there seems now no avoidance of the conclusion that Patterson failed in that "stomach for a fight," in the stead of which no other qualifications for command can ever serve. That he was dissuaded by his subordinates, knowing well the expectations and indeed the orders of his superior, General Scott, may for a man of sixty-nine be a palliation, but hardly anything more.

Manassas and Bull Run are the closing scenes of so much of the civil war as is regarded as included under the title of *The Outbreak of Rebellion*, — to which the first volume of this series is devoted. Although this, the initial combat of the war, has caused a greater effusion of ink and been the subject of more descriptions than any other, we can safely say that we have seen none wherein its true proportions, significance, and characteristics are made so clearly to appear as in that here presented. Of its accuracy of military detail we do

not undertake to judge, but the impression most forcibly left upon the reader's mind may be stated to be one of admiration that two armies (if they may be so styled), so utterly ignorant of their business, should have stood up to their work so long and manfully before the panic, which is the inevitable termination of such conflicts, seized either party. Although this panic, which, after the engagement had lasted so long as it did, threatened both combatants, first obtained headway and mastery in the Union ranks, yet how little there was to choose between the two armies in point of value as fighting machines Johnston's frank confession abundantly shows. "The Confederate army," he says, "was more disorganized by victory than that of the United States by defeat. Many left the army not to return; some hastened home to exhibit their trophies; others left their regiments without ceremony to attend to wounded friends, accompanying them to hospitals in distant towns. Exaggerated ideas of victory prevailing among our troops cost us more men than the Federal army lost by defeat."

But although we see now its want of significance as indicating any essential difference in the fighting qualities of the soldiers of the two armies, it is not surprising that the fact that the Union forces were routed in their first battle which deserved the name should have been regarded in Europe as a sure precursor of our downfall. Powers with whom the wish was father to the thought were swift to decide that the great republic's career among nations was ended, and the hour even then at hand when "o'er its quenched greatness must the shroud be drawn." Soon, however, as was afterwards generously confessed, their "shallow judgment they had cause to rue," until finally, —

"Circus hunters, who had watched  
Famed sword-plays long ago,  
And scorned these giants rudely matched,  
Felt admiration grow."



In that admiration those who follow the changing fortunes of the arena through the coming volumes of this series will assuredly coincide, and, as Americans, feel an equal pride in the courage, skill, and manhood displayed on both sides.

In the preliminary chapter of the second volume<sup>1</sup> appear, the military *mise en scène* and battles of more or less importance previous to the reduction of Fort Henry. Wilson's Creek, Lexington, Pea Ridge, Belmont, are associated with a roll of names then of about equal significance in our ears, but whose difference of ring at the present day may almost be compared to that between gold, silver, and the baser metals. We find Fremont directing and reprimanding Grant; Sigel bringing his artillery into line and deciding the battle of Pea Ridge, but even then evincing that tardiness in obeying orders to march which distinguished him in Virginian campaigns; Curtis, Ashboth, McClernand, Carr, and a host of names, then famous, now almost forgotten. General Grant's first actual fighting appears to have been against Pillow at Belmont, which is described as "an engagement in the simplest form: two forces, equal in number, encountered in parallel lines." "At length Pillow gave way," and his line once broken was unable to rally."

For his first proposal to attack Fort Henry and break the line from Columbus to Bowling Green, chosen to bar access from the North and as a base for invasion, Grant appears to have been snubbed, as though proposing a military blunder. But on his returning to the charge, backed by Commodore Foote of the gunboat fleet, Halleck gave way, and issued the desired orders. The result amply justified Grant and Foote. Fort Henry was captured with no infantry fighting whatever, falling before the bombardment of the fleet alone.

Fort Donelson, however, proved a very different nut to crack. The lines for infantry defense were what were afterwards called rifle-pits, drawn with great skill around the fort, itself a bastioned earth-work, and defended eventually by some twenty thousand men. Against these behind their intrenchments were brought about fifteen thousand Union troops, some comparatively "seasoned," other regiments so freshly formed "that they had hardly changed their civil garb for soldier's uniform before they were hurried to the front," — into the rough school of bivouac and battle. Without shelter-tents, camp-fires, or supplies (for the fleet had not yet arrived), Grant's fifteen thousand bivouacked in line of battle, and all the next day made fierce and pertinacious though unsuccessful assaults on the enemy's intrenched lines. That no horror of the battle-field might be wanting, the wounded were in many cases burned to death by the ignition of leaves and underbrush, although some were saved by the enemy, who sprang over their parapets, after our repulse, for that purpose.

But within the fort there was divided counsel among the hostile chiefs, which division, it cannot be doubted, contributed greatly to their downfall. A determined sortie was at length made, and the way was cleared for a retreat; but the ground was abandoned, and the enemy retired again within his works. Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner seem then to have passed the command from hand to hand, like a lighted shell which each feared to retain, until finally the last-named officer, deciding to risk the explosion, gave orders for surrender, and the two former escaped. But Buckner's bugler, who went out with a proposal for an armistice and commissioners, returned with Grant's "unconditional surrender" reply and counter-proposal "to move on your works immediately." These "unchivalrous and ungenerous terms," as he styled them, Buckner was

<sup>1</sup> *Campaigns of the Civil War*. Vol. II. From Fort Henry to Corinth. By M. F. FORCE, late Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General U. S. V.



fain to accept, consoling himself with an allusion to "yesterday's brilliant Confederate success" and to Grant's "overwhelming forces." This "success," by the way, which undoubtedly was one at the time, being telegraphed to Nashville as a "glorious victory," but immediately followed by a surrender, caused such a popular excitement that a deputation actually demanded Johnston's removal. They were, however, properly answered by Jeff Davis's declining to make a scapegoat of their best general.

The campaign of New Madrid and Island No. 10, and the victory of fleet and army combined, form the subject of the next chapter.

"The gathering of the forces," Union and Confederate, previous to the battle of Shiloh comes next in order. Corinth was now seen to be a strategic point of greatest value to the Confederacy; and that Grant's Fort Donelson army should move up the Tennessee, and destroy railroad connections here and at Jackson and Humboldt, without bringing on a general engagement, was Halleck's original programme. But before issuing the order, he seems to have been led by some anonymous letter, and, so far as appears, without any sufficient cause, to complain of Grant to McClellan in such terms as to elicit from the latter a dispatch authorizing the former's arrest and the placing of C. F. Smith in command. The latter step only was taken, Smith being given command of the expedition, while Grant was ordered to remain in Fort Henry. He was, however, it is said, soon fully exonerated and reinstated in command; but it nowhere appears, and it would be interesting to know, upon what charges and evidence, beyond those of an anonymous letter, this action against him was taken. In a fleet of eighty steamboats, each with its pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night, the army then commenced its ascent of the winding Tennessee, though to what promised land these cloudy and

fiery columns were guiding them seemed yet uncertain.

As soon as it became evident that the programme must be changed from a hurried dash by a flying column to a struggle between armies, Pittsburg Landing was selected as the point of assembly and base from which the "on to Corinth" march should be made, when Grant should be joined by Buell. Before this happened, however, Johnston had joined Beauregard; the Confederacy were straining every nerve to strengthen his hands for the impending shock of battle, and Lee was urging him to strike before Buell should arrive. And such was his expressed intention, *but* "he determined to continue organizing and waiting for Van Dorn as long as that would be safe." Whether Bragg's counsel of an attack while our troops were beginning to land was not after all that of wisdom may be a question. Beauregard forbade this, preferring, as he wrote, the "defensive-offensive;" from his use of which term it can hardly surprise us that even after the general advance had commenced he was for abandoning the expedition as a failure, and marching the troops back to Corinth. Johnston, however, took no such counsel as this, but ordered the troops to bivouac and to attack at daylight. The advance had been as yet unsuspected in our lines, and the surprise thought impossible by Beauregard took place on Sunday morning. Of a general attack Grant had on Saturday telegraphed that he had not "the faintest idea." Our cavalry was shifting camps, and Sherman had just then none to send out to investigate the report that infantry had been seen by the picket line; where, also, as later at Chancellorsville, a sudden and significant charge of rabbits and squirrels had been sustained. On Sunday morning, then, at daylight, the general advance began. Through the swaying, confused, and desperate fighting which filled the long hours until night-



fall we can make no attempt to follow our author; suffice it to say that, although not routed, our army was driven through its camps, and our lines were drifting back towards the landing when Buell's leading brigade pushed up through a mob of fugitives from the field, and went to the support of the frowning line of artillery which held the enemy in check. But the day's battle was already over. A Confederate success had been gained, but want of discipline prevented its improvement. According to Beauregard, the temptation of rest in the captured camps in their rear was too strong, and the Confederates failed to hold the ground so hardly won. Then they had lost their commander-in-chief, who fell by a shot to which, had his troops been what they afterwards became, he would have had no occasion to expose himself. A Tennessee regiment being reported to him as refusing to fight, Johnston put himself at the head of a brigade, and led in person a successful charge, but only to fall himself by a Parthian shot from our retreating lines. Whether this was one of those rare emergencies in which a commander-in-chief is justified in exposing his own life to arouse enthusiasm or to check a panic may be a question which if decided in the negative leaves room only for the Frenchman's comment upon the Bala-klava charge, "*C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" The result of Monday's battle, with Beauregard in command in place of Johnston, and with Buell's reinforcements now in the field, can be easily foreseen. Much stubborn fighting was done, and we are told that Grant in his turn personally led a charge that broke the enemy's line. The battle was over and Beauregard in orderly and well-conducted retreat by three o'clock. There was no pursuit, a fact of sufficient significance. "The battle," says our historian at the close of

the chapter, "sobered both armies. The force at Pittsburg Landing saw rudely dashed aside the expectation of speedy entrance into Corinth. The force at Corinth, that marched out to drive Grant into the river, to scatter Buell's force in detail and return in triumph to Nashville, was back in the old quarters, foiled, disheartened."

They must be, indeed, joined to their idol who, after the perusal of General Webb's succinct, graphic, and impartial presentation of facts which constitute the history of this memorable campaign,<sup>1</sup> still cling to their belief that General McClellan was prevented only by interference, political animosity, and want of support from bringing the war to a triumphant conclusion, and attaining for himself a place among the great captains of the age. None can doubt that General Webb, himself an actor in the scenes which he records, seeing now the falsity of the impressions with which he was then heartily in accord, justly claims to be doing but the work of an honest historian in "recording the sad tale of the want of unity, the want of confidence, the want of coöperation, between the administration and the general commanding the army." There is something almost pathetic in the appeal which personal friendship and loyalty to a once trusted chief seem almost to wring from him, that General McClellan will even now "vindicate his policy," and escape the inexorable verdict which history seems about to record. Of the value of the services which he contributed to the national cause, and of his eminent fitness for command up to the moment when, in the writer's expressive phrase, the armies had "locked horns," none can speak in higher terms than does our author. The first chapter does full justice to the unexampled success with which he, in the words of our greatest leader, "organized, equipped, and trained

<sup>1</sup> *Campaigns of the Civil War*. Vol. III. The Peninsula. McClellan's Campaign of 1862. By

ALEXANDER S. WEBB, LL. D., Assistant Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, etc., etc.



with skill that grand body of troops which for four long years confronted the strongest, best appointed, and most confident army in the South." Out of the collection of enthusiastic citizen soldiers assembling in this "people's cause and people's war," he realized his expectations "in the creation of as noble a body of men as could have been raised the world over," — an army who "only prayed that they might be ably led against the enemy."

The succeeding chapter is devoted to Campaign Plans. The preliminary work of organization being complete, the sword forged, welded, drawn, and in the champion's hand, the nation and the president expected the attack, which came not, until the latter's impatience found utterance in the expressive declaration that "if something was not soon done, the bottom would be out of the whole affair." But at this critical moment the two leaders, Lincoln and McClellan, were at issue: the former favoring the simple plan of a direct advance on the enemy, then in our front; the latter, by the "Urbana movement," proposing to outflank him far on the left, and turn the tables by making the vicinity of Richmond, and not Washington, the theatre of operations. Of these two plans General Webb seems to favor the latter, which, if properly executed, might have been "the stride of the giant." But for such a stride Johnston did not propose to wait, and on the day after the president had given way, by evacuating Centreville and retiring to the Rappahannock he quietly checkmated the Urbana plan, and drove McClellan to his *dernier ressort* — the advance up the Peninsula.

"If blunders were committed in the advance upon Richmond," — and of the amount of virtue in this "if" we leave the reader to judge, — the first, in General Webb's opinion, "was the failure to divine the existence of the Warwick line at Yorktown." Having found that

line, and recovered from his surprise that Magruder should have objected to his proposed envelopment, in place of breaking the line by a heavy blow at its weakest point, the feasibility of which the gallant Vermont troops amply demonstrated in their unsupported dash, McClellan settled down to a scientific siege of the enemy's strongest point, Yorktown itself. But the enemy were too shrewd to wait for the final onslaught, and, having effected their object in delaying our progress for more than a month, they abandoned Yorktown and the Warwick line, retreating up the Peninsula through Williamsburg. The battle of Williamsburg, "fought by piecemeal and ending in disappointment," developed the fighting qualities of Hancock and Hooker, and, had not the commander-in-chief there commenced his unfortunate series of absences from the battle-field, might have proved an important success. As it was, it was not until twelve days had elapsed that the army arrived in front of Richmond. McDowell, so long called for, was at length ordered forward to coöperate in the reduction of the rebel capital, when, as before, the blow about to fall was turned aside by the shrewdness, activity, and military genius of the enemy. Stonewall Jackson, suddenly rushing upon Banks's weakened column in the Shenandoah Valley, sent that general "whirling" down to the Potomac, and caused a panic which effectually stopped McDowell's advance and paralyzed the force which was to have joined McClellan "and fallen like a hammer upon Richmond." The battle of Fair Oaks was a bloody check, indeed, to our advance, but not a reverse to our arms. After this battle ensued a pause, as though for breath, on both sides, and then, just as McClellan was preparing to resume the offensive, came the crisis and turning-point of the campaign: the masterly reinforcement of Lee by Stonewall Jackson, at the latter's suggestion,



after he had successfully achieved the discomfiture and bewilderment of our troops in the Valley. Thus suddenly was the Army of the Potomac, while pressing towards Richmond, thrown on the defensive, and from this moment the author follows its fortunes *in retreat*. While the battle of Mechanicsville was certainly a success to our arms, yet as Jackson's presence was thereby ascertained, though he took no part in the action, McClellan then and there struck his colors, lowered the "On-to-Richmond" oriflamme, thus far followed with enthusiasm by his soldiers, and commenced his "change of base" to the James. In the next day's battle of Gaines's Mill he "fought an army with one corps," whose resistance was nevertheless so stubborn that Lee and Jackson both believed and reported that they had encountered the bulk of McClellan's force. Porter, while desperately resisting overwhelming odds, and calling in vain for assistance, was nerved to his task by the belief, then shared by General Webb, that his brave troops were falling where they stood rather than retreat, "in order that McClellan, with the main army, might break through and take Richmond." That this might have been done the admissions in Magruder's report place beyond a doubt. But McClellan did not think that the entrance of the army into Richmond at that time "was a proper military movement," wherein our General Webb disagrees with him, and so, we think, will the reader. That the closing battle of Malvern Hill should fairly rank as a Union victory, wherein the loss, panic, and demoralization were upon the rebel side, seems now admitted and corroborated, if need were, by their desperate attempts to find some scapegoat

among their own generals. The Union lines were never seriously endangered; few orders were issued by Lee, and the "yell" as a signal for attack proved a signal failure. Thus ended the first advance upon Richmond.

The final chapter is devoted to an able and clear review of the campaign, in which one cannot well avoid reading between the lines General Webb's opinion that for the distrust with which he was regarded at Washington General McClellan had himself to thank, having never properly appreciated his true relations with the president and commander-in-chief. While suggesting political and partisan motives for the "crippling of McClellan," General Webb significantly adds, "The government had the right to suppose that he needed but the opportunity to attack with vigor." General Webb further credits McClellan with making, from Gaines's Mill to Malvern Hill, "*one of the most able flank movements ever made in war.*" The italics are the author's, who adds that that which alone saved the army from further disaster was "the perfection of its organization, which was due to the personal affection entertained for General McClellan by the officers and men of his army." It is charitable to suppose, with our author, that an unwillingness to sacrifice, even for the good of the whole, any portion of the troops by whom he was thus idolized was the cause of many a failure. Postponing action until he could secure his army from every possible chance of failure, the golden moment of opportunity was missed. It was later in the war that we realized to its full extent the terrible truth conveyed in the Frenchman's proverb, "Pour faire une omelette il faut bien casser des œufs."

S. M. Quincy.



## COBDEN.

It must be a mortifying reflection to great men that their reputation is practically at the mercy of a biographer. Adam Smith distrustfully burned all his papers in order to avoid such chills as Carlyle's moral nature received from Froude's careless exposure of it. Considering the evident dangers to be feared from biographers, those who have interested themselves in the social progress of the present century, and attempted anything like an analysis of the forces at work, must feel no little satisfaction in finding so skillful a pen as Mr. Morley's telling the story of Cobden's share in the economic and political movements of England since the Reform Act.<sup>1</sup> It is a period full of subtle influences, and calls for a nice feeling of sympathy with the spirit of the time, to say nothing of historical insight and the ability to know what not to say. There is no need of disguising that the physical and material welfare of the national organism influences, as largely as in the case of the human body, its intellectual and moral condition. So it is not strange to find that economic considerations often underlie and, when appreciated, explain some of our most difficult social and moral problems. That which, probably more than anything else, will characterize the history of the last hundred years is economic and mechanical progress. This period witnessed an extraordinary development of manufactures, and all the difficulties arising from an increase and redistribution of population. The progress in labor-saving devices, which began when the Egyptian persuaded the wind to turn his water-wheel, and which was increasing the power of man over nature, resulted in the great inventions of Watt and Arkwright, to be soon fol-

lowed by railways and steamships. In the twenty-one years following 1818 the fifty-seven thousand persons engaged in cotton factories in England increased to four hundred and sixty-nine thousand. The conditions affecting every man's material welfare were rapidly changing, without there being, in many minds, even a dawning sense of the direction the movement was taking. It was not then seen that this vast increase of non-agricultural industries, without an attending change in the power and system of producing food, was a sudden call for a readjustment of the existing means by which the country was being fed. Or, as the economists say, an increased demand for food without a proportional advance in the arts of production must result in lowering the status of the poorer classes. The economic solution of the difficulty is apparent. Labor-saving devices must be introduced into the production of food. But as free international exchange is only a wider division of employments, and as this last has been adopted because it saves labor, free trade was demanded as a means of getting bread at a less exertion by the laborer. That was, briefly, the economic situation in Cobden's time. In its consequences it led still farther. The movement to get cheaper food, as an industrial necessity, implied that any disposal of the land of the country — however sanctioned by ancient usage — which prevented this from coming about was too expensive for the community to maintain. So here we come out upon the expediency of the present system of land-holding in Great Britain by a path which starts from the beginning of the century. Society was losing patience with carrying the exhausting burdens left it by the feudal system and the prohibitory policy of Charles V.

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Richard Cobden.* By JOHN MORLEY. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.



Into this time of change and ferment, with all its possibilities for good, if rightly taken, Cobden was born in 1804, and in his sixty years he played a manly part,—indeed, achieved that kind of success which is vouchsafed to few absolute rulers of empires, to see in his own day twenty-seven millions of people, naturally conservative and prejudiced against change, yield to his way of thinking, and give him an honored old age in exchange for a manhood of bitter struggle and abuse. One's curiosity is naturally awakened to learn what manner of man this was, and to discover what instruments he used. First of all, he typified the manufacturing interests and the middle class; he belonged to the union of forces which wrenched the Reform Act of 1832 from the aristocracy. And it was this very act which, by admitting a wider representation in Parliament, made possible the whole extraordinary movement through which the laboring and middle classes, led by Cobden, gained so large a part of their economic rights. Political ferments were preparing the way for revolution on the Continent, Chartism was rampant in England, and Mill and Arnold in their way were aiming at social improvement. But our respect for what seems the grosser and more unspiritual means of bringing about progress is vastly increased when we see Cobden, whose one idea was a better material condition of the poor, actually succeeding as none of the others succeeded. It is a suggestive fact for reformers. He did not prate of natural justice and social millenniums, but cried loudly and always for cheaper bread. He was in sympathy with all liberal aims, but with that tact and wise caution which distinguished him he confined himself and the Anti Corn-Law League strictly to the one demand for cheap food. It is easy to understand how a man who was more interested in the social and political problems of Greece than in her classic

monuments would view society at home. He flung himself into the work of reform from no emotional sympathy, no fine spiritual sense, but because of a strong positive feeling for good order and just government, quickened by a prodigious vitality and a restless activity. An unshaken confidence in the perfectibility of man, a good estimate of himself, a firm grasp on his own opinions, adroitness in his tactics, patient persistence, a high character, transparent honesty, great enthusiasm and will power, were but a few of the qualities he showed. He grasped wonderfully well the essentials of a great peaceful agitation, and the history of the first successful movement of this kind is the arsenal from which reformers are every day drawing their weapons. The Irish agitation under O'Connell and the Scotch religious rebellion under Chalmers afford suggestive contrasts to the Anti Corn-Law League led by Cobden. The English leader evidently dominated men by his superior moral force as well as by his more extensive and accurate knowledge; but at the same time his fine tact made him tolerant of mental slowness in others. When a stupid clergyman at the hustings insisted that scarcity could not produce dearth, Cobden did not meet him with sarcasm, but replied that he need not fear repeal, then, because, by his own showing, abundance could not produce cheapness. This readiness in reply, an ingenuity in adapting his arguments and illustrations to the needs of persuasion, his logic, his argumentative shrewdness, his apparent sense of honest conviction, and his perfect control of the facts bearing on the question naturally impressed the great numbers whom he addressed by pamphlet, through the newspaper, or in monster meetings; but all these qualities in a man of great energy of character made him bitterly hated by the aristocratic party when he appeared in Parliament. To them he was the mill-



owner, the man who said things hard to answer; in his person he was the disagreeable industrial class actually creeping into the nation's great assembly. Yet he won a respectful hearing from the House by dint of hard blows. An Englishman reverences facts. Cobden did not generalize. He was not afraid, as Mr. Morley says, of the vulgarity of details; and when he spoke of the wretched poor it was in this wise: "He knew of a place where a hundred wedding-rings had been pawned in a single week to provide bread; and of another place where men and women subsisted on boiled nettles, and dug up the decayed carcass of a cow rather than perish of hunger." He was neither Whig nor Tory, but a Repealer, first and always. Of the Whigs, from whom liberal tendencies were to be expected, he said, "The worst danger is of the Whigs coming in again too soon. The hacks would be up on their hind legs, and at their old prancing tricks again, immediately they smelt the treasury crib." Cobden's personal combats in the House were bitter and angry. The League was unfashionable, not respectable to nice eyes and ears, and its leader was the "Manchester money-grubber," before whose blows the "representatives of the blood of the Norman chivalry" were shrinking. But even his enemies respected his courage. It was probably the same vehemence and lack of moderation which he later displayed in the debates on the Crimean war that once gave Peel, when in power, an opportunity for charging him with offering menaces and insinuations of assassination in order to force the ministry to move repeal. It was undoubtedly a brilliant piece of acting on Peel's part, but the sensation produced at the time was tremendous. Peel broke down, trembling with excitement; shouts rose; Cobden tried to explain, but the House brutally roared him down. The courage necessary to face the House of Commons in such moods, and to do his part manfully,

can scarcely be overestimated, especially when we recall, as Mr. Morley has very delicately implied, that, so far as domestic sympathy was concerned, Cobden was fighting the battle alone. Indeed, it is rather pathetic to read Mrs. Cobden's remark in later years to her husband: "I sometimes think that, after all the good work you have done, and in spite of fame and great position, it would have been better for us both if, after you and I married, we had gone to settle in the backwoods of Canada;" and to learn from the biographer that, "after looking for a moment or two with a gaze of mournful preoccupation through the window of the carriage," Cobden replied "that he was not sure that what she said was not too true."

To the world at large his appearance was agreeable, but not striking. A large head, a candid eye, features illuminated by intelligence, sympathy, and earnestness, a winning expression about the mouth, a clear and penetrating voice, and a portly frame made up no extraordinary presence. In his speeches Cobden was direct, vigorous, and persuasive; but one is unwilling to admit Mr. Morley's claim that his style was well-nigh perfect of its kind when he delivers himself as follows: "You speak with a loud voice when you are talking on the floor of the House; and if you have anything to say that hits hard, it is a very long whip, and reaches all over the kingdom." In fact, Mr. Morley's firm touch and finished sentences force many a comparison to be drawn unfavorable to Cobden's English.

Mere persuasiveness in speaking, however, was not the only instrument by which success was finally won for the League in 1846. Indeed, the Anti Corn-Law association did not originate with Cobden, but with the London group made up of Grote, Molesworth, Hume, and Roebuck; but when Cobden brought to the idea his singular faculty for organization it became a new thing. From



the central council at Manchester they sent forth orators and lecturers, — often to meet with personal violence; they organized associations everywhere; held district meetings, tea-parties, bazars; published songs; set up an organ, and issued showers of small pamphlets. Their object was to make votes in the House; hence they classified the boroughs, and bent all their energies on the class called doubtful. In the House their leaders were bold in denouncing the government whenever they fell short of their duty. In short, the League created a powerful public opinion outside of Parliament in favor of the repeal of the sliding scale of duties on corn, and they frightened the aristocracy. Yet simple economic explanation would have gone for nothing, certainly for many years, had the League not been favored by two fortunate circumstances. Peel, the great Tory leader, had a mind fitted for the discussion and understanding of economic questions, and he was vincible by the truth. Still he dallied with the truth until the depression of trade, the serious condition of the laboring classes, and finally the failure of the potato crop in Ireland forced him into the conviction that repeal was absolutely imperative. His dramatic position and the story of his political ostracism are matters of history.

The natural foreign policy of the free trader was one of peace, and during the career of Lord Palmerston no one opposed him more persistently than Cobden. When Tennyson's *Maud* came out, during the Crimean war, "full of beautiful poetry and barbarous politics," and the poet inveighed against

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,

When the poor are hoveled and hustled together,  
each sex, like swine,"

Cobden wrote to his close companion in the Corn-Law agitation, John Bright, "It is enthroning the devil in the place of the God of mercy, truth, love, and

justice." The "long, long canker of peace" was Cobden's constant aim in his later parliamentary career. Indeed, it was no small part of the philosophy at the bottom of his successful negotiations with Chevalier for the famous Commercial Treaty with France in 1860.

With the aristocracy, whom he had so vehemently attacked, he could not associate, even when asked to join the cabinet by Lord Palmerston. It was like the man, but it was an experience new to the hungry office-seeking mind of Cambridge House. With many courtesy Lord Palmerston received Cobden's refusal to take office by the polite remark that "Lady Palmerston receives to-morrow evening at ten." In a letter to his brother-in-law (not to his wife), the modern Fabricius says, "The next evening I was at Cambridge House for the first time, and found myself among a crowd of fashionables and politicians, and was the lion of the party. The women came and stared with their glasses at me, and then brought their friends to stare also. As I came away, Jacob Omnium and I were squeezed into a corner together, and he remarked, 'You are the greatest political monster that ever was seen in this house. There never was before seen such a curiosity as a man who refused a cabinet office from Lord Palmerston, and then came to visit him here.'" Cobden and Mr. Bright once again broke out into open hostilities against their old enemies of the aristocracy in a bold championship of the North during our civil war. In such causes the great agitator was eager unto the end, and he died in harness. Traveling up to London with a desire to share in the discussions of Parliament, he met the shadow of death, and reached the city only to watch the bleak wind blow the smoke past his window for a day or two, and died while the bells of St. Martin's were ringing for morning service, April 2, 1865.



## THE LIGHT LITERATURE OF TRAVEL.

THE spy-glass or powerful field-glass is a part of the equipment of every explorer, and as we read by our firesides the larger volumes of adventure and research we know that there has been brought to us the game which was taken thus at long range; but there is a literature of travel which grows out of the reverse use of the glass, when the traveler has amused himself by minifying the landscape, and making that which is close at hand seem to be leagues away. The most successful book of this class was De Maistre's *Voyage autour de ma Chambre*, and Alphonse Karr's *Voyage autour de mon Jardin* was imitative only in title; the matter was original. There was, to be sure, in both of these books, and in the many like ones which have followed, a light fancy, which borrowed its humor from the grave dignity of books of travel; yet, aside from this whimsey, they record exploits in miniature, and the reader, making his tour on snail-back rather than mounted on elephant or dromedary, has a delightful sense of journeying with contracted mind.

We can imagine a traveler now making a trip round the world in the wake of those who have brought back mighty volumes, and displaying his treasures in some dainty book big enough to hold only the airy nothings which have floated idly in the air across his track. The very familiarity which we are acquiring with the countries of the world helps such travelers, for they may take much for granted, and leave unsaid all the cyclopædic matter which a tyrannical literary conscience might demand. It is surprising how a poet or an artist will glean after the harvester of facts, and we shall turn to him as if he were the first discoverer. We suspect that in this field Americans have the best opportu-

nity. The hospitality of their minds, the difficulty of their being insular, the knack which they have of falling in with the mood of the clime where they chance to be, the readiness with which they are pleased,—all these qualities make good light travelers; and when we add to this their haste to discover something new and their equal enjoyment of whatever is hoary, outside of the conveniences of their own life, we easily find reasons for believing that American literature will show a growing shelf of books of light travel.

We should give an honorable place on the shelf to Mr. House's *Japanese Episodes*.<sup>1</sup> It is not difficult for any one to sit in his library and survey Japan geographically, statistically, politically, and socially; one of these days the historian of social America will have a page upon the curious incursion of the Japanese into American life, following for a generation after Commodore Perry's naval expedition; and all this matter-of-fact acquaintance with Japan serves to put the reader almost in the position of Mr. House, who writes as a resident in the country, and not as a visitor. That is to say, he quietly assumes in the reader so much knowledge of Japan as shall make it unnecessary for the writer to offer any mere guide-book information; and the reader gratefully acknowledges the compliment by refusing to halt before any unfamiliar word or custom, and by accepting the pictures of scenery and life as if they were what he could see any day by going to the window.

Mr. House has collected in his little volume four sketches: the first, a glimpse of rustic society and pastoral love; the second, a Claude Lorraine picture of the

<sup>1</sup> *Japanese Episodes*. By EDWARD H. HOUSE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.



ascent of Fuziyama; the third, a reminiscence of Japanese hospitality; and the fourth, a *coup d'œil* of Japanese gaiety, as discovered by a day in a Japanese theatre. It is agreeable to be introduced to the charming society of this gentle people by so sympathetic a friend, and one is even tempted, in view of the somewhat disastrous course of Japanese association with foreigners, to take as much satisfaction in having the Japanese know Mr. House as in having Mr. House know the Japanese; for this writer leaves on the reader's mind an impression of courtesy and breeding which makes him feel that it is not literature alone which owes a debt. The book is so nice in its way that we are in danger of being hypercritical in our judgment, and of being too much offended by certain affectations of humorous expression, which are always unnecessary, and never more so than when one has so quiet a manner as Mr. House.

It is the little excess of literature in the work which mars the perfection of Japanese Episodes; it would be strange if the light travels of another American did not show this defect even more, since his book is based avowedly upon a purely literary foundation. Yet Mr. Hassard's *A Pickwickian Pilgrimage*<sup>1</sup> is singularly free from any attempt at fine writing. Here is a traveler who, out of pure delight in Dickens's creations, hunts for their haunts as diligently and affectionately as any antiquarian might for the footprints of the Pilgrims or the wanderings of King Charles. Mr. Hassard's unfaltering sense of the reality of the immortal Pickwick and his companions has saved him from a false note in this little book. "I no more doubted," he says, "that I should discover the footprints of Sam in the Borough, and find the very house of Mrs. Gamp in Kingsgate Street, than I questioned that the ghost of Samuel

Pepys made 'mighty merry' at The Cock over against Temple Bar, and Will Waterproof still repeated there his lyrical monologues; or that, when I seated myself on one of the ancient wooden benches of The Cheshire Cheese, in a dark little alley off Fleet Street, I should be half conscious of the presence of Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson in their accustomed corner."

In truth, Mr. Hassard has practically illustrated his Dickens by photographs of the localities which make the stories vivid. Dickens himself was so realistic in his treatment of London—he was the magnus Apollo of reporters—that there was little difficulty in identifying his scenes, and Mr. Hassard has amused himself and his readers by these unpretending and enjoyable sketches. His very subordination to Dickens has had its reward, for it seems to have saved him from anything like an imitation of Dickens. We are struck by the honesty of his enjoyment of the great humorist, when we find that those sketches of his own which have least to do with Dickens are singularly free from any corruption by contact with Dickens's manner. His chapter, for example, entitled *The Jewish Quarter* is graphic and picturesque; he seems to have forgotten Dickens, on whose account he visited Rag Fair, and to be engrossed with the picture which met his eye. His closing sketch, also, of *A Boat Voyage on the Wye*, which is aside from the *Pickwickian Pilgrimage*, is an agreeable piece of light travel, reserved, yet containing touches of quiet playfulness.

Mr. Hassard shows his discreetness by not overworking his conceit. After all, the light traveler is at his best when he is traveling over a real country, and since the mood which gives him his charm is a short one, he is wisest if he sets out for a stroll from his own door the ease of his travel is helped by the lightness of his equipment. It is perhaps a little forced to call Miss Jewett's

<sup>1</sup> *A Pickwickian Pilgrimage*. By JOHN R. G. HASSARD. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.



sketches<sup>1</sup> a book of travel, yet the reader will find their value to lie chiefly in the skill with which the writer has applied a traveler's art to scenes which lay within easy reach of her own home. Here are the observation of minor incidents, the catching of effects produced by side lights, the rediscovery of the familiar, the looking at a landscape from under one's arm. One is not sure that the sketch which he is reading may not glide gently into a story, or that the story may not forget itself in a sketch. Miss Jewett herself seems sure only of catching and holding some flitting movement of life, some fragment of experience which has demanded her sympathy. One of the stories, indeed, Andrew's Fortune, has a more deliberate intention, and we are led on with some interest to pursue the slight turns of the narrative; yet in this the best work is in the successive pictures of the village groups in the kitchen and at the funeral. It would be difficult to find a formal story which made less draught upon one's curiosity than Miss Becky's Pilgrimage, yet one easily acquires a personal regard for Miss Becky herself. Miss Jewett's sketches have all the value and interest of delicately executed water-color landscapes; they are restful, they are truthful, and one is never asked to expend criticism upon them, but to take them with their necessary limitations as household pleasures.

Nevertheless, though we cannot persuade ourselves to criticise this work, we are impelled to ask for something more. Miss Jewett has now given us three volumes, besides the one for children, and has shown us how well she can do a certain thing. The sketches and stories which make up these volumes vary in value, but they are all marked by grace and fine feeling; they are thoroughly wholesome; they have a gentle frankness and reverence which

are inexpressibly winning, when one thinks of the knowingness and self-consciousness and restlessness which by turns characterize so many of the contributions by women to our literature. It is only when we come to compare Miss Jewett with herself that we become exacting. She has transformed the dull New England landscape into a mossy rural neighborhood; she has brought us into the friendliest acquaintance with people whom we thought we knew and did not know; and now we want her help in knowing other and fuller lives; we are eager to have her interpretation of people who impress us at once as well worth knowing. We are sure that she will bring out what we could not discover by ourselves; but in our impatience we begin to fear that we are to meet the same people and visit the same houses when a new book is offered. Has not Miss Jewett visited all her neighbors, and would not a longer flight of travel give her new types?

That is the way with us. No sooner do we get these charming village scenes, for which we have been asking our writers, than we want something else. Well, our discontent is of Miss Jewett's making. She has opened the eyes of the summer boarder, and when the summer boarder goes back to town it is with a wish to take the friendly Miss Jewett in company. We wish that this light traveler would plume herself for a braver excursion. Possibly we are asking too much, and the skill which executes these short sketches is conditioned upon their very limitations. Yet we heartily wish that this delightful writer would reserve her strength, and essay a larger work. To fail in a long journey may even give one an access of power and dignity when resuming a stroll, and we value the fine moral sense and delicate sympathy of Miss Jewett so highly that we are reluctant to see her gifts possibly diminish in efficacy by too close a confinement and too narrow a range.

<sup>1</sup> *Country By-Ways*. By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.



## MR. WARNER'S BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

THE visitor to Mr. Greenough's statue of Benjamin Franklin in the yard of the Boston City Hall has often been bidden to take his stand now upon one side, now upon the other, that he may see the two faces which make the historic portrait, — one the face of a sage, the other that of a humorist; and very likely he falls into a reflecting mood, and wonders if all faces yield this double portraiture; if, for example, his own has its grave and its funny side. Are there possibilities of humorous aspect in all historic personages, and is it only a question for us which side we shall choose for our point of view? Or may it be that the artist who moulded the statue bestowed the humor, as the writer who sketches the life may inform the character with his own humorous spirit?

Here, not to generalize too widely, is Mr. Warner, who enjoys the reputation of a kindly writer, quick to see the subtle humor of life, shrewd in his observation, and refined in his mirth; he undertakes to sketch the characters of two men, one a man of action, the other a man of letters, and by some chance the portraits appearing almost simultaneously are announced as the initial ones of two series, the former of which is to contain representative men in American history treated jocularly, the latter representative men in American literature. Captain John Smith<sup>1</sup> has not been reckoned among the people who turn their humorous side toward the world, and belongs by virtue of his cloudy surroundings to the race of prehistoric Americans, who are the personal property of students rather than popular heroes and favorites; while Washington

Irving<sup>2</sup> has a distinguished place as the first American author who made a positive addition to the literature of humor, and his personality at once invites a kindly smile of recognition from all fairly read people. What is the result so far as Mr. Warner is concerned? Captain John Smith is not an amusing or humorous production, while Washington Irving is not a dull and serious treatise.

If we are to trust the publishers' prospectus of the *Lives of American Worthies* and Mr. Warner's own preface to his Captain John Smith, it is clear that our author came to scoff; that he remained, if not to pray, yet to treat his theme with gravity and seriousness is a positive tribute to the respect with which he regards his literary work. He remembered the glimpses which he had obtained of Captain Smith among the figures of our early history, and he thought of him as a braggart and adventurous swell, who manufactured romance out of the dusky royal family of Virginia, and paraded himself as a swashbuckler hero along the coast of New England. It was to strengthen the lines of his picture that he set about a conscientious study of the historical authorities, and before long he made two important discoveries: that the actual facts of Smith's career had never been fairly reduced to their truthful proportions, and that the Smith who emerged was far more worthy of respect than had been supposed. He has done, therefore, a real service in refusing to torture his work into a facetious shape, and in giving a firm outline of an interesting and conspicuous figure. If it

American Worthies.] New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881.

<sup>2</sup> *Washington Irving*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. [Vol. I. of *American Men of Letters*.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

<sup>1</sup> *Captain John Smith (1579-1631), sometime Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England. A Study of his Life and Writings*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. [Vol. I. of *Lives of*



were worth while to consider at all the fitness of historic characters to a humorous treatment, it would quickly be seen that a familiarity with the main facts of a life is essential to both reader and writer before those facts can be made to serve in travesty or comedy, and the Captain Smith of popular fame offers too few points for elaboration, while the character which appears after historic investigation is not sufficiently familiar to the reader.

It is better worth our while to congratulate ourselves upon Mr. Warner's literary conscience, since it has given us a valuable monograph, which presents in good form the results of special study by several antiquaries. Mr. Warner, with an artist's eye, has arranged his material in such a way as to make the reader a partner with him in his possessions, and not in his toils. He has sketched the background of the Jamestown colony, with its incongruous elements, and has projected the figure of Smith so sharply from this background that we may be said to have for the first time a really clear and truthful conception of a man who has always had an individuality in our history, but a confused and uncertain one. Mr. Warner's own nice sense of humor has been of excellent service in this study, as it is of value in any historical work, for it protects one against the danger of being taken in by what may have deceived duller contemporaries. If now and then he lightens his task by a gibe or a lazy jest, the reader will have two reasons for exercising charity, namely, his own enjoyment and his recollection that Mr. Warner had intended to be much funnier.

In his companion volume, there was no occasion for any exercise of literary virtue. Washington Irving is so enjoyable a man that Mr. Warner needed but to consult his own sense of comradeship to produce an agreeable book. He had not to collect his material from

recondite sources. Irving's gentle life has been recorded at length, and his works offer no problems. Taken as a single figure in our literature, there was nothing new to be discovered about him, and it is to Mr. Warner's credit that he has made no strained attempt to disclose some special Irving of his imagination, but as a brother artist has been content to draw again the familiar features; so that the charm of this book is in its quiet tribute of one American to another, both having much in common, and the younger possessed of this advantage, that he sees the other in good perspective. The survey of Irving's writings is indeed rather Irving's than Warner's; we should have been willing to sacrifice some of the quoted passages, well chosen as these are, if room could thus have been made for more of Mr. Warner's comments, and we wish that he had given us more distinct views of the New York of Irving's early manhood, and of the society in which Irving moved. His preliminary chapter contains some capital observations upon certain aspects of American literature, and since Irving was preëminently a man of letters it would have been a fitting accessory to the picture if Mr. Warner had enabled us to see a little more of the rather faint literary America of Irving's day. There used to be a preposterous engraving of Irving and his friends; a really truthful presentation of the same subject would have been an addition to our literary history.

We have scarcely answered the questions with which we started, yet Mr. Warner has thrown some light upon them. He has shown, at any rate, that a literary conscience is better worth having than a pliant mood, since it enables its possessor to discover some higher uses in life than a jest-book suggests. There is a fitness in things which it is the first business of a humorist to perceive; the perception of the incongruous comes after. In his two modes of



treatment Mr. Warner has met the demands of literary students: he has used acumen and patient order in his Captain John Smith, refusing to be drawn

aside into the farcical, and he has been light and graceful in his sketch of Irving, refusing to be learned or wearily philosophic.

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN the methods of science have been applied to literature we may look for a natural history of prefaces, and I have sometimes proposed to myself to be a pioneer in the field, by making a collection, and pinning the several specimens in readiness for the classifier and generalizer who is to come after me. I will leave to him the work of ordering under the heads, for instance, of the Apologetic Preface, the Last Confession Preface, the Swaggering Preface, the Breathless Preface, the Hat on the Side of the Head Preface, the Insinuating Preface, the Abject Preface, the Ill at Ease Preface, — all under the general head of the Unnecessary Preface.

As somebody has said, — I believe in poetry, but I quote as prose, — “A little preface is a dangerous thing.” There are few who can swing one and not hurt themselves. That is the reason why I do not mean to write a preface to my forthcoming Dissertation on Prefaces. The work will speak for itself, and will contain chiefly extracts from celebrated prefaces, and specimens of obscure but typical prefaces. Almost the last book which I took up, a book of stories, had a preface of several pages, in which the author betrayed all his weaknesses. Anybody else would have supposed he was telling stories for the entertainment of the public, but he insisted upon it, with tears in his eyes, that he was making a book on a new plan, and that a fine philosophical purpose ran through his scheme. “The following stories,” he begins, “are fic-

tions, having for their object the isolation and idealization of Southwestern Pennsylvania.” If this author had intended isolating his readers, he could not have set about the task more effectively. Then see how he proceeds to wind himself up, spinning a sentence like a shroud about himself: “While the writer, as if he were the sum of his surroundings, and nothing more by inheritance or otherwise from another sphere, has endeavored to give expression to his environment in such a manner that the reader, in turning to the pages, may be moved and moulded approximately as much as if he were a traveler encompassed with the thousand and one objects in the relationships of reality which here are involved in an entanglement of ideas in fiction.” That is what I call a specimen of the breathless in art. A little further on is an example of the High Cockalorum Preface: “Albeit in saying this, and leaving the reader to infer that from the diversity of objects in the writer’s environment there may be found reasonably a corresponding variety of ideas in his book, the writer is fully aware that the factors of fiction may be found anywhere except in an empty skull. Where the heart thrills and the brain thinks, the art of the story-teller will find in the little world of himself enough of the unshapen, the invisible, and the intangible to be moulded into being, that it may be seen and felt by others, which to accomplish is the fulfillment of his function as an artist, a poet, or what you will.” Since



by this last gracious admission we are not shut up to looking upon the writer either as an artist or as a poet, we are prepared for his own subtle characterization of himself in the next paragraph: "It may be said, indeed, that it is not the territory of Southwestern Pennsylvania, its fauna and flora, its soil and climate, and the accidental relationships that may be presented from time to time by the shifting parts, — it is not this, in reality, which the reader will expect to get in this book, but the ideal child of the writer's environment, begotten in contemplation, and *born with the ear-marks of its parentage*, so palpable to the senses that it may be recognized as legitimate at birth." The italics, as conscientious reviewers say, are our own. Has he not written himself down, as Dogberry longed to have Conrade write him down?

After hearing what a fellow contributor had to say about the new profession of Vocophy, I turned eagerly to that book to see what light it could throw. There was no section devoted to preface-writers, but the apostle of Vocophy had ingenuously shown by his own preface how the thing could be done. That is a fine illustration of the Perfectly Sure of Myself Preface. It contains two paragraphs which have a more rock-like character than any we happen to have met with in the literature of prefaces: —

"This work has been undertaken with the view to benefit every inhabitant on the face of our planet: not so much those who have passed the meridian of life as the young and middle-aged, whose success depends upon the choice of the most fitting pursuit.

"Its true worth can only be estimated by the reader or student who carefully reads and studies the work. To every nation on the earth it is of equal value."

With the fine assurance of these words, compare the touching humility of the following, which I regard as the

best specimen of the Ill at Ease Preface in my collection: —

"To those who may favor these pages with perusal, I make this earnest request: that if they commence they will read all. Knowing that the best mode of dealing with doubts is to state and refute, successively, I regret that the plan of the present work forces a separation of the statement and refutation. To read one without the other were to defeat the object in view: hence my request.

"Many of the subjects of thought are worn smooth with the touch of ages, so that hope for originality is as slender as the bridge of Al Sirat; but in the bulrush ark of self-confidence, pitched with Faith, I commit my first-born to the Nile of public opinion; whether to perish by crocodile critics, or bask in the palace of favor, the Future alone must determine. May Pharaoh's daughter find it."

I do not know whether Pharaoh's daughter found it or not. I found it, and set it afloat again now, in pursuit of the author's expressive imagery, upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic.

— Does any one remember that a few years ago it was suggested that nervous invalids should go through a course of treatment called the color cure? It now being the fashion to put little faith in medicine, one naturally counts up the other resources of the profession. The field of therapeutics has widened in some directions in these later days, but it ought to cover a greater space than it does now before unscientific people will resign themselves contentedly to ignoring of old-fashioned dosing. When one is in very bad pain there is a grim satisfaction in swallowing a large and disagreeable quantity of a historic and well-known drug. It seems like a much braver fight against the disease, and all theories vanish at such times from our minds. It interests young doctors more than it does



their patients to let ailments alone, to see what will come of them. Leaving things to nature, when it is ill-nature, seems sometimes most unkind. I have spoken as if I were very fond of dosing, but that is not true, since I am more ready than most persons to accept the agreeable alternatives which are now at the command of the medical profession. I caught eagerly at the idea of the color cure, at any rate. It was proposed to make careful studies of the effect of different colors on the human mind and body, then have little rooms painted with the brilliant and inspiring or the quiet and depressing tints, and the patients were to be locked into them for a suitable length of time every day; perhaps confined altogether. Scarlet is most invigorating and cheering in its effect upon the human mind. Let us imagine a person in most feeble condition, who has suffered some terrible strain or other, who cannot bear even the most delicate treatment with tonics. The skillful doctor of this new school reads the case at a glance and orders a very few minutes of the red room to be administered with great care. The light is shaded at first, and the duration and brilliancy of the color are increased from day to day, until the recovery is completed. For nervous people, who do not sleep or eat, — or think they do not, which makes them and other people just as unhappy, — for these sufferers, what adroit mingling of the red that cheers, and the blue that soothes and quiets, and the reddish-purple that enrages into a determination to escape from its discomfort into the light of day and sensible activity!

This subject seems to me to have been far less considered than it deserves. It never before occurred to me that some people's characters may have been deeply influenced because the color of their complexions led them to surround themselves with certain shades and tints. A person who from her childhood has con-

stantly been looking at blue things — wearing blue bonnets and blue gowns and blue ribbons, who has had blue paint and paper in her house wherever there was any excuse for it — cannot be what she might have been, with reds and yellows about her. By and by we may learn to dress with a view to the moral influence upon ourselves. Other people have a right to expect that we use all the means in our power for the up-building of our characters, and it may one day seem a low aim to wear this color or that simply because it is becoming. "I am so quick-tempered," one conscientious harassed soul will say, "that I try never to look at anything but blues. I notice the bad effect at once of even sealing my letters with red wax."

— I am sometimes, I may say frequently, inclined to echo Mérimée's opinion of "*cette vie de province*," which he held to be so unutterably wearisome, the ways of which were, as he said, so "entirely foreign" to his own "circle of thought." His view may not take in the whole truth on the subject, but seizes at least its most obvious aspect. If Mérimée's had been a nature more rounded and complete, had he been less a man of the world, and more a man to whom nothing human was of alien interest, he could not have so expressed himself without qualification. Yet, as I say, I am often disposed to pardon the frankness of his disgust when I am forced to realize the barrenness of town and country life, and how little satisfaction it affords for the social instincts, and how little stimulus to intellectual activity. The deficiency in the first respect is of more consequence than in the second; for we can live after a fashion, though certainly not the most enviable one, without sharers in our intellectual tastes or pursuits, but it is not a natural or healthy existence which lacks diversion and the refreshment of mingling with one's kind for purposes other



than of business. The truth seems to be that provincials do not very well understand the art of diverting themselves, and their social gatherings are apt to be the dullerest affairs possible. I speak now of towns in which those who constitute society, so called, are above finding their pleasure in the homely recreations which serve to amuse the more rustic population of our villages. These towns are given to alternations of complete stagnation and spasmodic gayety: one winter sunk in a home-keeping lethargy, the next dancing violently every week, crowding the diversions of two seasons into one, and feeling a pleasing sense of dissipation in staying out till one in the morning. It is the kind of amusement they best enjoy. Let some one give an afternoon reception instead of a dancing party, where the only entertainment provided is conversation, and see how small will be the company, how few young men present, how languishing the talk. The affair is not a success. These people belong to the educated class; why, then, this inability to amuse themselves? It is not altogether easy to answer this question why. We do not expect a provincial society to rival that of a metropolis; we do not look to find the wit, the talent for epigram and repartee, the conversational brilliance, struck out from minds constantly strung up to concert pitch. There is not only an absence of this, however, but apparently a lack of any consciousness that every guest in a drawing-room is bound to contribute something toward the common entertainment. There is a strange incapacity in these educated people to talk on general subjects. The most quiet and unpretending person need not be entirely without ideas, or the power to take interest in impersonal matters. We provincials cannot and need not invite each other to houses filled with all the modern devices of elegant luxury; our toilets need not attempt to emulate the costly ones of city dames; but at our

modest gatherings we surely need not bore each other. The trouble at bottom must be that as individuals we fall short of being what we might, and, being separately uninteresting, we are none the less so taken collectively. There is a slouch in the provincial manner; and with the inevitable dropping of mere formalities among those who know each other so well there is sometimes a dropping also of slight but essential courtesies. There is manifest in all this the want of an ideal, without which life must always be more or less of a failure; in the social sphere, as in the spheres of politics, art, and religion, we cannot afford to dispense with an ideal.

—I have at times thought that the heart of primitive man might have been quarried in the stone age, there is so little evidence of his having been actuated by the "sentiment of humanity;" especially does he seem to have been lacking in pitiful consideration for physical deformity or infirmity. Small compassion had he to bestow upon the hunch-backed, the knock-kneed, or the club-footed of his kind. When these did not inspire in his mind a superstitious terror, they appear to have been laid under contribution for his amusement. The troop of grewsome and malevolent semi-deities, such as the satyrs, the gorgons, Triton, and Polyphemus, all represented under a gnarled or distorted humanity, show how the Greek regarded corporal deformity. For instance, in the *Iliad*, the scurrilous dog Thersites has a body as crooked and malformed as his spirit is insolent and malicious. Again, the poor misshapen artisan god, Hephaistos (so cruelly knocked about in his babyhood), is made to serve as a laughing-stock for all the broad humor of Olympus. He is something of a clown, too, and enjoys simply enough the merriment he creates by hobbling about on his wretched legs to dispense the pacific nectar. Now, modern theogony (if we could have such a department)



would have taken pity on the crippled divinity, and invested him with abundantly compensating attributes, perhaps giving him supremacy over poetry, music, and the remaining fine arts. But the Greek had no mind to apotheosize ugliness in this benign fashion. The same may be said of another race of the primitive man, still extant. An acquaintance of mine, who held a clerkship at an Indian agency in the West, related an amusing and significant incident, in this connection. The too "friendly Indians" of the neighborhood were in the habit of dropping in at his office, often to his great annoyance. At last he hit upon a plan whereby to discourage these frequent visits on the part of the red men. Possessing a lithe and supple frame, he contrived, by some gymnastic legerdemain, to throw his right shoulder and arm temporarily out of joint, thus giving himself the appearance of great deformity. This unannounced phenomenon so terrified the Indians that they stayed for no investigation, but got out-of-doors as soon as possible. The stratagem, as often as repeated, never failed to effect a clearance. The explanation of their fright lay in the fact that they supposed the white man to have been suddenly possessed by the devil, — all deformed bodies, according to their belief, offering special attraction, in the way of lodgings, to that ancient roamer. We have no theory to offer regarding this aboriginal notion, but would merely note that the feeling of repugnance towards physical deformity is still the first impulse, — the savage and the natural; while pity is the second thought, — the ingraft, it may be, of ages of civilization and moral evolution. Any departure from normality of form afflicts us beyond reason. One finger too many, or one too few, appears in the light of an intolerable monstrosity. In the case of Pericles, who wore a helmet to disguise the unnatural length of his head, we might suspect that he

possessed an overplus of the quality known as "long-headedness." A dwarfed body, we commonly infer, can hold but a dwarfed mind. Our fine Greek imagination does not readily conceive of a near-sighted poet, and the novelist is yet to come who has the courage to give us a hero with a positive squint, or even a cast, in his eyes. That slightest of all "slight deformities," the facial grimace or *bias*, is not destined to escape observation. Yet why should I be annoyed because, in a certain charming face, a little superciliary wrinkle or plait in the forehead has permanently drawn up the left eyebrow, thereby giving a certain quizzical expression to a face otherwise sweet and dignified? Or why should I find *satirical* suggestion in a certain pair of refractory ears set at an acute angle with the head, and wish that the owner would take thought and hide them under masses of hair, in the discreet style of Hawthorne's faun? Or why, looking in the glass, should I — But no one should be so foolish as to indicate the bad points of his own physiognomy. If he persist in so doing, let him beware of sensitive over-statement.

— Some years ago it was said of the Ode on Immortality that it is "the high-water mark which the intellect has reached in this age." I do not know precisely the year in which this sentence was written; it may have been truer then than at any time since, but it is certain it could not be said now with any degree of truth. Let us examine the famous Ode a little. What is the central thought of it condensed? It is that the innocence and joyousness of childhood are indications of the divine origin of our being, and consequently intimations of our immortality. We should not presume that a poet was pretending in these stanzas to deal with his theme in the way of conclusive philosophic reasoning, were it not that this particular poet has been so generally valued as a philosophic thinker. He



mourns that, though there was a time when every common sight of earth seemed "appareled in celestial light," this glory has now passed away for him. And his experience, he says, is that of all men, — the "vision splendid" always dies away and "fades into the light of common day." He tells us that "heaven lies about us in our infancy." The thought in this oft-quoted line is only measurably true; or rather it may be called measurably false. Properly speaking, heaven — the divine, spiritual essence of human nature — does not lie about our infancy, but about our maturer years. And this, for the reason that innocence is not righteousness, but a purely negative and passive state of soul; impossible and undesirable as a permanent state, and therefore not intended to be such. The innocence of childhood, then, which is mere ignorance of evil, and its joyousness, which is ignorance of misfortune, cannot be taken as even an intimation of immortality. If these characteristics of childhood were to be prized for their own sake, then the fact that they pass so soon would make them rather indications of lapse, failure, and decay. If they are of no lasting worth, but only lovely as temporary conditions befitting the beginning of conscious life, then, to be sure, they "intimate" nothing; but neither are they things whose loss is to be mourned. It is not worth while to consider if a writer's thought is profound till it is first shown to be true; and if it is not true, there need be no questioning as to its profundity.

The short stanza following the one from which I have quoted is really fine and the best in the Ode: it is the stanza beginning, "Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own." Further on the poet returns to the thought with which he started, about the years that "bring the inevitable yoke," but finds matter for rejoicing in the fact that "nature yet remembers what was so fugitive." But

chiefly he raises his song of thanks and praise for childhood's

"obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized;  
High instincts before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;  
And for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake  
To perish never;  
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,  
Nor man, nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish and destroy."

This stanza illustrates the power of lines and phrases to suggest an impression of a deeper meaning than is really contained in them. All the clauses of the stanza refer back to the former line, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and are the evidences or manifestations of that fact. When a child puts its hand into the flame to convince itself that fire really burns, it may be said to be questioning obstinately of outward things, but in any less literal sense than this children do not question of outward objects or their own sensations; nothing is more noticeable in young children than their easy, undoubting acceptance of things which are all equally new, all equally strange, and therefore not at all strange to their unfledged intellects. It is a common saying that children can ask questions which it puzzles a wise man to answer; this is not, however, because he is unprovided with an answer intelligible to wisdom like his own, but only that such answer no childish intelligence can take in. To children, the world is, indeed, not realized, yet they have no misgivings about their place in it. Further on in the same stanza, the vagueness of the lines throws some doubt upon the poet's meaning. Does he intend to say that a child's "shadowy recollection



tions" (of the heaven it came from?) are really the "master light of all our seeing;" that they "uphold and cherish" us, and are "truths that wake to perish never"? This last line in its context has no meaning; taken by itself, it is a fine one, and the same may be said of others which have helped to make the reputation of the famous Ode. A poem, however, must be judged as a whole, not by detached lines or stanzas. The Ode

in truth owes more to sound than sense. It is more uniformly poetic, more harmonious and fine in rhythm, than almost any of Wordsworth's poems. Only a captious critic would be disposed to pick flaws in it, considered as a simple meditation on childhood; looked on as great intellectual achievement, a characteristic work of a great "philosophic" poet, we may be allowed to take exceptions to it.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*History and Biography.* Renaissance in Italy, by John Addington Symonds, is a work which has been carried through three parts in England: The Age of the Despots, The Revival of Learning, and The Fine Arts. The first two of these have been reissued here (Holt), and ought to find many readers, for the American mind seizes with especial avidity upon those epochs in history which are marked by fresh impulse in life. Mr. Symonds enlists at once the sympathy of his readers by his comprehensive interpretation of the movement named as the Renaissance, recognizing in it the historic awakening which is still in process of development in society and politics. — The fifth volume of the admirable series of Campaigns of the Civil War is F. W. Palfrey's The Antietam and Fredericksburg Campaign (Scribners), which will be read with interest, not only because of the importance of the subject, but because General Palfrey is a clear writer, and makes no concealment of his judgments. — Historical Outline of the English Constitution for Beginners, by David Watson Rannie (Scribners), is a brief sketch of the evolution of the political life of England, and will be of excellent service in directing young students along a line which is fast being accepted as the trunk-line, so to speak, of historical work. — H. E. Scudder's Noah Webster (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the second in the series of American Men of Letters, and from the range of Webster's work might almost have found a place in the parallel series of American Statesmen. The historical treatment of the subject was necessary from the scantiness of the material for a strictly biographical account, but it seems a pity that the personality of Webster should fade out in the book from behind the growing bulk of the Dictionary, which looms up in the last half of the work and casts a shadow over the subject. — The fifth volume of the Memoirs of Prince Meternich (Scribners) covers the period 1830-1835, and has for its general subject the July Revolution and its immediate consequences. In

arranging this portion the editor had an important treasury to draw from in the Princess Melanie's Diary; the passages from it frequently give a lightness to the work. — America, a History, by Robert Mackenzie, includes the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and South America, etc., the *etc.* taking in Mexico and Central America. It is miscalled a history; it is rather an oration, and is published in Harper's Franklin Square Series. — The second and third volumes of the Military History of Ulysses S. Grant, by Adam Badeau (Appletons), have appeared, completing the work, and we may now expect an interesting fight of words.

*Criticism.* An Analytical Index to the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, with a sketch of his life (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may fairly be called a piece of criticism, since its pages offer an excellent opportunity for any one familiar with Hawthorne to discover the range of Hawthorne's sympathy and speculation. Its usefulness as a book of ready reference will make it an acceptable accompaniment to any edition of the works. — We have already referred to the English edition of Shairp's Aspects of Poetry, and welcome now the neat American reprint. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Those who have felt their indebtedness to Principal Shairp's former works will be glad to have this in the same style. The personal interest which the author takes in poetry and his acquaintance with poets give a warmth to his essays. — The long-expected Introduction and Appendix to the New Testament in the Original Greek, by B. F. Westcott and F. J. A. Hort (Harpers), has appeared too soon, it is to be feared, to contain an explicit rejoinder to the Quarterly Review article, which also appeared too late to get the benefit of this criticism.

*Fiction.* The latest issue of the Leisure Hour Series (Holt) is Dick Netherby, by Mrs. L. B. Walford, whose agreeable novels of Mr. Smith, Troublesome Daughter, and others predispose



one to like this. — Miss Alcott's story of Moods, which was published several years ago, has been republished in a new edition (Roberts), which becomes almost a new book, since the author, with a praiseworthy literary conscience, has rewritten portions and made the novel over. — Esau Runswick, by Katherine S. Macquoid, has been included in Putnam's series of Trans-Atlantic novels, and Eunice Lathrop, Spinster, by Annette Lucille Noble, in the same publisher's series of Knickerbocker novels, these last being Cis-Atlantic. Miss Noble will be remembered as the author of an amusing if somewhat crude story called Uncle Jack's Executors; she has been less successful in this book, since she has lost some of her gayety without securing any more firmness of plot. — A Child of Israel, from the French of Edouard Cadol (Petersons), turns upon the marriage of a French woman to a Jew. The final difficulties are removed by a marriage in America, from which blessed country they send back cards drawn up in the style which the author invented, and then palmed off as American. — Bob Dean, or Our Other Boarder, is the title of a novel by Mrs. Emma Nelson Hood, of Austin, Texas (Claxton, Philadelphia), where the scene is laid. The author evidently has taken a dislike to the villain of her story, yet does not like to say how villainous he really was. — The latest volume of the Round Robin Series (Osgood) is Madame Lucas, a light and airy novel of half Bohemian life, with faint regrets and disenchantments, but no naughtiness. — The Fatal Marriage, or Orville Deville, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth (Petersons), is one of forty-three novels by this writer, every one of which is a separate astonishment. — The latest issues in fiction of The Franklin Square Library are The Captain's Room, by Walter Besant and James Rice; The Senior Partner, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, who once wrote a clever story in George Geith of Fen Court; A Heart's Problem, by Charles Gibbon; God and the Man, a romance, by Robert Buchanan, of the time of John Wesley. — The delightful arrogance of the title An American Story Book tempts the reader to look further into a volume whose sub-title informs him that it contains Short Stories from Studies of Life in Southwestern Pennsylvania, pathetic, tragic, humorous, and grotesque. It is published by the author, Frank Cowen, at Greensburg, Penn., and belongs to a class and age of literature of which Georgia Scenes was a mild example; but this has not equal claims upon the attention of the reader. — The Dickens Reader, in Harper's Franklin Square Series, is a selection of character readings from the stories of Charles Dickens, made by Nathan Sheppard. It is hoped that nobody will be misled by the title into supposing it suitable for schools.

*Religion, Theology, and Morals.* The lectures given before the Lowell Institute by James Freeman Clarke in 1880 have been collected into a stout duodecimo volume, bearing the title Events and Epochs in Religious History. (Osgood.) The chapters cover such conspicuous subjects as the Catacombs, the Buddhist monks of Central Asia, Augustine, Anselm, Jeanne d'Arc, Savonarola, Luther, the Mystics, George Fox, the Huguenots,

and John Wesley, and Dr. Clarke's sympathetic treatment and agreeable style are well adapted to the purpose. — Paul the Missionary, by the Rev. Wm. M. Taylor (Harpers), is less a narrative or critical biography than a practical illustration of Christian living drawn from the Apostle's life, which is, however, fully described. — The Infidel Pulpit is the title of a collection of lectures by George Chainey, who also publishes the work. The author, who was formerly a minister, first in the Methodist and next in the Unitarian church, conceives himself now to have found a freer field and clearer air outside of all religious organizations. He writes sometimes with keenness in his criticism of existing faiths, but his own outlook beyond the horizon is somewhat indefinite. He grazes an important truth when he seeks to substitute the state for the church, but a state without God would not satisfy Mr. Chainey long, — of that we are sure. — A further volume in the re-issue of Dr. Holland's works is his Concerning the Jones Family (Scribners), in which he imagined the mediocrity so open to advice, and so likely to profit by it. — A new edition of Thomas à Kempis's On the Imitation of Christ (Osgood) is embellished with a number of head-pieces, initial letters, and tail-pieces, which have a somewhat ungainly look, being in most cases too large for the page, and having a blurred and heavy appearance. — A second edition has appeared of Monumental Christianity, or the Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church as Witnesses and Teachers of the one Catholic Faith and Practice, by Rev. John P. Lundy (Bouton), a work which originally was published six years ago, and now has the benefit of the author's further research and criticism. — A new edition has been published of Prayers, by Theodore Parker (Roberts), which is preceded by a preface by Louisa M. Alcott, and a biographical sketch by F. B. Sanborn. The prayers represent Mr. Parker's thoughts on high subjects, cast in a somewhat rhetorical form, and will be read at a disadvantage, since a colder criticism attends the reading than was present at the hearing. — The Hibbert Lectures for 1881 have been re-issued by the Putnams, and consist of Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by some points in the history of Indian Buddhism, by T. W. Rhys Davids. The lecturer's method is to present within the narrow limits of six discourses a survey of Buddhism, with occasional suggestive references to a comparative study of religious beliefs. The book becomes thus rather a sketch of a theme than a thorough statement. — Studies in the Life of Christ, by the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn (Appletons), is a reverent, sympathetic, unhackneyed examination of the salient points in that life, with a view to extracting its greatest worth.

*Books for Young People.* The series known as Zigzag Journeys, by Hezekiah Butterworth, has been increased by the volume Zigzag Journeys in the Orient, descriptive of travels from Vienna to Constantinople, the Euxine, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. It was a capital idea to line the covers with clew maps. — Of the same general order of books is T. W. Knox's Adventures of Two Youths in a journey to Ceylon and India, with



descriptions of Borneo, the Philippine Islands, and Burmah. (Harpers.) The book is in the series entitled *The Boy Travelers in the Far East*, of which it is Part Third. Both of these writers make profuse use of illustrations, and employ the customary machinery of a party of boys under the guidance of older persons. The design and the quantity of information can be praised; the literary execution is sometimes lost sight of in the presence of these more important considerations. We wish it were not. — *Recollections of Auton House* is an anonymous and delightful account of a happy childhood by a writer who has the advantage of using his pencil as well as his pen. He has followed the direction of the Greek proverb, *gnōthi seauton*, and demurely writes himself down C. Auton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's *Boys at Chequasset* has been added to the uniform edition of her writings published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. — *The Cruise of the Ghost* is a capital book for boys, by W. L. Alden, author of *The Moral Pirates*, which we were glad to recommend last year. (Harpers.) — *Sketches and Scraps*, by Laura E. Richards, with pictures by Henry Richards (Estes & Lauriat), is not a very satisfactory book. The rhymes are sometimes pretty, sometimes silly, sometimes commonplace; the pictures are sometimes clever, sometimes tasteless, sometimes careless. — *The Giant Raft, Part I, Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon* (Scribners), is perhaps the latest of Jules Verne's extraordinary combinations of nature and melodrama. — *The Unseen Hand*, by Elijah Kellogg (Lee & Shepard), is a story of homely life in Western Pennsylvania at the close of the last century. Mr. Kellogg's dry style seems to suit the place and times; we always have respected the sincerity of his purpose and the realistic efficacy of his work; if he had only seen all that he saw from the outside, instead of being in the life itself, he would have been likely to write better books. There is too little art in them, and yet they have good stuff. — The simple rhymes of *At Home* (Marcus Ward & Co.) are not marred by any slips from good taste, and if they are not very poetical they are unaffected and domestic; the pictures, by J. G. Sowerby and Thomas Crane, show only moderate skill, and are ineffective in the delineation of children's faces, but they are pleasing in subject, and will be better for children than some that are more artistic.

*Domestic Economy.* Appletons' Home Books series contains *Home Decoration*, by Janet E. Runtz-Rees, which is devoted to art needlework and embroidery, painting on silk, satin, and velvet, panel-painting, and wood-carving. — *Home Amusements* in the same series, by M. E. W. S., is devoted to hints and suggestions, which range from flower stands to private theatricals and lawn tennis. The author has a catholic taste, and manages to cover a number of occupations with the name of amusements which those engaged upon them regard in a more serious light. — A new edition of J. Pickering Putnam's *The Open Fire-*

*Place in all Ages* (Osgood) contains additional illustrations, which still further kindle the reader's jealousy, and make him, as he reads the book before his register, repent of his sins and ask for estimates immediately. The book is at once the record of a most wholesome reform and a tract for the unconverted. — *The Mother's Guide in the Management and Feeding of Infants*, by John M. Keating, M. D. (Leas), is a sensible and careful little volume, by a physician of experience.

*Philosophy.* A recent volume in the English and Foreign Philosophical Library is *The Mind of Mencius*, a translation by the Rev. Arthur B. Hutchinson from the German of E. Faber. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The work is a systematic digest of the doctrines of the Chinese philosopher, and intended as an interpretation of the mysteries of Confucianism. The book is apprehended by the translator in a most practical spirit. He wished for something which should be of use to the missionary, and he found in Faber's work a valuable introduction to the study of Chinese philosophy. The English reader will be glad to have so substantial and orderly a setting forth of a subject which appears hopelessly obscure when taken in the direct form of a translation from the Chinese.

*Literature.* The Harpers have issued a dignified edition of Peter Cunningham's *The Works of Oliver Goldsmith*, in four volumes, which will be worth the pains taken with it, if it calls back readers to a literature which has been preserved by its form, as the best literature is preserved. What a singular contrast between the reputations now and then of Johnson and Goldsmith! Who wants Johnson's complete works? Who does not want Goldsmith's? And who, having examined the present edition, would care to have Prior's or Bishop Percy's? Neither work approaches the fullness and accuracy of Mr. Cunningham's Goldsmith, which is not likely to be superseded. We have here for the first time a carefully edited, well-printed, and complete collection of Goldsmith's writings.

*Business.* The number of the United States Official Postal Guide (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) for January is in striking contrast to the first of the series, issued, we think, eight years ago; a solid, business-like, blue-book, of over eight hundred pages, filled with well-arranged matter pertaining to the post-office, it shows admirably the soundness of the principle which asserts that government may prepare, but a publishing house can best manufacture and distribute, a work of this character. The Guide has grown steadily in thoroughness of appointment and usefulness to the public. — No more Free Rides on this Jackass, or Protection Forever and Everywhere, by Frank Rosewater (Frank Rosewater, Cleveland), is a brochure which undertakes, by means of much fooling and occasional glimmers of sense, to settle the question of protection and free trade. We fear that most would get neither fun nor instruction from it.





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*\*\* The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., 4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

**Bret Harte's Works. New Edition.** The fourteen volumes in which the various poems, stories, sketches, and other works of Mr. Bret Harte have been heretofore comprised are now to be compressed into five volumes, but as these are crown octavo volumes, this compression is not gained by the use of small type; on the other hand, the type is small pica, and the pages are altogether open and attractive. The first volume, which is just issued, contains all of Mr. Harte's poems, together with the play "Two Men of Sandy Bar." It is prefaced with an Introduction by Mr. Harte, and has a fine steel portrait. The remaining volumes of the edition will appear at the rate of one a month. In typography and binding the edition cannot fail to commend anew Mr. Harte's original and delightful works to even a greater popularity than they have heretofore enjoyed.

**Mr. Longfellow's Seventy-fifth Birthday,** which occurs on the twenty-seventh of February, promises to be an occasion of unusual interest in all parts of the country. His poems have endeared him to all English-reading people, and naturally in his native land the respect and affection felt for him grow deeper with his increasing years. The practice of celebrating this poet's birthday has been growing from year to year, and this year it bids fair to assume gigantic proportions. Children are eager in some way to participate in the observance; and, to answer the questions which they naturally ask in regard to Mr. Longfellow, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have sent out tens of thousands of pamphlets containing a brief but comprehensive biographical sketch of the poet, with a portrait, and an engraving of his house, which, as the headquarters of General Washington while in command of the Revolutionary army at Cambridge, is one of the most famous historic houses in the country. This pamphlet also contains a specimen page of the "Longfellow Leaflets," which have been recently prepared for use in schools, and also a list of Mr. Longfellow's publications. The "Leaflets" are admirably suited for use in such celebrations as the coming birthday invites.

**Senator Hoar's Eulogy of President Garfield,** delivered at Worcester, Mass., on the thirtieth of December, was altogether too valuable to be allowed to pass unnoticed, or to be

trusted to the precarious existence of a pamphlet.

The sketch of Mr. Garfield's life was so compact and comprehensive, the important features of his career were delineated with such admirable skill, the analysis of his character was so wise and just, and the appreciation of his private virtues and great public services was at once so generous and discriminating, — in short, the eulogy was so sufficient and felicitous, that the publishers felt that it ought to be preserved in appropriate form. They therefore asked and secured Senator Hoar's consent to its publication; and they feel confident that it will be treasured in many public and private libraries as one of the noblest of the many noble tributes to President Garfield, and one of the fittest memorials of his remarkable career and character.

**Shairp's Aspects of Poetry.** — A new volume of criticism, especially one in which the critic attempts to define poetry, and to indicate the relative importance of different poets, is sure to bring down upon itself a very lively fusillade from other critics whose judgments the author has been so unwise or unfortunate as to traverse. Professor Shairp has had this experience, but he has also received very cordial recognition from other critics whose judgment is to be respected. The *Springfield Republican* says:

He is a true critic of poetry, and never touches a poet or an age of poesy that he does not adorn his theme with some wise and clear insight, uttered in modest tones, — not the big bow-wow of Dr. Johnson, nor the broad Scotch growl of Carlyle, — but a more musical and courteous form of speech, devoid of the polished superciliousness with which Matthew Arnold is too fond of delivering his good things. There is sufficient learning, and the knowledge of others more learned than himself to whom he may turn for aid, as he does frequently, and without false shame.

**Mr. James's Latest Novel,** "The Portrait of a Lady," has attracted a kind and amount of critical attention very rarely bestowed on a modern novel, and even those who find most to criticise in it also find very much to admire, so that the net result of the judgment of critics upon the book is that it is one of the greatest novels of recent times, and most likely to be read by coming generations as a picture of the present age in some of its most noteworthy features. In speaking of this story *The Critic*, of New York, says: —



He certainly excels in portrait-painting, and his excellence grows. He improves in every fresh work. His dissection of moods, of motives, of sections of life, is as minute and neat and complete as one could desire. His observation takes a wide range, and his eye is keen for shading in character. To find fault with his results one must get away from the fascination of immediate inspection.

**Hawthorne Index.**—Readers of Hawthorne, who understand the almost innumerable situations and passages of peculiar interest in his works, will be glad to know that a very full index of all his writings has just appeared. The object of this index is to furnish a key to all important incidents, scenes, and passages in Hawthorne's Works, so that easy access may be gained to the marvelous wealth of his writings. It is published in two styles, one uniform with the Little Classic Edition of Hawthorne's Works, the other, 12mo, uniform with the Illustrated Library Edition.

**Chinese Classics.**—A new edition has just appeared of the "Chinese Classics," translated by James Legge, D. D.: the first part of the book containing extracts from the writings of Confucius, namely, Analects, The Great Learning, and The Doctrine of the Mean; the second part giving extracts from the works of Mencius.

This new edition is published in style uniform with the Foreign and Philosophical Library, in which it is altogether proper that it should be ranked.

**American Classics for Schools.**—Under this title Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish a series of small volumes consisting of selections from the works of the most eminent American writers, with special reference to the needs and interest of young people, particularly in schools. These selections will be made with studious care to include only those pieces which youthful readers will easily understand and appreciate, and which, by the charm of their style, will be to their readers an inspiration and incentive to the study of good literature. The first volume, just published, is made up of selections from the works of Mr. Longfellow, and though to older readers many of the selections included in it are familiar as household words, it must be borne in mind that pupils in schools are unacquainted with many of them, and certainly they could find no purer, or better or more interesting reading than is embraced in these selections.

The book contains a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Longfellow, and such notes as seem necessary to explain personal and historic allusions. Though intended primarily for schools, the book is one of great interest for households as well.

**Mr. Fields and his Writings.**—From the hearty tribute which the *Literary World* of London paid to Mr. Fields we take the following paragraphs:—

We heard with unfeigned regret that Mr. Fields had passed away. He discoursed so pleasantly, and with such full sympathy, of men and women

whom he had known in this country and in his own, that one must regard his death as a serious loss to all who wish to preserve affectionate and ever-endearing associations with the leaders of letters in the days that are gone.

"Yesterdays with Authors" has now entered its twentieth edition, and no wonder. It is the kind of book which the world is certain to read,—a book for a half-hour, for a long summer day in the woods or on the shore, or for a winter evening by the quiet fireside. Dip into it where you will, you will always find it detaining your attention, charming your heart with its pleasant reminiscences, filling your fancy with its exquisite little sketches, luring you on into visions and imaginings that will make you forget the present, and help you to feel that the pleasures of memory furnished by such a skillful story-teller as Mr. Fields are very precious indeed. . . . Wherever this book is known it is sure to be valued, and we can only hope that its charming pages will become familiar to those who wish to come into pleasant intercourse with the illustrious dead whose words and deeds, whose characters and habits, are so happily recalled in these delightfully interesting pages. (\$2.00.)

**A Great Historical Novel.**—Hon. Charles W. Dilke, M. P., writing to Lord Dufferin recently of Gen. Lew Wallace, said:—

His "The Fair God" is, in my humble opinion, the best historical novel that was ever written,—better than "Romola," better than "Rienzi," better than "Old Mortality." (\$1.50.)

**The Author of "Two Years before the Mast."**—The recent death of Mr. Richard H. Dana has called forth in all parts of the English-speaking world expressions of sincere regret at his too early decease, and words of admiration for his most famous work, "Two Years before the Mast."

The English journals have been quite as hearty as the American in tributes to his talents and character, and to his remarkable literary ability. The London *Athenæum*, speaking of "Two Years before the Mast," said:—

The work has the merit of being the truest ever written about life on the ocean wave. The ordinary sailor cannot depict his experiences. Smollett and Marryat added much fiction to the ground of fact in their nautical novels; Dana repeated with perfect truth the facts which he saw. Few books have so much of the vitality of Robinson Crusoe as Dana's "Two Years before the Mast."

**Dr. Holmes's Poems,** in the new handy-volume issue, attract the admiration of all who love poetry and beautiful books. The *Boston Transcript* says:—

The dainty little two-volume edition of Holmes's poems issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will be hailed with delight by a vast multitude of readers. It includes everything the author has written down to the present year, including the "Post Prandial," read before the Phi Beta Kappa last summer, the poem read at the centennial anniversary dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society in June of the present year, and of course his 1880 poems, among them some of his sweetest and best. None of our poets hold a nearer place to the popular heart than Holmes. His humor, his pathos, his grace, his scholarship, and his sound common sense withal make a combination of qualities rarely found in one man, whatever his mission or profession.



**"Boys at Chequasset."** — The new edition of this book, in uniform style with Mrs. Whitney's other books, revives the recollection of a story which now has a new lease of popular life. The *New York Christian Intelligencer* says: —

Mrs. Whitney is the author of a number of books for girls which are unique for simple, practical wisdom. Her piquant sayings, her artistic reproduction of New England character, and the wholesomeness of all she writes are admitted. In the little book now published she shows that she can write for boys with much of the skill that was peculiar to Jacob Abbott. Johnny in "Boys at Chequasset" reminds us of "Rollo," and Jacob is certainly first cousin to Jonas of those famous books. The father and mother, and especially the mother, are lovable, — just the best father and mother for a heedless little fellow, who is, with all his faults, a little gentleman.

**"The Children's Book"** has called forth a perfect chorus of praise for the variety and charming character of its contents. The *Troy Times* says: —

Without exception, "The Children's Book," by Horace E. Scudder, is the best work of its kind we have ever seen. We give it this unqualified indorsement after a scrutiny of its pages, five hundred in number, which reveals the fact that the choicest juvenile literature has been drawn upon to make up its contents, forming a library in themselves. There is a "Book of Fables" to begin with, which embraces all of *Æsop's* fables, modernized; then a "Book of Wonders;" next some songs; then a "Book of Popular Tales," in which the world-renowned stories of "Cinderella," "Puss in Boots," and their kindred legends are re-narrated; a "Book of Stories in Verse" follows; the tales of Hans Christian Andersen are drawn upon for the next book; then come tales from "The Arabian Nights;" some choice legendary ballads, such as "The Heir of Lynne," and other selections from "Percy's Reliques;" the "Voyage to Lilliput" from "Gulliver's Travels;" "Baron Munchausen's Travels;" a selection of lyrics, among them "Paul Revere's Ride" and "Old Ironsides;" and half a dozen stories selected from ancient classical legends, such as the "Argonauts" and the "Cyclops." Certainly this is a mine of wealth for childish intellects, and a mine that yields boundless treasure of wholesome mental food. The book is superbly bound and richly illustrated, a frontispiece by Rosina Emmet being an especially noticeable piece of art.

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Ordinary words of praise seem weak in looking over such a work. . . . It will be a permanent source of pleasure and instruction in every family of young people whose good fortune it may be to have access to its pages.

**A Happy Boy.** — The *Literary World* says of this volume: —

This is the prettiest of Björnson's Norwegian stories yet, in the new English translation by Professor R. B. Anderson. The story begins with the boy and the maiden swapping a pet goat for a sweet bun out on the cliff; then follows them through dancing, confirmations, school, separation, and the like; car-

ries their true love forward against a moderate head-tide of coquetties, grand parental dislikes, and mutual misunderstandings; and leaves them finally before the altar to be made happy together in the holy bond which fills human hearts to the brim. The simplicity, the naturalness, the ease, the slight touch and strong effect, the purity, and the fine feeling of the highest art are in this story; and the quaint, fresh, striking peasant life of Norway is put before the reader in its most pleasing forms. No tale of youthful love could be more idyllic; no sentiments more generous or elevated than those stirred by this picture. One chapter shows what charming love-letters can be written in Norway: and the old schoolmaster Baard, who helps Oyvind up into manhood and marriage, is a very delightful person.

The next of Mr. Björnson's novels to be published in this edition is "The Fisher Maiden."

**The Case of General Porter.** — General Grant's recent letter in regard to General Fitz-John Porter recalls attention in a very marked degree to the history of General Pope's campaign in Virginia in 1862.

Apropos of the discussion which is inevitable, we think we shall do a service to those who wish to be fully informed in regard to that campaign by bringing to their notice General Gordon's volume on "The Army of Virginia," in which the facts in regard to that campaign, gained by the most careful observation of the field of the campaign, and of all accessible documents relating to it, are stated with great force and clearness, and the reader's understanding of the matter is aided greatly by maps and diagrams. The reading of this book will enable one to judge whether General Grant is not right in the opinion he now holds of General Porter's conduct in that memorable campaign. (8vo. \$4.)

**American Men of Letters.** — Mr. Warner's book on "Washington Irving" and Mr. Scudder's book on "Noah Webster" begin most auspiciously the new series of literary biographies. They give ample assurance that under Mr. Warner's editorship, it is to be at once a large addition to our knowledge of American literary history and a series of books delightful in themselves by reason of their abundant information and the charm of their style. The gracious head of the Knickerbocker school, and the dauntless lexicographer are brought before us so effectively, that we clearly see the important work each did, and the influence each exerted, in the realm of American letters.

**The Two Great English Quarterlies.** — The *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Reviews*, in the original English editions, are sold in America exclusively by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. These are the leading quarterlies in the world, and should be in every public library and reading room; and no person who appreciates the great variety and value of these Reviews will willingly consent to forego the pleasure and profit of reading them, — in the excellent typography of the original edition.



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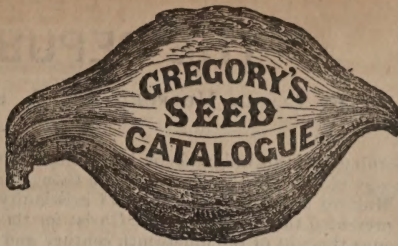
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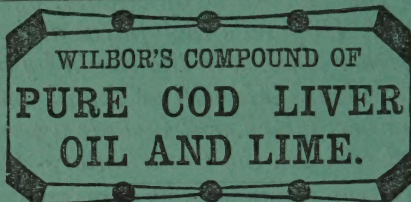
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|                                  |                     |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| NET ASSETS, January 1, 1881..... | \$47,833,628.70     |
| RECEIVED IN 1881:                |                     |
| For Premiums.....                | \$5,238,811.82      |
| For Interest and Rents.....      | 2,830,328.08        |
| Profit and Loss.....             | 91,826.11           |
|                                  | <u>8,160,766.01</u> |
|                                  | \$55,994,394.71     |

### DISBURSED IN 1881.

|                                                                        |                       |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| TO POLICY-HOLDERS:                                                     |                       |
| For claims by death and matured endowments.....                        | \$3,718,646.87        |
| Surplus returned to Policy-holders.....                                | 1,284,342.53          |
| Lapsed and surrendered Policies.....                                   | 1,081,234.81          |
| TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS.....                                           | <u>\$6,084,224.21</u> |
| EXPENSES:                                                              |                       |
| Commissions to Agents.....                                             | \$286,797.05          |
| Salaries of Officers, Clerks, and all others employed on salary.....   | 103,541.93            |
| Medical Examiners' fees.....                                           | 10,540.25             |
| Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other expenses..... | 276,607.84            |
|                                                                        | <u>\$677,487.07</u>   |
| TAXES.....                                                             | 454,590.06            |
|                                                                        | <u>\$7,216,301.34</u> |
| BALANCE NET ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1881.....                                 | \$48,778,093.37       |

### SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.

|                                                                                               |                        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Loans upon Real Estate, first lien.....                                                       | \$18,087,201.12        |
| Loans upon Stocks and Bonds.....                                                              | 401,303.28             |
| Premium notes on Policies in force.....                                                       | 3,347,090.47           |
| Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company.....                                                 | 12,057,974.92          |
| Cost of United States Registered Bonds.....                                                   | 4,618,853.10           |
| Cost of State Bonds.....                                                                      | 619,900.00             |
| Cost of City Bonds.....                                                                       | 2,572,200.84           |
| Cost of other Bonds.....                                                                      | 8,407,480.00           |
| Cost of Bank Stock.....                                                                       | 122,761.00             |
| Cost of Railroad Stock.....                                                                   | 26,000.00              |
| Cash in Bank.....                                                                             | 2,933,319.50           |
| Balance due from agents, secured.....                                                         | 83,349.14              |
|                                                                                               | <u>\$48,778,093.37</u> |
| ADD                                                                                           |                        |
| Interest due and accrued.....                                                                 | \$925,583.50           |
| Rents accrued.....                                                                            | 14,373.88              |
| Market value of stocks and bonds over cost.....                                               | 497,676.02             |
| Net premiums in course of collection.....                                                     | NONE.                  |
| Net deferred quarterly and semi-annual premiums.....                                          | 43,058.08              |
|                                                                                               | <u>\$1,480,691.43</u>  |
| GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1881.....                                                          | \$50,258,784.85        |
| LIABILITIES:                                                                                  |                        |
| Amount required to re-insure all outstanding policies, net assuming 4 per cent. interest..... | \$45,810,593.00        |
| All other liabilities.....                                                                    | 1,000,614.87           |
|                                                                                               | <u>\$46,811,212.87</u> |
| SURPLUS by Connecticut Standard, 4 per cent.....                                              | \$8,387,571.98         |
| SURPLUS by New York Standard, $\frac{4}{3}$ per cent., about.....                             | 6,500,000.00           |
| Ratio of expense of management to receipts in 1881.....                                       | 8.30 per cent.         |
| Policies in force December 31, 1881, 63,913, insuring.....                                    | \$159,039,867.89       |

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THE

# ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

*VOL. XLIX. — APRIL, 1882. — No. CCXCIV.*

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## EUROPE BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF MAN.

IN looking over any modern historical narrative — such, for example, as Knight's History of England — one cannot fail to be struck by the disproportion between the amounts of space devoted respectively to ancient and to modern events. Of the eight bulky volumes of Knight, the first covers a period of 1432 years, from Cæsar's invasion of Britain to the death of Edward III.; the second, bringing us down to the death of Henry VIII., covers 170 years; the third takes us 95 years further, to the beginning of the Great Rebellion; while five volumes are required to do justice to the two centuries intervening between the overthrow of Strafford and the repeal of the corn-laws. This is due partly to the greater complexity of modern life, and partly to the increasing abundance of our sources of information. It is true, we have to go back a long way before we encounter an absolute scarcity of information; there was a great deal more literature in the Middle Ages than is commonly supposed, and it is possible to describe many long past events with great minuteness and accuracy. Mr. Freeman devotes the greater part of a volume of 768 pages to the political and military history of England during the single year 1066. But the history during the spring of 1815, if treated with equal

thoroughness, would fill a good many volumes as big as this; and this is owing largely to our increased wealth of materials. When we go back far enough and encounter a positive dearth of material, we can devote but a few pages to the history of a century, as in the case of the earliest Teutonic invasions of Britain; or, as in the case of the long ages before Cæsar's invasion, we can barely say that such and such races of men inhabited the island, and we can give little or no account of what they did. This is one reason why we find it so hard to form and preserve an accurate mental picture of the duration of past time. It requires a deliberate effort of the mind to realize, for example, that the interval between the proclamation of Constantine the Great by the Roman legions at York and the invasion of William the Conqueror was exactly equal to the interval between the latter event and the accession of George IV., or the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. We may *know* that it is so, but in order to make it *seem* so most people will have to stop and think.

The case is somewhat similar when we try to realize the relative duration of the successive geological epochs in the history of the earth's crust. We are naturally inclined to overrate the relative duration of the later epochs.



Familiar as we are with the established classification of periods as Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary, we fall naturally into a habit of regarding these three great groups of epochs as substantially equal in value, so that the beginning of the Tertiary period is apt to seem one third of the way back toward the first beginnings of fossil-bearing strata. Probably in our every-day thinking the Tertiary period occupies more than a third of the space that is occupied by the whole recorded life history of the earth, — mainly for the reason that it is so much more completely filled for us with familiar and well-ascertained facts. This may be partly because organic life has really been more complex and multi-form since the beginning of the Tertiary period than it was in earlier ages; but it is also, no doubt, because our sources of information are far more abundant. On the whole, the geologic record of the Tertiary period is much more completely preserved than that of the two earlier periods; we see more clearly into the details of life at that time, and consequently have a more vivid picture of it before us; and this more vivid picture, as is natural, usurps an undue place in our minds.

The force of these remarks will be obvious when it is stated that, in point of fact, the beginning of the Tertiary period carries us back barely *one twentieth part* of the way toward the first beginnings of fossil-bearing strata. In the table that follows, I have tried to give something like a just idea of the relative lengths of geological epochs, in accordance with the views now generally adopted by geologists. Let us first suppose the entire lapse of time since the oldest Laurentian strata began to be deposited, down to the present day, to be divided into ten equal periods, or æons, such as I have marked off on the table with dotted lines. Then the Laurentian epoch fills three of these great æons, to begin with. Here we find

(with the exception of the Canadian eozoön, the organic nature of which has been disputed) only indirect traces of life, such as limestone, which probably came from shells. But, remembering how soft and perishable are all the lowest organisms, and remembering how considerably these oldest rocks have been affected by volcanic heat, we need not be surprised at finding the records of life in them very scanty and obscure. Next, the Cambrian epoch extends into the sixth æon, and then comes the Silurian, which takes us half-way through the seventh. Mollusks and crustaceans swarmed in the seas of the Cambrian epoch, but there are as yet no traces of fish before the upper Silurian. That is to say, three fifths of the whole duration of geological time had elapsed before the lowest vertebrate forms had begun to leave plentiful traces of themselves in the rocks. The Devonian epoch, in which we find the first record of insects, carries us half-way through the eighth æon; and we are brought well on into the ninth by the Carboniferous age, in which appear the earliest air-breathing vertebrates in the shape of frog-like amphibians. The vegetation of this period consisted chiefly of ferns, club-mosses, and horse-tails, with araucarian pines. Nearly nine tenths of the past life history of our globe accomplished, and as yet no birds or mammals, perhaps no true reptiles, nor any tree save the araucaria or the arborescent fern! With the Permian epoch we reach the end of the Primary period and nearly complete our ninth æon, leaving for the whole of the Secondary and Tertiary periods only a little more than one æon to be divided between them. The oldest mammals and reptiles yet found belong to the Trias, or earliest Secondary epoch; yet so many small mammalia, inferior in type to the marsupials, have been found by Professor Marsh far down in the Trias as to warrant the belief that mammals had ap-



peared on the scene toward the close of the Permian age; and no doubt the same will prove true of reptiles. Some of the footsteps on the Triassic rocks of the Connecticut Valley are proba-

|     |            |                                                            |                                                         |
|-----|------------|------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| 10. | TERTIARY.  | Recent<br>Pleistocene.<br>Pliocene.<br>Miocene.<br>Eocene. | Mammals dominant.                                       |
|     |            |                                                            |                                                         |
| 9.  | SECONDARY. | Cretaceous.<br>Jurassic.                                   | Reptiles dominant.<br>Earliest birds.                   |
|     |            | Triassic.                                                  |                                                         |
|     |            |                                                            |                                                         |
| 8.  | Y.         | Permian                                                    | Earliest mammals and reptiles.<br>Earliest batrachians. |
|     |            | Carboniferous.                                             |                                                         |
| 7.  | R          | Devonian.                                                  | Earliest insects.                                       |
|     |            |                                                            | Earliest fishes.                                        |
| 6.  | A          | Silurian.                                                  |                                                         |
|     |            |                                                            |                                                         |
| 5.  | M          | Cambrian.                                                  |                                                         |
|     |            |                                                            |                                                         |
| 4.  | I          |                                                            | Earliest mollusks and crustaceans.                      |
|     |            |                                                            |                                                         |
| 3.  | R          |                                                            | Eozoön?                                                 |
|     |            |                                                            |                                                         |
| 2.  | P          | Laurentian.                                                | Indirect traces of life.                                |
|     |            |                                                            |                                                         |
| 1.  |            |                                                            |                                                         |

bly footsteps of great struthious birds; but the oldest bird actually known belongs to the upper Jurassic strata. Throughout the Secondary period the real lords of the creation were the giant reptiles, stalking over the earth, splash-

ing through the sea, and flying on swift bat-like wing overhead. Of these innumerable "dragons of the prime," the iguanodon, from fifty to seventy feet in length, used to be supposed the largest; but Professor Marsh has lately discovered the atlantosaurus of Colorado, over sixty feet in length and thirty feet in height, — the largest land animal as yet known. The mammals contemporary with these monsters seem to have been mostly small insect-eating marsupials; and the forests through which they roamed consisted mainly of palms, tree-ferns, and pines. In the Cretaceous epoch such deciduous trees as the oak and walnut had appeared on the scene, and the great reptiles had become less numerous. But it is not until we enter the Tertiary period, half-way through our tenth æon of geological time, that the face of the earth, with deciduous trees and flowering herbs, and mammals dominant in the animal world, could have begun to assume anything even distantly resembling the aspect under which we know it. Yet if we could be suddenly taken back, and permitted to inspect a landscape of the earliest Tertiary epoch, we should probably be far more forcibly struck with the differences than with the points of resemblance.

In this succinct view I have supposed the whole of the life history of our planet to be arbitrarily divided into ten equal periods. What, it may be asked, is supposed to have been the actual duration of one of these æons? I am well aware that to such a question no definite answer can be given. The geologist deals only with relative, not with absolute, quantities of time: he can only say that the time has been long enough for a certain enormous amount of work to be performed, but he has nothing with which to measure its duration in years. Nevertheless, while fully admitting all this, one may perhaps venture to give a provisional answer for a provisional pur-



pose. For the present it will be enough to recall Sir William Thomson's ingenious speculations as to the limits of the antiquity of life upon the earth. Reasoning from the sources of the sun's heat, and from the length of time which it would take a body like the earth to cool so as to produce the present increment of temperature as we go beneath the surface, Sir William Thomson concludes that the crust of the earth cannot possibly have existed in the solid state for more than 400,000,000 years, and in all probability has not been solidified and in fit condition for the support of vegetable and animal life for more than 100,000,000 or 200,000,000 years. This conclusion is largely speculative, including several data of which our knowledge is far from complete, and it is of course extremely indefinite. It makes a good deal of difference whether life has existed on the earth for one hundred million years or for two hundred millions, since one period is just twice as long as the other. Still, in spite of this indefiniteness, there is a growing disposition among geologists to accept Sir William Thomson's estimate, as showing at least the order of magnitudes with which the geological chronologer must deal. That is to say, while it may not be clear whether life has existed for one or for two hundred millions of years, it is not at all probable that it has existed for a thousand millions or for any greater period. Even this amount of limitation is of some value as giving definite shape to our ideas, and as reminding us that geologists who have habitually reasoned as if there were an infinite fund of past time at their disposal have probably been in error. Provided we do not forget that Sir William Thomson's conclusion contains more or less that is hypothetical, it is well enough to adopt it provisionally; and I shall do so here. Of the ten æons, then, into which I have supposed geological time to be divided, we will suppose that each is about ten mil-

lion years in duration; bearing in mind that, while it is highly improbable that the lapse of time has been very much less than this, it may not improbably have been considerably greater. According to this, the minimum antiquity for the beginning of the Eocene period would be about five million years.

If these periods seem short in comparison with the enormous quantity of work that has been done, both in the tearing down and rebuilding of the earth's crust and in the modification of the forms of animals and vegetables, it is no doubt largely due — as both Mr. Darwin and Mr. Croll have reminded us — to the fact that it is almost impossible for us to frame an adequate conception of what is meant by a million years. We are wont to use these great arithmetical figures glibly, and without comprehending their import. Mr. Croll has done something to help us in this matter. "Here is one way," he says, "of conveying to the mind some idea of what a million of years really is. Take a narrow strip of paper, an inch broad or more, and 83 feet 4 inches in length, and stretch it along the wall of a large hall, or round the walls of an apartment somewhat over 20 feet square. Recall to memory the days of your boyhood, so as to get some adequate conception of what a period of a hundred years is. Then mark off from one of the ends of the strip  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch. The  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the inch will then represent one hundred years, and the entire length of the strip a million of years. It is well worth making the experiment, just in order to feel the striking impression that it produces on the mind." Mr. Croll further reminds us that if we could see side by side a million of years as represented in figures and a million of years as represented in geological work, our respect for a unit with six ciphers after it would be notably increased. "Could we stand upon the edge of a gorge a mile and a half in depth, that had been



cut out of the solid rock by a tiny stream, scarcely visible at the bottom of this fearful abyss, and were we informed that this little streamlet was able to wear off annually only  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch from its rocky bed, what would our conceptions be of the prodigious length of time that this stream must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled when, on making the necessary calculations, we found that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million of years."<sup>1</sup>

Now all the fossil-bearing rocks on the globe have been formed from the sediment brought down by rivers to the sea, and this sediment has been worn off from the hills and valleys and plains of ancient continents. In recent years it has been attempted to calculate the amounts of sediment worn off by various great rivers from the surface of the regions drained by them; and the results are very interesting and instructive. The Mississippi, for example, draining a country with scanty rainfall, and having its sources in the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, where there are no glaciers, performs its work of denudation slowly. The Mississippi wears off from the whole immense area drained by it about one foot in 6000 years. While the Po, on the other hand, having its sources in the glaciers of the Alps, works with great rapidity, and lowers the area drained by it at the rate of one foot in 729 years. The mean rate of denudation over the globe seems to be not far from one foot in 3000 years. Now at this rate, and from the action of rivers alone, it would take only two million years to wear the whole existing continent of Europe, with all its huge mountain masses, down to the sea-level, while North America, in similar wise, would be washed away in less than three millions.

But while the raindrops, rushing in

rivers to the sea, are thus with tireless industry working to obliterate existing continents, their efforts are counteracted, here and there, and with more or less success, by slow upward thrusts or pulsations from the earth's interior, which gradually raise the floors of continents. The general result of the struggle has been that, ever since the earliest geological periods, the surfaces of the great continents now existing have been subject to irregular oscillations; now partially or almost entirely disappearing beneath the sea, now recovering ground as archipelagoes, or rising high and dry to great elevations, as in the case of Africa. The oscillations have not ordinarily exceeded from 6000 to 10,000 feet in vertical extent. There is no reason for supposing that the general relative positions of the great continents and great oceans have altered at all since the beginning of the Laurentian period. Since life began on the earth there is no reason for supposing that the bottoms of the stupendous abysses which hold the waters of the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian oceans have ever been raised up so as to become dry land. Once geologists thought otherwise, and land was turned into sea and sea into land, by facile theorizers, as often as it was supposed to be necessary to account for the distribution of certain lizards or squirrels, or for changes in climate, such as have left marks behind in many parts of the earth. The greatest physical geologists now living, however, — such as Mr. Croll and the brothers Geikie, — are convinced that there has been no considerable change in the positions of the great oceans from the very beginning; and this view is ably sustained by Mr. Wallace — who is probably the highest living authority on the distribution of plants and animals — in his profound and fascinating treatise on *Island Life*, lately published.

Though the general relative positions of deep sea and continent have not

<sup>1</sup> Croll, *Climate and Time*, page 327.



altered, however, there have been frequent and striking changes in the superficial contour of land and sea. Every continent has been several times wholly or in part submerged, while shallow portions of what is now sea-bottom have been thrust up high and dry; and in this way the climate and the mutual relations of floras and faunas have been variously and vastly affected. Thus, during the Silurian period, the dry land of Europe lay mostly in the north, over Finland, Scandinavia, and the German Ocean, covering also the British Islands, and stretching more than two hundred miles out into the Atlantic. The central and southern parts of Europe were then covered by a shallow sea, with islands on the sites of Bavaria and Bohemia. The duration of this state of things may be dimly imagined when we consider the enormous quantity of sediment worn off from this northern continent, and now constituting the Silurian rocks of Europe. If all this sediment were to be arranged in a longitudinal pile, according to Prof. Archibald Geikie, it would make a mountain ridge 1800 miles long, 33 miles wide, and somewhat higher than Mont Blanc. At the close of this long period ridges of land had begun to appear on the sites of Spain and Switzerland. By the Carboniferous period the central parts of Europe had risen so as to form an archipelago of low islands, surrounded by lagoons and salt marshes, covered with dense jungles of ferns and club-mosses. On the islets grew thick forests of pine, and as repeated epochs of submergence brought all this teeming vegetation under water, it became covered with detritus of mud and sand from the northern highlands, and in this way was preserved to form the coal-beds of Europe. By the Triassic period we find the general elevation of Europe increased, so that instead of an archipelago lying amid lagoons we have a continent thickly dotted over with salt lakes; but in the next or Jurassic period the whole

centre of the continent was laid under water again. The extent and shape of the European sea of the Cretaceous period are indicated by the extent of the chalk which was formed on its floor, and of which Professor Huxley has given such a graphic account in his lecture *On a Piece of Chalk*.<sup>1</sup> The greater part of Europe might then have been called a "Mediterranean Sea," extending from England far into central Asia. The western highlands of Scotland remained above water, but Bohemia, Switzerland, Spain, and the Caucasus seem to have been submerged, or reduced to islands. Still further submergence occurred during the Eocene period, and this in turn was followed by a long series of elevations, resulting in something like the configuration of Europe as we know it. Late in the Eocene period the Pyrenees, Apennines, Alps, Carpathians, and Caucasus had risen to their present or even to higher altitudes. While an inland sea flowed over the Netherlands and Normandy, the rest of Gaul was dry land, and at its northwestern extremity was joined to Britain. The British Islands, in turn, were joined to each other and to Scandinavia and Spitzbergen, as also to Iceland and Greenland. If Columbus had lived in those days, he could thus have walked on solid land all the way from Spain to the New World.

Two immediate consequences of this great upraising of land made the Eocene period an era of singular interest in the history of the European continent. The first was the invasion of Europe by placental mammals, which speedily supplanted the lower forms that had preceded them. The second was the immigration of deciduous trees from the polar regions. Before the Cretaceous period no such trees had been known in any part of the earth, and it is the opinion of Count Saporta that the habit of dropping the leaves was evolved in adapta-

<sup>1</sup> Huxley, *Lay Sermons*, pp. 192-222.



tion to the extreme differences between summer and winter temperatures which characterized the polar regions. However that may be, it is certain that during the Eocene and Miocene periods deciduous trees and shrubs advanced from Greenland and Spitzbergen into Europe, and rapidly covered the face of the country, evolving gradually a great diversity of forms. By the middle Eocene, along with cypresses, pines and yews, fan-palms and pandanus and cactus of giant size, the oak and the elm, the maple, willow, beech, and chestnut, as well as the gum and bread-fruit trees, flourished in Britain. The climate of western and central Europe was tropical, as is shown both by the abundance of palms and by the presence of crocodiles and alligators in large numbers, while the mollusks were such as are now found only in tropical waters.

But the most interesting feature of Eocene Europe was the peculiar character of its mammalian fauna. At first we find marsupials, and carnivora with marsupial affinities, showing that the order of carnivora was then only beginning to be evolved. Afterward came such creatures as the *anchitherium*, the ancestor of the horse, in general aspect somewhere between a Shetland pony and a pig, and with three separate hoofs on each foot. There were also the *anoplotheria*, or common ancestral forms of antelopes and deer, as yet without horns or antlers. The highest order of mammals, the Primates, — including man, ape, and lemur, — was then represented by the *adapis* of the Paris basin, the *necrolemur* of southern France, and the *cænopithecus* of Switzerland. Now none of these Eocene primates answered to any living genus of lemur, though the lemurs are the least specialized of primates now existing; but all these Eocene primates showed signs of relationship, in one way or another, to the hoofed quadrupeds living at that time, which, as we must not forget, were only on

the way toward becoming hoofed quadrupeds such as we know. Cousinship, however remote, between such extremely specialized creatures as the horse and his rider seems odd to think of; yet the lemuroids of the Eocene furnish the link. And it is interesting to remember that, owing to the closeness of relationship, the lemuroid *adapis* was actually mistaken by Cuvier for an *anoplotherium*, or primitive antelope-deer. Of all anatomical contrasts, what can be greater than the contrast between a solid hoof and the flexible five-fingered hand of a Rubinstein? Yet the Eocene great-uncle of our modern pianists could be mistaken for his contemporary great-uncle or great grandfather of our hoofed quadrupeds! And this instance is but one fair sample out of many of the changes which the last five or six or eight million years have wrought. Speaking generally, it may be said that in the Eocene age there were carnivora, and there were ungulata, and there were primates; but these orders were not so clearly distinguished from each other as they are to-day, and they were not so clearly distinguished from other orders, such as the rodents and insectivora, while in many cases they had not ceased to bear the marks of their marsupial ancestry. Or, to put the case in another way, in the Eocene period you have an instance of hoofed quadruped, but you don't find an instance of any such special form as horse or deer or camel; you find carnivora, but you don't find a clear instance of *felis* or *canis* or *ursus*, — not even of hyæna, an earlier type than either of the others; and you find primates, but among these there is nothing yet so clearly distinguished as a monkey. In short, the present *species* or *genera* of mammals had not come into existence in the Eocene period, but only the present *orders* and some of the present *families*; and even the orders were not clearly distinct from one another, as they are at present; but they



were closely interlocked, very much as species are at present. In other words, the whole class of mammals in the Eocene age was far less highly specialized than it is at the present time.

From these premises Mr. Boyd Dawkins argues, with convincing force, that man could not possibly have existed in Europe, and probably nowhere on the earth, during the Eocene period. At a time when the order of ungulates had not clearly developed the distinction between camels and pigs and horses, and when the order of primates was only just beginning to be distinguished from other orders, so that Cuvier could even mistake a primate for an ungulate, — at such a time was it at all likely that man, the most highly specialized of all primates, or of all animals, could have existed? Obviously, he could not have existed at such a time. The supposition is absurd on the face of it. As Mr. Boyd Dawkins says, “to seek for highly specialized man in a fauna where no living genus of placental mammal was present would be an idle and hopeless quest.”

Coming to the Miocene age, we find traces of extensive submergences of parts of the European continent, followed by reëlevations. Considerable portions of Gaul and Italy were laid under water, and at one time the whole basin of the Danube was covered by a sea which connected with the Mediterranean near Berne, thus reducing Switzerland and Italy to an archipelago. The Alps, however, seem to have maintained a relative height as great as that of to-day, in comparison with the lands about them. The elevated position which Britain had occupied in the Eocene age seems to have been kept up during the Miocene. The whole of Britain and Ireland, with the English and Irish channels, the German Ocean, and the Atlantic ridge between Scotland and Greenland, stood at an average of nearly 3000 feet higher than they do to-day, so that

the whole region remained dry land, and Gaul was still joined in this way to Scandinavia and North America. Above this high level the Scottish Highlands and the Welsh peaks rose to a height of some 7000 feet, having since been worn down to half that height by rain and ice. Many of these great mountains, thus standing nearly as high above sea-level as the Alps, were active volcanoes; and this chain of volcanoes, of which Hecla is now the most famous remnant, extended across the Atlantic ridge, all the way from Wales to Greenland, which was then covered with a luxuriant vegetation of oaks and chestnuts, vines and magnolias. In the earlier part of the Miocene age the general climate of Europe resembled that of Algiers or Louisiana at the present day, but at the close of the period it had become somewhat cooler, though still subtropical. Gigantic conifers, like the famous trees of California, 400 feet in height and 25 or more in thickness, flourished all over Europe, from Italy to Norway. Along with these there were cycads, fan-palms, palmettos, figs, laurels and myrtles, poplars, oaks, lindens and maples, acacias and elms, camphors and cinnamons and sandalwood; while ivies and bignonias grew in great luxuriance. Cranes, flamingos, and pelicans were common, as also geese, herons, pheasants, parquets, and eagles. But the mammals, in this as in the preceding epoch, present the most instructive subject of study. Opossums were still present, but had vanished before the middle of the period; and a few existing genera of placental mammals had come upon the scene. There were tapirs and small rhinoceroses, as well as squirrels, moles, and hedgehogs, and carnivores similar to the weasels and civets. Collateral ancestors of the deer and antelope roamed about in large herds, and by the middle of the period had begun to acquire small horns and antlers. In mid-Miocene times the anchitheres disappeared, and



were succeeded by the hipparion, much nearer in structure to the horse. The mastodon came in about the same time, and with him another elephant-like creature, the deinotherium, who lived in the water like a hippopotamus. Carnivores of the cat family reached their highest point of development as regards size and power in the middle and upper Miocene: the machairodus, or sabre-toothed lion, was much larger and more formidable than any lion or tiger now existing. The same period witnessed the arrival in Europe of true apes and baboons, and even of two species of anthropoid ape, allied to the gibbons, one of which, the dryopithecus, was as large as a man, and has been regarded as in some respects superior to any modern anthropoid ape.

Mr. Boyd Dawkins — to whose admirable treatise on Early Man in Britain the present article is under great obligations — argues forcibly against the probability that man occupied Europe during any part of the Miocene period. All the species of Miocene land mammals, and several of the genera, are now extinct; and Mr. Dawkins urges that if man existed at that remote period it is incredible that he alone should have subsisted unchanged amid the destruction or metamorphosis of all other species. But it seems to me that Mr. Dawkins partly answers this argument himself when he observes that, "were any man-like animal living in the Miocene age, he might reasonably be expected to be not man, but intermediate between man and something else, and to bear the same relation to ourselves as the Miocene apes, such as the mesopithecus, bear to those now living, such as the semnopithecus." Why may not such a semi-human man have existed in the Miocene age, the race having undergone since then changes parallel to those which have affected the apes, or to those which have affected generally such Miocene genera as have survived down to

our times? No remains of any such creature have been found, but it is indisputable that artificially chipped flints and the artificially cut rib of an extinct species of manatee have been discovered in mid-Miocene strata in France. Mr. Dawkins is inclined to adopt M. Gaudry's suggestion that the flints may have been chipped and the rib cut by the great man-like ape, the dryopithecus; for although it is not known that any existing apes are in the habit of chipping flints or cutting bones, yet it is not impossible that the dryopithecus may have somewhat surpassed the present apes in intelligence. On the other hand, M. de Mortillet regards these relics as conclusive proof of the existence of man in mid-Miocene Gaul. The question can hardly be decided at present; but it does not seem to me that Mr. Dawkins's line of argument, which is so conclusive when applied to the Eocene age, is equally conclusive when applied to the Miocene. At an epoch when there were no true apes as yet to be found, when even the lemurs bore marks of kinship with the ancestors of ruminants and pachyderms, and when the carnivorous type was but half developed, it would clearly be idle to expect to find traces of man. But at an epoch when many modern genera had come into existence in all the principal orders, and when in particular there existed an ape as high, or higher, in organization than the modern chimpanzee or gorilla, I can see no such overwhelming improbability of the existence of man himself. No doubt, however, if the remains of Miocene man are ever to be found, they will disclose a type of humanity quite different from, and very likely much lower than, any that we now know. It is not at all improbable that such remains will by and by be discovered in some part of the earth, if not in Europe. By the time the strata of Africa have been explored with anything like the minuteness with which those of France and



England have been examined, we shall be very likely to meet with clear indications of the former presence of half-human man, and it will not be strange if such indications lead us far back into the Miocene epoch.

In the Pliocene period the geographical structure of Europe began to be much more like what it is to-day. Hitherto, during the greater part of the Tertiary epoch, large portions of Russia and Siberia had been submerged, so that the continent of Asia did not extend nearly so far north as at present. A belt of sea appears to have stretched from the eastern Baltic across to the Persian Gulf, including the areas of the Black and Caspian seas; and another wide channel seems to have run west of the Ural Mountains, connecting the Caspian area with the Arctic Ocean, so that the warm waters of the Indian Ocean found a free passage to the very shores of Finland and Scandinavia. According to Prof. Archibald Geikie, these shallow seas disappeared early in Pliocene times, leaving the Aral, Caspian, and Black seas in something like their present isolation. While eastern Europe thus began to acquire its present contour, equally remarkable changes occurred at the same time in the west. The Atlantic ridge between Britain and Greenland was submerged, thus separating Europe from America, and the connections of Norway with Spitzbergen on the one hand and Scotland on the other were also severed by the encroachments of the North Sea. But the British Islands were still joined to each other and to the Gaulish mainland; the whole of Britain jutting out from the continent as a great triangular peninsula, with the Shetlands in its apex. The volcanoes of northwest Britain gradually lost their fires during the Pliocene age. Icebergs appeared in the North Sea, and the general climate of Europe, though still milder than to-day, was much colder than it had been during the Eocene

and Miocene epochs. The vegetation began to lose its subtropical aspect. Bamboos, evergreen oaks, and magnolias still mingled with maples, willows, and poplars in the latitude of Lyons, but the cinnamon-trees and palms became restricted to Italy. Among mammalia, the first species that has continued to live down to the present time, namely, the African hippopotamus, appears in the upper Pliocene strata of Auvergne. The earliest true elephant, though of a species now extinct, appears at about the same time; and contemporary with him were two species of mastodon, of enormous size, a rhinoceros, a tapir, two or more bears, the giant sabre-toothed lion, an ancestor of the panthers and lynxes, and two kinds of hyæna. There were many species of deer, with antlers, but for the most part unlike modern deer. The ox appears first in the upper Pliocene, but without horns. There were also wolves, and swine, and two kinds of ape. The hipparion still lived, but was becoming scarce, and along with him existed a horse, less specialized in teeth and feet than the modern horse.

Now from the fact that of these Pliocene mammals every one has long since become extinct except the hippopotamus, Mr. Dawkins again proceeds to argue that it is not likely that man inhabited Europe at that period. The alleged instances, three in number, of the occurrence of human remains in Pliocene strata of France and Italy he pronounces unsatisfactory; and he does not even mention the brilliant investigations of the Geological Survey of Portugal, which have brought to light flint implements, of undoubted human workmanship, in great abundance in the Pliocene strata of that country, buried under 1200 feet of superincumbent rock. These discoveries, set forth by M. Ribeiro in 1871, are cited by Professor Whitney as furnishing conclusive evidence of the presence of man in Portugal during the Pliocene period. In his admirable mem-



oir on The Auriferous Gravels of the Sierra Nevada, Professor Whitney has collected a great amount of evidence which seems to prove that man existed in California at an equally remote date. Now it is perfectly clear that the human race must have been in existence for a very long time before it could have become so widely dispersed over the earth as to occupy countries so distant from each other as California and Portugal. For the first appearance of man on the earth we must, therefore, go far back in the Pliocene period at any rate; and if we are to find traces of the "missing link," or primordial stock of primates from which man has been derived, we must undoubtedly look for it in the Miocene.

Of the three stages of the Tertiary period here passed in review, we have seen that the Eocene was characterized by the entire absence of genera and species of mammals identical with those now living; in the Miocene there were genera, but no species, identical with those now living; in the Pliocene there was at least one species in Europe that has survived to the present day. When we come to the Pleistocene age, we find a majority of the species identical with such as still exist. But in regard to this Pleistocene fauna there are some curious circumstances, which show that the climate of Europe had begun to be subject to vicissitudes such as it had not known in the earlier Tertiary epochs. Among the Pleistocene mammals of Europe we find such as are characteristic of warm climates, — as the lion, leopard, hyæna, elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus; and along with these we find such as characterize sub-arctic climates, — as the musk-sheep, reindeer, glutton, arctic fox, ibex, and chamois; and yet again we find such denizens of the temperate zone as the bison, horse, deer, wild boar, brown and grizzly bears, wolf, and rabbit, to which may be added the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros. Now,

as Mr. James Geikie has ably shown, this singular juxtaposition of northern, southern, and temperate forms points directly to great vicissitudes of climate. It is quite clear that when the reindeer came down as far as southern France, the climate must have been very different from what it was when the hippopotamus bathed in the Thames. We know otherwise, from purely geologic evidence, that the Pleistocene climate was very extraordinary. Hitherto, during the Tertiary period, the temperature of Europe seems to have been steadily but slowly decreasing, from the Eocene epoch, when it was subtropical, to the end of the Pliocene, when it was temperate, though warmer than at present. But in the Pleistocene epoch there were at least four or five, and probably several more, extreme changes from a warm to a cold climate, and back again. This period, or the greater part of it, has been known as the "Glacial Epoch" or the "Great Ice Age;" but recent researches have shown that over Britain and central Europe there were several glacial epochs, alternating with warm interglacial periods of long duration. When the cold was at its maximum, the whole area of Finland, Scandinavia, and Scotland, with the North and Baltic seas, was buried under a stupendous sheet of ice, varying from 1000 to 2000 feet in thickness; and this ice-sheet sent off glaciers as far east as Moscow and as far south as Dresden, while the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the mountains of Auvergne became centres of glaciation, inferior, indeed, to the great northern ice-sheet, but still immense in extent. While the climate of Pleistocene Europe thus came to be similar to that of modern Greenland, parallel phenomena were occurring all over the northern hemisphere. The continent of North America was deeply swathed in ice as far south as the latitude of Philadelphia, while glaciers descended into North Carolina. The valleys of the Rocky



Mountains supported enormous glaciers, and the same was the case in Asia with the Himalayas. It was during these recurrent periods of arctic cold that the reindeer and musk-sheep found their way to the south of France, while over land-bridges at Gibraltar and Malta the leopard and elephant retreated to Africa. In the intervals between these glacial periods, when the climate became milder than it is at the present day, the arctic mammals traveled northward again, while the lion returned to chase the bison and elk in the forests of Yorkshire.

As the result of these prolonged and repeated climatic vicissitudes, and of the complicated migrations entailed by them, many of the Pliocenè mammals still living in Europe at that time have become extinct, — such as the gigantic beaver, the cave-bear, the sabre-toothed lion, five species of deer, three species of elephant, and two of rhinoceros. One race of men — known as the “men of the river drift” — had taken up their abode in Europe when these great changes were beginning, and struggled with the extremes of climate like their enemies, the bears and hyænas. The discovery of flint knives has abundantly

proved that man was living near the site of London before the big-nosed rhinoceros had become extinct, and before the arrival of the musk-sheep and the marmot in the valley of the Thames heralded the slow approach of the northern ice-sheet. But the fact that human remains of a date even more remote than this have also been found in Portugal and California shows, as I have said already, that man was then no new-comer upon the face of the earth, but must certainly have been in existence for many thousands of years, though as yet we are unable to assign either his primeval habitat or the precise epoch of his first appearance.

This “man of the river-drift” seems to have become extinct during the Pleistocene period, like the great mammalia above mentioned; and his place was supplied by a hardier race from the north, — the so-called “cave-men,” of whom the modern Eskimos have been thought to be a surviving remnant. Of the Arrival of Man in Europe, and of the probable antiquity of this era of recurrent ice-sheets, at the beginning of which he made his appearance in Gaul and Britain, I shall have something to say in another paper.

*John Fiske.*

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## AN ECHO OF PASSION.

### IX.

It was September now, and for two nights some invisible incendiary had been at work applying the torch of autumn to a tree or a bough, here and there. In the fresh, dewy haze of morning, the glowing foliage lit the village street and the long post-road and the green-cloaked stretches of the country on either hand with spots and spires of magical color.

When the stage drove up to the hotel, with Mrs. Eulow balanced in a desirable place on the top, there were, fortunately, not many of the remaining boarders at hand to notice that Fenn was going with her. Ethel was there, nevertheless, herself soft as September, in her leaf-tinted *crépisse*; rosy, calm, and sweet. She bade them good-by with many good wishes, and then they drove off through the lovely and inspiring landscape. The drive to the rail-



road was long, but it swept them through many rich contrasts of scene, and they did not tire of it. Both were singularly buoyant. There was a stimulus of romance within them which was as exhilarating as the drive. Fenn took a peculiar and, as he thought, innocent pleasure in the idle fancy that he might be running away with this beautiful woman seated beside him. His secret impulse of yesterday, to escape with her into some distant recess of the mountains, had frightened him; but that did not assail him at present; and as long as he was not really running away with her, what harm could it do for him to pretend to himself that he was? It was the essence of this new kind of love which he had invented to indulge such bright hallucinations. He flattered himself that he had plucked the most delicate flower of history, in learning to cherish a passion without any of that fatal turmoil which, in the earlier evolution of love, caused so many clashing and tragical incidents. If Paris had been content with coming to the court of Menelaus and falling in love with Helen, he might have even declared his position; that at least would have been a satisfaction to both her and himself; but if he had stopped at that point no ten years' tragedy of the Trojan war would have trailed its length of disaster through the annals of the time. A few excursions with Helen into the country, if imaginatively treated, might have sufficed, and many lives would have been spared.

I don't mean to say that Fenn drew this contrast quite so lightly; but he felt the analogy that Anice was his Helen, and that he could enjoy the excitement of carrying her off without assuming the wrong.

When at last they were snugly bestowed in the train, absorbed in each other and talking in low tones, other persons in the car, he was conscious, might take them for lovers.

This fanciful recreation, however, had a curious effect. When they arrived in Boston, and he had put her into a carriage to go to her friend's, and was walking away by himself, he found that under this thin mask of imaginary elopement his brain had automatically prepared a complete plan for flight with Anice, which now presented itself in all its details.

From that moment he was engaged in a fierce struggle with himself against the desire to propose it to her. He had promised to come and see her at the house where she was staying, and there the opportunity for broaching his treacherous scheme was offered so exactly in the nick of time that he almost yielded to the temptation. He had also to go about the city a little with Anice and her friend, the next day. It forced itself upon him continually. They were already out of the reach of observation; there need be none of the struggle and horror of breaking away clandestinely from the spot where his wife was. Why should they not make use of the fact? Their destiny or doom — whichever it might be called — was seemingly fixed; sooner or later they must be united in some way, no matter what destruction might come of it. He saw that *his* passion, at least, was no longer a plaything; it had become an overmastering reality.

On the third day, which was to be that of their return, Anice's friend had left town. The widow had gone to a hotel. Fenn went there to meet her, and found her in a small parlor. They had some little time to wait before starting for their train. He was under a fatalistic impression that he would not leave the room until she had either accepted his declaration and agreed to go away with him, or else thrown him aside altogether. He had thought of Ethel; he would arrange so that she should be cared for. He must stake all upon this issue.



He walked about nervously, speaking in short sentences and with great constraint. At last he said, with a sort of violence, "I wish you were never going back to Tanford!"

"What can you mean?" asked Anice. But she knew. She trembled with the knowledge.

Watching her fixedly, he observed this. "Anice," he said, "give me your hand a moment."

"You forget, Mr. Fenn! I am Mrs. Eulow." Her tone was firm, but it was hardly severe enough.

"Yes, that is what I forget," he cried, vehemently. "And I wish to forget it! To me you are Anice only, — the woman whose voice haunted me and drew me on, years ago, when I ought to have obeyed its spell, and put my life under its command. Do not call me back to the present; let me go on living in that time."

The widow's self-control was shaken. Either from mercy or some other sentiment, she could not strike him then with the cold steel of duty. "You must not speak to me of that," she said, with a hurrying accent of grief. "Oh, why, why do you do it?"

"Did you not tell me, yourself, that you would rather think of our friendship of those days than of what has happened since?" he returned passionately. "I needed no urging. I have thought of it too much for my peace, and I cannot conceal any longer — I" — His voice became constricted. He walked the room as if caged, clutching his hands together and tearing them apart roughly. Then he stopped near her again, and bent over her with such a gaze as if, half-blinded by the whirl of his emotions, he could not see her at all unless he fairly pierced her with his eyes. "Anice," he said, "the fruition of your life is not yet come: you did not love Eulow as you might have" —

"Oh, I will not hear it!" she burst forth, tumultuously. She struggled from

her place, but as she rose he caught her hand. For a second or two it seemed to relax and yield itself to his, as a bird tired of flight might have done; but she drew it away, and crossed the floor. "If I said anything to you about the error of my marriage, it was a trust which you must not violate." She stood there near the embrasure of a window, panting, with mingled tears and lightnings in her eyes. He, too, stood motionless, but with a heaving breast. "Do you know what you are doing or saying?" she went on. "Is this the ideal adoration you planned? You are ruining it all."

"That is not enough," he answered, in a tone growing clear and level from the intensity of his purpose. "It was beautiful, but it must give way to something greater. It was only the mould" —

"What would you have?" she demanded, as if disdaining to allow any further vagueness or debate.

It seemed to Fenn as if she were within his grasp.

The stream of human passion is poured out from unseen sources like a living fire, but hardens on the top in a thin lava surface, upon which we walk in all the security of convention. It needs only a narrow seam to let the burning reality jet upward and melt away the crust we are treading. A few words had placed these two on a totally altered footing.

"I would have a new future," said Fenn, advancing. "What if my life, too, has not reached its true fruition? The world is wide. Development is the supreme law."

But as he drew nearer to her, she looked so unprotected, it seemed so ruthless to have struck aside all the defenses of her integrity, which till then he had respected, that a sudden sense of shame assailed him. He remembered that she had come here under his escort, and he knew that he was doing his manhood wrong in taking advantage of the fact.



Yet he would probably have persisted, had it been left to him.

On her part, she saw this strong man swayed by her, — the man she had most admired of any she had known. Though the final word had not been uttered, he might be hers by the slightest motion, — the dropping of her eyelids, the touch of a hand, — or by mere silence and passivity.

She lifted her hands to her face, to shut away the sight. "Leave me; do not speak again," she groaned, with an effort that might have betrayed to a calmer listener that she was doing violence to her inclination, — "or I shall hate you!"

Fenn recoiled. The words struck a blow that riveted the shame which had already partially fettered him. There was in them the mortification attaching to a positive rejection of all that he had meant to say; for he had actually said enough for her to understand him. In her capacity of conscience to him — the only conscience that still controlled him — she had the power thus to let in upon him a rush of humiliation at his error and remembrance of his faithlessness to Ethel; and most deeply of all he suffered from the disgrace of having risked too much with her.

She turned aside, and looked blindly out of the window; and he remained silent and stricken where he was. The minutes passed by and fell away like drops distilled from a silent and wasting grief. In a changed voice he asked, at length, "Do you despise me?"

Facing him again slowly, she surveyed him for an instant. "I cannot, — I cannot," she murmured in a tremulous tone. Then, recovering her resolution, she added, "But we must not see each other again."

Fenn bent his head, without knowing what a pang it gave her to see him do so. But, with a rallying hope, he raised his face presently. "You will not do that?" he pleaded. "It cannot be!"

he continued, gathering determination. "Think once more, if I merit anything so doubly bitter. Don't decide it, now, for I must submit to whatever you compel; but consent to think, and decide after you get to Tanford."

"We must go there together, of course," she said, with the languor that follows a forced act of duty. "And then" — She shielded her face again by looking out of the window; but decision had vanished from her attitude, and her sad white hands looked as they had done in the first meeting at Tanford.

He left her, and returned in half an hour, everything being ready for departure.

He was careful to ride in the hotel coach, while she went to the station in a carriage in which he had placed her. He did not engage a chair for himself in the drawing-room car with her, but took a seat in another part of the train, from which he came only at intervals to ask if there were anything he could do for her.

The drive from Athol back to the heights where Tanford lay was different enough from that which they had taken over the same route in coming. Then, all had been fresh and alluring, and the lucid morning had lent its spell of youthful grace to his fancies; but now the horses toiled for the most part up dusty steepes, and the weary heat of afternoon that beat upon the top of the stage burned the reality of his disgrace and weakness into Fenn's brain, with unrelenting force. Yet he strove to maintain an air of simple friendliness with Anice, and when she spoke to him it was with a perceptible gentleness: he could see in her eyes that she was sorry for him, and had appreciated his attempt to make his presence unobtrusive during their return.

Meanwhile, after Mrs. Dadmun's friends had discovered Fenn's departure, and the chief of the corps herself had explained Mrs. Eulow's absence (which



Ethel had not made known) by a timely call at the farm, there was a commotion among the Institute ladies. The matter was so much discussed, and had come to be talked of so openly, that Sharon Reeves, who by virtue of his cloth had been taken into confidence, resolved to counsel Fenn so soon as he could find an opportunity.

Ethel greeted her husband with a half-childish burst of joy. "Oh, I am so glad!" she cried, with sparkling eyes. "I was terribly nervous while you were away: I never felt so before. It seemed to me I could n't bear it, and this morning such a strange thing happened! I was reading in our room here, and something made me look up all at once, and for a minute I thought you were standing at the door, and saying good-by to me. You looked so pale!" Fenn turned his head half away; there was a stifling sensation in his throat. "You don't look well even now, Ben. You seem sad."

"I am tired," he said, kindly, feeling a weight like iron on his forehead. "But I shall soon be all right. It is you who need caring for, if you have begun seeing visions."

"No. All I need is you," said Ethel, with a kind of timid longing.

He pressed her to him; but, alas, he felt that the virtue had gone out of him. He knew that he loved her; he pitied her more than he did himself; but the warmth and tenderness that had once been so abundant within him seemed to have dwindled away into obscure crevices of his being, like water-courses dried by the sun.

## X.

The next day he spent entirely with Ethel. Every moment he exerted himself to please her; he rode with her in the afternoon, and the flush of a returning happiness stole into her face. But he scarcely noticed it; the ride had

been tame and spiritless, compared with those in which Anice had been his companion; there was a hot restlessness in his heart. He was continually wondering what Mrs. Eulow's decision would be.

In the morning he found a note from her in the post-office, — the best way of getting it to him unnoticed. He went out to the old arbor from which he could see her roof, and opened the envelope there. There fell out of the note within two thin disks from the pod of the *lunaria*, or satin-flower, cultivated in old country-gardens. Wondering what it meant, he glanced at the letter, which contained but a few words. They were these: —

DEAR MR. FENN, — Bring your wife to see me soon. I have thought once more, as you asked me to, and am willing to believe that I was hasty. I shall put into this note something which I found in the garden to-day, which bears a meaning worth remembering. They are the last fragments left of a flower that blooms in early summer. You have seen others like them, in vases. When the bloom is gone and all the rest of the pod has fallen away this remains; and the old-fashioned name is Honesty, — Common Honesty. Sincerely,

ANICE EULOW.

Fenn let his hand fall, with the note in it, and gazed straight before him. Then he stooped and picked up the singular lustrous-fibred disks. His first thought was that no other woman could have met the emergency in so delicate yet trenchant a way; and his admiration for her was even heightened. For an instant following, the rebuke of the symbol she had sent cut him. But after that, he began to be elated.

Reduced to plain terms, were not the decision and the note which it prompted in the nature of a victory for him? Was it wholly mercy that dictated them? In



proportion as the supposed certainty that she loved him returned, his misery and remorse grew less. His mind retraced the Boston episode with a new elasticity, and he was not long in proving to his satisfaction that he had been exposed to a great temptation, and had come out of it unscathed; for, as a matter of fact, it had been the knowledge that Anice was for the time under his protection that restrained him, and not anything which she had said or done. Hence, it was clear that he had shown self-command: he could trust himself, and all could go on safely, as he had conceived that it might.

So when the Rev. Sharon Reeves met him, on his reëntering the hotel, and proposed a little secular expedition in search of fish, he accepted the idea with a good-humored contempt for it. Mr. Reeves seldom caught fish, and he scorned to buy them; but Fenn might go and catch them for him. It was agreeable, also, to test his power of staying away from Anice for a while.

Ethel was glad to have him go. "Are you going to try the brook in Tom's Swamp?" she asked.

"Yes; but it's no use going after trout till afternoon, and, besides, we can only get small ones at this season."

"That's just the thing for Mr. Reeves," she laughed. "He's so small himself that he can't manage a very big fish, I should say: at least, they seem to think so, and don't even give him the chance of trying."

They went, without waiting for afternoon; but when they had come to the neighborhood of the favorable pools and bends in the brook, Fenn repeated to the clergyman what he had said to Ethel about the season.

"Dear me," cried Reeves, "I never thought of that! I believe we have no right to take them now." He pulled from an inner pocket a narrow pamphlet containing the fish and game laws. "It's so," he remarked, after scanning

the pages. "It would be against the law. We ought to have gone over to the mill for 'horn-paout,' as they call them here."

"A cast or two won't matter," answered Fenn; "and now that we have come so far, I must get something out of it." He approached the stream cautiously, and tossed his hook into a promising place.

The young clergyman looked on sadly. "It is a part of his inborn lawlessness," he said to himself, contemplating this breach of a legislative enactment.

Fenn found nothing in the spot where he had made his first cast, and as he drew away from the bank, in order to cut across and work noiselessly up to another bend, "I," said Reeves, "sha'n't fish."

"I dare say it is n't worth the trouble," Fenn agreed, halting.

"How long are you going to keep at it, then?" asked his companion, with a degree of solemnity.

"Oh, I don't know. If I once taste blood, I shall follow the thing up all day, very likely."

"But it's against the law," reiterated the clerical sportsman, in a tone of rebuke.

"I know it, my dear fellow; but no one obeys that law until a little later. The inertia of freedom to fish can't be overcome at once, and I believe even the local fish commissioners allow themselves some latitude."

Reeves grounded his rod with an air of resolution. "Mr. Fenn," said he, "I have something I ought to say to you, and I think it might as well be said now."

"It seems from your manner," remarked the other, casually, "to be disagreeable. Is it?"

"Not necessarily, — that is, not altogether. To begin with, you must remember the obligations of my calling; and, in the second place, that I'm trying to do you a service."



"Well, I'm ready. Go ahead."

"There has been a great deal of unpleasant gossip about you at the hotel, for some time past," began Reeves, steadily.

"And do you think you will do me a service by repeating it?" Fenn inquired, not very well pleased. "Let me tell you in advance that I think that idea is one of the two or three radical errors by which the human race has been so infernally warped out of happiness; and that I don't care to hear a word of your gossip."

"It is n't mine," said the little man, gallantly sticking to his point. "It's a great deal more yours, because your conduct has been sufficient cause for it."

"Hullo!" cried Fenn, angrily; "you wish to do me a service, and yet you have condemned me in advance, eh?"

Mr. Sharon Reeves set his face sternly against the offender. "Yes," he retorted, "I do condemn" —

"That is reason enough for refusing to hear you," interrupted the chemist. "But even on general grounds I wish you to understand that I won't listen to a word of this tittle-tattle, whatever it is."

"I condemn the conduct of a man who exposes himself and his wife," Reeves proceeded, without heeding him, — "exposes himself and his wife to injurious criticism, by paying such extraordinary attentions to another lady as you have been doing to Mrs. Eulow."

By this time, Fenn was furious. "Mrs. Eulow," said he, "is an old friend of mine, whom it is presumption in you to mention in such a way. As to Mrs. Fenn and myself, we attend to our own affairs. You, sir, are an entire stranger; but as you invited me to come fishing, and have decided to give that up, I will now say good-morning."

Whereupon he strode off towards the stream, entirely forgetting the usual elaborate approaches of a trout-fisher.

Reeves stared after him for a mo-

ment, in honest distress; but, seeing that it was useless to go further, and reflecting that he had at least forced one point of his discourse upon him, he decided to retrace his steps, and go over to his favorite saw-mill.

"It was an outrage," the chemist said to himself, when he turned his back. And as he trudged along mechanically through the alder-brake, now plunging into a wet hole among the tall grass and sinking over his shoes, now forcing his way through a barrier of twigs with his pole at a "carry," he muttered angrily, "Little jackanapes!" "Simply because he wears a coat of a particular cut," and similar phrases. The fact that his relations with Anice Eulow had been made the theme of impertinent comment was new to him; for a full comprehension of what people are saying about us — thanks to the pleasant padding of self-esteem with which nature provides the humblest of us — is the most difficult thing for us to grasp in daily life, always. When he had gone some distance and had recovered the true fishing instinct, this fact began to thrust itself upon him more distinctly. It increased his indignation. Now that he was cooler, he was willing to admit that, although the Reverend Sharon had displayed a fatal want of tact, he had shown a praiseworthy conception of duty; and he was even willing to respect him, which he had never done till then. But the meddling attempt of idle people at the hotel to take charge of his welfare and his wife's galled him intolerably. He had but just got rid of the humiliation which had hung about him on the way back from Boston, and to have to contemplate this outside criticism revived it. He became defiant. He did not care what happened. Being convinced of his strength, he resolved that he would show it, expressly to discomfit the scandal-mongers to whom Reeves had alluded.

Two or three young trout took his



bait, but he threw them back into the water. Midday came, and he went out to the road, where he succeeded in getting some milk and brown bread at one of the lost farm-houses he had so often noticed. The soft gloom of the woods, the wimpling brook, the swaying of the grasses, soothed him, and he returned to his sport with new zeal, securing towards evening a respectable string of dark, pink-spotted fish, with which he returned to the Institute in time to have them cooked for supper. He was willing to make amends for his sharpness towards Reeves by sending him some of the fried trout; but the clergyman's strict obedience to constituted authority forced him to decline the offering.

## XI.

Little opportunity offered for Fenn to throw out challenges to his gossiping enemies by any new overt act of daring. He took Ethel with him in going to see Anice for the first time since their return, and the widow afterward avoided that free habit of wandering about in pairs which had previously been indulged in. There were driving parties, in which Mr. Evans—who had now got around to the autumnal topics of ensilage and winter feed for cattle—was included; and all the gazings at sunsets and other pastoral amusements of the place were carried on in groups. Kingsmill had not yet gone, and had come to look, by reason of his flannel shirts and the deeper tan on his face, increasingly piratical. Ethel had been scrupulous in letting him see almost nothing of her during the short time that her husband had been away; but Kingsmill was pleased with the changed condition of things, because he perceived that she was much happier as a consequence of it. For some days everything went on peacefully, and without furnishing material for Mrs. Dadmun,

who finally took her leave, with a conviction that she would not be needed for any terrible crisis.

But Fenn was still irritated and defiant; and it must be added that when the old confidence and safety seemed to have been restored to them Ethel became less pensive, less haunted by thoughts of a possible sacrifice, and their usual abrupt collisions of ideas began again.

They went with Mr. Evans and Anice, one Sunday evening, to the Orthodox church. A wave of warmer weather had reached these Massachusetts hills from the central furnace of the west, and the night had more of midsummer than of autumn in it. Fenn sat lazily observing the interior of the meeting-house, with its empty walls, its pews filled with a straggling congregation, among whom were young women of the neighborhood, marked by a singular variation in degrees of style as to costume; and elder people, in all stages of weather-beaten vicissitude; with here and there a hearty farmer in his prime, and a few youths in uneasy black suits. The shuttered windows made dark spaces on the walls, in the dim light of a few oil-lamps; but the sashes being raised, the hot, unquiet chirring of the grass insects could be heard from without. Two long stove-pipes, black and bony, with numerous elbows, made their way on either side from the front wall of the church to the rear one, and suddenly dived into it near the pulpit,—as if the serpent of sin had been making plunges at the minister, and had been effectually trapped by accidentally sticking his fangs into the lath and plaster, beyond hope of withdrawing them. On a table just below the pulpit were a few additional hand-lamps, and a very bent old man with a cane obtained one of them, which he carried back into the central body of the pews, where it irradiated his hymn-book and several ancient faces near his own with a ghastly



shine. The whole scene struck Fenn as unnecessarily dismal; and when the minister had risen and read out the first hymn, there was a long pause, no music being provided. At last the gray-haired preacher appealed from the silence.

"Will some one lead the tune?" he requested.

Another pause, worse than the first, ensued; but, just as Fenn was struggling to repress a desire to laugh, Anice's voice rose, easily and with measured volume, giving the quaint melody. Fenn was annoyed at his own boyish levity, and in a moment followed her with a clear but not very forcible baritone. Ethel joined, too; but from all around them there was heard an odd jangling of inharmonious notes, like the twanging of disordered piano-strings. There were a few good singers, nearly lost in the lagging mass of false tones. The old bent man with the lamp supplied a deep bass, which he exercised with bold originality. He avoided all the needless difficulties of counterpoint by striking at once the note next to the lowest in his register (if he had a register), and remaining steadily poised upon it, except when a whim of genius prompted him to descend for a moment to the note which was absolutely his lowest.

Notwithstanding these choral peculiarities, Fenn was exalted by the song. Anice's voice rose and fell without perturbation from the stumbling efforts of the congregation: it was full of peace, and though she carefully reserved its power it seemed to take the melody to itself involuntarily, gathering up all that was best in the chant from different parts of the room, and incorporating these strains with its own resonance. The bleak and sordid interior no longer obtruded itself on Fenn. The place settled itself into propriety before his eyes, under the influence of Anice's singing.

The preacher came to his sermon.

He was a hard-headed, practical man, accustomed to the exactions of a shrewd farming population, and had a bargaining way of putting things to his hearers. He held his chin slightly forward, and nodded his head in a sharp manner when he made his chief points, as if dickering. "He evidently thinks," was Fenn's inward commentary, "that if he is to make any of us sharers in the kingdom of heaven it must be done on close trading principles." It will be seen that he was not profoundly moved by the divine; and under the influence of the sermon, the meeting-house rapidly resumed its unbeautiful aspect, and the smell of kerosene from the lamps became painfully noticeable.

Once more that impression was removed, when another hymn was sung. This time the melody bore him away in thought to the church at Little Falls.

It was a strange thing that the voices of these three persons — Ethel, Anice, and Fenn — should be blended in a religious chant. It would have seemed still stranger, had it been known to those who heard them that Fenn was at that moment thinking of the time when he had sat with Anice and her father in another house of prayer, listening to the warm breeze in the horse-chestnuts; that time when he had been strongly moved to place himself at her feet as a lover.

Another echo from that past! It swept over him with conquering sadness and unrest.

## XII.

"We shall probably stay until some time in October," said Mr. Evans, as they walked along the street together, after the service. "But as Mr. Fenn says you return to town before many days, I propose to get up some special excursion or picnic, by way of 'closing the season.' What do you say?"

"It's a charming idea!" cried Ethel.



"Do you hear, Ben? It really seems so mournful, giving up this lazy outdoor life, and going back to the driving city."

"What sort of thing had you in mind, father?" asked Mrs. Eulow.

"Well, what do you say to an afternoon tea at Temple Lake?"

There was a reactionary silence. This scheme was not strikingly novel. But Anice suddenly suggested, "And return by moonlight?" which met with prompt approval from Ethel and Fenn.

"The moon rises early now," said the chemist.

"I don't know about the wisdom of that," Mr. Evans rejoined, growing prudent. "I'm afraid you will all catch colds." He was thinking it highly probable that he should catch cold himself.

But the moonshine having once got into the project could not be got out again, and he was compelled to submit.

Arrangements were made the next day, and as the moon would soon have changed its hour of rising, they determined to go that afternoon. The Pincotts, Kingsmill, Miss Ibbit and Miss Hamill, and a number of others were invited, making nearly twenty in all. Mr. Evans had copious hampers prepared, into which most of his remaining champagne was put, and there was much hurly-burly in effecting a distribution of the merry-makers among the several equipages. Kingsmill, Anice, and Fenn found it best that they should ride, but Ethel thought the trip too long for her to take in the saddle.

They started early, and the whole thing passed off successfully. Some of the young men entered into an impromptu boat-race on the lake; then Pincott hastily organized a dramatic troupe, and gave a small charade entertainment under the trees, with costumes improvised from variegated wraps, and a curtain of thick-leaved boughs held up by his two boys between the trunks of two trees. And lastly they sat down by

the lake-beach, lit some small fires on the sand, and sang in chorus, while the moon rose and gradually wrought a mysterious change on them and everything around them; so that it might have been imagined they were not the same people who had come from the Institute, but had imperceptibly altered into a more romantic sort, existing in a world of dusk-dimmed silver.

"I think we may as well start on," said Fenn to Anice, when they were all getting ready to go back. The carriages were being packed, and this process was tedious to the equestrians, whose horses were restive.

"Very well. Where is Mr. Kingsmill?"

"Here I am," said the heir, trotting up from behind the carriages. "Some of them are going back by the other road, — around by the old tannery, you know. Would n't that be better?"

"It is much farther," objected Anice.

"Well, I must leave you, then. I promised them." Kingsmill moved away on his horse.

Anice had begun to follow.

"You will be tired out, if you go by that road," said Fenn, coming up beside her. "Let us go on." He thought she was reluctant for a moment; but in the next she turned Star's head without debate. Ethel was to drive with Mr. Evans: Fenn rode up and ascertained that they were coming by the usual road; then Anice and he set off.

Was that transformation of the moonlight something more than a fantasy? As they flew forward under the moon, with large stars waiting for them in advance, just above the sweep of the hills, Fenn was imbued with a kind of illusion that they had been released for the time being from their ordinary selves, and were gliding into some other phase less sharply defined, and not hedged around with too many stubborn realities. Yet he thought of how soon he must cease to



see Anice, and this lent a poignancy to the pleasure of the ride. It recalled him to himself, and quickened into more acute pain the dull heart-ache into which the wrath that followed Reeves's attack had soon subsided.

When they rode more slowly, they talked of the beauty of the night and of incidents at the picnic. The memories of both, however, were busy with that day when they had first ridden over this road; and through the unseen agency that was always at work between them each was aware that the other's thoughts were taking this direction.

"We are getting very far ahead of the rest," said Anice, as they ascended one of the many rises they had to traverse. "Let's stop a moment and listen."

They reined in, and gazed back over the lower ground. The road was empty; the moonlight looked as if it had lain forever on the woods and passive earth, and as if it would never go away. Transient as it is, there is more of eternity in this calm illumination than in the swift and stimulating light of the sun. Fenn thought, "What if we two were to be stricken by some lasting change, here in this pale light, and kept together forever in it, — dead, or mute and blind, — yet conscious of our companionship!" It was an unearthly fancy, but his heart throbbed warmly and fiercely under it. He felt an insatiable desire for some isolating fate which should separate them from everybody else. Yet there was a something within him that remonstrated against this desire: for an instant, he even felt the despair of a drowning man, and struggled within himself for something to hold by and keep himself from being drawn under. In vain!

Such silence was in the air that they could hear the whistle of a locomotive at some great distance, — so far that it was hardly louder than the coo of a bird. But nearer and slighter sounds from the road they had been traveling,

as is sometimes the case, did not reach them.

"It is strange," said Fenn, in a dry tone that gave no hint of what was going on in his mind, "that we don't hear them coming."

"Very," said Anice. "How fresh and sweet it is here!"

Their voices sounded cold, in the moonlight.

"Ah, what was that? Is n't it the carriages?"

A faint rumbling of the vehicles could be detected. "Yes; that's they at last," assented Fenn, and immediately touched his horse.

They did not wait again, and when they entered the village they were far in advance. As they came up the hill to the junction of roads which formed an irregular square among the houses, some men moving across this space, with their legs very black against the moonlight, presented a queer appearance.

"Up so far above us, they look like insects crawling on the top of the hill," Fenn observed; and Anice laughed. They tried to put themselves at ease, with trifles of this sort.

He accompanied her at a light trot to the farm-house, where Star was housed by the man, and Fenn's gray hitched in the barn. "I shall wait here," Fenn had explained, "until Mr. Evans comes. I don't like to leave you quite alone."

"Let us go around into the garden, then," said Anice. "There are some seats, and it will be pleasanter there." She was nervous at being thus thrown passively alone with him, and fancied that going into the house would increase her constraint.

The garden lay in an angle between the house and the bank formed by the cutting of the hillside. There were trees here and there, among them one that was dead; and their shadows fell with soft abundance on the brightly flooded paths and beds.

"This is where you found those flow-



er-pods that you sent me?" he asked. It was the first allusion he had made to them.

"Yes," she replied, her voice coming much fainter than she wished. She would have offered some remark to divert him, but her wit failed her.

Fenn stopped abruptly. They were under the shadow of the dead tree.

"I cannot be bound by that symbol," he declared, with resistless impetuosity. "I have thrown those skeletons of flowers away, for my honesty is more than a common one; and before I go I must speak." She drew back, terrified; but he went on, crying, "No, no! Anice — Anice! — don't judge me as you would other men. There is some fate upon me; I don't know what; I cannot resist it. Oh, I have tried! But the passion that was beginning and never had free play, when I knew you so long ago, has come again, and will not be stifled. I love you, Anice! You cannot tell me of faiths and duties. I only know this one thing, and it is truer than all others."

"This is cowardly," she gasped, when she could. "It is unworthy of you."

"No, it is not cowardly," he answered, pale and determined. "It is braver than to keep a lying face. Have you not seen, have we not both known for weeks what was growing up around us? And is it better to part, with that knowledge smouldering in us, than to face it and speak of it faithfully?"

She collected all her force, and said coldly, "If you knew this, you should have gone away long ago, never to see me on earth again. And will you tell me what you think is to be gained by declaring to me now a love that dishonors us all? It is a sin against yourself, and an unpardonable wrong to me."

He looked at her in rigid silence. "You may deceive yourself," he said; "but you cannot me. You know well, — very well, — the power you have had over me. I fancied it was a thing that could be turned into some new kind of

devotion, like that we talked of. But you saw how it was overcoming me, and you forbade me to see you again. Why do you accuse me, when you had it all in your hands, and allowed our acquaintance to continue?"

"Because I trusted you and wished you well," Anice returned, with less firmness. Then, seeing that the only hope was in an immediate parting, she added, "I shall not leave this garden, Mr. Fenn. It is for you to go!" She pointed commandingly towards the entrance by which they had come in.

For an instant, all his strength forsook him. Then he burst into a fierce, broken laugh.

"I understand at last," he said, with a bitter intensity she had never even dreamed of. "You have taken a terrific and skillful vengeance. Out of resentment for a clumsy, boyish mistake, you have deliberately ruined a man's heart, and made him put his honor in the dust before you. Yes, I'll go." He turned, so dizzy that he could hardly see the path, and began to move away.

There was a moment of passionate effort on her part to repress the storm within herself; but as she beheld him receding she yielded, and made a detaining gesture. He saw it, and came back rapidly.

"Am I wrong?" he cried, searching her face. "You felt more than that; you — you loved! Tell me it was so."

She tried to steady herself by putting her hands out into the air. Then she gasped, "No — no!"

"You did not?" he repeated.

But she could no longer reply. She was on the point of falling; and with an instinct of protection he stretched out his arms, almost enfolding her in them. As they stood thus for an instant, the shadow of the dead tree lay motionless upon them, and the icy moonlight around gave visible bounds to that isolation for which he had so lately wished.



She had confessed nothing; but at that instant Fenn felt that all had been confessed between them. He saw, with a pity that wrung his heart, what her struggle had been; and remorse struck through him like a sword for his own sin against Ethel, and for the attitude into which he had forced this woman who stood with him here. Was this the joy of liberation he had looked forward to?

Anice recovered herself at once. She drew away from his contact, and held on to the bench near at hand. "This will kill me!" she was moaning, like one only half conscious. "All these years — No; oh, no! You must leave me instantly. For Ethel's sake go; go! Tell her all you have said, — everything."

"Thank God, Anice, you are nobler than I!" Uttering these words with lips that seemed chilled by a frost, he fled.

### XIII.

Up the bank and through the fields saturated with a cold dew he hurried, flying and stumbling, forgetting the horse he had left tied in the barn; and only when he reached the old arbor, with its early-flaming woodbines looking ashen in the light of the moon, he paused, and strove to collect his senses.

When he came into the hotel, those who saw him wondered at the breathless and exhausted appearance about his face, ordinarily so strong and composed and glowing with healthy color; but they attributed it to anxiety, for his first words were an inquiry about his wife.

"No, she has n't come back," answered one of the ladies of the lake party, who had returned, as he stood with his hand on the stair-rail, about to go up and look for her in their room.

"That's strange. What road did you come by, — the tannery?" he asked her.

"No; the usual one."

"And you did n't see her, driving with Mr. Evans?"

"No. They were behind us, I think."

Fenn went on into the empty sitting-room, where the over-fatigued piano stood, with its cover thrown back as usual, and exposing the perpetual grin of its white keys. He was at a loss to understand Ethel's failure to arrive. Time enough had passed, he thought, for them to make up the distance by which Anice and he had outstripped them, and Mr. Evans would naturally bring Ethel to the Institute, first.

Some newspapers were lying on a side-table, and he picked up one, thinking to allay his feverishness and divert a growing anxiety about his wife. The first paragraph that took his notice was one which recorded with business-like vigor the pursuit and arrest of a man who had abandoned his wife and attempted an elopement. He threw the sheet down in disgust. "Great heaven, what have I not been saved from!" he muttered, as he went out. He knew, from the shock of remorse that had pierced him there in the garden, what a frightful deception he had subjected himself to. He had not intended, at the worst, to do what this man in the newspaper was guilty of; his original plan of flight, which he had been on the point of broaching to-night, had conformed to a species of propriety. Anice and he were to disappear separately; they were to wait till he could obtain a release from his legal ties; or, he had even said to himself that if he could only offer her his devotion unrestrainedly and live near to her, seeing her each day, no other step should be taken. But now all this plausible refinement settled down, in his view, to the vulgar level of the criminal he had just read about. His limbs shook with the horror in which he held himself, at recognizing what he had been drifting to. He wished that he might be torn in pieces, annihilated. But he saw that



his punishment was worse than that : it lay in continuing to breathe and being forced to contemplate himself.

One of the young men sitting in the colonnade suggested that perhaps Mr. Evans had changed his mind after starting, and had turned off on to the tannery road. This afforded Fenn a slight relief ; but he went on pacing up and down, his mind busy with possible catastrophes, — an attack by tramps, a runaway, a broken bridge, or something else that he could not imagine. It occurred to him to go back for his horse and ride out along the regular road, to meet the belated team ; but the bare possibility that Mr. Evans might have taken the other route overruled this plan. He had come to the point when to have Ethel arrive while he should be out searching for her would be an additional distress, of which he did not want to run the risk. By a considerable effort, however, he decided to go over to Pincott's, and ask questions there.

"Oh, they *must* have gone the other way," the artist's wife said, confidently. "Don't look so worried, Mr. Fenn. I don't believe anything has happened."

He thanked her, and went back to the hotel, saying that it was likely she was there even now. But she had not come. It was growing late, and the boarders who had not retired gave all their attention to the source of his alarm.

"Miss Hamill has just gone upstairs," the same young man informed him who had before offered a hint. "She came by the tannery, and says Mr. Kingsmill left them, and trotted back to join Mr. Evans's carriage ; and *he* has n't come back yet. So it must be all right."

"Oh," said Fenn, with an air of being obliged. But the news excited still more apprehension in his mind.

Thinking that he was giving his nervousness too much prominence, he went out into the road, and walked quickly towards the point where the carriage

must enter the village if it had not followed in the course he had taken with Anice. Kingsmill's absence filled him with a sickening dream of what his condition might have been if this rich young man had drawn Ethel into any such insane bewilderment as that in which he himself had so lately stood with Anice. Fortunately, that had not happened, and Mr. Evans's being with Ethel prevented his conjuring up any phantasm of jealousy ; but he felt a vague, unreasoning anger against Kingsmill for being away with Ethel at this crisis.

He stood still in the street, and noticed all at once that the moonlight had nearly waned, — the weird illumination which, an hour or two before, had seemed so permanent. It gave him a bitter satisfaction to think how his madness had crumbled and slipped away with it. A huge field of cloud was rising, and had swallowed half the stars.

"Oh, my God ! If I should never see Ethel again ! What if some accident has happened, from which she will die ?" This was the cry in his heart.

A horse and rider, springing out of the feeble light a little way off, and dashing by, roused him. It had been but a flash, but the face of Kingsmill seemed to be printed on the night air, and to be lingering behind like a vision, while the rider swept on.

Fenn ran after him towards the hotel, at his greatest speed. The young man was there already, dismounted, quivering with excitement, and talking to a little dusky group of men.

"What is it ?" cried Fenn, with an awful fear, as the others fell back before him.

"There has been an accident," said Kingsmill, rapidly.

"Where ? Tell me where !"

"The railroad crossing" —

"Is she killed ?" The words burst from Fenn like the red drops that spur from a knife-thrust.



"She was not badly hurt," said Kingsmill. "The cars struck them just as they had got over, and they were thrown out. But some people are taking care of them."

"I must go!" cried Fenn, wildly rushing to get Kingsmill's horse, which was being led away.

"Not that one!" exclaimed the owner. "I have a fresh one in the stable."

There was a sharp scurry to saddle the fresh steed, and just as Fenn put his foot in the stirrup the farmer from Mr. Evans's came up with the tired gray and a message from Anice, who had also become alarmed.

"For God's sake, go and tell her, Kingsmill!" shouted Fenn, mounting.

The next instant his horse had shot away, under spur, for the tannery road.

It was a solemn group that wound up the highway from the railroad crossing, coming back.

By the time the wagon that had been obtained was ready to start, Anice, also, had arrived on horseback; and the two mounted figures moved at a funereal pace beside the cart. Ethel had fainted at first, but was restored; and, unless she had suffered internal hurt, was judged to be the worse only for a few bruises. Mr. Evans had not come off so well. He had a broken arm, and was prostrated by the shock he had sustained. His light carriage was left behind, a partial wreck, and the borrowed wagon had to proceed slowly, in order to avoid possible injury to the sufferer.

Fenn and Anice did not exchange a word, but both were lost in wondering at the chance that had thus brought them together again on this same night, under such altered conditions. From time to time Fenn, bringing his horse close to the wheels on Ethel's side, spoke some low word of inquiry or soothing, as indistinguishable to any but her ear as the murmur of the night breeze in the

pinetrees. Sometimes, when he fell back and watched the muffled forms reclining in the wagon, a picture presented itself to him in which he saw Ethel as she might have been, motionless and darkly covered and insensible to the jolting of the springs, — a picture of the dead being brought home silently from the place of her death; and then he would turn away and curse himself, in the midst of a mute thanksgiving.

The chemist sat by his wife all night, and watched while she slept, after many vain attempts. In the morning, the physician who had been telegraphed for from a distance arrived, and pronounced with some confidence that she had no unseen injuries.

It was late in the afternoon that Fenn knelt by his wife's bed, while a soft light from the fading west pervaded the room. Seeing that she was strong and recovered, he spoke: "Ethel, I cannot put off any longer the confession I must make of the wrong that has been in my heart these last few weeks."

"I have been afraid," she answered calmly. "Oh, yes, I knew;" and the tears rose in her eyes. "But I must not hear it. I cannot."

The blood mounted to his face. "How despicable I am!" he groaned. "But you don't know all, Ethel. You cannot know that I told her" —

She covered her face with her hands, crying, "Oh, why must I believe this! Why can't I forget it all, pretend that I did not see?" Then, with a hot beating in her temples, she took away her hands, and said with forced deliberation, "Never tell me any more. I cannot promise to be the same to you or to hold you so; but I will hear nothing. Only tell me, — did you mean to do me a wrong? Are you true to me?"

"The wrong," he replied, "was a madness, an infatuation. That was all. But I am not fit, now, even to say I am true to you." He lifted his eyes to hers.



She looked into them with a calm, just scrutiny; and Fenn thought that he knew what the light in the recording angel's eyes must be like. But it was only the glance of a tender woman possessing deep intuitions. She said at length, "I will believe in you."

Ethel put her hand upon his head, with a touch so simple and gentle that it was the best of benedictions.

He had held, once, that there was a peculiar mystery about Anice, and the belief had made her the more dangerously fascinating. Ethel was transparent enough, exteriorly; but the mystery of her nature lay deeper down, and he was only just beginning to apprehend it. The quality in Anice served merely as a unit of measure for its larger presence in Ethel. Kneeling here before his wife, with too much humility in him even to put his lips to hers, Fenn saw that he was touching the mystery which is profounder than intellectual choice; which diffuses itself through earth and heaven, and solves all but explains nothing, — pure love.

They went on living. That is generally the way with people.

If we were constructing an ideal drama from their lives, it might be said that Fenn's punishment was too light; but we do not altogether know what that punishment was; and the justice of the heart should leave a chance for improvement, which could hardly be were the chastisement too heavy. Fenn and Ethel not only went on living; they were also better, though I will not say happier. For, in opposition to formal moralists, I maintain that people often grow less happy as they grow better. The opinions of these two were not identical, after this experience, any more than they had been thitherto; and they sometimes had little quarrels. But both of them were better, I think, than they had been. Something, indeed, had gone from their lives, which would never

come again; but they lived with a *sal* hope of something just beyond. Ethel's great love and generosity restored Fenn's self-respect as far as anything could restore it; but who could exorcise the hidden grief, brighten the tarnished memory? Not even she. The highest that remained to him was so to live every day as to become worthier of her love. And as for her, having once reached a great height, her endeavor was not to fall often, or for long, below it.

Mr. Evans was supposed to have recovered from the accident; but it kept him in bed for a few days, and this gave Anice an excuse for not seeing the Fenns when they came to say good-by, — as, in view of the old gentleman's ignorance of the situation, they felt bound to do. Within a year he died; but he had written several times to Fenn, chiefly on the topic of agricultural chemistry, and in his last letter he said: "I have come to the conclusion that the chemist's analysis of soils is almost useless to the farmer. The man who has to take the growth from the land, whatever it may be, knows more about the nature of the soil than the most careful scientific deduction can teach him."

Fenn took this patiently, because he was convinced that something similar could be said with truth about analysis of the moral deposits of character.

Three years after the summer at Tanford, when he had prospered and become part owner in some profitable chemical works, Ethel and he, being in New York, unexpectedly encountered Mrs. Eulow at a crowded evening reception.

"Does she sing as beautifully as ever?" Mrs. Fenn asked their hostess.

"*More* beautifully than ever, I believe," was the answer. "But she can never be induced to let us hear her; at least, not in companies. There are a few ladies to whom she has sung, and she will take part in a charity concert very rarely. But if you want to hear



her, you must go to some of the homes for poor children. She has regular days which she gives to them, and there she will pour out her voice for an hour or two at a time."

"How singular!"

"Yes, it is very eccentric. But since her father died she spends more of her time here, and has been devoted to good works. She has entered into benefaction as a sort of career, I fancy. Some of us predicted, when she began, that she would be a failure,—she was not the sort of person. But we were wrong. She seems to be completely in earnest, and does a great deal of good."

When Fenn heard this, he remembered what had been said by Anice so long ago,—that she wanted him to put purpose into her life, and that to have a career she must make a sacrifice. Her sacrifice had been the relinquishing of her destructive power over him. Her purpose? It gave him a very strange

feeling to reflect that in this, too, he had aided, without his will; for her devotion to merciful deeds certainly implied a memory of him which shut out for her any further seeking after personal happiness.

He stood a little way from Ethel, and when Mrs. Eulow came by, simply dressed in black, she bowed to him in passing. In her eyes there was a light of conquest, but it was of conquest over herself. To Ethel, also, she bowed. "I am just going," she said, with a slight quivering in the tone, and the glance with which she accompanied this was one of melancholy and appeal; yet it was trustful. Ethel Fenn saw in it something which meant, "You at least are a woman who can forgive a woman, and you understand me."

Then, as the figure in black turned away, Ethel responded gravely and sweetly, in a way that satisfied the widow's appeal, "Good-by!"

*George Parsons Lathrop.*

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### THE NIXIE MAIDEN.

THE Nixie maiden, so white and soft  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),  
The Nixie maiden, so white and soft,  
How shall I tell what she did to me?

She came through the waves when the fair moon shone  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea);  
She came where I walked on the sands alone,  
With a heart as light as a heart may be.

Soft as the crest where it combs and curls  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),  
White as the glint of her own white pearls,  
The Nixie maiden, she came to me.

She looked in my eyes; she smiled and sighed  
(Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),  
She said she was weary of wind and tide,  
She said she would stay on the shore with me.



She lay on my arm like a child at rest  
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea);  
 She slipped her soft hand into my breast,  
 And stole my poor heart away from me.

And again she smiled, and again she sighed  
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),  
 Then down she slipped through the shining tide,  
 And the sea-depths hid her away from me.

Ay me! I walk on the sands alone  
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea),  
 Ay me! 't is so cold when one's heart is gone;  
 I knew not before what cold might be.

Is that the gleam of her soft, bright hair?  
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea)  
 Are those her eyes that shine on me there?  
 Is she coming again through the waves to me?

Ay me! I shiver with cold and pain  
 (Drift o' the wave and foam o' the sea);  
 But the Nixie maiden comes never again,  
 Never again comes my heart to me.

*L. E. R.*

## SHAKESPEAREAN OPERAS.

IN nothing is the lofty character of modern musical ambition so evident as in its ceaseless effort during the last two hundred years to interpret the great dramas of Shakespeare. It is also remarkable that it is the supernatural dramas which have most persistently attracted musicians, — the *Tempest*, the magical *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and the tragedy of human destiny, ambition, and crime as told in the story of *Macbeth*.

That the *Tempest* is eminently fitted for music, few musical people will deny. Moreover, it seems probable that this play was the first which in the Elizabethan age assumed in some degree the form of an opera; for pieces to be sung are richly interspersed throughout

the whole play. Indeed, all its revivals, till within a late period, were in operatic form, with music by different composers. That of Purcell and Arne is to-day as fresh as ever. Purcell was born in 1658, and in his time the musical drama had no separate existence. Yet many of Shakespeare's plays had overtures and pieces to be performed between the acts, as well as numerous incidental songs. Purcell in this way embellished *Timon of Athens* and the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, but his fame rests, in a great measure, on his exquisite music for the *Tempest*.

In 1667 Sir William Davenant and Dryden altered the text of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, for the avowed purpose of affording opportunity for scenic decora-



tion and music. The alteration was an act of sacrilege, and a wretched failure throughout, but Purcell's music to it contains gems that no musical era or taste will relinquish. For surely, if ever musician had ear to catch and hand to record any of those "noises" of which Prospero's isle was full, those "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," it was Purcell. He understood thoroughly the great principle that the vocal music of every country must be founded upon the peculiar accent or modulation of its spoken language, and therefore his music is remarkable for its genuine English character. The fairy lightness of Ariel's little song, "Come unto these yellow sands," with its wild and simple burden, is still a great favorite; and there is in the same play a soprano air, "Halcyon days," that is perfectly delightful. Caliban's song, "The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad," might have been imagined by Weber. In fact, Purcell's *Tempest* music is generally so excellent that if it was wedded to the proper words it would well deserve to be restored to the stage.

On the revival of the *Tempest*, in 1746, at Drury Lane, Dr. Arne supplied new music for the play, one song of which will keep his memory green for all time, "Where the bee sucks." Nothing that has ever been written is more truly "fairy music;" and it has a perennial freshness that neither time nor use seems able to deprive it of. He has been equally felicitous with Amiens' first song in *As You Like It*:—

"Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat;  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall you see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather."

The Forest of Arden, with all its charm of shade and song and good company, is in this delightful melody; while in a

different manner his "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" is quite as effective.

After Purcell and Arne two German musicians, Rolle and Winter, gave a musical setting to the *Tempest*; but they were feeble and commonplace composers, and their works live only in a line or two in some musical dictionaries. Later, the fine possibilities of the drama haunted for years the imaginative brain of Mendelssohn, and it is probable that, in conjunction with Immerman, he had already sketched out some portions, when, in 1850, he received offers from a London manager to write an opera on Shakespeare's *Tempest*. His immense success in translating the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* prompted this proposal, and Mendelssohn seemed well inclined to accept it. But the libretto had been prepared by M. Scribe, a Frenchman, and it was impossible to reconcile their peculiar idiosyncrasies. Mendelssohn on the subject of "faëry" was of "imagination all compact;" Scribe's notions on the subject were essentially "stagey." The story of the *Tempest* was far too simple and dreamy for the dramatist's ideas; he rendered it piquant by "intrigues" and "situations;" and this "audacity" so offended the purist taste of Mendelssohn that he indignantly rejected Scribe's book of the opera, and refused to move any further in the matter, although the opera had been largely advertised in his name, and the portraits of the actors in their costumes given to the public.

To supply Mendelssohn's place, M. Halévy, who was also French, was procured. The choice might have been worse. If Halévy was not fanciful, he was at least free from vulgarity, and he wrote like one to whom all the resources of his art were known. The cast for Halévy's *Tempest* was of the highest promise: Sontag was Miranda, Lablache, Caliban, Grisi, Ariel; and Parodi, Ferraris, Coletti, and Baucarde filled the minor parts; while Scribe and Halévy



both came to London to superintend their work.

It was presented on the 8th of July, 1850, to an overflowing audience, and received with "frenzied acclamations" of delight. It was peculiarly rich in melodies, but amid them all "Where the bee sucks" — appropriated from Arne's *Tempest* by Halévy — stood out in exquisite and delightful freshness. After the triumph, Halévy was overwhelmed with congratulations, especially by the foreign artists: "How charming! How beautiful is this *motivo*!" and then all hummed a melody, the same invariably. It was Arne's ever new "Where the bee sucks;" and poor Halévy, in the midst of his glory, winced under the unconscious criticism.

In this revival of the *Tempest*, Lablache created his last and his greatest character, Caliban. The dull earthiness and the brute ferocity of the savage, his grovelling, revengeful despair, and above all the admirable propriety with which Lablache managed difficulties which might easily have become abominations combined to form one of the greatest masterpieces of force, versatility, and subtle judgment ever seen on the musical stage. In this opera Mademoiselle Parodi gained great applause by her spirited singing of Stephano's song, "The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I," a ditty whose coarseness has generally deterred musicians.

Since Halévy's effort, M. Benedict, M. Berlioz, Herr Taubert, of Berlin, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan have attempted the *Tempest*. Herr Taubert's work is of mediocre merit; M. Benedict's and M. Berlioz's are both unfinished. Mr. Sullivan has given us the latest and the very best opera on the subject extant; and the sensation which it caused in musical circles was well deserved. "A new storm and a new Ariel were not easy to conjure up, but the feat has been done; the music is bright and fresh, and

full of delicate fancies." Mr. Sullivan has been called "England's Mendelssohn Scholar;" and he has certainly given the *Tempest* a musical interpretation which does no dishonor to that of his great master's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

For, beyond all doubt or question, the most perfect, the most exquisite, illustration of Shakespeare that musical art has produced is the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. That when a mere boy he should have struck out such an incomparable prelude to it as the marvelous overture to this opera is one of the wonders of genius. Yet the overture lay for a dozen years or more, solitary in its perfection, till it pleased the late king of Prussia to command a revival of the fairy play and its overture, with complete music by the same master hand.

Mendelssohn was delighted with the commission, and towards the end of the year 1843 it was brought out on the Leipzig stage. Much of the music was the unfolding and completing of what had already been given to the world in the overture; but the charming chorus of fairies singing Titania to sleep, the beautiful Night Song without words, which accompanied Titania's rest in the grotto, and the wonderfully brilliant Wedding March, with its fascinating trio, were entirely new; and yet they perfectly corresponded in tone to the older overture.

Schumann, who heard it soon after its completion, declares, "It is a bridge between Oberon and Bottom, without which it would now be almost impossible to enter fairyland, however much in vogue that was in Shakespeare's time. The bloom of eternal youth sparkles on it; from the first entrance of Puck and the elves, the instruments chatter and jest as if the elves themselves played them. Here the finished master, in his happiest hours, reached



his highest flight." It is certain that Mendelssohn's portrayal of fairy life has become typical; all later composers on similar subjects have followed in his footsteps. Louis Tieck, whose readings of Shakespeare had a European reputation, had the charge of putting the opera on the stage, and he conceived the ridiculous idea of making the Athenians wear Spanish dresses! Mendelssohn used to crow with laughter when telling this incident, and also how the First Stick in Waiting came to him, after the first court performance, and said, "Charming, delicious music you have made, doctor; but what a wretched, stupid play!" "So you see," the musician would add, "we are not without our Bottoms and Quinces at his majesty's court." As a whole, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer-Night's Dream* is one of two most perfect works, and it ranks in its world as high as does his *Elijah* among oratorios. Had he lived, it is very likely he would have completed his ideas regarding the *Tempest*; and he had also seriously thought of the *Winter's Tale*, a sketch from which he had by him. "Something merry could be made with *Autolycus*," he said to a friend, and how merry he could have made it, the world has since learned by the publication of his operetta, in which the peddler *Kanz* plays so notable a part. There is an opera on the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, by an English musician of some eminence named *Smith*; and some of the airs sung in this version have had an immense and enduring popularity.

The third play of Shakespeare demanding supernatural music, which has seemed irresistibly to charm musicians, is *Macbeth*. It was used as the subject of an opera in England by *Matthew Locke*, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century; and somehow it is a canon of musical faith in England to regard *Locke's Macbeth* as final. Certainly it is full of genius, and promises

to partake of the immortality of the great tragedy with which it is associated. The melodies are highly rhythmic and full of energy and expression; the harmony is free from petty details, and thrown into masses of astonishing grandeur and breadth. The *aria parlante* of the opening dialogue, "Speak, sister, speak," is said to be different from anything in either ancient or modern music, and yet so simple and natural that it seems to be the only possible way in which the words could have been uttered. Other critics, of more modern schools, say that the music is often bald and monotonous, and that the incantations recall by painful comparison that grand page in *Händel's Saul*, where the *Witch of Endor*, in intense and ghastly simplicity, calls up the prophet *Samuel*.

The Germans, quickened by *Schiller's* translation, and by the great fame of *their Siddons*, *Madame Schröder-Devrient*, as *Lady Macbeth*, set themselves heartily to work to procure music for the great tragedy. *Spohr*, *Eberwein*, *André of Offenbach*, *Holly of Breslau*, *Reichardt of Berlin*, *Rastrelli*, and *Taubert* have attempted it, but none have produced anything worthy of the subject. *Chèlard*, a Frenchman, grappled with its difficulties better, and *Mr. Henry F. Chorley*, a musical critic of great authority, says that the skill and effectiveness of some portions of *M. Chèlard's Macbeth* ought alone to save his name from being forgotten. Of all his operas it was the most successful, and the overture to it is still a favorite piece for concerts. *Madame Schröder-Devrient* played the "Lady" in *Chèlard's Macbeth*, but scarcely with her usual power, for she was hampered with the music, which demanded an executive facility she did not possess. Later it was admirably sung by *Sophia Crivelli*.

It is an interesting fact that the text for *Chèlard's Macbeth* was arranged by the clever, unlucky *Rouget de Lisle*,



the author of *La Marseillaise*. He never took another flight so high, and he had peculiarities of temper that wore out all his friends and admirers, so that he died at Weimar, some years afterwards, an obscure and friendless man.

The Italian version of *Macbeth* was written by a much more famous man than Chèlard, Signor Verdi. In it he has only shown his perfect incapacity to deal with supernatural subjects. "His witches are mere Vauxhall sorceresses, and his *Lady's Song* at the banquet might be transferred to the free and easy supper of *La Traviata*." The last monologue of the heroine is far inferior to Chèlard's, though it had the advantage of being presented by one of the greatest actresses of any time, Madame Garcia Viardot. Evidently, no music that can be accepted as final has been inspired by *Macbeth*, and the play awaits its musical interpreter.

Of all Shakespeare's passion plays, *Romeo and Juliet* has been the favorite with the great masters of musical thought. It has been set and re-set in operatic form ever since the days of Zingarelli, who composed it for Grassini about the close of the eighteenth century. Yet there is no play which, in one respect, offers so great a difficulty as this: it demands, in addition to fine singing and fine acting, both youth and great beauty. Signor Mario was the only possible *Romeo* during the last half century. The exceedingly plain Rubini, the singular-looking Duprez, would have appeared ridiculous in the balcony scene. Then, if a *Romeo* is found, the *Juliet* is equally important; and there is besides this difficulty, that a competent singing *Juliet* would of necessity be an experienced and not a very young woman.

The earliest musical *Romeo and Juliet* was by Benda, one of the musical officials of that flute-playing, philosophical king, Frederick the Great. Only its tradition remains; not a note of the

music has come down to us. Herr Steibelt, whose *Storm* is still well known, and whose *Spanish Tune* inspired Keats to write for it, "Hush! hush! tread softly," treated the tale for the *Opera Comique* of Paris with some success. The charming Madame Scio, whom Cherubini's *Medea* killed by its strain on her voice, was the *Juliet*. But Steibelt's music has perished, as well as a subsequent opera by Dalayrac.

There were five Italian operas of *Romeo and Juliet* before Bellini took it in hand. Of these five Zingarelli's alone is worth noticing. It may be noted, in passing, that Robert Schumann said that Zingarelli "read the church Fathers in order to gather inspiration for his *Romeo e Giulietta*." This work is remembered now only because its libretto served Bellini for an opera which was the vehicle of Madame Pasta's superb acting and singing in the title rôle. No one has ever approached Pasta as *Romeo*. Her rich and original ornamentation gave a superb Italian charm to the tomb scene, in no respect contradicting that burst of despair with which, raising tenderly a long lock of *Juliet's* hair, she used to thrill all hearts with her "Ah! mia Giulietta! Ah! sposa!"

Bellini's opera was received in Venice with enthusiastic approbation. In London it owed what success it had to the genius of Pasta, who "took with a royal license everything that pleased her from every opera, and made a mosaic for herself, the recollection of which is among the imperishable things of art."

*Romeo and Juliet* had an enthusiastic musical translator in Hector Berlioz, who gave his clever, paradoxical work in Paris in 1839. Of the events which led to the composition of this work he himself tells the story: "An English company came to Paris to give some plays of Shakespeare, at that time wholly unknown to the French public. I went to the first performance of *Hamlet* at the Odéon, and saw that for the next



day *Romeo and Juliet* was advertised. I had my passes to the orchestra of the Odéon; fearing that the doorkeeper of the theatre might have orders not to let me pass as usual, I ran to the book-office to make assurance doubly sure.

"Seeing this love, quick and sudden as thought, burning like lava, imperious, irresistible, boundless, pure and beautiful as the smiles of angels, those distracted embraces, those struggles between life and death, was too much after the melancholy anguish, tearful love, cruel irony, madness, tears, and calamities of *Hamlet*. At that time I did not know a single word of English; I only caught glimpses of Shakespeare through the fog of *Letourneur's* translations. But the play of the actors, and especially of the actress, Miss *Henrietta Smithson*, who was the *Ophelia* and the *Juliet*, the succession of the scenes, the accent of the voices, the pantomime, filled me a thousand times more with Shakespearean ideas than the text of my colorless, unfaithful translation. An English critic in the *Illustrated London News* said that, after seeing Miss *Smithson* in *Juliet*, I cried out, 'I will marry that woman, and write my grandest work on this play!' I did both these things, but I never said anything of the sort."

Berlioz spent seven months of incessant labor on *Romeo and Juliet*, and then sent the score to his friend and admirer, *Paganini*, who was ill at Nice, and who wrote to him, saying, "Now all is done, envy has nothing left but silence." Berlioz was exceedingly careful with this score, and it was only after several years that he finally left it in the form it now stands. It has been extravagantly praised and unmercifully criticised, and has had a certain measure of popularity, but it is generally conceded that it is unsuitable for dramatic representation.

In 1851 *Bellini's Romeo and Juliet* was revived in London, with *Frezzolini*

as *Romeo* and *Parodi* as *Juliet*; and later, in 1856, it was made the vehicle of the splendid début of *Mademoiselle Johanna Wagner*. She was heralded by an immense Continental reputation, and the curiosity of the operatic world was strained to its utmost tension. She stepped before the public as *Romeo*, — tall, stately, self-possessed, clothed in glittering, gilded mail, with her fine, fair hair flung in masses upon her neck. Her clear, sonorous voice rang through the house like a clarion, her declamation was well accented, and her every attitude was a pictorial study. *Mademoiselle Wagner* took the house by storm, but her *Romeo*, though one of the great financial successes of her Majesty's theatre, cannot be ranked artistically with *Pasta's* and *Malibran's*, or even with *Madame Schröder-Devrient's*.

What *Mendelssohn* did for the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Rossini* in a great measure did for *Othello*. As set by *Rossini*, it is a gallery of *Paul Veronese* pictures, and to re-set the third act would be simply impossible. This act stands alone in music as the exponent of melancholy pathos and frenzy, united withal to a noble simplicity, all the more remarkable by its contrast with the rich and florid garniture of the first part of the opera. *Rossini* composed it about the year 1816, the chief part being then taken by the great singer *Davide*, who was in his day the *Rossini* of song. Still *Davide*, however grand, was by no means a conscientious artist; for, considering that the final duet of *Othello* did not sufficiently show off his voice, he substituted for it a duet from *Armida*, which is very excellent, but anything but passionate and despairing. As it was impossible to kill *Desdemona* to such a tune, *Davide*, after going into the violent passion of jealousy, used to sheathe his dagger, and begin in the most tender and graceful manner his duet with *Desdemona*, at the conclusion of which he politely took her hand, and



retired amid the bravos of the Neapolitan public, who seemed to think it a very appropriate finish.

Garcia made a grand Othello, his daughter Maria, the famous Malibran, being his Desdemona. There was no question in Garcia's mind about the killing of Desdemona, and one night, after a stormy domestic quarrel between the father and daughter, Malibran really thought he had determined to slay her. At the moment when Othello, with lowering brow and eyes sparkling with rage, approached her, she was struck with terror, and, almost frantic, screamed out in Spanish, "Papa, papa, for the love of God, do not kill me!"

When Malibran sang the part of Desdemona in Paris in her nineteenth year, she made an immense sensation. She knew the temper of a French audience and their love of effect, and in order to gratify them in the *finale*, instead of being smothered quietly by the Moor, she endeavored to escape. Expectation was prolonged, and to complete the horror of the scene she caused the incensed Othello to draw her to the front of the stage, and there complete his vengeance.

Many musical critics assert that in the part of Desdemona Pasta gained her highest point of excellence. It is certain that in her singing of the last scene her transitions from hope to terror, from supplication to scorn, culminating in her vehement cry of "*Sono innocente!*" always electrified an audience. Pasta also attempted the part of Othello, and her personation was extremely powerful, something fierce and Oriental, the like of which had never been before expressed in music. To Pasta's Othello, Sontag sang the Desdemona; and in her second stage life Sontag again took up the part, and made it one of her grandest characters. Pauline Garcia, Malibran's younger sister, also made Desdemona the vehicle of her triumphant debut in London; and Madame Schröder-Devrient played it skillfully

and enthusiastically, but she never rivaled Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, and Pauline Garcia in the character.

In Rossini's Othello the chorus gained a great importance, and the successive entrance of two choruses, each with a fine crescendo at the end of the first act, is one of the most striking musical effects of this magnificent musical scene. The instrumentation of Othello is very sonorous, and when Sigismondi looked over the score with Donizetti, he exclaimed with horror at the prominence given to clarinets, horns, and trombones: "Third and fourth horns!" he cried. "What does the man want? The greatest of our composers have always been content with two. Four horns! Are we at a hunting party? Four horns! Enough to blow us to perdition." The old professor was still more shocked by 1<sup>o</sup>, 2<sup>o</sup>, 3<sup>o</sup> *tromboni*, which, according to an anecdote which is scarcely credible, he mistook for "123" trombones. No play has so tempted the greatest of great singers as Othello. Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, Grisi, Garcia, Viardot, Schröder-Devrient, have all expended the utmost resources of their genius on its grand last act.

Verdi's failure in Macbeth was a signal one, but the fault lay in the master, not in the subject. As regards all attempts at operatizing Hamlet, the difficulty is inherent in the subject. A Hamlet without Hamlet's philosophy would be bad enough, but a Hamlet searching his own soul to orchestral accompaniments must be absurd. Still, Gasparini, of Venice, dared the attempt, and his opera was represented in London under the name of Amleto. How little the subject was understood we may gather from Dr. Burney, who says "the overture had four movements *ending in a jig!*" This, too, in 1711, when the Spectator was keeping a sharp lookout for everything ridiculous in operatic performances; yet it has not a single sarcasm for Amleto.



The Abbé Vogler, who is chiefly remembered as the master of Weber and of M. Meyerbeer, wrote an opera on Hamlet, which was printed in the sleepy old cathedral city of Speyer; and perhaps a copy of it might be found in some dusty library of the Palatinate. We were all made familiar eight years ago with the Hamlet of Ambrose Thomas, with Mademoiselle Nilsson as Ophelia. The text of this opera is often very absurd; as set upon the stage of the Grand Opera House in Paris, the play concludes with the accession of Hamlet, or Amleto, to the throne of his father, the ghost appearing in the last scene to assist at the proclamation. As represented in New York, the opera concluded with the death of Ophelia; the fate of Hamlet, the King, the Queen, Laertes, and Polonius being left to everybody's individual imagining. The sixth tableau — in which the madness and death of Ophelia are portrayed — alone prevents the opera from being forgotten. But this scene was admirably adapted for Mademoiselle Nilsson, and she awakened in it a great enthusiasm. It is evident, however, that while the story of Hamlet itself might form the basis of an opera, any attempt to adapt Shakespeare's Hamlet to lyric representation must necessarily be a failure.

In the list of Shakespeare's passion plays which have been translated into music, it would not do to omit Weber's Euryanthe, which is in fact the Cymbeline of Shakespeare transformed and altered to suit Viennese tastes. Euryanthe was received coldly in Vienna at its first presentation in 1823, although the original Imogen (for Euryanthe is Imogen changed for Austrian uses) was the young *prima donna*, most fair to see and exquisite to hear, Henriette Sonntag. It won its way very slowly; the Viennese wits called it *Ennuyante*, and Beethoven said it was "a collection of diminished sevenths." However, it gradually won the success it deserved, and

it was in the part of Euryanthe that Madame Schröder-Devrient made her first great triumph.

The comedies of Shakespeare have not attracted musicians in the same degree as his supernatural and passion plays. Even those which have been essayed have not been the wisest selections. The comedy most in favor is the Merry Wives of Windsor. It was first attempted by Salleri, the friend and co-worker of Glück, in 1750, but only one air in his opera, "*La stessa stessissima*," is remembered, and that because Beethoven treated it as a theme for variations. Nicolai, though inferior to Salleri as a musician, has produced from this comedy one of the very best of modern German comic operas. Then the lively and fortunate Mr. Balfe tried his hand at the Merry Wives for Laporte, manager of the Italian Opera at her Majesty's theatre. The cast was magnificent: Lablache was Falstaff; Rubini, Fenton; Grisi, Mrs. Ford; Tamburini, Master Brook. The opera was bright, but unequal, and only the capital, droll trio for the two wives and Anne Page keeps the work in memory. It has, however, been heartily accepted in Italy, and ranks among her best comic operas.

As before stated, Mendelssohn had seriously meditated a setting for the Winter's Tale. The project has been feebly attempted by M. von Flotow. That puzzling man of musical genius, Hector Berlioz, also tried Much Ado About Nothing, which contains among all its entanglements and perplexities one real flash of clear, tender genius, a night piece for Hero and her gentlewoman. But nothing has yet been done with any of Shakespeare's comedies that can in any way approach Mendelssohn's Midsummer-Night's Dream in the supernatural, or Rossini's Othello in the passion plays.

These examples cover operas written upon the text of Shakespeare, but the number of quotations which have been



set to music is far too large a subject to enter upon here. Alfred Roffe's catalogue enumerates three hundred and fifty glees, trios, solos, etc., mostly of

modern date; having words taken from the plays, sonnets, the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Passionate Pilgrim* of the inspired and inspiring poet.

*A. E. Barr.*

## THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

### VI.

#### SOME PERVERSE OPINIONS OF MR. BAINBRIDGE.

RUSSELL BAINBRIDGE, among others, joined the bright procession, on the Avenue, which he had himself called the dress-parade of the toilsome drill down town. He lapsed into a querulous mood, as he went along, and inveighed against the spring as an unsettling season.

"I shall be laying violent hands upon some of these prosperous people next, out of pure spite," he said.

He met Bentley, who had been a friend of his, leading his charming boys by the hand, and thought, "I dare say I should have made a very tolerable figure of a family man myself." But, immediately afterwards, he met Madeline Scarrett, by whom he believed he had been betrayed, on mercenary grounds alone, with her elderly invalid capitalist, Elphinstone Swan; and then he reflected that, whatever turn fortune might now take, this form of happiness was of course for him impossible.

It was better, no doubt, to have been disillusioned early. One was wiser for such experiences, and they were useful in the heavy play of life, which comes later. But he had not been in search of that kind of wisdom. Why could not his beliefs have been left to him? Why could not his modest business ventures have been crowned with success, as he saw those of others about him daily

crowned? "I had the economic virtues," he said. "I was not afraid of work, and I think I should have made an exemplary use of fortune. Ah, these eternal Whys!" He checked himself, in order to inveigh also at Sunday, when one is abruptly cut off from the duties that keep his mind profitably employed during the week, as the most unsettling of days, just as spring is an unsettling season.

Well up towards Central Park, he encountered Miss Emily Rawson, and a companion whom he recognized, with a movement of surprise and interest, as Ottilie Harvey. They had just issued forth from the ornamental iron gates of Saint Adrian's.

"Will you not join us?" asked Miss Rawson, in her high-pitched, agreeable voice. "I borrowed Miss Ottilie, this morning, to come and hear me sing. You have met before. I am going to put her in a horse-car, at the end of my street, so that she can get back to early dinner at the Regina Flats. She is stopping with the Hasbroucks, and they insist upon it. I have actually been singing in the choir. Would you have come if you had known it? I *know* you would not. You have not been at church at all this morning. One sees that with half an eye. Oh, you young men! you young men! You need looking after." She had an almost affectionate air in her banter, as though she would not have been averse to looking after this one herself. "What were you sitting up so late over, last night, that you could not



come and hear our fine sermon, — even if you cared nothing about *me*?”

“To tell the truth, something a little out of the common. I have just dissolved my connection in a menial capacity with Chippendale, Bond & Saxby. You see before you Russell Bainbridge, Esq., Attorney and Counselor-at-Law, Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds for several States, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth, on his own account. I spent a good part of last evening meditating, in my new office, down among the ghosts of lower Broadway. The watchmen flashed their lanterns at me and wanted to shoot me for a burglar, when I came out. It is up in the three-story mansard roof of the Magoon Building. As it contains as yet only two chairs, a table, and a book-shelf, you see, a good deal of adjustment is needed to produce any great gorgeousness of effect. Have you no cases you want undertaken, no unlucky debtors you want persecuted? I know you are in need of a first-class bond and mortgage, — no commission charged the lender, — at any rate; and I have reason to believe that, if this opportunity be not taken advantage of, there will never be any others.”

“Oh, yes, you shall have all my litigation. I shall become as quarrelsome as possible. And how long will it take you to become Judge?”

“It may not be this year, perhaps. The law is said to be ‘slow, but sure,’ but it sometimes happens that the proportion of slowness to sureness is rather large.”

Whether the meeting had acted as a stimulus upon Bainbridge, or he had the faculty of putting his unpleasant moods under control, he now conducted himself with quite the animation most usual with him.

“I am so glad to get rid of that odious Kalophlogullmos,” said Miss Rawson, as, in their turn, they drew near the new dwelling of the merchant prince,

from which the high fence, with its advertisement of the infallible complexion renovator, had been taken down.

“You did not find it all that it was represented to be, then?”

She had not even a fan with which to do him a bodily injury, and was obliged to forego the attempt. “No, but they have no business to poke those things into our faces so. You see it everywhere. I recollect your telling me how it impressed itself curiously upon you as a detail of the scene in your exciting experience with Rodman Harvey’s tenants, up among the rocks of shanty-town.”

“It struck me as about the right thing in the right place there, if I remember correctly, — that is to say, if the brick-bat, and flail, and cart-rung, and brawny human fist can really be considered injurious to the complexion.”

But he passed hastily over this point, and, giving his attention to the house, said, “Why do they not build palaces? It is high time — since somebody estimates that there are three hundred fortunes of a million dollars each, and plenty of these of from five to a hundred millions each — that we had palaces in New York. What are they expecting to do with their money, these Croesuses? Does experience show that their children spend it to any better advantage than themselves? I should think not. Here is simply one more large, genteel house, with no ideal but that of a wretched little comfort. No breadth, no solidity, nothing monumental, — everything thin and niggling. Wherever there was going to be an honest space of blank wall in an American building they have punched it with a window.”

“I trust you are not forgetting Miss Harvey’s relationship to the owner,” interposed the elder young woman, as if solicitously.

“Not at all; but that need not tram-mel our investigations into the pure realm of the higher arts, I suppose. Be-



sides, these opinions, be assured, are the genuine article. They are eternal verities, as it were. I get them from Aureolin Slab and G. Lloyd."

He directed a pleasantly questioning glance at Otilie, who was on the other side of Miss Rawson. He was wondering privately what resentment, if any, she still cherished for his part in that peculiar first meeting with her uncle, now nearly two months ago.

"Oh, I am sure" — murmured Otilie. She had raised her eyebrows at some of his views: she heard, for instance, for the first time that comfort was so very poor and despicable an affair, but she found him amusing, and had no idea of further offense.

"Sardanapalus, now, — that kind of person, — understood the thing," he went on, confessedly with the extravagance of one whose theories were never likely to be put to the test of realization. "I should have a residence with a portico like that of the Sub-Treasury, or the Custom House. I should have perfumes burned at my banquets, menials with pots of jewels on their heads, roast peacock on the bill of fare, and, on state occasions, a pearl or two dissolved in everybody's wine-glass."

"And you would ride out in a circus chariot, drawn by twenty-four white horses with nodding plumes, perhaps?"

"I do not know but I should. On the whole, I think I should, — just in order not to be browbeaten by other people's ideas of what was right and proper for one with so much larger opportunities than themselves."

"The people about you would be very insincere."

"I dare say I should not be very sincere myself, but we would have a good time, all the same."

"You are dreadful, this morning. I wonder we listen to you. But here is our street. Good-by! Can you not come up on Friday evening? Otilie and the Hasbrouck girls will be with

me. Bring your violin. Oh, well, come without it, then. Good-by!"

"Perhaps I could put Miss Harvey in her car for you?" Bainbridge now volunteered. "Or," deferring politely to her, "perhaps, even, she might feel like walking down, — though that, I dare say, would be too fatiguing?"

"I am an excellent walker," said Otilie, hesitating. The delightful morning and the many novel sights and sounds about allured her. If she had borne resentment it did not survive these fascinating influences. She did the young man a tardy justice. After all, it had probably not been his fault that he was present at the disagreeable interview. "Thank you; I will," she concluded. "One hardly knows what distance is, in this entertaining New York."

This arrangement may not have met with the perfect approval of Miss Rawson. She repeated her farewells graciously, however, and they saw her disappear down a block of one of the numerically entitled cross streets. Its collection of red sandstone façades, with all their projecting porches, cornices, and window heads, seen in profile, had somewhat the aspect of sculptured palisades, the solid banks of stone steps standing for the customary slopes of débris, at the angle of forty-five degrees.

Otilie explained that Amy and Lulu Hasbrouck had brought her down to spend the short spring vacation with them and their mother, at the Regina Flats. "They would not take No for an answer," she told him. Bainbridge speculated as to whether she had quixotically refused for this an invitation from the family of her uncle; but she had not in fact been subjected to such temptation, though she may have expected it. The estrangement, so far as she was concerned, was unaltered.

"Are you as firm a Westerner as ever?" he inquired, when they had gone on some little way, discoursing with a gradual decrease in formality.



"Oh, *bigoted*," she replied, laughing.

She was dressed in black silk, of a soft character, fitting her neat figure trimly. A white handkerchief, bordered with lace, was crossed over her shoulders. In facing him she was obliged to turn the upper part of her body at the same time, as the satin bows of her small bonnet held her round chin a little stiffly. They might be fancied to take a certain pleasure in the embrace. The sun, shining from the south, was incommoding, at times, and to shade her eyes she held up a small morocco prayer-book against the fringe of brown hair on her forehead, and looked at him from beneath it.

They went down, past the unfinished Cathedral, the Moorish synagogue, and the Egyptian reservoir, with the castelated dwellings opposite, on the battlements of which an Ivanhoe, a Sister Anne, or the yellow dwarf might have appeared; past the quaint tower of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, with its angels trumpeting to the four corners of the heavens; past the incredibly tall hotels and apartment houses, past the scattered shop-fronts of tailors, confectioners, and jewelers, come into neighborhoods where they were not much wanted, and commending themselves to favor by a profuse display of decoration in the Eastlake taste.

A few tender flowers had opened in the beds along the base of the massive granite reservoir; and in one door-yard, a peculiarly warm and sheltered nook, was seen a lovely magnolia shrub, already covered with its large white blossoms, though the leaves had not yet appeared. Otilie exclaimed over it with pleasure. Such a tree might have grown in Paradise.

"It is very young and ignorant," responded Bainbridge, pretending cynicism even at the expense of the poor plant. "It will find out that such splendid effusiveness will not do. You will see it soon enough adopt a foliage more

in keeping with the actual conditions of a cold and heartless world."

"How many faces one sees in such a crowd," said Otilie, turning again towards it, "that look kind, and good, and interesting!"

"There are faces occasionally, in such a crowd, that give one almost a pang to think he is never to see them again. But no doubt it is better that he should not."

"You do not think, on the whole, that they would prove worth knowing? You imagine they would be disappointing?"

"My misgiving is, at least as much, the more modest one, whether I should prove worth knowing."

He made himself in some small degree her cicerone, and furnished comments on the people they passed, in whom he thought she might be interested. They saw the upright Walkills; the wicked Huyskamps; Watervliet the wit; young Stillsby, whose latest inanity went the rounds with Watervliet's latest gibe; the journalist Blithewood Gwin, and Wrye the banker, who was thought to carry Blithewood Gwin almost as much in his pocket as a copy of his journal; Mrs. Stoneglass, whose literary receptions are so highly considered; Mrs. Eglantine, who turns her social position to something like pecuniary account for strugglers, and entertains her friends at other people's parties; the Hudson-Hendricks, the Antrams, the Schinkos; Hackley and Hastings, two intimates — cronies, as far as so staid a character could be said to have cronies — of Rodman Harvey; Daisy Goldstone, Ada Trull, Alice Burlington; and the Misses Callahan, daughters of the ex-state senator of that name, who had laid the foundations of his fortune at a corner grocery in the so-called "Bloody" Sixth Ward.

"What a variety of people! And how do you know about them all?" exclaimed Otilie.



"Oh, I have been at the Misses Callahan's entertainments as well as at Mrs. Antram's. It has so happened. *There* is an interesting class, now, — that of the immigrants of the commoner sort, who arrive at prosperity with all their native traits unchanged. In it refinement of speech and manners is mingled helter-skelter with broken dialects and boorish coarseness of all kinds. The elder Callahan did not wish to move from his Sixth Ward even when he was rich, until prevailed upon to do so by these daughters, who insisted on his giving them a house on Madison Avenue while they were young, and not when they had grown old, and were unable to enjoy it. They have generally engaged more or less in politics, and held offices, — these wealthy ex-plumbers, bricklayers, and liquor-saloon keepers. They are not unappreciative of education, but wish to have their children superior to themselves; and this, when they have made them so, results in numerous heart-burnings. They are purse-proud, too, on the other hand, and not unfrequently cut their children off with a shilling, in good old-fashioned style, for what they think misalliances. The younger generation is full of renegadisms, and full, no doubt, of prickings of conscience for old-country customs and creeds it has abandoned, and old-country kith and kin it is ashamed of, in the effort to conform to the ways of the ruling class which calls for its admiration."

"You are a student of types and characters, then?"

"A student very backward at his lessons, if so. I have seen a random collection of people and places, while drifting along; that is all."

He lightly sketched Kingbolt and St. Hill, when these two were seen in their dog-cart.

"Should you think they would dare parade up like that, under the eyes of everybody, just as the churches are

out?" Otille inquired. "Is it not severely disapproved of?"

"As likely as not they take some credit to themselves for going up with only a single horse, instead of, for instance, a tandem, of alternate bays and grays. As a matter of fact, nobody is better received in society than Arthur Kingbolt."

"They put up with his bad qualities, perhaps, in consideration of his good?"

"I think they rather put up with his good qualities in consideration of his bad. Nobody ever seriously disapproves of a person who is the heir to such a property. It is five millions."

"What does he do?"

"Spending the revenues of the Eureka Tool Company is a very pretty occupation. He has numerous caprices. He went abroad with young Lloyd, the architect, to get up plans for model buildings for his tenantry, but abandoned the project, quarreled with Lloyd, and brought back St. Hill with him instead. He spent a hundred thousand dollars on a church at Bridgefield; then left it half completed. His latest hobby, I believe, is to foster the English sport of fox-hunting in this country. He has his circle in red coats, corduroys, and top-boots, and they go flying over the fences of Westchester County in the most picturesque and dangerous fashion. He has corresponding whims about his personal appearance. Sometimes he is very simple; again, he will have gold buttons to his dress coat, half a dozen costly rings on each hand, bangles, like a woman, on his wrists, and will pack up a dozen suits of clothes for a two days' visit. When he first went to Bridgefield, in all his magnificence, after having been absent for some time, the good people held up their hands in holy horror. They had never seen a 'swell' before, he said, and he thought he would show them what one was like."

When this personage alighted, and, passing our friends, came back present-



ly, after the manner in which his movements have been described, Otilie, like others, had her glance of interest for this trio. "What a beautiful girl!" she exclaimed.

Bainbridge, embarrassed, and finding her looking towards him inquiringly, said, "Your cousin, Miss Angelica Harvey, and Mr. Austin Sprowle, whom she is engaged to."

Otilie was a little flustered. Fate seemed to insist upon an intimacy between them on this basis. But she adopted the policy of entire frankness as the best. "There have been disagreements, as you know, between the two branches of the family," she said, "and I have seen little of these relatives. My cousin is very accomplished, I suppose, as well as beautiful?"

"So I have considered, in the pleasure of but a slight acquaintance. She speaks every conceivable language, as our friend Miss Rawson would say; which means French and German quite well, and Italian enough to pronounce her music correctly. She has visited titled people abroad, and been presented at court. She rides, dances, sings, and converses. She does not always converse amiably, except with favorites. Some of the young men are said to be afraid of her, on account of the sharp things she says to them. *She* is a student of characters. She has discovered that I, for instance, am a very matter-of-fact person."

"And Mr. Sprowle, what is he like? What is his profession?"

"He is a genteel idiot, as I think. His profession is the same as Kingbolt's, though he has not the same amount of money to carry it on with."

Otilie was not wholly pleased with this. She would have preferred her kinsfolk to be left in their attitude of dignity, at least. "I should not think my uncle would like it," she commented more distantly.

"The women take him for his family.

That is what they want; and Mr. Harvey lets them have their own way. Sprowle is the sixth of the same name, in descent, from an ancestor who was a governor, or something of that kind, long before the Revolution. Sometimes he is named in the fashionable intelligence as Austin Sprowle, Sixth, as though he were part of a regular dynasty. You cannot do any better than such a connection in the way of an aristocracy of the wholly American sort."

"But do you not think that every young man should have a useful occupation?"

"That is one of those things that the newspapers put down as 'Important if True.' Why should he? If the young millionaire is going to have a tremendous business energy, together with the power that his money gives him, what is to become of the rest of the world? No! Pigeon-shooting, polo, racquets, coaching, yachting, fox-hunting, with the graces of life, are his proper field. He should aim to hand down the best possible constitutions to the next generation or two, which will surely need them, for the work of accumulating again, when the fortune has slipped through their fingers, as in the natural course it must. Sprowle does a little of all these things, but he is not very good at any of them."

"He might at least do them well."

"So he might; yet, as I say, he does not. But it is a fine, hearty, natural existence, like that of your Pottawatomies at the West." She frowned at the allusion. "The polo mallet is the worthiest implement of husbandry in the world, unless it be, perhaps, the Creedmoor rifle, or the hickory oar. The bold young savage, of a high state of civilization, instead of going down town of a morning to an office desk and a dyspepsia and a hectic flush, is off to the chase in the glades of the forest. Back he comes at night, his sinews strengthened, his blood bounding, and



throws down the spoils at the feet of his primitive spouse. A few friendly barbarians of the vicinity, in evening dress, are gathered around the frugal mahogany, and compare notes on the prowess of the day; and so to a well-earned repose, upon silken mattresses and eider-down pillows."

"But if Mr. Sprowle be stupid also? A bright, intelligent girl, as you say my cousin is, might be capable of so much under better circumstances."

"Oh, if the wise married only the wise, and the beautiful the beautiful, you know"—And with this they were at the Regina Flats.

Ottillie saw that most of what he said was, on the face of it, drollery; but it was impossible to divine at the same time what part, under the semblance of drollery, might not be his own actual sentiments. She did not care for a person who used so much ridicule. And she did not like it that he spoke of himself as one who drifted in life, and did not square his doings to a fixed plan.

## VII.

### PROSPECTS FROM HARVEY'S TERRACE.

The Regina Flats was a very tall, red brick apartment house, with many picturesque balconies and a gray slate roof, close to Madison Square. Bainbridge, whose own lodging was not far distant, began to make frequent ascensions in the smoothly-working elevator there, by which one was taken up to the modest quarters of the Hasbroucks.

He devised some plans for the entertainment of his friends and of Ottillie, their guest. He took them to the theatre, and again to dinner at one of the restaurants kept in the foreign style, with the novelty of which Ottillie was charmed. His income at this time was esteemed too paltry to be worth the least husbanding. He adopted the habit

of looking upon himself as a mature person engaged in ministering to the pleasure of ingenuous youth, a view in which the three Vassar undergraduates (who had no small idea of the importance of their age and station) would not at all have coincided. When he talked with Ottillie he fancied that it was her enthusiasms, her unhesitating belief in the possibility of doing anything and everything,—in contrast with his own cynical enlightenment, by virtue of which he knew perfectly well that little or nothing could be done, or was worth doing, if it could,—that afforded him distraction.

They two had plenty of opportunity of talking together. Mrs. Hasbrouck was of a social nature, and though she could now entertain in but a poor way, numbers of her compatriots came to see her and her daughters in the evenings, and on her day at home. Her abode became something of a rallying point for the Southern *émigrés* who, tired of stagnating, at last had gravitated to New York, to try to repair their broken fortunes. Most of the men had titles, from the land or naval service of the extinct Confederacy, and agreed in a military way of carrying themselves, though now engaged in civil pursuits, often of an unpretending character. Among the ladies seen there was the poetess, Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum, who had written, in the heat of the struggle,

"Will ye cringe to the hot tornado's rack,  
To the vampires of the North?"

and was now the fashion-and-literary editress of the Saturday Evening Budget.

Ottillie learned much in this way of the Southern element in New York,—much of some persons who did not come as well as of those who did. She repeated to Bainbridge stories of battles and sieges she heard, which gratified her liking for the marvelous. She professed interest in some honest-faced, taciturn young men, with traditional



Virginian names, who were studying medicine and engineering here on scanty means. Whereupon Bainbridge, examining himself, strangely found them worthy of just no interest at all. Mr. Dinwiddie related to her instances of fidelity and devotion between the slaves and their masters under the old *régime*. Colonel Roanoke, in depicting the ruin wrought by the war in various ways, showed that the valuation of the State of Georgia had shrunk from a total of six hundred millions of dollars to one hundred and fifty millions, by the abolition of property in slaves alone.

"How singular it would have been, would it not," speculated Otilie, "had they succeeded instead of us, and were now existing alongside of us as a foreign country, with its separate flag and uniform, and long line of custom-houses! It would have been interesting to travel in. Both sides would have gone on growing more and more unlike."

"One of the schemes for its future, among others, was that nobody should have a vote who did not own at least five slaves, and that the slave trade should be reopened; thus driving out the poor whites, and constituting probably the most aristocratic society in the world. It might have taken the place, for us, of Europe; only I dare say we should not have found it easy to regard it with quite the abject reverence that is the proper feeling of the truly good American towards everything European."

"I will not listen to any sacrilege against Europe. It is my dream."

"Oh, I shall not do Europe any harm. Only let it keep to its own side of the water."

The young girl talked to him, being led on to do so, of the things of greatest moment in her present life, — her catalogue of studies, her friends, and the routine at the school. She showed a conscientiousness in saying, "I am not naturally inclined to mathematics; hence I give them the greatest attention, as it

shows that it is the side on which I am weakest." The characters, too, in her books were an interest of leading importance. She considered them worthy of not less serious discussion than living persons. Secretly, there were those among them she would have liked to imitate. She would have liked to resemble Ethel Newcome, generously giving away her property, while herself remaining unknown; or Romola, attending upon the steps of the blind old scholar, her father; or Theresa, assuaging the lot of the poor prisoner of Fenestrella.

Whatever was magnanimous and tender moved her. She was quickly responsive to sweet music and fine poetry. She had a capacity for getting pleasure out of simple things, — a shop window, an odd figure or animal, a condition of the atmosphere. And together with her alert observation, she was of a rather ingeniously reflective turn.

Looking down into the streets, from their high balcony, in which a muezzin might have stood and called the faithful to prayers, she said to the young man, "How strange that the whole traffic should be for the purpose of supplying our material wants alone! Just see! First a dry-goods store, then crockery, then millinery, then shoes, jewelry, drugs, fruits, hardware, groceries, — everything. Only once in a long way books, pictures, or even flowers. Do you suppose there will come a time — the millennium, perhaps — when there are to be just as many signs and banners swung out; baggage wagons and walking advertisements; clerks with pens behind their ears, and marking brushes, and paint pots; and just as many people shopping, only all concerned about something for the higher faculties instead of the lower? Will they shop for something to *think*, do you suppose, instead of something to eat and wear?"

But she was by no means an oppressively serious person. Bainbridge was



privileged to see her, as he began to know her well, in moods of a breezy playfulness, that bore out the forecast of her illuminating smile. She carried her hands in the pockets of her jacket, whistled softly to herself over her embroidery, and, seated on the piano stool, threw out her arms in gestures of despair or disdain over certain music.

There came up one of those small discussions, so common in our language by reason of its want of logic. Should one pronounce *e*-ther or *i*-ther, *acclimated* or *acclimated*, or spell certain words with double letters or without? Otilie had got the large dictionary in her lap, and bestowed herself in an easy-chair. She had placed an ottoman, also, for further support, and there was a glimpse of her small slippered feet and pretty blue, clocked stockings below the hem of her garment.

"I say *i*-ther when I am afraid of people, and *e*-ther when I am not," she announced as her ultimatum on this point.

"My conviction is that Webster gives but one *l*," said Bainbridge, arguing a question of spelling.

"But I give two *l*'s," she declared intrepidly.

"Do you mean to say you do not believe in Webster?"

"I mean to say that I believe in Otilie Harvey."

But when she was forced to consult the authority, and it was found against her, she refused to announce the decision, and endeavored by flagrant subterfuges to change the subject, and disguise her defeat.

The balcony commanded extensive views. There was seen from it, immediately in front, the interior quadrangle of a block of city houses. The small yards, separated by high fences, looked like a series of bins. In their depths were occasional vines, metal vases, and statues. Of a pair of these white-painted figures, Bainbridge, of an afternoon

when he had come up early from his office, made out one to be the goddess Flora.

"And the other," said Otilie, "is certainly Fauna. You always hear of those two together."

She had good eyes, and made tests of their ability to distinguish distant objects, in the genuineness of which her companion, whose own vision was less perfect, affected to disbelieve. She read on the high wall of a manufactory, far off towards Eighth Avenue, the sign "Hackley and Valentine, School and Domestic Furniture." But the young man declared it to be simply "Coffins, Millinery, and Assorted Railroad Iron;" and, in further derision, pretended to describe the pattern on the seal ring of a man looking out of a window at the lower end of the block below. When a glass was brought, however, it appeared that she was right, and she endeavored to give the credit of her excellent eyesight, somehow, to her much-maligned West.

One afternoon they went out together, to visit studios and picture galleries. Otilie was to be left afterwards at Harvey's Terrace, where she had promised to call upon Wilhelmina Klauser, now returned from her musical studies at Leipsic. The Klausers were to see to her safe return in the evening.

They went to Tenth Street and to the Association Building in Twenty-Third Street, some artists in which had issued cards for the day, and thence to the well-known place of a dealer in modern works of the best class, of Paris, Munich, Rome, and Madrid.

Hardly had they entered this gallery when Otilie recognized her cousin, Selkirk Harvey. He was in company with a richly dressed lady, of middle age, and a man, of a bluish-black complexion, the trace of shaving, quite bald, though of a figure still young and of an effeminate voice. The three were grouped about a salesman, who was expatiating on the



merits of canvases before them. The recognition was mutual. Selkirk came over hesitatingly and shook hands with her, and then led her back to make the acquaintance of his mother, her aunt. The gentleman with them was introduced as Mr. Aureolin Slab.

Mrs. Rodman Harvey stared at her niece, in a way no doubt permissible "in the family," and complimented her broadly, as if it were a surprising circumstance that she should be found so presentable.

"I have heard of you. Your uncle told me about you," she said; "but I have been so busy—I have so many cares—Nobody who has not been through them can have the faintest conception. We are decorating and furnishing the house now, and it seems as if every mortal being connected with it had conspired to annoy me. We are looking at pictures to-day, for the gallery. What we had in Union Square are but the merest item towards filling it. Mr. Slab has been kind enough to give me his assistance. What do you think of that?" pointing incidentally to one of the works close by with her parasol. "Is n't it too dreadful? Here, Mr. Bainbridge, perhaps you are a critic. Did you ever *see* such sheep? One would not have them at any price." She did not wait for replies. Otilie thought her style of conversation very fragmentary, and also that it must be rather unpleasant for the dealer and for Aureolin Slab.

But the dealer was used to many kinds of people. He led on with unbroken patience from one to another of the Bouguereaus, Gérômes, Jacquets, Knaus, Von Marckes, Pasinis, and Madrazos. He dwelt on their desirability as investments, and enforced his arguments with anecdotes of the remarkable advances in price of certain names. As to Aureolin Slab, he was never so happy as when selecting a work for a friend, having lost the fortune he had

once possessed, and being now able to select so very little for himself. He spoke of broken and pure colors, of masses, focus, and "sympathies of lines, radiating and converging." He spread his open palm at times before a picture, without other comment, as if paddling deliciously in its combined excellences.

"If I had only thought, I could have sent for you just as well as not," said Mrs. Harvey to Otilie later. It happened that they were a little apart from the others. "Can you not come now for a few days? Whom are you staying with? What Hasbroucks? Oh, those must be the people that have made your uncle so much trouble!—And I hardly think you ought to go about alone with a young man," she added, glancing at Bainbridge. "Well, I am so glad to have met you."

Otilie departed, not pleased with the scrutiny to which she had been subjected, nor the unpleasant allusion to her friends, yet profoundly impressed. She had seen the purchase by her aunt of an actual Gérôme, the photographs of which alone, in the window of the principal picture store at Lone Tree, had been esteemed very choice artistic treasures.

Her companion took steps to sound her as to what change of sentiment, if any, had been effected by the meeting. She was found more warmly devoted to the Hasbrouck cause than before.

"And you," she said, after some impartial-seeming remark of his,—"I do not understand how you can be friendly to both sides."

"In international contests—and this was a kind of international contest, you know—the justice of the cause is considered equal."

"I do not see that there is anything equal about it. The Hasbroucks paid what they owed, once, and now my uncle makes them pay it again. He has got the courts to decide in his favor, and it is only some minor delay that keeps



him from taking everything they have; and meanwhile they have had no use of their property for years. The Confederate government passed a law that all debts of its citizens to Northern people were confiscated to its own treasury, and this was one of them. But it seems that after the war the Confederate laws were not considered binding."

"I should say not," interpolated Bainbridge.

"And so they must pay twice. I think it outrageous."

"The courts do not seem to think so, as you admit."

"But they *had* to pay it," insisted Otilie, impatiently. "They may not have wished to; I know they did not; but their government made them."

"It strikes me as their misfortune, then, to have had that kind of a government. I fail to see where Rodman Harvey was benefited. It simply raised a forced loan from them, to that particular amount, whatever it was, and matters between them and Rodman Harvey remained as before. We are sorry, of course, that it is our friends the Hasbroucks, but the thing is perfectly just. Your uncle, besides, has never had any means of knowing what agreeable and deserving people they are, and he cherishes a peculiar bitterness towards the South. Perhaps if there were anybody to put the case to him in a very persuasive way he might be induced to relent."

Otilie may have been more impressed by this suggestion than at the moment appeared. But she said, perversely, "I should not think lawyers would want to practice their heavy arguments on just ordinary persons, unversed in legal technicalities. My aunt said I ought not to go about alone with you, and I do not think I will."

"*Did* she say that, now?" he exclaimed, in a hearty manner, with a laugh. "And has it reached that point? Well, you and I know better. This is the chaperon business, the latest great

American problem. A matron must be on hand everywhere, to play propriety. Perhaps it is an indication of our growing wickedness. At any rate, since communication with Europe has become so easy, in these last years, European manners are rapidly making their way here. The amusing thing is to see aspiring young women forcing it, as a pure piece of fashion, upon their dazed mammas, who would never have thought of it of their own accord. It has considerable vogue already, however, and if you lived in New York I dare say you would come to it; it is often convenient to follow the mode, even when it is based upon absurdities. But let us not begin yet. Mrs. Hasbrouck is a sensible woman, and she has not enforced it. It has scarcely touched the interior as yet, and you and I well know what can be done in the interior."

This view seemed to Otilie wholly reasonable. Indeed, she knew so well the entire freedom prevailing between young people at her home, and she was met by this new restriction so almost for the first time, that the puzzling caution of her aunt had seemed adapted to no other purpose than to be used, as she had used it, in her pleasantry.

By some favoritism in early times the rocky site of the old Muffett mansion, an area now containing a number of blocks of houses, and known as Harvey's Terrace, had been exempted from being reduced to the general grade. It rose from its surroundings, close by the East River, a kind of domestic Ehrenbreitstein. On all sides but that of the sloping ascent from Second Avenue, it was precipitous. At one end of the *cul-de-sac* of the top was the gate of a German garden and pavilion, utilized for Turnverein and Saengerbund feasts, for balls of the Dennis J. Burns Association, the Box-Makers' Union, the Lady Violets, and the Happy Seven, for political caucuses, and Father McIntyre's lectures on the Ancient Great-



ness of Ireland. Near the centre of the Terrace a small space was left between the houses, closed by an iron railing along its edge, for a promenade and lookout upon the wide river view.

Harvey's Terrace was very quiet and genial on the April afternoon when our friends entered it. They took the wrong turn at first, in seeking their number. As they paced along, they could discern something of the blue prospect, and of the sails moving in the river, through the windows of the basement stories of the houses. "It is like looking into those crystals in which the seers pretended to read the prophecies of fate," said Otilie.

They stopped a little at the railing, as they retraced their steps, for the enjoyment of the view. There lingered by it, also, a shabby old person, whose only object seemed to be to warm himself in the early spring sunshine. A wooden oriel, projecting from the side-wall of the house abutting on the open space, at the left, contained a blonde young woman, sewing, with somewhat the air of a bird in its cage.

The river below was blue, and was ruffled by the swift passage through its tortuous channels of ships, dragged in and out by the tugs. The tops of the masts came nearly to a level with the eye. The interminable expanse of suburban city spread along all the farther shores, red and black, and bristled with the sharp points of steeples. In the ruffled blue river lay a number of islands, with singular buildings upon them, which were explained to be the institutions for the poor, sick, and criminal, housed by the great city in the stern charity of self-defense.

It was the penitentiary that especially drew Otilie's attention. It exercised a kind of fascination upon her, and she gazed at it steadfastly. A long, low, sullen, loop-holed, granite building, under the great light and air, it blasted the sight. A gang of convicts were seen

to come out of it, and marching in lock-step to move like some strange reptile life across the ground, from which they were hardly distinguishable in color.

A guard-boat, manned by convicts, with a vigilant keeper, armed with a rifle, in its stern, was patrolling the island. There might have been noticed a yawl, which had put out from the shore, and, clumsily handled, as if by inexperienced persons, was nearing the guard-boat.

Bainbridge also was serious. "Great heaven!" he exclaimed; "that there is possibly but one life to live, and human beings must pass it like that!"

"No, there is, there must be, another!" said Otilie, with fervor. "These inequalities and sufferings more than anything else convince one of it."

The shabby old party lounging in the sun, not quite so inoffensive as he had seemed, drew nearer, and by way of overture at conversation began, "There's them in it as shud be out," nodding towards the island, "and minny a wan out as shud be in it, so there is."

Bainbridge at first returned him a careless monosyllable, but finding that he came so close as to annoy Otilie, who changed her position, he said sharply, "Go off, will you! We don't want you here."

"I will not go off, then," said the man defiantly. "Has any wan o' yez a better right? Used n't it to be me own house and home? Used n't I to be livin' here aisy and peaceful, wud me frinds and neighbors, till Harvey kem wud his coort of law, and his lyers, and his police, and his sowljers, and evicted us out of it?"

"Oh, if you are going to set up for the Last of the Mohicans, or Philip of Pokanoket, brooding over the ruins of departed empire, and that sort of thing, all right!" said the young man humorously. "I dare say you have heard of the Last of the Mohicans?"

"I have not," replied the man sullen-



ly, moving off a little, "nor the first of them, nayther, — your Geohegans, and your Poky-Woky."

Ottillie could scarcely contain her laughter at his discomfited air. But the movements of the awkwardly managed yawl in the river were becoming very peculiar, and she desired to follow them. It had approached quite close to the patrol-boat, and the armed guard seemed to be warning it away.

The man drew off somewhat further, and then, as if having meditated his grievance, turned back with —

"I *have* not heard o' thim, but I heard tell o' chatein' a poor man out of his bit of a house and ground. And I heard tell o' yourself, that was wan o' thim that was helpin' him wud it. I know the cut o' you. And I heard tell o' chatein' a bank, what's more of it," he said, after a short pause, bending forward his head in increasing excitement. "Harvey's Terrus, is it? It's over beyant, on the Island, Rodman Harvey shud be, if he had what's coming to him be rights."

"What *does* he mean?" asked Ottillie, turning back with an anxious expression.

"Nothing at all. He was one of the squatters, who were put off when the land was wanted for useful purposes, and naturally feels sore over it. I recollect him as one who was particularly violent at the time. His name is McFadd. They say he was some kind of a bank messenger once, who lost his position through shiftless habits, and finally drifted to this place, where it cost him little or nothing to live. See here! Worse will happen to you than being put off a piece of land that was not yours, my abusive old friend, if you do not keep a civil tongue in your head," he added, to McFadd.

"Others was knowing to it, besides meself," persisted McFadd, — "plinty more. The prisidint o' the bank was knowing to it. A party be the name of

Hackley was knowing to it. A party be the name of Gammage, of the same Antarctic Bank, was knowing to it. Did'n't I go to the prisidint meself, whin I was put out o' me house and ground, thinkin' I'd get a bit o' satisfaction be rayson of it, and divil a satisfaction did I get. Sure, what is the word o' the likes o' me agin the word o' the likes o' him? But was'n't I the missinger o' the bank? and did n't I carry the tilegrams? and did n't I bring Harvey to it mesilf, affrighted out of the life of him?"

Bainbridge knew that Gammage was the elderly, broken-down personage, once an occupant of positions of high respectability, for whom he had obtained the employment of directing circulars in the office of the Prudential Land and Loan Company. He had heard from him some formless hints, in like manner to the detriment of Rodman Harvey. These were nothing more, he was convinced, than the mouthings of an impotent feeling of revenge, on the one hand, and of a mind disordered by excesses, on the other; but the coincidence of the mention of the name made him determine to question the old clerk, at a favorable opportunity, and draw from him whatever he might have to say, in a definite form.

He was anxious, for Ottillie's sake, just now, to check this flow of abuse, but before he could have taken any step to do so, she uttered a little excited cry. It was doubtful if she had heard the last remarks of McFadd at all. The yawl from the shore had collided with the patrol-boat, and instantly capsized it. The armed guard, losing his rifle, which sank to the bottom of the river, was forced to swim to secure his own safety. His convict crew were seen helped aboard and supplied with fresh clothing by their now openly discovered friends, who at once turned back and pulled again for the shore, with the sturdy sweep of trained oarsmen. So sudden and bold



had been the manœuvre that they had reached the covert supplied by the freighting schooners, the coal and wood yards, the shot tower, and the breweries, below Harvey's Terrace, before steps for their arrest could be taken on either side.

McFadd had raised and lowered himself on his stiff knee-joints with interest during this exciting transaction, and cried, "Heaven be wid ye, boys!" He now hobbled down from the Terrace to witness the concluding scene below, where heated policemen, with clubs and revolvers in their hands, had begun to beat a grand battue among the lumber yards.

Ottilie, in trepidation lest the runagates should somehow appear in her own vicinity, now made haste to her destination. It proved to be the very house next at hand, and the young woman in the bird-cage window was no other than Wilhelmina Klauser. The unusual incident they had witnessed became the basis of an animated acquaintance at once. At the boarding-house dinner, at which Ottilie took part, since Klauser himself had not yet returned from down town, the whole subject of the escape and of the prison in the neighborhood was treated in a facetious light. The sentiment of McFadd also was repeated, to wit, that there were many outside the prison who might justly be in it.

The humorous tone was that which prevailed generally. The lively Mr. Cutter, whose engagement to Miss Speller was the latest piece of social gossip, made many sallies, of which Miss Speller did not conceal her admiration. This couple would be married within the month, Ottilie was told, and the quiet, plain Miss Finley, Miss Speller's inseparable friend, would go to live with them.

Mr. Cutter said to the waitress, in imitation of her way of offering alternatives of "roast beef or boiled mutton," "baked dumpling or boiled Indian pud-

ding," "I will take a little boiled tea, Sarah," or, "Some baked bread, Sarah, if you please."

To which the flustered Sarah, unable to cope with him in wit of his own sort, rejoined, "I suppose you think that very smart. Well, *I don't*."

This afternoon made a deep impression on Ottilie. The escape of the prisoners was an incident, indeed, to take back to school and narrate among the experiences of her vacation. It proved afterwards to have been a case of collusion, in the interest of an influential convict who was in the boat, and that the apparently ill-used keeper had been well paid for his ducking.

Her active mind and her sympathies opened quickly to a subject with which she had never before been confronted at close quarters. She asked Bainbridge and others many questions. A party was made up to visit the city prison, called the Tombs, and she talked there with hardened malefactors, and accepted ingenuously their stories of the malice and errors of others, which alone had placed them there.

"Why is nothing *done*," she inquired, "to make such people better, — to prevent its going on? If women had authority, it seems to me *they* would *do* something."

"I am sure they do a great deal," answered Bainbridge. "They send all the first-class murderers flowers and quail-on-toast and their photographs, and try to get them out and introduce them into the best society."

But she was serious, and desired him to tell her *what* steps had been taken in the direction of the permanent reformation of criminals. He could think of nothing further than the plan at Valencia, in old Spain, where forty-three distinct trades are taught in the prison, and the inmates are allowed a share in the proceeds of their labor; and the Maconochie system, by which convicts of good behavior are finally left almost



free from supervision. But he had some pamphlets which he could send her, on her return to school. "Only, you must tell me, when you have finished them," he said, "which plan, on deliberate reflection, you like the best. Will you not write me a purely philanthropic note, setting forth your system for the final settlement of these vexed questions?"

It was not etiquette, at Lone Tree, to be hasty in opening correspondence with young men, although she might walk or ride with them to her heart's content. "I am sure I shall not have any opinion," she replied; "but if I should — Well, I will see."

A considerable part of the pleasure of her vacation was due to him. She thought it a little odd that he should care to be so considerate to her, when his way was to scoff at almost everybody else. He seemed to delight in representing himself, too, to the very worst advantage. One would have imagined at times that he favored Indian massacres, arson, house-breaking, and residence in malarial neighborhoods, and that he was opposed to charities, railways, education, and all civilized observances. As to money matters, he said, "What you spend you have had, and that alone;" and, "It is better to live rich than die rich." And he crowned his preposterous sayings with the assertion,

"It is more admirable to be a martyr to error — conscious error, of course —

than to truth, because then you have nothing to sustain you, and it is pure, solid heroism."

With his apparent absence of convictions on all the important matters of life, matters as good as settled beyond dispute, he was a person to be looked at with serious misgivings, this young woman deemed, from any other point of view than that of a very superficial companionship.

Miss Rawson thought it odd, too, that he should interest himself in an immature school-girl, "a mere bread-and-butter miss," when he so rarely came to her. He presented himself at her Friday evening, for the first time in ages, when Otilie was there. She took occasion to compliment Otilie to him ingeniously. "You see at once that she is not a New Yorker," she said. "There is a certain lack of — but I *like* it, you know. It is such a pity her uncle is so hard! There is not the slightest possibility, I suppose, that he will ever do anything for her. And her family, in that obscure Western hamlet, — perfectly upright and honest, of course, but so poor, — he might do so much for them."

And to Otilie she said of him, with a meaning smile, which the young girl took to indicate a kind of proprietorship, "Is he not charming? You must like him very much, or we shall quarrel."

*William Henry Bishop.*

## A MODERN HINDU REFORMER.

"TEN years ago, the most influential religious teacher in India was Keshub Chunder Sen," said an officer in the English civil service to me, as we were crossing the Indian Ocean, and were waiting for our first glimpse of Bombay. Religious influence in India means as

much as in Scotland. From the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, religion of some sort holds undisputed sway. The power of England is not comparable to it. It was the mere suspicion, so it is generally believed, that their faith was about to be tampered with that aroused



both Hindu and Mohammedan into such a frenzy of hate against the English, that the mutiny of 1857 failed only through lack of leadership from becoming a successful revolution. The people of India are naturally religious. They have always been ready either to fight or to die for their faith. The Ganges has been reddened as often as the Rhine with blood shed in religious wars. On the great plains of India, battles as cruel as Germany saw in her Thirty Years War have been repeatedly fought. To-day, if there were no strong-handed government to hold them apart, Hindu and Mohammedan would rush upon each other, in the madness of religious hate; or, burying their animosities for a moment in an intenser hatred, they would combine against their common enemy, the Christian.

For a teacher of religion, under thirty-five, to attain in such a country to a position of such marked prominence is a phenomenon. It is still more remarkable that this position was reached not by a leader of any of the old powerful religious parties, whether Hindu, Mohammedan, or Christian, but by the founder, or at least the acknowledged interpreter, of a new religion, in opposition more or less marked to each of these three parties. Keśhub Chunder Sen is a disciple neither of Moses, nor Buddha, nor Zoroaster, nor Mohammed, nor Christ. He calls himself by none of these names. He is an apostle of the new dispensation. He is the bringer in — so he believes — of a new epoch to India and humanity. Why may it not be? All the ancient religions were once new. They were all born in the Orient. India herself was the first to hear the infant cries of Sakyamuni, the first to heed his teaching, and the first, too, to forget it. Why may she not, even in the last half of the nineteenth century, have given birth to another as great as the great Buddha himself? The hour is ripe. The old is passing away. Bud-

dha is dead. Brahma and Mohammed are not revered as they once were. The Hindu laughs heartily with you over the hideous puerility of the idol worship from which he has just come, and to which he will probably to-morrow return. India has need of a new dispensation, and some fifty years ago a few of her leading spirits began to organize a reform, which has resulted at least in the establishment of a new church, — the Brahmo Somaj.

"At first," says Chunder Sen, "this Brahmo Somaj to which I belong was simply a church for the worship of the one true God according to the doctrines and ritual inculcated in the earliest Hindu Scriptures." For the time the members of this church held to the infallibility of the Vedas; "but," continues Sen, "the Brahmo Somaj, because it was the work of God, could not but break with the Vedas as soon as they were found to contain errors." The Brahmo Somaj, released from the nature worship and absurdities of the Vedas, became a pure theistic church, "the centre," says Sen "of a moral, social, and religious reformation." "In the Brahmo Somaj," he adds, "we see concentrated all those great, urgent, and pressing reforms which India needs at the present moment. Is it the amelioration of the condition of women that India wants? Look at the Brahmo Somaj, and you see already are gathered in some of its chapels ladies who have discarded idolatry, superstition, and caste altogether; who have learned to pray in their own houses unto the one true God, and have set their faces boldly against every form of polytheism and idol worship; and some of whom have published most beautiful theistic verses and hymns. Is it the distinctions of caste that are to be leveled? You see among the Brahmos a good number of valiant and brave men, who not only dine with men of all classes, irrespective of the distinctions of color, caste, and creed, but who have promoted



intermarriages between members of different castes. The high-caste Brahman has accepted as his wife a low-caste Sudra, and *vice versa*."

This monotheism is certainly immensely superior to the idolatrous worship which one may still see everywhere in the Hindu temples of India. These women of the Brahmo Somaj, praying to the one true God, and singing the theistic hymns which they themselves have composed, have indubitably a vastly superior type of religion to that of their sisters of Benares, and of Calcutta as well, who, with their little copper vessels filled with water, go from temple to temple, pouring out libations not only to hideous idols, but also to obscene symbols. These "valiant and brave men," dining with all colors, castes, and creeds, are incomparably nobler specimens of humanity than their brethren, who would not touch a Sudra with the tip of one of their fingers to save his life or his soul, and who would consider themselves, the poorest, wretchedest, and dirtiest of them, disgraced forever, if they should eat with the Viceroy or even with the Empress of India, her majesty Queen Victoria. Any church that can show such fruits has no need to bring forward other *raisons d'être*. That Keshub Chunder Sen should have found his way into a church of this sort is the most natural thing in the world. How it came about was explained by Lord Lawrence, once Viceroy of India, at a great meeting of welcome given to Chunder Sen on his arrival in England in the spring of 1870. "Our guest," said Lord Lawrence, "is a Hindu gentleman, of respectable and well-known lineage. His grandfather was the associate and coadjutor of one of the most profound Sanskrit scholars in this country. Left an orphan in his youth, he was placed by his uncle in an English school, and afterwards was graduated in the college at Calcutta, where he gained a thorough knowledge of English lan-

guage, literature, and history. It was impossible that, with this knowledge, he could remain an idolater. Early in his career he learned to despise the worship of idols, and by degrees, by thought, by reflection and prayer, he learned to believe in one God. He then joined a party known in Lower Bengal as the Brahmo Somaj, who worship Brahma, the creator. After a short time he became the head of a reforming party among those reformers, so that in Keshub Chunder Sen they saw the representative of the most advanced section of the great reforming party which was rising in Bengal."

That such a man, so eager for light, should not have become a Christian may at first glance seem very strange; but the Hindu has always looked upon Christianity as the religion of his conquerors; it is almost inseparably associated in his mind with English cannon and English soldiers. It has come to him as something foreign and Occidental. The Christian convert suffers more socially than the Brahmanist, or Mohammedan, or the member of the Brahmo Somaj. These are reasons sufficient, if there were no others, why Chunder Sen should have cast in his lot with the theistic rather than the Christian church. For the last ten years he has been the leading spirit — it would not be an exaggeration to say the Pope — of the Brahmo Somaj. The form of its development is due to him rather than to any other member, or perhaps to all the other members combined. He is the pastor of the church in Calcutta, and the editor of the weekly newspaper published by the society.

It is next to impossible to determine accurately the creed of an organization that has no written confession of faith, no infallible books, no authoritative articles. But as Keshub Chunder Sen always speaks *ex cathedra*, we might form some idea of what the theistic church is from his own utterances, were it not that he always speaks, so he him-



self tells us, as an Oriental, in tropes and figures. He can cry, in an address to the Brahmo Somaj, in the town hall of Calcutta, on its fifty-first anniversary, "Blessed Jesus, I am thine. I give myself, body and soul, to thee. If India will revile and persecute me, and take my life-blood out of me, drop by drop, still, Jesus, thou shalt continue to have my homage. Son of God, I love thee truly!" But he can say also in the same address, "Christ's dispensation is said to be divine. I say that this dispensation — the Brahmo Somaj — is equally divine." With his missionaries he can go on pilgrimages, as he calls them, in the "worship room" of his own house, or in his study, "where, surrounded by book shelves loaded with the wisdom of ages, and in the midst of literary associations, they communed with Socrates." "The following saints were visited on the dates specified against their names: Moses, 22d February; Socrates, 7th March; Sakya, 14th March; The Rishis, 21st March; Christ, 8th August; Mohammed, 19th September; Chaitauya, 26th September; scientific men, 3d October."

"Before the flag of the new dispensation," cries this broadest of broad churchmen, "bow, ye nations, and proclaim the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. In blessed eucharist let us eat and assimilate all the saints and prophets of the world. Thus shall we put on the new man, and say, The Lord Jesus is my will, Socrates my head, Chaitauya my heart, the Hindu Rishi my soul, and the philanthropic Howard my right hand." The doors of this modern Pantheon stand always wide open. There is room enough within for all heroes and prophets, if not for all gods. The Bramho Somaj is an attempt to render equal service to many masters.

I went, one hot afternoon last May, to call upon Keshub Chunder Sen at his home in Calcutta. I had heard that he was in "retirement," — such was the

term used, — and might refuse to see any one; and, mistaking at first the house where he once lived for his present residence, a tall, stout Indian Baboo, of whom I made inquiries as he was about stepping into his palanquin, turned upon me rather sharply, and said, "May I ask why you wish to see Chunder Sen?" To which question, considering my nationality, there could be but one appropriate reply: "May I inquire why you ask?" "Oh," answered the Baboo, "I am a relative, and I doubt if he will see you; but I will with pleasure direct you to his house." A comfortable European house it was, somewhat better even than most American societies provide for their missionaries, though they are nearly always of good size and appearance, as they should be. I took it for granted, though foreign missionaries do not live ordinarily in native houses, that an Indian reformer would have a purely Indian home; but this reformer has been to Europe, has associated more or less all his life with Europeans, and has gradually and almost necessarily substituted Occidental comfort for Oriental simplicity. I was shown into just such a drawing-room as one might find in almost any of the smaller London houses, with the one exception of a large tiger skin stretched upon the floor, which did service as a rug. Almost immediately Keshub Chunder Sen entered: he was a tall, well-formed man, with a tendency to over-stoutness; coffee-colored skin; eyes of the deepest black and flashing with fire; a handsome face, of the Eastern sort, full of animal life and passion, yet the face of a possible mystic; long, delicately formed hands, such as men of the West rarely, if ever, possess. A good type of the Oriental; dressed, too, as a native gentleman. A long, loose, toga-like garment, lighter than any fabrics ever used by us, supplied the place of the much more numerous and much less comfortable and graceful articles which make up the or-



dinary costume in every country of Europe.

His welcome was very cordial. He said nothing about his "retirement," but began at once to ask the usual questions which are put to all travelers, in English as pure and grammatical as one would hear in Oxford or Cambridge, though without that certain accent or inflection of the voice which one rarely finds except among native-born Englishmen. He spoke with perfect freedom, and with that openness of manner which invites questioning. When I asked if a member of the Brahmo Somaj would ever speak of himself as a Christian, he said, with a smile, "Oh no, that is a term of narrowness; the Christian must hate" (I wondered from what sources he had formed this idea) "the Hindu and the Buddhist and the Mohammedan, but we honor all. Christ is to us the greatest, his life is the purest, but he is only *primus inter pares*." Remembering what I had heard about his retirement, I inquired if asceticism found any place in their system. "Not with the meaning which is ordinarily given to that word," was his reply. "We believe in and advocate the greatest simplicity of life; we live on alms, we eat no meat, and there are times when we go into the wilderness to be alone for days." Then he showed me a picture of himself and his wife, seated on the tiger skin which was under our feet, spread apparently on some hill-top of sand, in a barren Indian desert. He held in his hand, so the picture represented him, the *ektara*, an instrument of a single string, — the only one, I believe, ever used by the Brahmo Somaj. "We sometimes spend hours in that position," he said, "communing with the Infinite."

Do you believe, I asked, in modern revelations? It was somewhat generally thought in Calcutta, I had found, that whenever Keshub Chunder Sen's authority was questioned by the Brahmo Somaj, he had the habit of falling back

upon a revelation just received as the motive and authority of his action. "Certainly," he said; "God has not become dumb; he speaks now as of old." You have missionaries, I said. "Oh, yes; we are sending them into nearly every part of India, and they are meeting everywhere with good success." But, I asked, what if one of these men should say, I have had a revelation to go to Allahabad, when the church wishes him to work in Trichinopoly? "He would be forced to yield," was the reply. "We should not believe in a revelation of that sort, in opposition to the opinion of the whole church." This might lead, I suggested, to schisms. Have you ever had any division into parties in the Somaj? "Yes," he answered; "within a very short time there has been one of a somewhat serious nature. It resulted in part from the marriage of my daughter, of which you may have heard something." One can scarcely mention Keshub Chunder Sen or the Brahmo Somaj anywhere in India without being told the story of this marriage, and in a more or less incorrect form, so that I was very glad to have him speak of it of his own accord, and to hear from his own lips the truth of the matter. It was a rather romantic story, and one that could not fail to excite sympathy as well as interest.

The marriage of children has long been general in India. I was present, one evening, at a wedding where a boy of six was married to a girl of four. The boy must become a man before he takes his wife to his home; but if he should die in the mean time, the child whom he ceremonially married must always remain a widow. Latterly the more thoughtful have come to look upon these early marriages as among the greatest of evils. One of the obligations which members of the Brahmo Somaj took upon themselves was not to marry their daughters till they had reached the age of sixteen. A few years ago a Maharajah, or prince, was left an orphan, and became



necessarily a ward of the English government. His property was cared for and his education — a very careful one — seen to by the lieutenant governor of Bengal. This young Maharajah of Kuchberge became one of the best known characters in Calcutta, and was universally liked, both by the natives and the Europeans. It was thought wise for him to travel in Europe, but it was more than probable that if he undertook the journey unmarried he would return with a European wife, and this would injure his influence over his future subjects. The English government wished him to be married at once, and, on looking around for a wife suitable for their ward, they decided to make proposals for the hand of the daughter of Keshub Chunder Sen. It was a great temptation, a real Indian prince, and called by the English the best of them all. It was too great a temptation to be resisted, and a few months before the young lady had reached her sixteenth birthday she was married to the Maharajah, but

with the condition that she was not to be taken to his home till his return from Europe. Even the Europeans considered the marriage unobjectionable, but the members of the Brahmo Somaj moved a court of inquiry into the conduct of their minister, and in spite of his assurance that he had received a direct revelation from heaven that this marriage was right and proper, a large number withdrew from the Brahmo Somaj, and organized a reformed Somaj of their own.

Keshub Chunder Sen answers to Dr. Johnson's definition of a remarkable man, for few could pass even the English philosopher's meagre allowance of time with him without feeling that he was possessed of extraordinary powers. One of the Lessing-like seekers after truth he seems to be, who would say with the author of *Laocoön*, "If God held all truth in his right hand, and in his left only the everlasting search after truth, I would bow humbly to his left hand, and say, Father, give; keep the truth for Thyself alone."

Charles Wood.

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## IN VENICE.

"YES, we came over again in February, and have been here in Venice since the last of March. For some reasons, I was sorry to come back; one *is* so much more comfortable at home! What I have suffered in these wretchedly cold houses over here, words, Mr. Blake, can never express. For in England, you know, they consider fifty-eight Fahrenheit quite warm enough for their drawing-rooms, while here in Italy — well, one never *is* so cold, I think, as in a warm climate. Yes, we should have been more comfortable, as far as *that* goes, in my own house in New York, reading all those delightful books on Art, in a properly-warmed atmosphere

(and I must say a properly-warmed spirit too), and looking at photographs of the pictures (you can have them as large as you like, you know), instead of freezing our feet over the originals, which half the time the eyes of a lynx could not see. But it is not always winter, of course. And then I have lived over here so long that I have, it seems, acquired foreign ways that are very unpopular at home. You may smile, and it *is* too ridiculous; but it is so. For instance, last summer we went to Carley Ledge (you know Carley; pretty little place), and we found out afterwards that the people came near mobbing us! Not exactly that, of course,



but they took the most violent dislike to us; and why? It is too comical. Because we had innocently treated Carley as we treat a pretty village over here. One lady said, and, I am told, with indignation, that we had been stopping, 'more than once, right in the main street, and standing there, in that *public* place, to look at a cloud passing over the mountain!' And another reported that she had herself discovered us 'sitting on the *grass*, no farther away from the main street than the open space in front of Deacon Seymour's, just as though it was out in the country!' That 'out in the country' is rather good, is n't it? Always that poor little main street!"

"Still, I think, on the whole, that the cold houses are worse than the village comments," replied Mrs. Marcy's visitor. "A New Yorker I know, a confirmed European too, always goes home to spend the three months of winter. When he comes back in the spring his English friends say, 'I hear you have had so many degrees of frost over there, — fancy!' — meaning, perhaps, zero, or under. To which he assents; but always inflexibly goes back. They look upon him as a kind of Esquimaux. But how does Miss Marcy like exile?"

"Oh, Claudia is very fond of Italy. You have not seen her, by the way, since she was a child, and she is now twenty; do you find her altered?"

"Greatly."

"At home she was never thought pretty, — when she was younger, I mean. She was thought too — too — vigorous is perhaps the best word; she had not that graceful slenderness one expects to see in a young girl. But over here, I notice, the opinion seems to be different," continued the lady, half questioningly. "And, of course, too, she has improved."

"My dear Miss Sophy — improved? Miss Marcy is a wonderfully beautiful woman."

"Yes, yes, I know; Mr. Lenox thinks so too, I believe," answered Mrs. Marcy, half pleased, half irritated. "It seems she is a Venetian, — that is of the sixteenth century, — and dressed in dark green velvet, with those great puffed Venetian sleeves coming down over her knuckles, a gold chain, and her hair closely braided, she would be, they tell me, a perfect Bonifazio. In fact, Mr. Lenox is painting her as one. Only he has to imagine the dress."

Mrs. Marcy was a widow, and fifty-five. It had pleased her to hear again the old "Miss Sophy" of their youth from Rodney Blake; but, as she had been one of those tall, slender, faintly-lined girls who are called lilies, and who are associated with pale blues and lavender, she naturally found it difficult to realize a beauty, even if it was that of a niece, so unlike her own. Mrs. Marcy was now less than slender; the blue eyes which had once mildly lighted her countenance were faded. But she still remained lily-like and willowy, and her attire adapted itself to that style; there was a gleam of the lavender still, she wore long shawls and scarfs.

In the easy-chair opposite, Rodney Blake leaned back. He was fifty-six, long and thin, with a permanent expression on his face of half-weary, half-amused cynicism, which, however, seemed to concern itself more with life in general than with people in particular, and thus prevented personal applications. He was well-to-do, well dressed. There was a generally received legend that he was rather brilliant. This was the more remarkable because he seldom said much. But perhaps that was the reason. Miss Marcy had entered as her aunt finished her sentence.

"The sitting is over, then," said the elder lady. "Has Mr. Lenox gone?"

"Not yet," answered the niece, giving her hand to Mr. Blake as he rose to greet her.

She was, as he had said, a beautiful



woman. Yet at home there were still those who would have dissented from this opinion, as, secretly, her aunt dissented. She was of about medium height, with the form of a Juno. She had a rich complexion, slowly moving eyes of deep brown, and very thick, curling, low-growing hair of a bright gold color, which showed a warmer reddish tinge in the light. She was the personification of healthy life and vigor, but not of the nervous or active sort; of the reflective. Wherever the sun touched her, it struck a color: whether the red of cheek or lip, or the beautiful tint of her forehead and throat, which was not fair but clear; whether the brown of her eyes, or the gold of eyebrows, eyelashes, and the heavy, low-coiled hair. Her features were fairly regular, but not of the pointed type; they were short rather than long, clearly, almost boldly, outlined. Her forehead was low; her mouth not small, the lips beautifully cut. She was attired in black velvet, — she affected rich materials, — and as she talked she twisted and untwisted a string of large pearls, which hung loosely round her throat and down upon the velvet of her dress.

"Mr. Lenox does not have to imagine much, after all," observed Mr. Blake in his slow way to Mrs. Marcy. "In velvet, with those pearls, she does very well as it is."

"They are only Roman beads," said Claudia. "I don't know what you mean, of course."

"I had been telling Mr. Blake that they say that if you had a green velvet, with those big sleeves, you know, and your hair braided close to the head, to make it look too small in comparison with the shoulders, it would be a Bonifazio," explained the aunt.

"Your pearls are not so effective as they might be, Miss Marcy," continued the visitor, again scanning her as she took a seat.

"I do not wear them in this way,

but so." She unfastened the clasp, and rewound the long string in three close rows, one above the other, round her throat, above the high-coming black of her dress.

"That is better," said her critic.

"It feels like a piece of armor. So I unloosen it as soon as I can," she answered.

Here the artist came in, hat in hand. "I am on my way home," he said. "Good-morning, Mr. Blake. I have only stopped to ask about our expedition this afternoon, Mrs. Marcy."

"Oh, I suppose we shall go," answered that lady; "the day is so fine. How are they at home this morning, Mr. Lenox?"

"Elizabeth is quite well, thanks; Theocritus as usual. Shall I order gondolas, then?"

"If you will be so good; at four. Mr. Blake will, I hope, go with us."

And then Mr. Lenox bowed, and withdrew.

"Does the — the idyllic personage accompany us?" asked the gentleman in the easy-chair.

"It is only a child appended to the name," said Claudia, laughing. "For some reason, Mrs. Lenox always pronounces it in full; she could just as well call him Theo."

"It is her nephew, and she is devoted to him," explained Mrs. Marcy. "He is nearly ten years old, but does not look more than five. His health is extremely delicate, and he is, at times, rather — rather babyish."

"Peevish, isn't it?" said Claudia. She had taken up two long black needles entangled in a mass of crimson worsted, and, disengaging them, was beginning to knit another row on an unfinished stripe. Her beautifully moulded hands, full and white, with one antique gem on each, contrasted with the tint of the wool. The thin fingers of Mrs. Marcy were decked with fine diamonds, and diamonds alone; in spite of the "foreign



ways" of which that lady had accused herself, she remained sufficiently American for that. She could buy diamonds, and Claudia an antique ring or two; both aunt and niece enjoyed inherited incomes, that of Claudia being comfortable, that of Mrs. Marcy large.

These ladies occupied rooms on the third floor of a palace on the Grand Canal, not far below the Piazzetta. The palace was a stately example of Renaissance architecture, with three rows of majestic polished columns extending one above the other across its front. Between these columns the American tenant, who had once been called "the lily," and her niece, who was so like a Bonifazio, looked out upon the golden Venetian light—a light whose shadows are colors: mother-of-pearl, emerald, orange, amber, and all the changing gradations between them—thrown against and between the reds, browns, and fretted white marbles of the buildings rising from the water; that ever-moving water which mirrors it all,—here a sparkling, glancing surface, there a mysterious darkness, both of them contrasting with the serene blue of the sky above, which is barred towards the Riva by the long, lean, sharply-defined lateen spars of the moored barques, and made even more deep in its hue over the harbor by the broad sails of the fishing-sloops outlined against it, as they come slowly up the channel, rich, unlighted sheets of tawny yellow and red, with a great cross vaguely defined upon them.

Next to the Renaissance palace was a smaller one, narrow and high, of mediæval Gothic, ancient and weather-stained; it had lancet-windows, adorned above with trefoil, and a little carved balcony like old Venetian lace cut in marble. Here Mr. and Mrs. Lenox occupied the floor above that occupied by the ladies in the larger palace. Communication was direct, however, owing to a hallway, like a little covered bridge, that crossed the canal which flowed between,—a ca-

nal narrow, dark, and still, that worked away silently all day and all night at its life-long task of undermining the ponderous walls on each side; gaining perhaps a half inch in a century, together with the lighter achievement of eating out the painted wooden columns which, like lances set upright in the sand at a tent's door, the old Venetians were accustomed to plant in the tide round their water-washed entrances. At four o'clock the little company started, the three from the Gothic palace having come across the hall bridge to join the others. Two gondolas were in waiting; as the afternoon was warm, they had light awnings instead of the antique black tops, with the sombre drapery sweeping out behind.

"I like the black tops better," observed Claudia. "Any one can have an awning, but the black tops are Venetian."

"They can easily be changed," said Lenox.

"Oh, no; not in this heat," objected Mrs. Marcy. "We should stifle. Mr. Blake, shall you and I, as the selfish elders, take this one, and let the younger people go together in that?"

"I want to go in the one with the red awning,—the *bright* red," said Theocritus. This was the one Mrs. Marcy had selected.

"No, no, my boy; the other will do quite as well for you," said Lenox.

"It won't," replied the child, in a decided little voice.

"It is not of the slightest consequence," graciously interposed Mrs. Marcy, signaling to the other gondola, and, with Blake's assistance, taking her place within it.

Mr. Lenox glanced at his wife. She was occupied in folding a shawl closely over the boy's little overcoat. "Come, then," he said, giving his hand first to Miss Marcy, then to his wife and the child. The gondolas floated out on the broad stream.



Claudia talked ; she talked well, and took the Venetian tone. "The only thing that jars upon me," she said, after a while, "is that these Venetians of to-day — those men and women we are passing on the Riva now, for instance — do not appreciate in the least their wonderful water-city, scarcely know what it is."

"They don't study 'Venice' because they are Venice, — is n't that it?" said Mrs. Lenox. She had soothed the little boy into placidity, and he sat beside her quietly, with one gloved hand in hers, a small muffled figure, with a pale face whose delicate skin was lined like that of an old man. His eyes were narrow, deep-set, and dark under his faintly-outlined fair eyebrows ; his thin hair so light in hue and cut so closely to his head that it could scarcely be distinguished.

"I hope not," said Claudia, answering Mrs. Lenox's remark. "At least, I hope the old Venetians were not so ; I like to think that they felt, down to their very finger-tips, all the richness and beauty about them."

"You may be sure the feeling was unconscious, compared with ours," replied Mrs. Lenox. "They did not consult authorities about the pictures ; they were the pictures. They did not study history ; they made it. They did not read romances ; they lived them."

"I wish I could have lived then!" murmured Miss Marcy, her eyes resting thoughtfully on the red tower of San Giorgio, rising from the blue. No veil obscured the beautiful tints of her face ; Claudia's complexion could brave the brightest light, the wind and the sun. The dark blue plume of the round hat she wore curled down over the rippled sunny braids of her hair. Mr. Lenox was looking at her. But Mr. Lenox was often looking at her.

"That would not be at all nice for us," said Mrs. Lenox, in her pleasant voice, answering the young lady's wish.

"If you, Miss Marcy, can step back into the fifteenth century without trouble, we cannot ; Stephen and I are very completely of this poor nineteenth."

"I don't know," said Claudia slowly ; she looked at "Stephen" with meditative eyes. "He could have been one of the soldiers. You remember that Venetian portrait in the Uffizi at Florence, — General Gattamelata ? Mr. Lenox does not look like it ; but in armor he would look quite as well."

"I don't remember it," said Mrs. Lenox, turning to see why Theocritus was beating upon her knees with his right fist.

"You must remember, — it is so superb!" said Claudia.

"I want to sit on the other side," announced Theocritus.

"When we come back, dear. See, the church is quite near ; we shall soon be there now," answered his aunt.

"You remember it, don't you?" said Claudia to Lenox.

"Perfectly."

"No, — now," piped Theocritus. "The wind is blowing down my back."

"If he is cold, Stephen" — said Mrs. Lenox.

"I will change places with him," replied her husband. "Do not move, Miss Marcy."

"No ; aunt Lizzie must go too!" said the boy. He had wrinkled up his little face until he looked like an aged dwarf in a temper ; he stretched back his lips over his little square white teeth, and glared at his uncle and Miss Marcy.

"Let me change, — do," said Claudia, rising as she spoke. And Mrs. Lenox accepted the offer.

"When you have finished my portrait, suppose you paint yourself as a fifteenth-century Venetian general," continued Miss Marcy, taking up again the thread of conversation which had been broken by Theocritus' obstinacy. "The portrait of a man painted by him-



self is always interesting; you can see then what he thinks he is."

"And is not?" said Lenox.

"Possibly. Still, what he might be. It is his ideal view of himself, and I believe in ideals. It is only our real, purified, — what we shall all attain, I hope, in another world."

Thus she talked on. And the man to whom she talked thought it a loveliness of nature that she passed so naturally and unnoticingly over the demeanor of the spoiled child who accompanied them. Mrs. Lenox could, for the present, take no further part in the conversation, as Theocritus had demanded that she should relate to him the legend of St. Mark, St. George, and St. Theodore, climbing down from their places over the church porch, the palace window, and the crocodile column, to fight the demons of the lagoons. This she did, but in so low a tone that the conversation of the others was not interrupted.

They reached the island, and landed; Mrs. Marcy and Blake were already there, sitting on the sun-warmed steps of the church whose smooth white façade and red campanile are so conspicuous from Venice. "We were discussing the shape of the prow of the gondola," said Mrs. Marcy, as they came up. "To me it looks like the neck of a swan." Mrs. Marcy never sought for new terms; if the old ones were only poetical — she was a stickler for that — she used them as they were, contentedly.

Mr. Blake, who always took the keynote of the conversation in which he found himself, advanced the equally veteran comparison of the neck of a violin.

"It is the shining blade of St. Theodore, the patron of the gondolas," suggested Claudia.

"To me, it looks a good deal like the hammer of a sewing-machine," observed Mrs. Lenox lightly. This was so true that they all had to laugh.

"But this will never do, Mrs. Lenox," said Blake, turning to look at her as she stood on the broad marble step, holding the little boy's hand; "you will destroy all our carefully prepared atmosphere, with your modern terms. Here we have all been reading up for this expedition, and we know just what Ruskin thinks; wait a bit, and you will hear us talk! And not one will be so rude as to recognize a single adjective."

"You admire him, then, — Ruskin?" said the lady.

"Admire? That is not the word; he is the divinest madman! Ah, but he makes us work! In some always inaccessible spot he discovers an inscrutably beautiful thing, and then he goes to work and writes about it fiercely, with all his nouns in capitals, and his adjectives after the nouns instead of before them, — which naturally awes us. But what produces an even deeper thrill is his rich way of spreading his possessive cases over two words instead of one, as, 'In the eager heart of him,' instead of 'In his, eager heart.' This crows us completely."

"I want to go in the church. I don't want to stay out here any longer," announced Theocritus. And, as his aunt let him have his way, the others followed her, and they all went in together.

Compared with the warm sunshine without, the silent aisles seemed cool. After ten minutes or so Mrs. Marcy and Blake came out, and seated themselves on the step again. "You have known her for some time?" Blake was saying.

"Mrs. Lenox? No, only since we first met here, six — I mean seven — weeks ago. But Stephen Lenox I have always known, or rather known about; he is a distant connection of mine. His history has been rather unusual. His mother, a widow, managed to educate him, but that was all; they were really very poor, and Stephen was hard at



work before he was twenty. He had some sort of a clerkship in an iron-mill, and was kept at it, I was told, twelve and thirteen hours a day. Before he was twenty-two he married. He worked harder than ever then, although he had, I believe, in time a better place. His wife had no money, either, and she was not strong. Their two little children died. Well, after twelve years of this, most unexpectedly, by the will of an uncle by marriage, he came into quite a nice little fortune; the uncle said, I was told, that he admired a man who, in these days, had never had or asked for the least help from his relatives. And so Stephen could at last do as he pleased, and very soon afterward they came abroad. For he had been an artist at heart all this time, it seems; at least he has a great liking for painting, and even, I think, some skill."

"I doubt if he is a creative artist," answered Blake. "He is too well balanced for that,—a strong, quiet fellow. His wife is of about his age, I presume?"

"Yes; he is thirty-six, and she the same. They have been over here already nearly two years. She is a very nice little woman" (Mrs. Lenox was tall and slender; but Mrs. Marcy always patronized Mrs. Lenox), "although one *does* get extremely tired of that spoiled boy she drags about. Do you know," added the lady deeply, "I feel sure it would be much better for Elizabeth Lenox if she would remember her present circumstances more; there is no longer any necessity for an invariable untrimmed gray gown."

"Does n't she dress well?" said Blake. "I thought she always looked very neat."

"That is the very word,—neat. But there is no flow, no richness. She has been rather pretty once; that is, in that style,—gray eyes and dark hair; and she might be so still if she had the proper costumes. Of course, going

about Venice in this way, one does not want to dress much; but she has not even got anything put away."

"If one does not wear it, what difference does that make?" asked the gentleman.

"All the difference in the world!" replied Mrs. Marcy. "Let me tell you that the very *step* of a woman who knows she has two or three nice dresses in the bottom of her trunk is different from that of a woman who knows she has n't."

"But perhaps Mrs. Lenox does not know she 'has n't,'" remarked Blake. This, however, went over Mrs. Marcy's head.

Within, the others were looking at the beautiful Tintoretto's in the choir. After a while the ill-favored but gravely serene young monk who had admitted them approached and mentioned solemnly "the view from the campanile;" this not because he cared whether they went up or not, but simply as part of his duty.

"I should like to go," said Claudia; "I love to look off over the lagoons."

They turned to leave the choir. "I don't want to go," said Theocritus, holding back. "I want to stay here and see that picture some more; and I'm going to!"

This time Miss Marcy did not yield her wish. "Do not come with me," she said to Mr. and Mrs. Lenox; "it is not in the least necessary. I have been up before, and know the way. I will not be gone fifteen minutes."

"I really think that he ought not to climb all those stairs," said Mrs. Lenox to her husband, looking at the child, who had gone back to his station before the picture.

"Of course not," answered Lenox. Then, after a moment, "I will stay with him," he added; "you go up with Miss Marcy."

"I want aunt Lizzie to stay,—not uncle Stephen!" called the boy, over-



hearing this, and turning round to scowl at them.

"He will not be good with any one but me," said Mrs. Lenox in a low tone. "You two go up; I will wait for you here."

"The question is, Is he ever good, even with her?" said Claudia, following Lenox up the long flight of steps, that winds in square turns up, up, to the top of the campanile.

"She says he is sometimes very sweet and docile, — even affectionate," replied Lenox. "She thinks he has quite a remarkable mind, and will distinguish himself some day, if we can only tide his poor, puny little body safely over its childish weakness, and give him a fair start."

"She is very fond of him."

"Yes; his mother was her dearest friend, his father her only brother."

Claudia considered that she had now given sufficient time to this subject (not an interesting one), and they talked of other things, but in short sentences, for they were still ascending. Twice she stopped to rest for a minute or two; then Lenox came down a step, and stood beside her. There was no danger; still, if a person should be seized with giddiness, the thought of the near open well in the centre, going darkly down, was a dizzy one.

At the top they had the view: wide green flatness towards the east, north-east, southeast, with myriad gleaming, silvery channels; the Lido and the soft line of the Adriatic beyond; towns shining whitely, in the north; to the west, Venice, with its long bridge stretching to the mainland; in port, at their feet, a large Italian man-of-war; on the south side, the point of the Giudecca.

"A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,  
Vous étiez bien aise;  
A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,  
Nous étions bien là!"

quoted Claudia. "I chant it because I

have just discovered that the Zuecca means the Giudecca yonder."

"What is the verse?" said Lenox.

"Don't you know it? It is Musset."

"I have read but little, Miss Marcy."

"You have not had *time* to read," said Claudia, with a shade of emphasis; "your time has been given to better things."

"Yes, to iron rails!"

"To energy and to duty," she answered. Then she turned the subject, and talked of the tints on the water.

Down below, in the still church, the little boy sat beside his aunt, her arm round him, his head leaning against her. The monk had withdrawn.

"The angels were all there, no doubt," she was saying; "but only a few painters have ever tried to represent them in the picture. It is not easy to paint an angel if you have never seen one."

"Pooh! I have seen them," said Theocritus, "hundreds of times. I have seen their wings. They come floating in when the sunshine comes through a crack, — all dusty, you know. How many of them there do you suppose saw the angels? Not that big girl with the plate, anyhow, I know!" Thus they talked on.

When the two from the campanile returned, and they went out to embark, a slight breeze had risen. The little boy lifted his shoulders uneasily, and seemed almost to shiver. Mrs. Lenox felt of his head and hands. "I think I had better take him back in one of those covered gondolas, Stephen," she said. "He seems to be cold; he might have a chill."

"Surely, it is very warm," said Mrs. Marcy.

"Yes, but he is so delicate," replied the other lady.

"I will go with you, Mrs. Lenox," said Claudia.

"Oh, no; the gondolas here are the small ones, I see, and Stephen could not



come with us. Do not leave him to go back alone; if one of us sees to the child, that is enough."

It ended, therefore, according to her arrangement: she went back with Theocritus in a covered gondola, Mrs. Marcy and Blake returned as they had come, while Claudia and Lenox had the third boat to themselves.

Rodney Blake being added, this little party continued its Venetian life. Lenox made some progress with his portrait of Claudia, but it was not thought, at least by the others, that his wife made any with Theocritus, that child remaining as delicate as ever, and, if possible, more troublesome. In Mrs. Marcy's mind there had sprung up, since Mr. Blake's arrival, an aftermath of interest in Venetian art and architecture which was richer even than the first crop; she went contentedly to see the pictures, churches, and palaces a fourth and even fifth time.

Claudia had a great liking for St. Mark's. "But who has not?" said Mrs. Marcy reproachfully, when Blake commented upon the younger lady's fancy.

"Yes; but it is not every liking that is strong enough to take its possessor there every day through eight long slow weeks," answered the gentleman.

"Not so slow," said Claudia. "But how do you know? You have been here through only one of them."

"That leanest mosaic in the central dome is an old friend of mine; he has told me many things in his time (I am an inveterate Venetian loungeur, you know), bending down from his curved abode, his glassy eyes on mine, and a long thin finger pointed. Be careful; he has noticed you."

Several days later, strolling into the church, he found her there. "As usual," he said.

"Yes, as usual," she answered. Miss Marcy liked Blake; his slow remarks often amused her. And she liked to be

amused; perhaps because she was not one of those young ladies who find everything amusing. She was sitting at the base of the last of the great pillars of the nave, where she could see the north transept with the star-lights of the chapel at the end, the old pulpit of colored marbles with its fretted top and angel, and the deep gold-lined dimness of the choir-dome, into which the first horizontal ray of sunset light was now stealing, — a light which would soon turn into miraculous splendor its whole expanse.

"It always seems to me like a cave set with gold and gems," said Blake, taking a seat beside her. "And, in reality, that is what it is, you know, — a wonderful robbers' cavern. As somebody has said, it is the church of pirates, — of the greatest sea-robbers the world has ever known; and they have adorned it with the magnificent mass of treasure they stole from the whole Eastern hemisphere."

"I wish they had stolen a little for me, — one of those Oriental chains, for instance. But what pleases me best here is the light. It is n't the bright, vast clearness of St. Peter's that makes one's small sins of no sort of consequence; it is n't the sombreness of the Duomo at Florence, where one soon feels such a dreadful repentance that the new virtue becomes acute depression. It is a darkness, I admit, but of such a warm, rich hue that one feels sumptuous just by sitting in it. I do believe that if some of our thin, anxious-faced American women could only be induced to come and sit here quietly several hours a day, they would soon grow serene and physically opulent, like " —

"Like yourself?"

"Like the women of Veronese. (Of course I shall have to admit that I do not need this process. Unfortunately, I love it.) But those Veronese pictures, Mr. Blake, — after all, what do they tell us? Blue sky and balconies, feasts



and brocades, pages and dogs, colors and splendor, and those great fair women, with no expression in their faces, — what does it all mean ? ”

“ Simply beauty.”

“ Beauty without mind, then.”

“ A picture does not need mind. But, to be worth anything, beauty it must have.”

“ I don’t know ; a picture is a sort of companion. One of those pictures would not be that ; you might as well have a beautiful idiot.”

“ Ah, but a *picture* is silent,” replied Blake.

Claudia laughed. “ You are incorrigible.” Then, going back to her first subject, “ I wish Mrs. Lenox would come here more,” she said.

“ You think she needs this enriching process you have suggested ? ”

“ In one way, — yes. All this beauty here in Venice is so much to her husband ; while she — is forever with that child ! ”

“ But she does not keep him from the beauty.”

“ No ; but she might make it so much more to him, if she would.”

“ Why don’t you suggest it to her ? ”

“ There is no use. She does not understand me, I think. We speak a different language.”

“ That may be. But I fancy she understands you.”

“ Perhaps she does,” answered Claudia, with the untroubled frankness which was one of her noticeable traits. She spoke as though she thought indeed that Claudia Marcy’s nature was a thing which Mrs. Lenox, or any one, might observe. Claudia rather admired her nature. It was not perfect, of course, but at least it was large in its boundaries, and above the usual feminine pettinesses ; she felt a calm pride in that. She was silent for a while. The first sunset ray had now been joined by others, and together they had lighted up one half of the choir-dome ; its gold was

all awake, and glistening superbly, and the great mosaic figure enthroned there began to glow with a solemn, mysterious life.

“ Men should not marry until they are at least thirty, I think,” resumed Claudia ; “ and especially those of the imaginative or artistic temperament. Three quarters of the incongruous marriages one sees were made when the husband was very young. It is not the wife’s fault ; at the time of the marriage she is generally the superior, the generous one ; the benefit is conferred by her. But — she does not advance, and he does.”

“ What would you propose in the way of — of an amelioration ? ” asked her listener.

“ There can of course be no amelioration in actual cases. But there might be a prevention. I think that a law could be passed, — such as now exists, for instance, against the marriage of minors. If a man could not marry until he was thirty or older, he would at that time naturally select a wife who was ten years or so his junior, rather than one of his own age.”

“ And the women of thirty ? ”

“ They would be already married to the men of fifty, you know.”

Here a figure emerging from the heavy red-brown shadows of the north aisle, and seeming to bring some of them with it, as it advanced, crossed the billowy pavement, and stopped before them. It was Mr. Lenox. He took a seat on the other side of Blake, and they talked for a while of the way the chocolate-hued walls met the gold of the domes solidly, without shading, and of the total absence of white, — two of the marked features of the rich interior of the old pirate cathedral. At length Blake rose, giving up his place beside Miss Marcy to the younger man. “ I think we have still a half hour before that jailer of a janitor jangles his keys,” she said.



"Yes ; but for the men of fifty it is time to be going," answered Blake. "They take cold rather easily, you know, those poor fellows of fifty."

He went away. Claudia and Lenox remained until the keys jangled.

Every day the weather and the water city grew more divinely fair. June began. And now even Mrs. Marcy saw no objection to their utilizing the moonlight, and no longer spoke of "wraps." The evenings were haunted by music ; everybody seemed to be floating about, singing or touching guitars. The effect of the mingled light and shadows across the fronts of the palaces was enchanting ; they could not say enough in its praise.

"Still, do you know, sometimes I would give it all for the fresh odor of the fields at home, in the country, and the old scent of lilacs," said Mrs. Lenox.

"Do you care for lilacs ?" said Claudia. "If you had said roses" —

"No, I mean lilacs, the simple country bushes. And I want to see some currant bushes, too ; yes, and even an old wooden garden fence," replied Mrs. Lenox, laughing, but nevertheless as if she meant what she said. She went with them only that once in the evening, for when she reached home she found that the little boy had been wakeful, and that he had refused to go to sleep again because she was not there. After this the others went without her, in a gondola holding four. At last, although the moonlight lingers longer in Venice than anywhere else, there was, for that month at least, no more. Yet still the evening air was delicious, and the music did not cease ; the effect of the shadows was even more marvelous than the mingled light and shade had been. They continued to go out and float about for an hour or two in the warm, peopled darkness. They went also, but by daylight, to Torcello, and this time Theocritus was of the party. During

half of the day he was more despotic than he had ever been, but later he seemed very tired ; he slept in his aunt's arms all the way home. Once she made an effort to transfer him to her husband, as the weight of his little muffled figure lay heavily on her slender arm ; but Theocritus was awake immediately, and began to beat off his uncle's hands with all his might.

"Do let me take him, Elizabeth ; he will soon fall asleep again," said Lenox. He looked annoyed. "You are overtaxing your strength ; I can see that you are tired out."

"It will not harm me ; I know when I am really too tired," answered his wife. She gave him a little trusting smile as she spoke, and his frown passed off.

They were all together in one of the large gondolas ; Blake noted this little side-scene.

That night Theocritus had a slight attack of fever. Mrs. Lenox said that it came from over-fatigue, and that he must not go on any of the longer expeditions. When they went to Murano, therefore, and down to Chioggia, she did not accompany them, but remained at home with her charge.

Mrs. Marcy was enjoying this last month in Venice greatly. "Naturally, it is much pleasanter when one has some one to attend to one, and one too who knows one's tastes and looks after one's little comforts," she remarked to her niece, with some intricacy of impersonal pronouns. The lily did not observe that the attentions she found so agreeable were being offered to her niece also, by another impersonal pronoun. As she would herself have said, "naturally," when they went here and there together, the two elders often sat down to rest a while, when Claudia and Lenox did not feel the need of it.

"Of course, with her beauty, her attractive qualities, and her fortune, Miss Marcy has had many suitors," said



Blake to the aunt, during one of these rests.

"Several," answered that lady moderately. "But Claudia is not at all susceptible. Neither is she so—so generally attractive as you might suppose. She has too little thought for the opinions of others. She says, for instance, just what she thinks, and that, you know, is seldom agreeable."

"True; we much prefer that people should say what they don't. I have myself noticed some plainly evident faults in her: a most impolitic honesty; and, when stirred, an impulsiveness which is sure to be unremunerative in the long run. I should say, too, that she had an empyrean sort of pride."

"Yes," replied the lily, not knowing what he meant, but concluding on the whole that he spoke in reprobation. "As I said before, she has not *quite* enough of that true feminine softness one likes so much to see, — I mean, of course, in a woman."

"Her pride will be her bane, yet. It will make her blind to the most obvious pitfall. However, I'll back her courage against it when once she sees where she has dropped."

"What?" said the lily.

"She will in time learn from you; she could not follow a more lovely example," said Blake, coming back from his reflections.

Towards the last of June a long expedition was planned, an expedition into "Titian's country," which was to last three days. This little pilgrimage had been talked about for a long time, Mrs. Lenox being as much interested in it as the others. Whether she would have had the courage to take Theocritus, even in his best estate, is a question; but, after the time was finally set and all the arrangements made, his worst asserted itself, and so markedly that it was plain to all that she could not go. Something was said about postponement, but it was equally plain that if they were to go at

all they should go at once, as the weather was rapidly approaching a too great heat. Claudia wished particularly to take this little journey; she had set her heart upon seeing the Titians and reputed Titians said to be still left in that unvisited neighborhood. Blake asserted that she even expected to discover one. It was next proposed (although rather faintly) that Mr. Lenox should be excused from the pilgrimage. But it could not be denied that the little boy had been quite as ill (and irritable) several times before in Venice, and that he had always recovered in a day or two. Not that Mrs. Lenox denied it; on the contrary, she was the one to mention it. She urged her husband's going; it was the excursion of all others to please him the most. It ended in his consenting; it seemed, indeed, too much to give up for so slight a cause.

"She looks a little anxious," observed Blake, as they waited for him in the gondola which was to take them to the railway station. Lenox had said good-by to her, and was now coming down the long stairway within, while she had stepped out on her balcony to see them start.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Marcy. "To me she always looks just the same, always so unmoved."

Lenox now came out, and the gondola started. Claudia looked back and waved her hand, Mrs. Lenox returning the salutation.

On the evening of the third day, at eleven o'clock, a gondola from the railway station stopped at the larger palace's lower door, and three persons ascended the dimly lighted stairs.

At the top Mrs. Lenox's servant was waiting for them. "Oh, where is signore? Is he not with you? He has not come? Oh, the poor signora, — may the sweet Madonna help her now!" cried the girl, with tears in her sympathetic Italian eyes. "The poor little boy is dead."



They rushed up the higher stairway and across the hall bridge. But it was as the woman had said. There, on his little white bed, lay the child: he would be troublesome no more on this earth; he was quiet at last. Mrs. Lenox stood in the lighted doorway of her room, as they came towards her. When she saw that her husband was not with them, when they began hurriedly to explain that he had not come, that he had stayed behind, that he had sent a note, she swayed over without a word, and fainted away.

It was only over-fatigue, she explained later. The child had lain in her arms for thirty hours, most of the time in great pain, and she had suffered with him. She soon recovered consciousness, and was quite calm, — more calm than they had feared she would be. They were anxiously watchful; they tended her with the most devoted care. Blake did what he could, and then waited. After a while, when Mrs. Lenox had in a measure recovered, he softly beckoned Mrs. Marcy out.

"You must tell her that her husband will not be back in time for — that he will not be back for at least six days, and very likely longer. And, as his route was quite uncertain, we cannot reach him; there is no telegraph, of course, and, even if I were to go after him, I could only follow his track from village to village, and probably come back to Venice behind him."

"How can I tell her!" said the tearful lady. "Perhaps Claudia" —

"No, on no account. You are the one, and you must do it," replied Blake, and with so much decision that she obeyed him. Thus the wife was told.

What Blake had said was true; it was hopeless to try to reach Lenox before the time when he would probably be back of his own accord. He had started on a hunt after some early drawings of Titian's, of which they had unearthed dim legends. One was said to

be in an old monastery, among others of no importance; two more were vaguely reported as now here, now there. Lenox had not been certain of his own route, but expected to be guided from village to village according to indications. It was not even certain whether he would come back by Conegliano, or strike the railway at another point. "It certainly is an inexorable fate!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Marcy, in the emergency driven to unusual expressions.

But when Stephen Lenox's wife understood the position in which she was placed, she at once decided upon all that was to be done, and gave her directions clearly and calmly, — directions which Blake executed with an attention and thoughtful care as complete as any one could possibly have bestowed.

The little boy was to be buried at Venice, in the cemetery on the island opposite, early in the morning of the second day.

"She is *so* sensible!" Mrs. Marcy commented, admiringly. "Of course, under all the circumstances, it is the thing to do. But so many women would have insisted upon — all sorts of plans; and it would have been *so* hard."

"I would willingly carry out anything she wished for, no matter how difficult," replied Blake. "I greatly respect and admire Mrs. Lenox. But, as you say, the perfect balance of her character, her clear judgment and beautiful goodness, have at once decided upon the best course." (The lily had not quite said this; but, in her present state of distressed sympathy, she accepted it.)

Claudia, meanwhile, remained through all very silent. She assisted, and ably, in everything that was done, but said almost nothing.

The evening before the funeral the two ladies went across to Mrs. Lenox's rooms; they had left her some hours before, as she had promised to lie down for a while, but they thought that she was now probably awake again. They



found her sitting beside the little white-shrouded form.

"Now this is not wise, Elizabeth," began Mrs. Marcy, chidingly.

"I think it is; I like to look at him," replied the watcher. "See, the peaceful expression I have been hoping for has come; it is not often needed on the face of a child, but it was with my poor little boy. Look."

And, sure enough, there shone upon the small, still countenance a lovely sweetness which had never been there in life. The face did not even seem thin; its lines had all passed away; it looked very fair and young, and very peacefully at rest.

"His mother would know him now, at once; he was a very pretty little fellow the last time she saw him, when he was about a year old," she went on. "I was very fond of his mother, and his father, as probably you know, was my only brother. Their child was very dear to me," she resumed, after a short silence, which the others did not break. "His constant suffering made him unlike stronger, happier children, and I think that was the very reason I loved him the more. I wanted to make it up to him. But I could not. I suppose he never knew what it was to be entirely without pain, — the doctors have told me so. He did not know anything else, or any other way, but to suffer more or less, and to be tired all the time. And he was so used to it, poor little fellow, that I suppose he thought that every one suffered too, — that that was life. He has found a better now." Leaning forward, she took the small hands in hers. "All my loving care, dear child, was not enough to keep you here," she said, smoothing them tenderly. "But you are with your mother now; that is far better."

The funeral took place early the next morning. Then Mrs. Lenox came back to her empty rooms, and entered them alone. She preferred it so.

After the first explanation, the only allusion she had made to her husband's absence was to Rodney Blake. That gentleman had not expressed the shadow of a disapprobation. He had not told her that he had objected to Lenox's lengthened absence, and had done what he could to prevent it; he had stopped Mrs. Marcy sharply when she spoke of telling.

"Can't you see, Sophy, that that would be the worst of all for her?" he said; "to know that Lenox would go, in spite of my unconcealed opposition, just because Clau — just because he wanted those trivial drawings," he added, changing the termination of his sentence, but quite sure, meanwhile, that "Sophy" would never discover what he had begun to say.

Mrs. Lenox's remark was this. Blake had come in to speak to her about some necessary directions concerning the funeral, and, when she had given them, she said, "It will be a grief to Stephen, when he comes back, that he could not have seen the little boy, even if but for once more. And I hoped so that he would see him! I expected you back at eight, — you know that was the first arrangement, — and towards seven he seemed easier. Once he even smiled, and talked a little about that legend of St. Mark and St. Theodore, of which, you remember, he was so fond. Then it was half past seven, and I still hoped. And then it grew towards eight, and he was in pain again. Still, I kept listening for the sound of your gondola. But it did not come. And at half past eight he died. But perhaps it was as well so," she continued, although her voice trembled a little. "Stephen would have felt his suffering so much. I was more used to it, you know, than he was."

"Yes," answered Blake.

But she seemed to know that he was not quite in accord with her. "Of course, I feel it very deeply, Mr. Blake, on my own account, that my husband



is not here; I depend upon him for everything, and feel utterly lonely without him. But his absence is one of those accidents which we must all encounter sometimes, and as to everything else, — the outside help I needed, — you have done all that even he could have done. You have been very good to me," and she held out her hand.

Blake took it, and thanked her. And in his words this time he put something that contented her. It was the sacrifice he made to his liking for Stephen Lenox's wife.

The evening after the funeral Mrs. Marcy, who had been made nervous and ill by all that had happened, went out at sunset for a change of air, and Blake accompanied her. Claudia preferred to stay at home. But, five minutes after the departure of their gondola, she went up the stairs and across the hall bridge that led to Mrs. Lenox's apartment. Mrs. Lenox was there, lying on the sofa; it was the first time since the return that the two had been alone together. She looked pale and ill, and there were dark shadows under her eyes; but she smiled, and spoke in her usual voice, asking Claudia to sit beside her in an easy-chair that stood there. Claudia sat down, and they spoke on one or two unimportant subjects. But the girl soon paused in this.

"I have come to say," she began again, in a voice that showed the effort she made to keep it calm, "that I shall never forgive myself, Mrs. Lenox, for — for a great deal that I have thought about you, but especially for having had a part in the absence of your husband at such a time. If it had not been for me, he would not have gone off on that foolish expedition. But I wanted those miserable drawings, or at least sketches of them, and so I kept talking about it. When I think of what you have had to go through, alone, in consequence of it, I am overwhelmed." Here her voice nearly broke down.

"You must not take it all upon yourself, Miss Marcy," answered the wife. "No doubt Stephen wanted to please you; no doubt he wanted to very much, — to get you the drawings, if it was possible; of that I am quite sure."

But Claudia was not quieted. "If you knew how I have suffered, — how I suffer now, as I see you lying there so pale and ill" — here she stopped again. "I come to tell you how I feel your suffering, and I spend the time talking about my own," she added abruptly. "I am a worthless creature!" And, covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

Mrs. Lenox put out her hand and stroked the beautiful bowed head caressingly. "Do not feel so badly," she said. "You must not; it is not necessary."

"But it is, — it is," said the girl, amid her tears. "If you knew" —

"I do know, Claudia. I know *you*."

"Oh, if you really do," said Claudia, lifting her head, her wet eyes turned eagerly upon the wife, "then, it is better."

"It *is* better; it is well. My dear, — I think I have understood you all along."

"But — I have not understood myself," replied Claudia. She had nerved herself to say it; but after it was spoken a deep blush rose slowly over her whole face until it was in a flame. Through all its heat, however, she kept her eyes bravely upon those of the wife.

"That I knew, too," rejoined Mrs. Lenox. "But I also knew that there was no danger," she added.

"There was not. It was unconscious. In any case I should in time have recognized it. And destroyed it, as I do now." These short sentences were brought out, each with a fresh effort. "I do not speak of — of the other side," the girl went on, with abrupt, heavy awkwardness of phrase. "There never was any other side; it was all mine." And then came the flaming blush again.



"But you are very beautiful, Claudia?" said the other woman, not as if disturbed at all in her own quiet calm, but half tentatively.

"Yes, I am beautiful," replied Claudia, with a sort of scorn. "But he is not that kind of man," she added, a quick, involuntary pride coming into her eyes. Then she turned her head away, shading her face with her hand. She said no more; it seemed as if she had stopped herself shortly there.

After a moment or two Mrs. Lenox began to speak. "All this life, here in Venice, has been so much to Stephen," she said in her sweet, quiet voice. "You know he has worked very hard,—he was obliged to; just so many hours of each long day, for long, hard years. He never had any rest; and the work was always distasteful to him, too. It was a slavery. And it was beginning to tell upon him; he could not have kept it up without being worn out both in body and mind. Judge, then, how glad I am that he has had all this change and pleasure,—he needed it so! There is that side to his nature,—a love of the beautiful, and a strong one. This has been always repressed and bound down; it is natural that it should break forth here. I have not the feeling myself,—at least, not like his; but I understand it in him, and sympathize with it fully." She paused. Claudia did not speak.

"You have not been a wife, Claudia, and therefore there are some things you do not know," pursued the voice. "A wife becomes in time to her husband such a part of himself (that is, if he loves her) that she is n't a separate person to him any more, and he hardly thinks of her as one; she is himself. Many things become a matter of course to him,—are taken for granted,—on this very account. It does not occur to him that she may feel differently. He supposes that they feel alike. Often they do. Still, a woman's thoughts do not always run in the same channel as

those of a man; we are more timid, more limited, more—afraid of things, you know; but the husband does not always remember that. But there are some things in which a husband and wife do feel alike, always and forever; there are ties which are eternal. And my own life holds them,—ties and memories so precious that I can hardly explain them to you; memories of those early years of ours when we were so alone and poor, but so dear to each other that we did not mind it. We love each other just the same; but then we had nothing but our love,—and it was enough. The coming, the short stay with us, and the fading away of our two little children, Claudia,—these are ties deep down in our hearts which nothing can ever sunder. Stephen will go back to all that old grief of his when he comes home to find the little boy gone. For the greatest sorrow of his life, one he has never at heart overcome, was that he felt when we lost our own little boy. Stephen had loved the child passionately, and would not believe that he must go; and, when he did, he bowed his head in a silence so long that I was frightened. I had never seen him give up before. But even that is a dear tie between us, for then he had only me. Those early years of ours, with their joys and sorrows,—I often think of them. A man does not dwell upon such memories, one by one, as a woman does. But they are none the less there, a part of his life and of him." She stopped. "Do not mind," she added, in a changed voice. "I am only—a little tired, I think."

Claudia, who had not moved, turned quickly. Mrs. Lenox's eyes were closed; she was very pale. But she did not faint; owing to Claudia's quick, efficient help, she was soon herself again. "You know what to do, don't you?" she said, smiling, when the faint feeling had passed.

"It is not that I know, so much as that I long to help you," answered Clau-



dia. "I wish you would let me unbraid your hair, and make you ready for bed; you look so tired, and perhaps I could do it with a lighter touch than Bianca," she added, humbly.

"Very well," said the other, assentingly.

And, with much care and skill, the girl performed her task. "I will even put out the light," she said. "I will tell Bianca that you have gone to bed, and are not to be disturbed." When all was done and the light out, she paused for a moment by the bedside. "I am not going to talk any more," she said, "but I will just say this: aunt and I are going away. To-morrow, probably, or the day after. You will not be left alone, for Mr. Blake will stay."

There was a silence. Then Mrs. Lenox's voice said, "That is a mistake. It would be better to stay."

"I do not see it in that way," answered the girl. Then, "You must not ask too much," she added, in a lower voice.

Mrs. Lenox took her hands, which were hanging before her tightly clasped. The touch shook Claudia; she sank down beside the bed, and hid her face.

"Stay; it is far better," whispered the wife. "Then it will be over. By going away you will only think about it the more."

"Yes, I know. But" —

"I will answer for all. I know you better than — you know yourself. When you see us together, it will be different to you. Stay, to please me."

"Very well," murmured the girl.

They kissed each other, and she rose. When she had reached the door, Mrs. Lenox spoke again. "Of course, you know that I quite understand that it is only a girl's fancy," she said, with a tender lightness. This was her offering to Claudia.

On the evening of the seventh day after the funeral, Stephen Lenox came back; he had sent a dispatch to his

wife from Conegliano, and Blake was therefore able to meet him at Mestre, and tell him what had happened. He went directly home, and the others did not see him until the next evening. Then he came across to the larger palace. Blake was there; he kept himself rather constantly with Mrs. Marcy now, perhaps to direct that lady's somewhat wandering inspirations. For this occasion, he had warned her that she must not be too sympathetic, that she must be on her guard. So Mrs. Marcy was "on her guard:" she only took out her handkerchief four times; she even talked of the weather. Claudia scarcely spoke. Blake himself conducted the conversation, and filled all the gaps. They could naturally say a good deal about the health of Mrs. Lenox, as that lady had been obliged to keep her room for the three preceding days. Lenox did not stay long; he said he must go back to his wife. As he rose, he gave the small portfolio he had brought with him to Claudia. "I don't think they were Titians," he said. "But I sketched them for you as well as I could."

Mrs. Marcy thought this an opportunity; she took the portfolio, and exclaimed over each picture. Blake, too, put up his eyeglass to look at them. Lenox said a word or two about them, and waited a moment longer; then he went away. Claudia had not glanced at them.

He never knew of her visit to his wife; those are the secrets women keep for each other, unto and beyond the grave.

What passed when he came home was simple enough. His wife cried when she saw him; she had not cried before. She told him the history of the little boy's last hours, and of all he had said, and of the funeral. Then they had talked a while of her health, and then of future plans.

"I ought to have remembered that you were anxious about him even before



I went away," said Lenox, going back abruptly to the first subject. He was standing by the window, looking out; this was an hour after his return.

"But he had been ill so many times. No, it was something we could not foresee, and as such we must accept it. I wanted you to go, — don't you remember? I urged your going. You must not blame yourself about it."

"But I do," answered her husband.

"I cannot allow you to; I shall never allow it. To me, Stephen, all you do is right; I wish to hear nothing that could even seem otherwise. I trust you entirely, and always shall."

He turned. She was lying back in an easy-chair, supported by pillows. He came across, and sat down beside her, his head bent forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his face in his hands. He did not speak.

"Because I know that I can," added the wife.

That was all.

They stayed on together in Venice through another two weeks. Mrs. Lenox improved daily, and was soon able to go about with them. She seemed, indeed, to bloom into a new youth. "It is the reaction after the long, wearing care of that child," explained Mrs. Marcy. "And is n't it beautiful to see how devoted he is to her, and how careful of her in every way? But I have always noticed what a devoted husband he was, have n't you?"

These two ladies and Mr. Blake were going to Baden-Baden. But the others were going back to America. "We may return some time," said Lenox; "but at present I think we want a home."

"I wish we could have stayed on together always, just as we are now," sighed the sentimental lily, smoothing the embroidered edge of her handkerchief. "Such a pleasant party, and of just the right size; these last two weeks have been so perfect!"

The time for parting came. The

three who were going to Baden-Baden were to leave at dawn, and they had come across to Mrs. Lenox's parlor to spend a last hour. Claudia talked more than usual, and talked well; she looked brilliant.

At the end of the second hour the good-bys began in earnest. Everything that was appropriate was said, Blake, in particular, delivering himself unblushingly of one long fluent commonplace after another. They were to meet again, — oh, very soon; they were to visit each other; they were to write frequently, — one would have supposed, indeed, that Blake intended to send a daily telegraphic dispatch. At last the lily, having kept them all standing for twenty minutes, bestowed upon Mrs. Lenox a final kiss, and really did start, the two gentlemen and Claudia accompanying her down the long hall. But the hall was dark, and Claudia was behind; without the knowledge of the others she slipped back.

Mrs. Lenox was standing where they had left her. When she saw the girl returning, pale, repressed, all the sparkle gone, she went to her, and put her arms round her; Claudia laid her head down upon the other's shoulder. Thus they stood for several moments, in silence. Then, still without speaking, Claudia went away.

When Mrs. Marcy reached the stairway which led down to her own apartment, on the other side of the hall bridge, "Why, where is Claudia?" she said.

"Here I am," said her niece, appearing from the darkness.

"You will come down with us for a moment, won't you, Mr. Lenox?" suggested the lily. "Just for one last look?"

"Do not ask him," said Claudia, smiling; "he is worn out! We have already extended that look over two long hours. Good-by, Mr. Lenox; and, this time, I think, it really is the last."

*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*



## DEVELOPMENT.

MILLIONS of years ago, within a lair  
Gorgeous and rank with monstrous leaf and bloom,  
A shape inhuman, yet with eyes aglare  
With human gleams, escaped the lightning's doom.

Long shudders shook the huge and hairy form,  
Spurned from the lightning's beauty-blasting path;  
And dumb with fear it cowered, until the storm  
Thrilled in remoter thunder-throbs of wrath.

Then, as once more the rainbow robed the earth  
In radiant gossamer of dew and fire,  
The creature slumbered, and its brain gave birth  
To dreams of strange prevision and desire.

'Mid shadows of unconsciousness there grew  
The gradual inkling of a shape to be,  
Whose brows were blessed with the sweet light whereto  
Men give the name of immortality.

The dull brute stirred: through his lethargic blood  
Life for a moment flushed with quicker pace,  
As though his being faintly felt the flood  
Of dawning wisdom in the distant race.

For who shall say when first the brain of beast  
To harbor human attributes began?  
Or when rude dreams, to lower sense released,  
Forefelt the advent of approaching man?

Perchance the soul that trembles in the seed  
Has faint foreshadowings of leaf and flower;  
Within its secret heart, perhaps, is freed  
Some feeble prescience of the forest's power.

There is a spirit in all things that live,  
Which hints of patient change from kind to kind;  
And yet no words its mystic sense may give,  
Strange as a dream of radiance to the blind.

And as, in time unspeakably remote,  
Vague frenzies, in inferior brains set free,  
Presaged a power no language could denote,  
So dreams the mortal of the god to be.

*A. E. Lancaster.*



## JACOB'S INSURANCE.

It resulted in a lawsuit.

The culmination was on the sixth day of September, 1881, — that strange yellow day that attracted so much attention in the Eastern and Middle States, — and the place of the trial was Albany.

Jacob's farm-house was near the Cove, about seven miles below Albany. From his door he could look down on the Hudson. The Cove, by the old landing, with its decayed houses, was also visible. The cars racing along the farther shore of the river were a lively feature. A dozen miles lower down the valley the river hides behind the Catskills.

In the house thus picturesquely situated, Jacob and his ancestors had lived for ninety years. The family name was an inheritance.

Jacob was forty-two years old, tall, blonde, with a mobile face, and a dash of red in his cheeks.

On the seventeenth day of September, of the year previous to that of the yellow day, Jacob was awakened in the night. He heard his pigs squealing and "bucking," as he termed it, against his house. He went out, half dressed, and found the pig-pen a heap of embers. Mary, his wife, and William, his boy, came out. They found all the pigs, but they were scorched and knocking about, and one died in a few minutes of his burns. The family went to bed again, but did not sleep much.

In the morning Jacob got out his insurance policy, and he and Mary and Willie looked it over. They did not see anything about a pig-pen in it, and so he put it away again.

A week later Jacob's small barn, four rods south of his house, burned. It was in the day-time, in the afternoon. Jacob came back from Albany at five

o'clock, and saw only the vacancy. Willie said that at three o'clock it was on fire. Some of the neighbors had come, but nothing could be done. It was of pine boards, thirty years old, and empty.

The insurance policy had "all about the barns" in it. Jacob therefore went down to "Silas's," at the Cove, and made an application for an award. They had a local insurance company in town. They had seen "enough" of large companies; the mutual affair at home was better. Jacob's policy was in the home company.

As soon as Jacob told his story, Silas said it was all right.

The committee came next day. They awarded Jacob a hundred dollars. It was satisfactory.

Five days later Jacob's large barn, farther away from the house and on the other side, north (towards Albany), where all his hay and wagons and implements and crops were, suddenly took fire and burned up.

It was "astonishing"! What could have caused it? It was a heavy loss this time. Jacob had hard work to get his horses out and save them; all else was consumed. It was a very mysterious fire; all three of the fires had been mysterious. This last fire occurred in the edge of the evening, just as it was growing dark. Jacob was at home in his house, and did not know of the conflagration until a woman came from the next house, screaming.

"I did n't know you had any enemy, Jacob," said old William Kamfer, just after the fire.

"I did n't, either," said Jacob gloomily.

There was comfort in the fact that the property had been insured. The day after the burning, Jacob went again to the Cove and made his application.



"Something seems to be after you, Jacob," said Silas, eying him keenly.

"Yes," said Jacob sadly.

Silas wrote the required papers, and said the committee would come up soon. The very next morning, at nine o'clock, the committee were on hand and examining the place where the barn had stood. They were "at it" more than two hours. There was a great deal of measuring and making inquiries; they said it was a heavy loss. Besides the long examination of the place where the large barn had been, they had the curiosity to go and look once more where the small barn had been, and took some measurements there, and they poked in the ashes of the hog-pen, and walked about the premises. One of them carried a book, and jotted down the measurements and other items.

The committee delayed making any award. They said it was an important matter, and they would take time.

After three days Jacob went down to the Cove and inquired of Silas. The answer was that the board would meet before the end of the week, and that then something would be done about it. Some of Jacob's own immediate friends and neighbors belonged to the board. He spoke to them about it; they seemed reticent.

There was delay, and another visit of the committee, with more measuring, and a first and then a second meeting of the board. After about fifteen days, however, Silas walked up from the Cove, a distance of two miles, and left a letter with Mary for Jacob.

When Jacob came in to dinner he got the letter. It had the insurance company heading, and said:—

MR. JACOB WILSON:—

SIR,—In the case of the barn on your premises, which burned on the 29th of September, 1880, it is decided, in view of all the circumstances, that no award will be made.

This was signed by Silas, as secretary of the company.

A week later Jacob was in a lawyer's office in Albany, in private consultation.

"I don't want no lawing," said Jacob, "and my wife says so, too, although we cannot stand it to lose eighteen hundred dollars."

"Are you going to let them say you burned the buildings?" said the lawyer.

"They dar' n't say it," replied Jacob, fiercely.

"That is the meaning of it," said the lawyer.

Jacob was silent. The old family name, distinguished for honesty, was at stake, as well as the property.

The papers were served in November, and in January the cause was on the calendar at the Albany circuit of the supreme court of the State. The calendar is always crowded, and there is delay in coming to trial. The cause was not reached until September the 5th, 1881, at an adjourned circuit, the day before the famous yellow day, already alluded to.

The city hall, in which the courts were held, having been destroyed by fire a short time before, the circuit was held in the Assembly chamber of the old Capitol. It seemed to Jacob an imposing scene, as he entered the famous room where so many laws were made, and in which the law was to be administered in his case. He had to wait, hanging around the court for three days before his case was reached. The time was not lost to him. He heard several trials, which were as interesting as story-books.

At five o'clock, on the evening of the 5th of September, number ninety on the calendar, which was Jacob's case, was reached. Jacob's lawyer and the opposing counsel announced themselves ready. Jacob was invited forward to a seat by the side of his lawyer, and the drawing of a jury began immediately.



A few were rejected, but before six o'clock — the hour for adjournment — twelve men who were satisfactory to both sides had been secured, and Jacob's lawyer had opened the case, and the trial was fairly begun.

The court accompanied its announcement of the recess until morning with a warning to the jury not to allow any one to talk with them about the case.

Jacob did not sleep that night. He was at the American hotel, a quarter of a mile down State Street, in front of the Capitol. He and his wife were on the third floor, at the end of the hall, in room No. 241. As Jacob was going to his room, a large man, with dark, piercing eyes, standing in the door of room No. 239, said, "Your case is on, hey?"

"Yes," said Jacob, as he was passing.

"You'd better look sharp," said the large man.

"Why?" inquired Jacob, wonderingly, as he paused.

"Rough business, burning down buildings," said the large man harshly; and he closed the door of his room with a bang.

Jacob passed on to his own apartment. There he talked over the events of the day with his wife. When he tried to sleep that night, the Assembly chamber and the face of the large man in room No. 239 haunted him.

In the morning, after breakfast, down in the front hall, Jacob met the large man again.

"Try a twist at it to-day, I s'pose," said the large man sharply to Jacob.

"Yes, the trial," answered Jacob, nervously.

"Somebody has been committing an awful crime," observed the large man.

"Have you seen the sky?"

"Yes; it is strange," said Jacob, not perceiving the connection.

"They say it is the end of the world, — Sodom and Gomorrah," said the large man; and he turned and walked away.

At ten o'clock the court convened. As Jacob approached the Capitol steps, he saw a chubby person, on the brick pavement at the foot of the steps, explaining to a group of people his views of the weather. "I do not think myself," said the chubby person, glancing at the yellow canopy, "that it is anything supernatural, but I have seen *fifty people* this morning who think it is the end of the world."

Jacob found it oppressive in the court. The judge said it was a gloomy room and a gloomy day, and directed the officers to light the gas. The artificial light did not relieve the atmospheric pallor very much, although it enabled the judge and the lawyers to read their papers.

Jacob, and Mary his wife, and Willie, and the woman who saw the fire first, and came to Jacob's house, screaming, testified to the facts. This, with the documentary evidence, made the plaintiff's case. The short-hand writer of the court took down the evidence very rapidly, and at about twelve o'clock noon the plaintiff's side of the case was before the jury.

Then the opposing counsel proceeded to open the defense. After a few general statements he began to hint that there was a painful revelation to be made bearing upon the character of the plaintiff. The intimation was that Jacob had burned his own buildings to get the insurance.

"That is a mean and contemptible insinuation," exclaimed Jacob's lawyer, springing to his feet, "and you have no right to suggest such a thing, when you know you can't prove it!"

"Sir," rejoined the opposing lawyer, uttering the words with a pause after each, and a scathing hiss that made Jacob's flesh creep, "*we will prove it!*"

Jacob felt as if the very ground was opening beneath him, as the lawyer went on, with diabolical coolness, to



state that they had, although with some difficulty, secured the very witness who saw "this miscreant" (indicating Jacob) fire his own buildings. Happening to turn his head just then, Jacob saw the large man sitting within six feet of him, and watching him closely. This completed his confusion. The subsequent proceedings upon the trial were not very clearly apprehended by Jacob.

The court took a recess for dinner. As Jacob went to his room the large man stood in the door of room No. 239 again. "Hard at it, hey?" he said, as Jacob passed.

"Yes, but they can't prove it," said Jacob, with a determined accent.

"Sir," said the large man severely, "they can prove *anything*, if they have the evidence," and the large man went into his room and banged the door again.

In the afternoon the evidence upon the part of the defense was given. The first witnesses called upon that side did not seem very important to the case. They were, however, some of Jacob's neighbors, and the evidence was very painful to him on that account. One testified that there could not have been as much hay in the barn when it was burned as Jacob insisted there was. Another thought that Jacob had exaggerated the size of the bay where the hay was stored, and he thought, for that reason, there could not have been as much as was represented. Still another had walked over Jacob's farm when the hay and grain were growing, and was confident that there was only a "middlin' crop," and by no means as much as the plaintiff claimed.

The opposing counsel explained, with a glance at the jury, that this evidence was presented not only as bearing upon the question of the amount of the loss, but as showing more clearly the nature of the attempt, "on the part of this wretched man," to defraud his neighbors.

There was a significant pause. The opposing counsel held a whispered conversation with his assistant attorney, and with some men whom Jacob recognized as members of the board; he then rose and said impressively, "We call Gotlieb Jansen."

A short, elderly man, rather thin than full faced, but evidently a German, was sent forward from the back seats. Jacob recognized him; he was a "hired man," who worked about the neighborhood at the Cove.

Jansen gave his testimony through an officer of the court, who acted as interpreter. His statement was that, standing "over beyond" a hollow, a quarter of a mile away, in the field back of Jacob's large barn, he had seen Jacob come behind the barn, deliberately strike a match, and set the straw and hay and barn on fire.

The cross-examination of this witness by Jacob's counsel was the interesting feature of the trial.

"Ask him," said the counsel, "if he could see how Jacob was dressed."

"He says 'yes, he could,'" responded the interpreter, after putting the question to the witness.

"Ask him what color his clothes were."

"He says he wore brown, or a kind of red, iron-cloth overalls."

"Ask him whether Jacob had on boots or shoes."

"Dey vos poots, — dey vos poots," said the witness, making a cross-lots answer in broken English to save time.

"You understand my question?" said the counsel.

"Yaas, yaas, I untersthan," said Gotlieb.

"Ask him in German," said the court to the interpreter.

The interpreter complied, and responded, "He says they were boots."

"Ask him what time of day it was," said the counsel.

"He says it was just getting dark."



"Ask him what Jacob had around his neck, when he saw him strike the match and set the fire."

"He says it was a black handkerchief."

"Ask him if he could see him plain."

"He says 'yes.'"

"Ask him whether he had on stockings," said the counsel.

This question caused a slight ripple of merriment. Old Gotlieb glanced around, saw the fun, and laughing and shaking his head said, "Naw, naw, could not tell de shtockings."

There was a brief re-direct examination, in which Gotlieb stated that he did not mean that he actually saw the match, but only saw Jacob stoop over and strike, as if it was a match, and then saw it kindle, and saw it grow to a large fire. He also explained that the overalls were blue instead of red.

It was apparent that Gotlieb's left eye had been injured or lost. His examination was concluded by a single question, asked by Jacob's lawyer, which drew out from Gotlieb the answer, "Naw, naw, can only see from von eye."

As the concluding evidence in the case Jacob was now recalled formally to deny, as the rules of evidence require, the statements made by the witnesses against him. As he came upon the witness-stand, it was apparent that a great change had come over him. Was there such a pallor upon his face, or was it the strange yellow light of that strange day? His voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and he seemed weak and uncertain in his steps. He quietly answered "no" to the long, formal questions involving the statements which had been made against him, and that closed the evidence in the case.

The counsel "summed up:" the opposing counsel assuming and urging to the jury that Jacob was the profoundest rascal and hypocrite in the county, and Jacob's lawyer asserting that Gotlieb was a perjurer. In a few words

the court charged the jury, and they were sent out, in the keeping of three officers, to a committee-room, to deliberate and find a verdict.

It was nearly six o'clock; the court adjourned for the day. It had been a dreadful day to Jacob. He had not imagined that his old and near neighbors could look upon him as a rascal, and he had not supposed any man living would have dared to assail his good name as the opposing lawyer had assailed it. The revelation of these facts, the strange story told by Gotlieb, and the gloom of the strange day seemed to mingle in a dreadful nightmare as he walked to the hotel. He went to his room, and lay down, and closed his eyes, hoping to rest. The scenes of the day were as vivid before him as a picture. And, through them, he would remember from time to time, with a sudden sharp throb, the dreadful suspense he was under. "Suppose the jury should find against him!" His father had been one of the consistory of a church when living, and Jacob himself had long been a church member. The hurt to his reputation and to the family name was the sharpest sting.

Jacob got up, and went to the "far end" of the hall to ask Willie to come. Willie's room was empty. Jacob came back, and with his wife had family prayers in their room. It was ten o'clock. His anxiety was intense. He knew where the jury-room was. He knew that when the jury agreed they would seal up their verdict and separate, because the judge had told them to do so, and to bring in their verdict in the morning. He walked up to the Capitol, and, looking at the windows, saw that all was dark. On his return the large man was in the hall, up-stairs near his door.

"I think the jury must have agreed," suggested Jacob falteringly. "I see it is all dark in their room."

"Sir," said the large man, glaring at



him, and speaking with a withering severity in his tone and manner that made Jacob shrink as if he had received the cut of a whip-lash, "the jury has found against you; I heard of it half an hour ago."

Jacob's eyes fell, and the great misery settled down upon his heart. He turned silently, and walked away to his room. What was the night that followed to Jacob Wilson? Those who have suddenly lost a good name may perhaps understand it.

Jacob did not stir out of his room until court-time, next morning. Then, as he descended the hotel stairs, every one seemed to him to be looking at him, and shunning him. He was very pale and weak, and walked slowly, breathing short. He had a century of family pride behind him; and he felt that he was going to meet his doom,—to pass under a cloud, that might never be lifted.

As he walked up the Capitol steps, a man near inquired of another, "Did that jury agree last night?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"How did they find?"

"Ain't supposed to know," said the other, indifferently.

Jacob passed on into the court-room. The judge was just taking his seat.

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "you may take the verdict of that jury that was out last night. I see they are all here."

Jacob had not yet sat down. He stood by a seat, looking. He had steeled himself; he was white and firm.

"Gentlemen," said the clerk, "have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman, rising, and handing a buff envelope to an officer. The officer carried it to the clerk. The clerk offered it to the judge.

"Open it," said the judge, sententiously.

Jacob saw the clerk tear open the envelope, unfold the paper it contained, and give it a long, earnest look.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the clerk, "you will listen to your verdict as the court hath recorded it."

Jacob held his breath.

"You say you find," continued the clerk, "in favor of the plaintiff, in the sum of eighteen hundred and fifty dollars; and so you all say."

The jurymen nodded.

"You will please vacate the box, gentlemen," said the judge. "Mr. Clerk, you may now draw a jury in ninety-seven."

Jacob stood, his eyes glassy for a moment, as if unconscious.

"Well, you are all right," said an officer who stood near him; and the officer offered to shake hands with him. Jacob put out his hand mechanically, and got a shake.

A hot flush was seen starting up from Jacob's neck. His sensitive, mobile face twisted and worked; his chin quivered; He turned and walked toward the door. He staggered; his step was almost that of an intoxicated person.

"What's the matter with that man that just went out?" said a lawyer, who came in a moment later, to an officer near the door.

"Got a verdict in that insurance case,—full amount. Did n't expect it, I s'pose," said the officer, indifferently.

"Kind of upset him, hey?" said the lawyer, laughing.

"Ratherly," said the officer.

Jacob went down the sidewalk toward the hotel. People did in reality look at him now, as he passed, trying to hide his flushed face and the tears. He got to the room and told Mary, and they had what the landlord described as "a time." The landlord said that he happened up there, and there was more praying and crying than was allowable in that hotel. As the painful, nervous strain was taken off, Jacob became faint, and lay down, and Mary went out and got him a lemon.

Soon there came a knock at Jacob's



door. It was the large man. Jacob sat on the edge of the bed, eating the lemon.

"I really must beg, Mr. Wilson, the privilege of making an apology," said the large man, advancing to the middle of the room, resting his hand upon a table, and speaking with a courtliness and respect that seemed to lift Jacob up into a position of importance.

He continued, "I must have been misinformed by the officer about that verdict last night. Of course we know there has been too much tampering with juries, and a habit of finding out verdicts before they are rendered. It is all wrong, certainly, though it is often done. We accept the deception which the jury employed to mislead the officer as a very proper rebuke. I don't want you to lay up anything against *me* about it."

"Oh, no," said Jacob.

"It's dreadful, ain't it? — burning people's buildings in this way," suggested the large man, confidentially.

"Yes; seems to be a sort of a crime," ventured Jacob, hesitatingly.

"Seems to be a sort of a crime!" echoed the large man explosively, "why, man alive, it's arson, state-prison, long term! And I *will* find him out. He may fool the people down your way, with his blind Dutchman, who can see the pegs in a man's boots a mile off in the dark, but he can't fool me. There is a villain behind this, and we are after him. I know him now; I am sure of him. I am watching, and I'll jug him within twenty-four hours;" and in saying this, by way of emphasis, the large man brought his fist down upon the table in a way that made the whole room jar.

"And that was what you were watching *me* for?" asked Jacob timidly, shuddering as he saw the gulf.

"Why, my dear, good fellow," said the large man, softening, "what else on earth did you *suppose* I was watching you for?"

Jacob pondered, and was silent. The large man turned, and walked out of the room.

Within half an hour the president of the insurance company came in. He said he desired to congratulate an honest man, and explained, mysteriously, that they were on the right track at last. He remarked, speaking in a confidential manner, that he had always told the folks that Jacob was "not that kind of a man."

"Thank you," said Jacob huskily.

"You and your father before you have lived in our town too long to be treated in this way," said the president, wiping a tear from his eye.

The president went away.

One by one, Jacob's old neighbors and various members of the company, dropped in, and went through with about the same formula the president had indulged in. Each explained so fully and satisfactorily that *he* had all the while told the folks that it "*could not be* Mr. Wilson" that did it that Jacob really began to wonder how it had come about that there had ever been any difficulty. Jacob also gathered, from the remarks which were made, that some clew had been gained in connection with the trial, and that soon all would be made plain.

After a good dinner Jacob began to be himself again. With an old friend and neighbor he went up to the Capitol once more, as a matter of curiosity. He saw another case on trial, — that of a suitor who was struggling to get his rights from a railroad corporation. He heard the lawyer for the railroad company allude to the suitor as the most barefaced, unscrupulous, and designing villain who had ever perjured himself in that court-room. Looking at the party thus described, Jacob saw only a thin, pale face, on which anxiety was painfully written. Jacob perceived that his own case was only one of many, and that in the court-room it had already been forgotten.



There was no reason why Jacob should remain longer in town. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he and Mary were in their wagon, in front of the hotel, about to leave. Just then Willie came running down the sidewalk in great excitement. He came to the side of the wagon, his warm brown eyes dancing, and said, with what breath he had left, "Oh, father, father, they have found it all out! It's Andrew Venner, and they have got him in jail."

"Andrew Venner?" said Jacob, surprised; and he added, turning inquiringly to Mary, "I never had any trouble with Andrew."

Just then the large man came down the sidewalk, walking very rapidly. He said pleasantly to Jacob, "Got him sure. I told you so. By the way," he added, turning back after he had passed, "did you ever have any difficulty with Andrew Venner?"

"No," answered Jacob; "only he worked for me one time, and my woman here did n't seem to" —

"Oh — *oh!* that unspeakable wretch!" said Mary, coloring painfully. "I never told anybody, and I never will, only if Jacob" —

"Very proper, — very proper indeed, Mrs. Wilson," said the large man politely. "If we should need you on the trial I will" — and he nodded to complete the sentence.

A boy stopped on the sidewalk, evidently listening curiously.

"Drive on, Jacob," urged his wife, in a flurry.

William climbed in at the back end of the wagon, and Jacob started. He had gone but a few steps when he pulled up his horses, and calling back said, —

"Oh, *say!*"

The large man heard it, and came down the walk to where the wagon was.

"Would you mind telling me, now that it is all over," said Jacob pleasantly, "whether you really heard anything about that verdict last night, or whether you told me just to see how I would" —

"My *dear* sir," said the large man deprecatingly, "I beg that you will not think that I would willingly distress you by — *Hullo*, there is a man I *must* see before he goes," and the large man dashed off across the street.

Jacob looked after him a few moments, then gave his horses a cut with the whip, and started for home.

*P. Deming.*

## A REALISTIC POET.

IN the history of English poetic literature there has perhaps never occurred a period when a single school has exercised so absolute sway as that which has been enjoyed for the last fifteen or twenty years by what may be called the school of beauty in art. Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, William Morris, Matthew Arnold, and the men who came after these, though differing in thoughts and views as much as it is possible for men to differ, all prove by their work the theory that, whatever thought may

underlie their work, it must, *as work*, be beautiful, if nothing else, — must at least be a lovely structure of words. It is owing to this general insistence on beauty that the school of modern æstheticism has arisen, — a school which has been brought into ridicule by the follies of some of its later disciples, but one which was perfectly sound to begin with. Its creed was that it was good not only to worship Beauty on high days and holidays, but to import as much of it as possible into our daily



lives, thus transforming its worship from a dead into a living religion. Not only our pictures, but our houses, with their tinted walls and painted doors and their abundant blue china, were brought into conformity with the laws of beauty, and all was harmony.

Suddenly, into the very temple of beauty, with its wonderful, subdued light, its organ music, now high, now low, as the master bards chose to make it, its chanting, and its clouds of incense, burst a pilgrim with a coal sack on his back, the contents of which he emptied upon the sacred floor. What would the high priests do? Would they cast out the pilgrim, and spurn him from their midst? Consistently, they could have done nothing else; but, inconsistently, they received him as a man and a brother, and made much of his sooty offering.

To pass from symbolism to fact, the autumn of 1880 witnessed the publication of a poem in elegiac measure — alternate hexameters and pentameters — which was the boldest possible challenge to the school of beauty in art. It was entitled *Dorothy*.<sup>1</sup> No author's name was upon the title-page, but it was an open secret that it was written by Arthur J. Munby. Browning and half a dozen other poets received this work with enthusiasm; certain critics, secretly disaffected with the prevailing school, set it upon a pedestal, and did homage to it. It had a coarse though not unpicturesque preface, in which the author enunciated his theories with no uncertain note, and flew directly in the face of the poetic creeds which have governed our literature for the last half of this century.

His anger has been aroused because writers who treat of persons in humble life have too much idealized them, — have not sufficiently insisted on the hard, red, and oftentimes dirty hands which are incident to manual labor.

He, at least, is resolved to gloze over none of these facts. He has two points on which to insist: first, that out-of-door workers *have* horny, red, and often dirty hands, yet that these hands are no impediment to the course of true love where it exists; second, that out-of-door labor is good alike for the bodies and souls of women.

It is clear that he regards with a strong, human, and most praiseworthy love the heroine of his poem, Dorothy Crump. He pictures her fair though sunburned of face, strong of limb, large of body, quick to turn her useful hands to anything, straightforward, honest, good, above all a daughter of the people. She is the author's ideal woman. He loves her strength as other men love grace. Her thick waist is as dear to him as the lithest shape would be to another. He glories in her ruddy, sun-tanned face, in her callous and stained hands, and in her strong red arms as so many evidences of her usefulness in the world. No dainty, pampered darling, she, — no soft-handed, bejeweled, indolent idler. The poem, as the following quotation will show, has at least the merit of thoroughness: —

"Winter, she helped old John a laying down  
straw for the cattle,  
Cleaned out the stables and byres, nothing afraid  
of the bull;  
Helped at the pig-killing, too, and cleared out the  
pig-sty after:  
She never thought, not *she*, that was a trouble to  
do.  
Spring, she looked after the lambs, and the  
calves that wanted suckling;  
Worked in the fields, too, a bit, clearing the land,  
or at plow."

The story of Dorothy is really nothing. Her dead mother was a pretty, too-lightly-won farm-girl. Her father, the wild off-shoot of a noble house, turns up at the end of the poem, grave, dignified, and full of honors, —

"A Parliament man and a colonel," —

and gives Dorothy a handsome sum of money as a wedding present, without, however, at all acknowledging her as

<sup>1</sup> *Dorothy: A Country Story*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1882.



his child. Practically, therefore, Dorothy is without relations. She is the favorite and trusted servant on White Rose Farm, doing her work remarkably well. Once there is just a glimpse of a danger that her mother's story may be relived in her. A young gentleman from London, whose morals, we fear, are not of the strictest kind, comes to visit in the neighborhood. He is attracted by Dorothy's pretty face, and fain would begin some tender passages with her. But Dorothy is wise in her generation. Exulting in her hands scarcely less than the author exults in them, she gives him one of them to hold for a second. It is only for a second, however; for, as she no doubt foresaw, her admirer had the bad taste to be repelled, instead of attracted, by the hardened palm; and thus, by means so natural and simple, Dorothy is rid forever of his persecutions. In the end she marries the man of her choice, who, being head gamekeeper at the hall, is in all ways quite a desirable match.

It will be seen from this sketch of the plot that it affords no special opening for eloquence. Dorothy is placed just where the author likes best to see her, in the midst of hard out-of-door work, and she is well treated by everybody. There is therefore no cause to plead, no wrong to redress, unless, indeed, it be the wrong of smooth, white hands.

There are two or three passages of description in the poem that are both faithful and imaginative, full of color, and quick with the smell of freshly-turned earth. Take, for example, the following:—

"Ah, what a joy for her at early morn, in the  
spring-time,  
Driving from hedge to hedge furrows as straight  
as a line;  
Seeing the crisp brown earth, like waves at the  
bow of a vessel,  
Rise, curl over, and fall, under the thrust of the  
share;  
Orderly falling and still, its edges all creaming  
and crumbling,  
But, on the sloping side, polished and purple as  
steel;

Till all the field, she thought, looked bright as the  
bars of that gridiron  
In the great window at church, over the gentle-  
folks' pew.  
And evermore, as she strides, she has cheerful  
companions behind her,  
Rooks and the smaller birds, following after her  
plow;  
And, ere the ridges were done, there was gossa-  
mer woven above them,—  
Gossamer dewy and white, shining like foam on  
the sea."

With the exception of a few such passages, this so-called poem seems to me an outrage on poetry, which, but for its acceptance in the quarters before mentioned, might be allowed to pass unnoticed; but since it has thus been taken up by men mostly thought capable of judging, I, as one sincerely believing in poetic fitness and in the worship of beauty, must needs assert that on nearly every page Dorothy sins against beauty and against poetic fitness.

The fact, however, of its acceptance with certain poets and critics is a fact charged with significance. It is a sure indication that the present school of poetry is near the end of its reign, and this for no other reason than that men and women are, to the end of their days, children. Leaving behind us the bald prosaicalness of much of Wordsworth, we yielded ourselves up gladly to the delight of wonderful, mystical beauty in art. Robert Browning—and no greater poet lives than Browning at his best—we have accepted with mixed feelings. There are whole tracts in his work that are neither good verse nor agreeable prose; yet even this portion has a bitter, stimulating flavor of its own, not to be obtained elsewhere. Mr. Browning is many other things besides a poet, and could write trenchant prose if he would; but, from some cause difficult to understand, he prefers to clothe thoughts of a prosaic nature in an ill-fitting garment of verse. We rebel; but we cannot do without him, and are therefore compelled to accept him on his own conditions.

Between Mrs. Browning's *Aurora*



Leigh and a poem uncompromisingly loyal to the laws of poetic fitness there is all the difference that there is between a warehouse where you may find many precious things deposited and a noble temple whose sculptured walls are themselves as precious as what they inclose. Excepting, then, Aurora Leigh and a large portion of Browning's own work, our other poets have for so long given us only what was essentially and ideally beautiful that the childish element in us longs to hear and to see some new thing, by way of variety. Without directly owning it, men have wearied of beauty and tired of perfection; and as change always comes when imperatively demanded, to the music of the cow-boy's whistle enters Dorothy.

The function of poetry has been as much discussed as the rights of women;

but for poetry the right to *be* itself is of all rights the first. Its legitimate business is not, surely, to reform the world; yet if, without sacrificing its ideal loveliness, it can help in the world's ruggedest work, so much the better; but poems like Dorothy give us pause. On the other hand, however, we have shining examples of great truths set forth in the very noblest poetry. Mrs. Browning's *Cry of the Children* is not less musical or poetic because it portrays the real wrongs of the children of the factories. Mr. Swinburne's splendid and fiery denunciations in *Songs before Sunrise*, are directed against real evils. And where shall we find more help to meet with fortitude and courage the brief ills of this brief human life than in Mr. Matthew Arnold's noble chant of *Empedocles on Ætna*?

*Philip Bourke Marston.*

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## SUNRISE.

[BY THE SEA.]

A WANING of the golden lamps  
In heaven's eternal dome,  
A glimmer on the dusky sands  
(Ghost-like creeps up the foam);

A blended hue above the waves,—  
The lily and the rose,—  
A fleecy cloud of dappled bloom,  
Like that the pansy shows;

A tinge the morning-glory wears,  
With pearly dew-drops wet;  
A blush as of the columbine,  
A tint of violet;

And ever in the brightening sky,  
Some changing splendor born,  
Till leaf by leaf, a perfect flower,  
Unfolds the bud of morn.

*Albert Laighton.*



## DOCTOR ZAY.

## NOTE.

BELMONT, *October 28, 1881.*

DEAR MISS PHELPS, — I am glad to learn from you that your story is soon to see the light; and I avail myself of the opportunity you give me to notice publicly that coincidence of some of its outlines with those of my novel, *Dr. Breen's Practice*, of which we have already spoken together. When you first mentioned your plot to me, I heard you quite through before I told you that I had already written and partly in type a story dealing with the same situations and the same characters in a certain degree; and then I strongly urged you to go on and complete your work, assuring you, as Editor of *The Atlantic*, that I should be all the more eager to publish it because of that coincidence. It seemed to me at that time, as it now seems to Mr. Aldrich, that this would give it an additional attraction with those interested in the problems touched; and that no one would suppose you to have borrowed any feature of your plot from so poor a contriver of such things as I am.

I shall fall back upon my good intention if, in the course of your story, this voluntary statement of mine appears, as I fear it may, a quite gratuitous impertinence. Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

## I.

"To my nephew, Waldo Yorke, of Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, all such properties of mine as are vested in shipping, timber, or lumber, in the town of Sherman, in this State."

This was vague, but the more stimulating. What can compare with the bewitchment of arduous pursuit for uncertain privilege? There is an Orphean power well known to reside in testamentary documents, whereby the most insignificant legacy will draw the most imposing fortune to dance attendance upon its possession. But it is doubtful if Waldo Yorke, of Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, would have found himself inspired to a personal investigation of his departed relative's kind intentions concerning himself, but for a certain constitutional sensitiveness to

this allurements attending the pursuit of unknown results.

"Send a lawyer, Waldo." His mother had said this over the coffee for which she delicately prescribed the proper Yorke admixture from the Sèvres creamer. She spoke with the slightly peremptory accent which certain mothers retain, either from force of habit or from intrinsic delight in the sound, long after the expectation of filial submission has become a myth of the Golden Age. Mrs. Yorke, although quite lame, was a handsome woman, who wore *point appliqué*.

Her son had reminded her that in sending Waldo Yorke he really was not far from doing the precise, if remarkable, thing of which she spoke.

"Quite true," said the lady. "I had forgotten. Your having a profession so seldom occurs to one, Waldo. And cousin Don would have been glad to go, now the season is over at the Club. He has nothing else to do."

"I am somewhat overborne with that calamity myself, mother," the young man had said, coloring slightly. "I don't think we will discuss the thing. I am going to hunt up Uncle Jed's legacy."

Mrs. Yorke had not discussed the thing. Although not yet even indulgently talked of as "rising" in his profession, this idle, strong-limbed, restless son of hers had incisive preferences, with which she was familiar, as well as with his somewhat sturdy methods of executing them. And although they had only each other to be "beholden to" in all the world, — that is to say, in Beacon Street, — they were accustomed to yield one another the large liberty of assured affection. A summer of separation was to be expected, when one was the lame old mother of a nervous young man.



Mrs. Yorke had kissed her son good-by royally, and here he was.

Here he was, lazily riding at the laziest hour of the sleepy noon, — he and the sensitive horse he had been so fortunate as to find in Bangor for the trip. He had been alone with the pony and his own thoughts, through the magnificent Maine wilderness, for now two long, memorable days. An older traveler than young Yorke would have found them valuable days. He had chosen the land route, seventy-two miles from Bangor. He had a certain kind of thirst for solitude, which comes only to the city born and bred; most keenly to the young, and most passionately to the overtaken. Waldo Yorke had never been overtaken in his life. He leaned to the splendors through which he journeyed, enthusiastically, but criticised Nature, like an amateur, while he drank.

He had chosen the land route partly, perhaps, in deference to faint associations with wild tales of it, told him years ago by that myth of a dead uncle, in course of the only appearance he ever made in Beacon Street, — Uncle Jed, whom his mother, somehow, never urged the child's going to visit, while never distinctly discountenancing it, either. Poor Uncle Jed was a good man, but had never had papa's advantages, my son. But my son had conceived a passing chivalrous fancy for an uncle at a disadvantage, and remembered sitting in his lap, and stroking his grizzled cheek with the soft pink palm of first one little hand, and then the other, and asking him why he had n't any little boys, and if God left them in heaven, or forgot to send them down. Poor Uncle Jed was a bachelor, as well as a myth.

So this was the wilderness where the good old myth had lived, loved — did he ever love? his nephew wondered. Lived, loved, died. No: lived, loved, got rich, and died; or lived, got rich, and died, as you chose to put it. What a place to live and die in! Or to get

rich in. Or to love in, either, for that matter.

The young man leaned against the cushions of the covered buggy, which seemed to arouse as much bewildered effort of the perceptive faculties in the stray natives whom he met as if it had been a covered mill-pond, and indulged in that hazy reverie which is possible only to ease and youth. What were his visions? What *are* the thoughts of a distinguished-looking young man, with one foot swinging for very luxury of idleness over the buggy's edge against the step, the reins thrown across one muscular arm, and both gloved hands clasped behind a rather well-shaped head? A young man with well-born eyes, and well-bred mouth; and he scorns to stoop to vices who carries just such a fashion of the nostril and the chin.

The route that young Yorke had chosen led him into the unparalleled deserts and glories of the wild Maine coast. Sudden reserves and allurements of horizon succeeded each other. They were finely-contrasted, like the moods of a woman as strong as she is sweet, and as sincere as she is either. Forest and sea vied to win his fancy. At the turning of a rein he plunged into impenetrable green, cool solitude. He became, perforce, a worshiper in Nature's cathedrals. Arch beyond arch, they lifted stately heads. Density within density, hung shadows in which it seemed no midday light could see to find a target. Welcome chills came from these shadows that struck upon the feverish cheek. Dry, unrecognized perfumes fled across them, clean and fine. Above, the dome of ether quivered with the faint, uncertain motion of hot air upon a summer noon. Drops of light fell through, upon the neutral-tinted shade that broke the sienna color of the winding road. As far as eye could see, the forest locked mighty arms before the traveler, as if to hold him to its heart forever.



Then swiftly at the tripping of a cypress, at the surrender of an oak, at the fleeing of a rank of pines, at the shaking of a ghostly beard of moss, behold! the solemn barricade has given way. You have but turned a corner, yet the forest lets you go angrily, desperately, and yields you to the sea.

Now the straight noon sunshine palpitates before, behind, about you. The road sweeps, yellow and lonely, past a dreary little hut, a solitary farm. The ruts worn by the daily stage, passed an hour before you, begin to grow distinct in the white heat. Rocks loom, a mass of wealthy outline against unbroken sky, and curved and curious beaches kneel to wet their lonely foreheads in the sea.

Your cathedral has turned you out-of-doors utterly. Galleries of wonder beckon you on. Irregular sculpture starts, half-moulded, from the wild, gray cliffs. Sketches which Nature seems to have begun, but never cared to finish, unfold before you, vast, imperfectly interpreted, evanescent. Music, sweet from the now unseen birds in the deserted forest, sad from the waves upon the untrodden beaches, pulsates through the vivid air. It seems to the rider that the butterflies keep time to it; that the daisies in the gentle fields are nodding to it. Motionless cattle in the pastures, stray, solitary children on the fences, idle smoke from desolate chimneys, pass him by rhythmically. His thoughts, still busy with the forest, receive from all these things little else than a vague consciousness of the presence of life and light.

Life and light! The words have a familiar and a solemn sound.

Are they snatches from some forgotten sentiment of Holy Writ? John, perhaps? John, the golden-lipped, happy-hearted young enthusiast? What a poet that fisherman was! No wonder that modern dispute centres battling about the authenticity of the Fourth

Gospel. *Life and light!* In all the universe, those only were the two words that could interpret the summer-noon meaning of this virgin State of Maine.

In all the universe —

Nonsense!

Yorke remembered that he was hungry, and would have his dinner. In all the universe, — what then? Heaven knows! It was some mad fancy about womanhood, or youth, — love, perhaps, if the truth must out; how a woman sometimes came to a man's life — he had heard of such women — suddenly, thoroughly, as upon the reserve of the forest had flashed the glory of the sea. Meanwhile, a man must have his dinner; a matter not to be ignored in dealing with ideal wilderness or ideal woman. He pulled the rein smartly over the nervous pony, reflecting, with the hardened cynicism of a bachelor of twenty-eight, that he would like to see the woman who would be Life and Light to him! I think, though, if we stop to look at it, that the young fellow preserved, after all, for his sacred metaphor something of the reverence which is native to all delicate natures; and that in the innermost of all consciousness, which we hide even from ourselves, the words held under covert of a sneer the fugitive of a prayer.

With the fall from heaven to earth, discovering that he was hungry, the young man cherished a mild suspicion that he had strayed a little out of his way. Surely, the last reduced but hopeful sign-board had explicitly "arisen to explain" that it was six miles and a half to the town of Sherman. If he had traveled six miles and a half he had traveled ten since then, and of other guide-boards, those *ignes fatui* in which he confided with the touching faith of youth and inexperience, there were none to be seen. Two, indeed, he had passed, valorously guarding a cart-path, but wind, weather, or fate had long since decapitated them. Over against their



corpses one patient fellow stood on duty in a whortleberry thicket, for what concrete or abstract purpose no mortal could divine, with his head, from which all recognizable features were successfully washed away, held rakishly under his arm. Another, apparently a drunken, disorderly officer, seemed to have gone upon a spree, and tumbled face-down into a brook. But neither of these sources of Maine enlightenment had directed the dense Massachusetts mind to the town of Sherman.

Bringing the entire force of the Massachusetts mind now to bear upon the non-appearance of any visible means of dining, a process in which the Maine pony showed a sympathy above all provincialism, the traveler accosted the first native he happened to meet, and something like the following conversation took place:—

*Yorke*: "Can you tell me how far it is to Sherman, sir?"

*Native*: "Hey?"

*Yorke*: "Would you oblige me by saying how near I am to the town of Sherman?"

*Native*, interrogatively: "Sherman?"

*Yorke*, decidedly: "Yes; Sherman."

*Native*, reflectively: "Sherman."

A pause.

"Travelin' fur?"

"From Bangor to Sherman."

"Oh!"

"I fear I have got out of my way. I hope you can direct me."

"Wall. You said Sherman?"

*Yorke*, emphatically: "I certainly did!"

*Native*, cheerfully: "Wall. If it's *Sherman* you're goin' fur, I sh'd venture it might be a matter of eight mile—to *Sherman*. Hancock's nigher. So's Cherrytown."

*Yorke*, explosively: "But I do not wish to visit Hancock or Cherrytown!"

"Oh, you don't. Wall."

*Native's wife*, coming to the door, and standing with heavy hand raised,

gaunt forefinger stretching down the road: "That's the way to Sherman: down that there gully, and take your second left and your fust right, and then foller the wind. But it ain't no eight mile."

*Yorke*, lost in thinking how much she looks like a Maine sign-post: "Thank you, madam. How far do you call it to Sherman?"

"It ain't a peg over six, — Sherman ain't."

*Native's boy*, pushing between his parents, and appearing vivaciously in the foreground: "It's three mile'n' a half, mister! And you don't take your second left. You jest foller your nose, an' you'll make it. Folks hain't ben thar sence the old hoss died. I went one winter. I belong to the Sherman Brass Band."

"It's true," said the woman, apologetically, "me and Mr. Bailey don't get to Sherman very often. But Bob, — he don't know a mile from a close-pin."

A prolonged pause.

"Is there a hotel in this — this metropolis?" asked *Yorke*, looking vaguely about the beautiful wilderness.

"Sir?"

"Is there a tavern in this village?"

"No, sir."

"Do you ever accommodate hungry travelers with a dinner in your own family?"

"Wall, no; we never hev. They mostly go to Nahum Smithses."

"Can I get anything to eat, in this desert, of Mr. Smith or any other citizen of your acquaintance?"

"Wall, mebbe you might. Might ask. Nahum Smith is a gentleman as puts up."

*Yorke*, reviving: "A gentleman that puts up? That sounds hopeful. How far is it to this gentleman's?"

*Native*: "Two miles."

*Native's wife*: "It's two'n' a quarter."



*Native's boy*, disrespectfully and musically: "'T ain't a mi-i-ile!"

Yorke turned away, with such gratitude towards this enlightened family as he could muster into expression, and set out grimly in search of the gentleman that put up.

The woman ran after him for some distance through the dusty, blazing, blinding noon. He reined up, and she called kindly, gesticulating with her lean arms, "If you come acrost a woman ridin' in a little frisky wagin with an amberel atop, just you ask her. *She'll know!*"

It was one of those coincidences which make, according to one's temperament, either the poetry or the superstition of life, that young Yorke, in the course of twenty minutes' savage and unsuccessful pursuit of the gentleman that put up, coming sharply to the top of a glaring hill, saw at the foot of it, dimly through the dust, a sight as foreign to the Maine wilderness as a sleigh to Florida or a barouche to Sahara. It was a pony phaeton. It stood before a gray old farm-house door, and the clean-cut, slender gray mare who drew it was tied to the crumbling fence. It was a basket phaeton, with a movable top of a buff color, — a lady's phaeton, evidently.

Yorke was, as yet, too inexperienced a traveler "across country" to know that in three cases out of five it is from a woman one will get most accurate geographical directions. He might have passed the pony phaeton with scarcely a serious remembrance of the advice he had received, but just before he reached the farm-house the owner of the carriage came suddenly out.

She came suddenly out and down the grass-grown walk, with the nervous step natural to a person in habitual haste; but a healthy step, even and springing. Yorke noticed as much as this in the instant that he balanced in his mind the advisability of addressing the lady.

For it was, unmistakably, a lady.

The young man — being a young man — took in with subtle swiftness a sense of her youth, for she was young; of her motions, which were lithe. Of her face his impressions were hazy. It might have been fine, or not. He seldom suffered himself to acquire an opinion of a woman's face at first sight; he had so often learned to hold such impressions as frauds on his intelligence. Her dress, he thought, was blue, or black, or blue-black, or black-and-blue. What did it matter? She was already escaping him, and with her, apparently, his only mortal hope of dinner. What superhuman power could do for a man even in the Maine wilderness he would not dogmatically decide, but his confidence in human assistance was at that faint ebb produced by prospective starvation; and Mr. Nahum Smith, or any other gentleman that put up, he had begun to locate with other interesting and amusing myths with which his education had made him familiar.

The young lady had untied her horse (with the quickness of a practiced driver), had swept into the phaeton, had gathered the reins, and was off. If she had noticed him at all, it was in a busy fashion, with the single quick, abstracted glance usual to strangers in a crowd, in vivid contrast to the Down-East stare. Yorke felt that it was becoming a desperate case. He reined in the Bangor pony.

"I beg pardon, madam!"

The basket phaeton, just whirling away, came to a pause unconcernedly.

"I beg pardon for the liberty, but *will* you direct me to the town of Sherman?"

Something in Yorke's accent of desperation *was* funny. The young lady's eyes twinkled for an instant. She looked as if she would have laughed if she had dared. But she answered him with grave politeness.

"It is four miles to Sherman."



"Thank you." The young man sat, with his hat raised, hesitating. "I ought to apologize for troubling a lady. But I have met nothing but dislocated sign-posts and admiring natives for ten miles. One gave me as correct information as another. Is Sherman the nearest place where I can get a dinner?"

"I think it is," said the young lady. "Yes, I know it is. If you take your first left below here, you will find it an easy four miles." She spoke with the unconscious ease with which only an American lady could have addressed a stranger met upon an unknown errand on a solitary road; but she gathered her reins as she spoke.

"I am extremely obliged to you," persisted Yorke. "You said the second left?"

"I said the first left. I am going to Sherman. If your horse is not too tired to keep distantly in sight, my phaeton will direct you without further trouble."

She spoke as simply as one gentleman might have spoken to another. Yorke, too profoundly grateful to her to notice this at first, remembered it as the gray mare sped away through the hollow.

How exquisitely it was done! The Beacon Street gentleman felt a glow of appreciation of the little scene, viewed purely as a specimen of the religion of good manners. He would have liked his mother to see it. It was the sort of thing she could estimate at its worth.

"Going to Sherman," — what a divine Christian recognition of the fact that he was a stranger, and the Maine wilderness had taken him in! Even that though a man, he might yet be a gentleman, out of his way, misdirected, tired, perplexed, and hungry. "If his horse were not too tired," — what a delicate fashion of comparing the exhausted and now abject-looking Bangor pony with her own sturdy little steed! "Distantly in sight," — could language more? Faint, swift, maidenly afterthought to the kind-

ly impulse! Yorke had wrought himself into rather a glow, perhaps, by dint of present gratitude and promised dinner, but that simple little speech certainly seemed to him, as he thought of it, a classic in its way.

Meanwhile, the "frisky wagin" had tripped along over knoll and hollow, and the bright "amberel atop" had turned into the thickly-wooded road and disappeared from view. Waldo Yorke whipped up and hurried on.

Distantly in sight, indeed! Was there an innocent sarcasm in that womanly thrust? The gray mare could make her eleven miles an hour easily, if put to it. The Bangor pony begged piteously now at six. The basket phaeton flew to Sherman. The buggy struggled after. The mare put her head down, and trotted straight and stiff, — a steady roadster. The buggy followed by the fits and starts, the turns of elation and depression, the jerks of hope and lurches of despair, familiar to drivers of nervous ponies at the end of a steady pull. Distantly in sight! He should do well, indeed, if he kept a mirage of her in sight.

They had turned now quite away from the coast-line. The scattering farms, the tiny huts with enormous barns attached, the intelligent natives, the heavy stage-track, the dust, the glare, the cliffs, the sea, had vanished. The forest opened its arms again to the travelers, and the world grew green and cool.

Off the stage-road here, the density seemed deeper, the shadow more abandoned. Through the impressive solitude the gay little phaeton cover danced along; through it the solemn black buggy-top lumbered and climbed. The figure of the dainty driver in the phaeton, erect, slender, and blue, sat motionless as a caryatide out of employment. The eyes of the traveler in the buggy vigilantly pursued it: chiefly, it must be admitted, because he wanted his dinner;



possibly, in part because he fancied the pose of the caryatide, — any man would.

The shadow deadened as they rode, but not from the darkening of the day. On either hand the solid serried oaks seemed to step out and press against the narrow drive-way; thickets, whose black hearts relieved the various outlines of wild blackberry, sumach, elder, and grape, netted themselves more tightly, and grew stiff, looking like bronze; the aspens and pallid birches wooed one another across the narrowing road. Vistas of soft gloom stretched on. There was no light now, but flickering needles, fine as those of the pines, and drifting with them, that with difficulty pierced the opaque green heavens of the over-reaching trees. One looked twice in the low tone of the place even to see what the roadside flowers were. Yorke had almost passed unnoticed an apple-tree in blossom, and it was past the first of June. Nothing could have so vividly presented to him a sense of the painful Maine spring, and the frozen, laggard life that looked out from behind it upon a gentler world.

It occurred to him for the first time, as the depth and solitude of the road made themselves fully manifest, to wonder if the young lady felt no hesitation in trusting herself to drive over it alone. Apparently, he had here some society girl, whose whim it was to be unfashionable, and in Maine, at this unusual season. She was a little intoxicated with Nature's grand unconventionality; had no more fear, it seemed, than a butterfly released from a chrysalis.

He wondered if she did him the credit not to take him for a cut-throat. But a grim glance at the widening distance between the phaeton and the buggy strangled this bit of self-satisfaction at its first breath. Plainly, the case involved not so much a high opinion of the man as a low one of the horse.

Those delicate lovers, the birch and aspen, and the more ardent ones, the oak

and hickory, beyond them, were now making themselves obnoxious, as lovers always do to third parties, and swept a fragrant and defiant arch low across the way. Swift in the passing, the buff umbrella went deftly down. Slow in the following, the buggy-top groaned back.

The blue caryatide was daintily cut now against the heavy shadow. Fine pencilings of light fell on her: she wore, it might be, a straw hat, which caught them; they struck her hair, too, and her shoulder. She stirred but once. Then she turned to break some apple-blossoms. She picked the flowers at full speed and standing.

Yorke, as he watched her with the half-amused attention of a traveler who has nothing better to do than to "follow the duty nearest him," got the jingle of Lucy Gray into his head: —

"O'er rough and smooth she trips along  
And never looks behind."

And now Yorke put his case to the Bangor pony, and despairingly relinquished it. The buggy lagged dead at the foot of the hill. The phaeton speeding across the hollow, reached the crossing of the ways, turned a sudden corner, and was gone.

"And never looked behind," sighed the young man, out of temper with the pony, or the jingle, or what not.

"And sang a melancholy song  
That whistles in the wind."

When the Bangor pony panted up to the cross-roads the phaeton had vanished utterly. The caryatide had become a dream, a delusion, a slender and obliging deceiver. Four solitary roads pierced the forest at four separate green angles. A dull sign-board stood in the square, and the traveler hastened gratefully to it. It bore in faded tints, once red and yellow and inspiring, an advertisement of Hooflands' German Bitters.

Blue caryatides, indeed! In what hues less intellectually respectable was the young woman perhaps portraying him



by this time to the summer people at Sherman, a party of gay girls like herself?

The young man bit his lip somewhat distinctly, for a Bostonian, and stood for a moment irresolute in the heart of the cross-roads, uncertain which of the four narrow wooded ways looked least as if it ended in a cranberry swamp, or a clearing, or other abstractly useful but concretely dinnerless locality.

Suddenly, his eye caught the soft, irregular outline of some small object lying in the dust, a rod or so down the direct road. He drove up to it. As he approached it grew pink, as if it blushed. It was an apple-blossom.

## II.

Yorke's faith in woman rallied. If the caryatide meant it, — and a caryatide might be capable of just such a picturesque procedure, — it was very delicately done. If she did not mean it, at all events he had got scientifically past the cross-roads on his way, and she had got successfully out of it. He picked up the apple-blossom, and drove on. It could not have been ten minutes before his dumb guide brought him abruptly from the forest almost into the heart of the village.

The little town of Sherman slept peacefully in the afternoon sun. No one seemed to be astir. No glimmer of a phaeton cover shone across the hot, still street. The caryatide was gone, — where, it really did not occur to the young man to wonder. He and the Bangor pony forgot her with equal rapidity and success, in the leisurely hospitality of the Sherman Hotel.

SHERMAN, MAINE, June 5th.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I hope you promptly received the letter I mailed from Bangor. Another went, also, from some indefinite locality in the Maine

wilderness: they called it a post-office; I believe it was a town-pump — or an undertaker's; but my memory is not precise on this point.

I am just settled and at work. Uncle Jed's affairs are a mesh as fine as that eternal tatting Lucy Garratt used to bring over to our house, when she was a school-girl. My regards to the Garratts, by the way, when you write.

It threatens to be a process of some weeks to unravel my tatting, and I have taken lodgings with Uncle Jed's executor. I stood the Sherman Hotel for twenty-four hours. I've saved one of their doughnuts for a croquet-ball, to complete your imperfect set. Direct your letters, if you please, care Isaiah Butterwell, Esq.

In Isaiah Butterwell I find a genuine "fine old country gentleman," and Uncle Jed's confidential and devoted friend. He is a man of property, influence, and honor in this place. It is kind in them to take me in. Mrs. Isaiah says she is glad of my society. She, by the way, has an eye like a linnet and a tongue like a Jonathan Crook pocket-knife, and a receipt for waffles which in itself has reconciled me to Sherman society for indefinite lengths.

I seem to be the only member of the family besides the united head. It is a huge house, with wings, dead white, and reminds me of a Millerite robed and wondering why he can't fly. We seem to live a good deal at one side of the house, and one of the wings belongs to me. I have not explored as yet beyond my own quarters and the dining-room. Strain the Beacon Street imagination, if you can, up to the level of waffles for tea! She asked me, too, if I would have feathers or hair, and did I prefer *woolen* sheets? The house is perfectly still, and altogether delightful. As I write a single sound of wheels breaks the deep, sweet country silence. They roll softly up and past my window to the barn; probably Mr. Butterwell has been to the prayer-meeting,



a dissipation to which his good wife endeavored to decoy me. Rather late for a prayer-meeting, too. Mr. Isaiah drives a good horse, I perceive.

Speaking of good horses, I lost my way, coming on, and was piloted through the forest by a caryatide in a basket phaeton. Remind me to tell you about her when I get home.

To-morrow I drive out about twelve miles along the coast, to see a man who knows another man who has heard of a "widder lady" who stands ready to purchase certain shares of a certain ship which come into poor Uncle Jed's legacy. They launch their ships in salt brooks here, and trustfully tug them out in search of the sea. I shall convert all these wandering investments into cash as soon as possible, at any reasonable sacrifice, for I fancy there can't be more than three or four thousand involved at most. The property is widely scattered, much of it in local loans, like that of most Maine merchants. My share, as you remember, is more concise. Write when you can. Remember me to cousin Don. Don't miss me. It does n't pay. Your affectionate son,

WALDO YORKE.

Waldo Yorke had started in search of the post-office to mail this letter, when Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell followed her guest to the door, and stood, while he was gathering the reins over the now gayly-recuperated Bangor pony. Mrs. Butterwell was a well-dressed woman, in the Maine sense of the term. She had a homely, independent face, with soft eyes, — not unlike a linnet's, as Yorke had said. She regarded him closely for a moment, and without speaking.

"What a charming day!" said Yorke, feeling it necessary to be polite even at the expense of originality.

"I'm too busy to bother with the weather," replied Mrs. Isaiah, briskly. "Can't spare the time for that Down East."

"Indeed! That is a frugal sentiment, at all events," Yorke ventured.

"There's no sentiment about it," retorted Mrs. Butterwell. "It's sense; as you'd find out if you lived here. If I'd spent myself noticing weather, I should have been in my grave ten winters ago. Are you fond of young women?"

The linnet put this startling question with gentle eyes, in which it was impossible to capture a ray of satire or of fun.

"As I am of the State of Maine, — with reservations," said Yorke guardedly, visions of Sherman "society" presenting themselves at once.

"Are you fond of an early dinner, then?" pursued Mrs. Butterwell, with the serene air of one who clearly sees the links of her own syllogism.

"Passionately, madam."

"We dine," said the hostess, bowing herself away with a certain dignity, "at half past twelve."

"I will be at my post," said the guest, smiling, "dead or alive!"

"I would n't say that if I was you," urged Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, returning to the door-step, and looking gravely at the young man. "I've always thought, if I'd been God, I'd have been tempted to take people up that way, just for the sake of it. Talk about his tempting folks! Folks throw a terrible lot of temptation in *his* way. But there it is. It just shows he is n't made up like other people, after all. How that horse of yours does fuss!"

The Bangor pony was nervous indeed that morning; highly grained, after the journey, in Mr. Isaiah's generous stable. The buggy sped along the village street with emphasis.

It is doubtful if the caryatide would have offered her services as guide to its occupant that day, through the beautiful heart of the forest, four miles deep.

Waldo Yorke, as he clattered through that pleasant representative Maine town, where the meeting-house, post-office, and



"store" were the important features, and impressed him chiefly as reminiscences of American novels which he had tried to read and failed at the third chapter, amused himself by a rapid acquaintance with the business signs.

"Goodsell, Merchant." "Cole and Wood: Lumber Dealers." "Dr. A. Lloyd." "Coffins, cheap for Cash." "Smith and Jones, formerly Jedediah Yorke," — and so on. He got these things into his head as he had the rhyme of Lucy Gray, the day before, with that idiocy which asserts itself in this exasperating form, and which threatens to prove the human intellect more lawless than the passions or the will. He found himself particularly a victim to the cheerful refrain of "Coffins, cheap for Cash."

His host overtook him before he had driven far. Mr. Isaiah Butterwell, as Yorke had observed, shared the apparently well-spread Maine appreciation of a good horse. He reined up his heavy, handsome sorrel, and the two men rode abreast for a mile; they chatted, across wheels, of horses, the estate and Uncle Jed, and Maine politics, and the price of lumber, and horses again. The Boston boy listened deferentially to the gray Maine merchant; perceiving in him something of the same rugged dignity that Uncle Jed had borne in Beacon Street. Yorke felt that here was a king in his own country; he regarded the hard-worked man with respect, and pleased himself with drawing his points out, and storing them up, so to speak, with a sense of increasing one's knowledge of "types."

"I've got to leave you, to collect some interest," said Mr. Butterwell presently. "That's my turn, — the first right. You keep straight on till you find your man. Drive easy over the bridges. They're plaguey rickety, some of 'em. That pony of yours ain't used to 'em in Bangor. Back to dinner? Hope so. There, now, I wonder if my wife has told you —

whoa! — told you about — whoa, Zach Chandler! — about — *Whoa!*"

"Oh, yes, she told me!" called Yorke politely, as the two horses nervously parted company. He looked, laughing, back to watch the old man, thinking how sacred their dinner hour was to these two lonely people; how large all little events must be in lives like theirs. His heart was full of a gentle feeling, half deference, half compassion. Mr. Butterwell's gray hair blew in the wind; he held the reins wound double over his knotted wrist; he sat with left foot forward. Zach Chandler was a long-stepping horse. Waldo Yorke, looking over his shoulder, saw, and long remembered that he saw, these trifling things. Suddenly he felt a thrill in the reins at which his own horse was tugging steadily and sensibly. He turned his head, to see the Bangor pony tremble, rear, and leap; to see the loose yellow boards of a murderously-laid bridge bound up; to see that there was no railing; to perceive a narrow streak of black — water, presumably; and to know that he was scooped into the overturned buggy-top, and dragged, and torn, and swept away.

The whole thing may have taken three minutes. All that occurred to the young man quite clearly, as he went down, was, "*Coffins, cheap for Cash.*"

Against the blackness of darkness a blur appears; it stirs; it has extension and intension; it throbs and thrills, and with the eternal wonder of creation moving upon chaos there is light. After all, how easy a matter it was to die! And coffins in Maine are cheap for cash. How could a man have believed that a process so abnormally dreaded for nearly thirty years could be, in truth, so normal and so deficient in the extreme elements of agony. To be sure, there was one crashing blow; a compression of some endurance within narrow limits; but he had suffered as much from neuralgia, far more from the prospect of death.



How clearly and distinctly, though slowly, vision returns, in this new condition! There is a handsome old lady in a *point appliqué* cap. Like the child of Adah, she "goeth lame and lovely." By the way, will one make the acquaintance of a man like Lamb, in the society to which one is now to be introduced? Yes; still the old lady in the lace cap. She is sitting by the library grate, alone; her crutch has fallen to the floor; a yellow telegraph envelope is on the hearth; she is not weeping, but her face is bowed; she looks very old; the lines about her mouth are pinched; she has a haggard color. It seems easy to speak to her. How easy! Mother? *Mother!* She does not lift her head. *Mother!* It is true what we were told, then. The living do not hear. The dead may cry forever. A horrible deafness has fallen upon her. A man would have liked to see her once, — to say good-by, or to have her sit by him a few minutes. Yet it seems there is a woman here. That is a woman's hand which rather hovers over than holds me. How cool it is! How delicate! . . . *Ah, no!* Remove your hand! It does not caress; it tears me. *Remove your hand!* I am in agony. What in the name of life and death has happened to me in this accursed wilderness? Was there anything in those old-fashioned dogmas after all? Take off your hand, I say! I know I might have been a better man, but I've tried to be clean and honest. I don't say I'm fit for heaven, but I don't deserve *this*. You torture me. *Remove your hand!* Am I in —

"You are in your own room, sir," said Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, distinctly.

"Ah! — so I see."

Yorke tried to lift his head; it fell back heavily, and he felt blood start.

"Madam, you are very good. I must have been troublesome. I thought I was — dead."

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Yorke, but

I *must say* that I don't approve of your theology," said his hostess, grimly.

"I dare say. I would not have offended you if — Ah, how weak I am!"

"Yes, sir."

"Am I much hurt?"

"Some, Mr. Yorke."

"How much? Answer me. I will have the truth. The blood flows — see! when I even think that you may be deceiving me. Am I terribly hurt?"

"I am afraid so, sir."

A heavy silence falls.

"Shall we telegraph for your mother, sir?"

"My mother is crippled. No."

"For any sister, or anybody?"

"I have no sister."

"Mr. Butterwell will write."

"Where is the doctor? I should like to see him first. You have called a doctor?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"The doctor left about five minutes ago."

"What does he say?"

"Very little."

"I wish to see the doctor before my mother is written to. Call him back! — if you please. . . . Call him back, I say! Why do you hesitate? I may be a dead man in a few hours. Do as I bid you!"

"The doctor said, Mr. Yorke" —

"Said what?"

"Said that — sh, Isaiah! — he was to be the judge when it was best for you to see your physician. If you asked, I was to say that you will have every possible attention, and I was to say that all depends on your obedience."

"That sounds like a man who understands his business."

"Oh, indeed, sir, *that* is true! Our doctor" —

"Oh, well; very well. Let it go. I must obey, I suppose. Never mind,



Thank you. Move me a little to the left. I cannot stir. I am unaccountably sleepy. Has the fellow drugged me? I think perhaps I may — rest” —

He did, indeed, fall into sleep, or a stupor that simulated sleep; he woke from it at intervals, thinking confusedly, but without keen alarm, of his condition. The thing which worried him most was the probable character of this Down-East doctor, upon whose intelligence he had fallen. “The fellow absolutely holds my life in his hands,” he said aloud. It was hard to think what advance of science the practitioner undoubtedly represented. Dreamily, between his lapses into unconsciousness, the injured man recalled a fossil whom he had seen, on his journey from Bangor, lumbering about in a sulky at one of the minor stage stations; a boy, too, just graduated, practicing on the helpless citizens, at Cherrytown, — was it? No, but some of those little places. Then he thought of some representatives of the profession whom he had met in the mountains, and at other removes from the centres of society. He understood perfectly that he was a subject for a surgeon. He understood that he was horribly hurt. He thought of his mother. He thought of his mother’s doctor, whom he had so often teased her about. In one of his wakeful intervals, another source of trouble occurred to him for the first time. He called to his hostess, and restlessly asked, —

“I suppose there is n’t a homœopathist short of Bangor?”

“Our doctor is homœopathy,” said Mrs. Butterwell, instantly on the defensive; “but you need not be uneasy, sir, for a better, kinder” —

“My mother will be so glad!” interrupted the young man, feebly. He gave a sigh of relief. “She would never have been able to bear it, if I had died under the other treatment. Women feel so strongly about these things. I am glad to know that — for her sake,

— poor mother!” He turned again, and slept.

It was late evening when he roused and spoke again. He found himself in great suffering. He called petulantly, and demanded to be told where that doctor was. Some one answered that the doctor had been in while he slept. The room was darkened. He dimly perceived figures, — Mr. Butterwell in the doorway, and women; two of them. He beckoned to his hostess, and tried to tell her that he was glad she had obtained assistance, and to beg her to hire all necessary nursing freely; but he was unable to express himself, and sank away again.

The next time he became conscious, a clock somewhere was striking midnight. He felt the night air, and gratefully turned his mutilated, feverish face over towards it. A sick-lamp was burning low, in the entry, casting a little circle of light upon the old-fashioned, large-patterned oil-cloth. Only one person was in the room, a woman. He asked her for water. She brought it. She had a soft step. When he had satisfied his thirst, which he was allowed to do without protest, the woman gave him medicine. He recognized the familiar tumbler and teaspoon of his homœopathically educated infancy. He obeyed passively. The woman fed him with the medicine; she did not spill it, or choke him; when she returned the teaspoon to the glass, he dimly saw the shape of her hand. He said, —

“You are not Mrs. Butterwell.”

“No.”

“You are my nurse?”

“I take care of you to-night, sir.”

“I — thank you,” said Yorke, with a faint touch of his Beacon-Street courtliness; and so fell away again.

He moved once more at dawn. He was alarmingly feverish. He heard the birds singing, and saw gray light through the slats of the closed green blinds. His agony had increased. He



still moaned for water, and his mind reverted obstinately to its chief anxiety. He said, —

"Where is that doctor? I am too sick a man to be neglected. I must see the doctor."

"The doctor has been here," said the woman who was serving as nurse, "nearly all night."

"Ah! I have been unconscious, I know."

"Yes. But you have been cared for. I hope that you will be able to compose yourself. I trust that you will feel no undue anxiety about your medical attendance. Everything shall be done, Mr. Yorke."

"I like your voice," said the patient, with delirious frankness. "I have n't heard one like it since I left home. I wish I were at home! It is natural that I should feel some anxiety about this country physician. I want to know the worst. I shall feel better after I have seen him."

"Perhaps you may," replied the nurse, after a slight hesitation. "I will go and see about it. Sleep if you can. I shall be back directly."

This quieted him, and he slept once more. When he waked it was broadening, brightening, beautiful day. The nurse was standing behind him at the head of the bed, which was pushed out from the wall into the free air. She said: —

"The doctor is here, Mr. Yorke, and will speak with you in a moment. The bandage on your head is to be changed first."

"Oh, very well. That is right. I am glad you have come, sir." The patient sighed contentedly. He submitted to the painful operation, without further comment or complaint. He felt how much he was hurt, and how utterly he was at the mercy of this unseen, unknown being, who stood in the mysteri-

ous dawn there fighting for his fainting life.

. . . He handled one gently enough; firmly, too, — not a tremor; it did seem a practiced touch.

The color slowly struck and traversed the young man's ghastly face.

"Is *this* the doctor?"

"Be calm, sir, — yes."

"Is *that* the doctor's hand I feel upon my head at this moment?"

"Be quiet, Mr. Yorke, — it is."

"But this is a woman's hand."

"I cannot help it, sir. I would if I could, just this minute, rather than to disappoint you so."

The startled color ebbed from the patient's face, dashing it white, leaving it gray. He looked very ill. He repeated faintly, —

"A woman's hand!"

"It is a good-sized hand, sir."

"I — Excuse me, madam."

"It is a strong hand, Mr. Yorke. It does not tremble. Do you see?"

"I see."

"It is not a rough hand, I hope. It will not inflict more pain than it must."

"I know."

"It will inflict all that it ought. It is not afraid. It has handled serious injuries before. Yours is not the first."

"What shall I do?" cried the sick man, with piteous bluntness.

"I wish we could have avoided this shock and worry," replied the physician. She still stood, unseen and unsummoned, at the head of his bed. "I beg that you will not disturb yourself. There is another doctor in the village. I can put you in his hands at once, if you desire. Your uneasiness is very natural. I will fasten this bandage first, if you please."

She finished her work in silence with deft and gentle fingers.

"Come round here," said the patient feebly. "I want to look at you."

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*



## PROGRESS IN AGRICULTURE BY EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT AID.

## I.

THE rapid progress of American industries within the last decade, especially since financial uncertainties have ceased to disturb the political atmosphere, is a matter of common and almost trite remark and congratulation; and at the present moment the process of development seems likely to continue with a geometrical ratio of increase, both as regards manufactures and agriculture. The key-note originally sounded by the promoters of the Pacific railroads, "Attack the wilderness with railroads," has awakened gigantic echoes from the Dominion of Canada to Mexico. But the quality of the tone has somewhat changed. Mining, the original motive, however important still, is being overshadowed by the fundamental industry, agriculture, even in the land of gold itself, and in the heart of the "great American desert," which seems destined to become in its turn, for a time, the granary of the world. American commerce has carried coal to Newcastle, cutlery to Sheffield, hams to Westphalia, and grain to Russia. Our exports of breadstuffs, and even of the perishable article of fresh meats, are making such formidable competition for the European farmer that he would fain invoke against it the reenactment of protective tariffs, for whose repeal he gave the casting vote in the struggle with which the name and fame of Cobden are linked.

With the development and prosperity of the fundamental industry, all other industries flourish. The prosperous farmer is enabled to supply himself not only with the necessities of life, but also with luxuries, and to pay the tribute exacted from him by a protective

tariff on such primarily important articles as iron and steel; thereby giving extraordinary encouragement to the home manufacture of that and of other articles, and thus again indirectly causing fearful competition to the European manufacturer. Stinted in wages, or thrown out of employment altogether, the more ambitious portion of European laborers comes to swell the tide of immigration, as well as, in a fast increasing ratio, the industrial wave that sweeps westward, regardless alike of the terrors of "the desert," the rugged mountains, and the hostile Indian.

It is pertinent to inquire what the United States government has done and is doing toward the conservation, encouragement, and practical promotion of this stupendous interest, which involves, as direct producers, over one half of the population of the United States, and, indirectly, the essential conditions of the prosperity of the whole. The manufacturing and other industries have been assiduously fostered by protective tariffs, often far beyond the time when any such assistance was really needed, save for the enrichment of individuals; and such duties have often pressed heavily upon the interests of agriculture. The prosperity and progress of the latter industry, notwithstanding such disadvantages, were held to prove the needlessness of government aid; and for the first eighty-six years of the republic, almost the only direct recognition agriculture received at the hands of the general government was embodied in small subdivisions of the patent-office building and reports, and in very general and usually ill-observed instructions to government surveyors to note the agricultural capabilities of the regions surveyed by them. But most of



these notes remained, as a rule, pigeon-holed in the general land office.

Most prominent among the factors that have contributed toward the extraordinary development and prosperity of agriculture in the United States is, unquestionably, the great native fertility of soils, as yet unexhausted in the newer States and Territories, which are thus enabled to pour out upon the East and upon Europe the accumulated soil treasures of many ages. That these cannot hold out forever, or even for many years to come, is an inexorable law of nature; and the steady diminution of production per acre in the States east of the Mississippi River, resulting in their increasing inability to compete in the growing of cereals with the newer States, has long given warning that the experience of the Old World is being repeated on the new continent, and that the old and ever-recurring question is upon us of maintaining profitable productiveness by means of systematic culture and returns to the soil.

Whether this question shall be allowed to assume the aspect of the menace that annually confronts the European agriculturist, — "No manure, no crops," — or whether an ounce of intelligent prevention shall forestall the heavy burdens that will otherwise rest upon the coming generation and its industries, is the issue that must largely be determined by enlightened government action, in the face of the already inveterate bad habits of the vast majority of American farmers, that are, as usual, promptly adopted by the European immigrant. The ravaging of the virgin soils by heavy cropping without change, or even the slightest attempt at returns, followed by the "turning-out" of the "tired" land, and, too often, by the washing away of the surface soil from the hard plow-sole formed by shallow tillage, not uncommonly resulting in the definitive ruin of the land for agricultural purposes, is repeated more or

less in every newly settled region. Deserted homesteads, and melancholy old fields scarred with gullies, mar the face of the land in the rear of the pioneer farmer, and impose upon his steadier successor a heavy tax, in the way of reclamation, on soils that, if rationally cultivated, would not have felt the need of manure for scores of years. For want of the most rudimentary knowledge of agricultural facts and principles, the planters of the South have for three quarters of a century wasted nine crops of cotton for every one made, by failing to utilize the chief product of their fields — cotton seed — for returns to the soil, which needs but little more to maintain its full productiveness forever. Such a crying evil as this would hardly have been allowed to exist so long in any country less averse to the least semblance of paternal government, without something more than the faint warnings and remonstrances uttered from time to time in the periodical press, or in government documents. The great perfection attained by agricultural implements for large-scale culture, under the hands of American inventive skill, serves but to add to the rapidity with which the process of soil devastation is carried forward into new fields.

Apart from this primary and most serious problem, there are thousands of other questions, of less general importance but locally of equal interest, that confront the farmer, especially in the newer States, surrounded as he is by new conditions of soil and climate, with which he does not know how to deal, save in so far as his previous experience and good judgment may aid him. The farming of the first generation is usually a series of experiments, in which the native fertility of the soil is the saving clause between profit and loss. As the soil becomes less thrifty by wear, the second and third generations continue the course of experimenting as to crops and methods of culture giving the high-



est profit under the local circumstances. Few, however, realize the best results that could be achieved with the means at command, and many are the disheartening failures, under the pressure of which the farmer abandons his "improvements," in search of the fabled "soil that never gives out," supposed to exist somewhere to westward. If the conditions of the best success, as ascertained by systematic investigation, had but been pointed out from the beginning, or if even the actual experience of the prosperous few had promptly been made generally known, how different would have been the history of agriculture in most of the States west of the Allegheny Mountains! If the measure of success has been great even under the tentative, unsystematic practice prevailing thus far, how much greater might it have been had the light of systematic scientific research been made to precede the industrial army, instead of following slowly in its rear, to show the causes of the results that have followed the blind experimenting of the vanguard! The work, however, is one that lies beyond the power of young communities or even States. Of late, one of the great railroad corporations<sup>1</sup> has thought it worth while to institute an agricultural survey of the regions through which its lines are to pass. But it seems peculiarly the province of the general government to take measures tending to remedy the omissions of the past, and to provide against their recurrence in the future.

The year 1862 will in this connection remain memorable in the history of American agriculture. The subject of a donation of public lands for the endowment of industrial colleges had been repeatedly mooted, and in 1857 a bill to that effect was brought before Congress by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont. But in the violence of political agitation at that

time, and on account of the especial opposition to the exercise of power by the Federal government, it did not become a law. The subsequent events, leading to the civil war, created a strong popular tendency in the reverse direction, in the Northern States; and this, concurrently with the consciousness of the need of popular support on the part of the government, resulted in the passage by Congress, and approval by the president, of two measures most important to agriculture: the creation of the Department of Agriculture as an independent bureau, and the donation to the States of thirty thousand acres of public lands for each representative, for the endowment, in each, of "at least one college, where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life."

This beneficent act to promote the arts of peace, again championed chiefly by Mr. Morrill, and passed almost within hearing of hostile cannon, is entitled, whether by oversight or with a view to the conciliation of popular sentiment, "A bill for the benefit of agricultural colleges," — a title which does not do justice to its broad and liberal scope, and wise deference to the varied requirements of the different portions of the immense empire covered by its action. As a matter of fact, the impression conveyed in that title has in a great measure remained fixed in the popular mind and parlance, it being usually designated as "the agricultural college act:" and this has given rise to not a few misapprehensions and acrimonious discussions that a candid consideration of the act itself would have rendered superfluous.

<sup>1</sup> The Northern Pacific.



It was natural and proper that in the States in which agriculture was the overshadowing interest it should have taken precedence, both in point of time and allotment of funds, of the "mechanic arts;" and it was equally natural that in manufacturing States the latter should have claimed the lion's share, for the time being. The subdivision of the fund into two portions, applied to the establishment or farther endowment of separate institutions representing the two great industrial branches, has been preferred by two States, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; while in the rest, both have remained united within one institution, newly established or preëxisting. It is not proposed to discuss in this paper the topic of instruction in the mechanic arts, but to deal first with that portion of the subject in which agriculture is directly concerned, and by the light of the experience had to consider what are and should be the functions of the United States Department of Agriculture.

One of the most salutary effects produced by the Morrill act was the lively interest and discussion respecting the proper organization of the new institutions to be formed under it, which arose wherever the law was carried into effect. A compact and impartial history of these first efforts, failures and successes, would be of great interest to educators, but is yet to be written: and it is perhaps too soon to attempt the task, since the actual outcome of the several plans represented in the different States is still subject to great differences of opinion.

As usual, two extremes have disputed precedence with each other, and, as usual, the final and best result will doubtless be found between them. On the one hand, it has been contended by many of those representing the colleges and universities that both the letter and intent of the law would be best carried out, and the greatest benefits conferred

upon the classes named in the act, by the establishment of schools of science in connection with the older institutions, already possessed of a large part of the *personnel* and appliances needful for teaching "such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, without excluding other scientific and classical studies." These appeared to require only the additional endowment in order to perform fully and advantageously the desired functions, and this mode of utilizing the endowments seemed the more expedient, because the funds realized from the congressional donation were in most cases obviously inadequate for the maintenance of institutions embracing all the educational branches called for by the act. Since the new institutions could not be numerous or extensive enough to educate the industrial millions, it was argued that they must aim first of all to educate the leaders of progress, to whom the most thorough liberal as well as scientific training ought to be given.

On the other hand, it was contended, chiefly by the industrial classes themselves, that such a connection would be likely to deprive them of the benefits of the act especially intended to be conferred upon them, and, while the "liberal" part of the education would doubtless be fully attended to by the older colleges thus additionally endowed, the "practical" would be either left out or restricted within narrow limits; that, in fact, the whole intent of the act was obviously in the latter direction; and that the object would be best served by the establishment of new institutions, separate and, if possible, remote from the influence of the traditional college, where "agriculture and the mechanic arts" were looked down upon as of inferior degree and dignity, and where those devoting themselves to their pursuit would be subjected to the sneers of their classical and literary fellow-students. Coupled with these views was,



usually, a demand for the enforcement of some manual labor upon the pupils, with the object of creating, or maintaining, a habit of work, and imparting that training of the hand and of the eye that is so essential to success in industrial pursuits, and which has been so conspicuously neglected in the traditional curriculum of education. Moreover, it was thought that these institutions ought to be and could be so constituted that "every farmer's son" could profit by their instruction. That is, they contended that the education of the millions, and *not* that of the leaders only, was to be compassed under the Morrill act.

The measure of truth contained in each of these contradictory propositions has rendered their respective advocates singularly tenacious of their respective views, and the result has been the adoption, in different States, of either plan, according to the predominant elements of the population; or, in some cases, according to the accident of finding some vigorous and capable hand to carry either into effect, — the first success varying accordingly.

It is not the object of this paper to discuss these experiments and experiences in detail or exhaustively. It is proposed to trace the general process of evolution, as exemplified now by one and then by another of the American colleges, whether established prior to, or in pursuance of, the Morrill act of donation. No single one, perhaps, could as yet be found to illustrate in its history, in a striking manner, *all* the several phases; but the attentive observer will be able to supply the examples, and will, it is thought, find the picture a truthful one.

So far as the colleges organized on what may be called the popular plan are concerned, their establishment was in most cases accompanied or followed by an outburst of popular enthusiasm, in consequence of which their ranks were

quickly filled, even to overflowing, thus giving to their advocates a basis for claiming an overwhelming success. It was proclaimed that at last the sons of the industrial classes had been given the opportunity for a sound "labor education," fitting them at once for their vocation, instead of simply preparing them to acquire it for themselves by weary experience. The workshop and the farm had replaced the lecture-room, in which pupils were as a rule unfitted for industrial pursuits, by having other ideas "put into their heads," so that they rarely returned to the farm.

The radical error of the position assumed by the advocates of the "popular plan" was that, in their eagerness to assert the high position which agriculture ought to hold in the estimation of mankind, they frequently overshot the mark, so as effectually to assert its lowliness, its inability to bear comparison with other pursuits by the light of a liberal education. In their anxiety to protect the agricultural student from possible snobbish sneers, arising from the antiquated idea that all manual labor is beneath the dignity of educated men, they proposed to make that idea a determining factor in the choice of the location, connection, and organization of the new schools, by withdrawing them as much as possible from contact with the existing centres of high culture. In this dignified seclusion they hoped to convince the pupils, uncontradicted, of the dignity of labor, — surrounding them with a dense "agricultural atmosphere," through which no other rays should penetrate. It was even proclaimed in an agricultural convention that "muscle must be put on a level with brain," and the sentiment was actually greeted with applause at first, though subsequently followed by energetic protest against such stultification of the cause of agriculture. This grave error, so diametrically opposed to the letter and spirit of the Morrill act,



has served long and well to sharpen the arrows of satire against the agricultural colleges, and to deter ambitious young men from entering them, even where a different system prevailed.

The institutions organized as scientific schools, and, as a natural consequence, in connection with preëxisting colleges or universities, by a simple amplification of the scope of scientific instruction, found themselves quite unembarrassed by numbers, even where there was a sincere desire to fulfill in every respect the intent of the act; which, unfortunately, was not always the case, thus creating much ill feeling, acrimonious discussions, and unwise legislation. To speak plainly, some of these institutions had to wait a year or two for the first student in the special departments; not counting a few cautious nibbles on the part of raw country lads, who needed but a short time to find out that their place was not there, the preparation obtainable in the country grammar school being quite inadequate to enable them to pursue understandingly the courses of instruction offered. There followed some years of unexciting *tête-à-têtes* of agricultural instructors with single students, or with the minimum number usually supposed to constitute a class; thus giving the teachers abundant leisure to reflect on the causes of this failure to appreciate the advantages offered. It may not be irrelevant to observe that the present paper owes its origin, in part, to a similar opportunity for reflection, and subsequent action thereon.

The results of these cogitations were very various, all perforce agreeing in the conclusion that there was little demand for agricultural education of the character offered, namely, that which is adapted to the training up of agricultural experts,—the *Oekonomen* of Germany. This fact was painfully apparent from the beginning, in the great, and in many cases for years insuffer-

able, difficulty of finding well-qualified teachers of agricultural science for the new institutions. Men had to be trained, or had to train themselves, especially for that purpose, as quickly as might be; and many have been the curious demonstrations of the difference between merely knowing how to do a thing by rote and the ability to teach students the why and wherefore. This was especially the case in the agricultural schools established on the popular plan, where "plain, practical farmers" were placed in charge of classes of boys who had grown up on farms, and who soon found that they were learning little beyond a somewhat improved handicraft, at the expense of half their time spent in field labor, differing but slightly from that to which they had been inured from childhood, on the home farm.

This, in fact, proved the turning-point in the popularity of the "labor" schools. After the first flush of enthusiasm, parents as well as sons began to gauge the benefits received under the system which gave half the pupils' time, or more, to manual labor, conveying little or nothing new after a few weeks' practice, and therefore of no educational value. It soon began to be said that the pupils were made to work for the profit of the college, with occasionally the additional intimation that they had to labor to "maintain a lot of professors in idleness," instead of getting an education, and that the parents might as well take them home, and get the benefit of that service themselves.

To this the advocates of the labor system replied that the farm work, instructive or not, was necessary to maintain the habit of manual labor; that if it were omitted the students would lose that habit, have their minds and tastes diverted from the farm, and would to a great extent take to other occupations in life.

The parents rejoined that they sent their boys to the college to get an edu-



cation, first of all; to make them better farmers, if farmers they chose to be, but, above all, to be educated.

The first and early result of the controversy was that the pupils were paid wages, instead of working gratuitously, as at first; and another tidal-wave of popularity set in. A farmer's boy was now given an opportunity to pay his way and get an education at the same time, so that the poorest could avail himself of the benefits of the college, with little or no expense to his parents.

This phase of the process of development has taken strong hold of the popular fancy, and is still among the first ideas broached wherever the subject of agricultural education is discussed among the farming population. The theory that after giving half or more of the day to sedentary mental study the rest can quite as beneficially be devoted to taking the needed physical exercise in the guise of remunerative farm labor as in the taking of walks, ball-playing, bicycling, or other games producing no obvious useful result, seems simple and incontrovertible; the more, as such things have so often been done, and are constantly being done, by young men who, from obscurity, have risen to high positions.

The proposition involves, however, several fallacies that seriously interfere with the practical working of the plan, which, as is frequently the case in social problems, fails to take sufficiently into account that human nature of which boys have so large a share, as well as the fact that the *average* boy sent to the colleges, though legally entitled to the chance of becoming president of the United States, is far from being made of the sterner stuff from which Whittingtons and Franklins are evolved. He is to a great extent hopelessly obtuse in respect to the amusing features of plowing, hoeing, or weeding, and the more so the greater his familiarity with

them at home. He is perversely disposed to prefer a climb upon the most rugged hills and the most fatiguing athletic games, to the gentlest and most lucrative work in the cornfield or stable. He may be persuaded or compelled to conform his acts to the prescribed discipline; but it may be gravely questioned whether, as a rule, such compulsion is conducive to a preference for the pursuit of agriculture as a life occupation, more particularly in the case of those boys whose natural ability would make them most influential in the cause of agricultural progress.

The gravest objection, however, is one that remains unperceived, in a great measure, even by those most immediately concerned, but which becomes glaringly apparent to the teacher who is not satisfied with merely going through his class exercises, but scrutinizes the results achieved when and after the pupil leaves the institution.

The *inadequacy of the time* usually given to the preparation for life in American colleges is a standing grievance, and one that all the ingenuity annually brought to bear on the revision of the curriculum by the college faculties has not and cannot overcome. The traditional four years' course cannot possibly be made to hold all that is now needed to be known by every well-educated man and woman, without omitting or weakening to utter inanity too much of the fundamental training needful to proper and well-balanced use of the mental faculties. To use a homely phrase, it becomes more and more impossible to "put that quart into the pint pot" that was amply large fifty years ago. This is most especially true of those courses embracing a considerable proportion of studies in the natural sciences, whose stupendous development and important applications to every-day life are so prominent a feature of our time.

As neither students nor parents can



at present, as a rule, be persuaded to prolong the term of education in college beyond the traditional four years, it follows that the student has no time to spare for anything that is not of educational value, or can readily be learned outside of the college. And it follows equally that the time spent in merely mechanical, uninstructional labor in the agricultural colleges detracts to that extent from the opportunities of the student, and stunts his education.

No pretense of nursing the "habit of labor" can offset this grievous, and in the course of the student's life usually irreparable injury; no special plea that, unless this course is pursued, his mind may be turned away from agriculture can stand for a moment. The colleges intended for "the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes" cannot legitimately be transformed into missionary establishments for the conversion of youth unto agricultural pursuits, by surrounding them with an opaque agricultural atmosphere. It is the duty of parents to afford their children the best opportunities within their means for a judicious selection of the life pursuit which shall be best adapted to their natural talents and tastes, and wise parents will rarely do more than to assist them in the selection, whether of a profession or of a companion for life. Nor will they be disposed to find fault with the schools or colleges that have given their *own* children the opportunity of recognizing the vocation that will make them most successful. It is not for the purpose of learning how to plow and hoe, but why to plow and hoe at all, and when and where to do it to the best advantage, that parents are willing to send their sons to the colleges. In any case, the "rubbing-in" of the purely mechanical part of the farmer's vocation is hardly calculated to inspire a preference in that direction, especially when the pupil is conscious that his education is thereby

curtailed. He is quick to perceive that, while "honest labor" dignifies the laborer *because* it is honest, it is not more dignified or honest because unintelligent, or such as can be performed as well by a steam-engine or a horse.

It cannot be questioned that it is precisely this aspect of farming — its supposed necessary association with hard, unintelligent, merely mechanical labor, unrelieved by any considerable use of the intellect — that has in the past caused it to be looked down upon as a pursuit unworthy of educated and intellectual men, and which still supports the same view, to some extent. An aversion to farming is often apparent among those engaged in it, and leads to the neglect of home life; and home adornment while such expressions by parents as "I don't want my children to drudge as I have done" go far towards promoting the hegira of the most ambitious portion of the young rural population to the towns and cities, — to the dry-goods counter, counting-house desk, and other overstocked occupations, of immensely inferior intellectual opportunities, but opening to them more or less the possibility of considering themselves an integral part of a polite community, and of participating in those recreations and amusements from which the physical and social isolation of an American farm would largely exclude them.

Another, and perhaps the most influential, cause lies in the character of elementary instruction, both at home and in the common school. The very existence of the latter has brought about a feeling, on the part of the parents, that they discharge their whole duty to their children by making them attend school; so that home instruction is almost laid aside, not only during the school years proper, but also at the time when the child's physical perceptions are most acute and wide-awake, — the time which the kindergarten system of



instruction utilizes so admirably in training and sharpening the naturally predominating interest in objective nature. When little or nothing is done in that direction at home, and the child finds, on reaching school, that the subjects so closely connected with home and farm life are almost totally neglected, the natural impression will be that they are inferior in importance to writing, reading, and arithmetic, and that the perception, knowledge, and handling of merely physical objects is of little educational or intellectual value. To this repression of the child's perceptive faculties by the time-honored scholastic system of teaching must be ascribed a far greater share in the lack of interest in agricultural education than can be compensated by any system of organization in the agricultural colleges. These can never do their best work upon material whose home and school education have combined to turn the taste away from agricultural pursuits.

Again, the rural village, to which the European peasant's son looks back with longing as the scene of his youth's enjoyments, is as yet an unknown quantity in the greater portion of the United States, and especially so in the properly agricultural regions of the Union, where farms are large and the dwellings separated by long intervals. The county towns and cross-roads hamlets, where on Saturdays a portion of the rural population congregates around the blacksmith's shop, variety store, and corner grocery, rarely offer any rational social enjoyment, even in temperance communities; while in the frontier States these gatherings not unfrequently exemplify Pandemonium.

The recognition of this comparative barrenness of the farmer's intellectual and social life in the large agricultural States has found practical expression in the "Grange" movement, which contemplates essentially coöperation for the social, intellectual, and professional im-

provement of the members, and through this the promotion of education, knowledge, and emulation, thereby securing the elevation of the farmer's calling and also rendering it more profitable.

The distinctively social feature of the order of Patrons of Husbandry, ministering to one of the greatest needs of our rural population, has enabled it to survive the probationary period and the mistakes into which its leaders fell at first in affiliating it with political parties; so that, after the first recoil, it is reviving and steadily extending on a more solid basis than before, and with less prospect of reaction. Its declaration of purposes and principles expresses well and forcibly the foremost need of American agriculture: not a holding-down of the aspirations of youth to the grindstone, by unremitting labor and a stunted education, like the peasant class of Europe; but the ennobling of the farmer's pursuit by the use of knowledge, under the guidance of a trained intellect, and the lightening of the burden of labor thereby, both in directing it into the most profitable channels, and in taking from it the sensation as well as the reproach of drudgery by rendering it intelligent.

Viewed from the stand-point of the avowed programme of the Grange, the labor-school plan is a step in the wrong direction, unless that labor is kept strictly within the limits of instruction, properly so called; and although this incompatibility has not always been recognized, and in many cases granges and grange conventions have passed resolutions expressing the reverse opinion, yet the steady tendency of the colleges has been toward the abandonment of all uninstructional labor as a task incumbent upon the students, while, nevertheless, offering them every opportunity and inducement to engage in such labor of their own accord, for exercise, recreation, or profit, as the case might be. On the other hand, *instructive* labor



such as is given the pupil for the sake of illustrating and impressing upon him the principles he is or has been studying, can only exceptionally fulfill the regular requirements of a well-conducted "model" farm, and is frequently as little capable of being made profitable to the college as is the laboratory work of elementary students in chemistry. It cannot, therefore, as a rule, be compensated, a fact now distinctly set forth in the registers of several prominent agricultural colleges.

With the abandonment of obligatory unproductive labor, the project of making every student pay his college expenses while getting his education also falls to the ground. It is as incompatible with his acquisition of a sound education *within the four-year limit* as the financial success of a farm conducted with a view to the best general instruction is impossible. In other words, a good education is necessarily expensive and not lucrative, for the time being; and if the student spend half of his time in making his expenses, he will have to stint his education to a corresponding extent, or he must give a longer total time to it. The latter course would be the more needful, because in agricultural practice, involving so many varied and complex problems, a little rudimentary knowledge, badly digested, is often less serviceable than simple common sense and the following of good examples. We have here only the reassertion, on a different plane, of the principle of conservation of force, which forbids us to expect obtaining from a given amount of virtual energy more than its mathematical equivalent in work.

As to the exact amount of instructive manual labor that may be profitably required of the agricultural student, opinions and practice still differ considerably; but even here the obvious tendency is towards restriction rather than increase, in the older institutions origi-

nally organized on the labor plan. The facility with which any one thoroughly conversant with principles acquires the mere manual dexterity or handicraft forms a strong and increasingly appreciated argument against extending that portion of the too brief educational course beyond the point at which the pupil possesses a practical knowledge of the conditions and details involved in the successful performance of an operation, leaving to a subsequent "practical course," or to experience, the acquisition of actual dexterity.

This gradual abandonment of their extreme position by the labor schools, with an obvious approximation of their fundamental ideas to those of the scientific schools, has on the whole been followed by a reduction of numbers, but also by an unquestionable increase in their efficiency toward accomplishing the primary objects of the Morrill act. With the falling-off of that portion of their pupils that sought in them merely a cheap, low-grade education, with little reference to the pursuit or improvement of agriculture, there came the need of making a showing of *quality* as against mere numbers, in order to maintain their standing and claim to legislative aid. It was broadly argued that it was not the number of pupils on the college rolls, and subsequently returned to the plow, that would establish their claim to utility and support, but their influence on the progress of rational agriculture within their sphere of action. Hence their faculties were naturally pushed toward exerting that improving influence not only upon the sons, but also upon the parents themselves, by meeting them at fairs, farmers' institutes, conventions, and society meetings, and discussing with them their needs, failures, and successes. At the same time, the model college farm began to be utilized for experiments designed to determine questions of practical importance to agriculture in the various States,—questions



with which, perhaps, the farmers themselves had wrestled in vain for want of a full knowledge and command of the controlling conditions. A few successes in this direction at once created a stir of interest, as it came to be understood that the colleges might be made to confer benefits not only upon the rising, but also upon the existing generation; and this, in turn, reacted upon the number and quality of the students sent to the colleges for the purpose of securing the advantages that the knowledge taught there might be expected to confer.

In other words, the popular colleges gradually took upon themselves some of the functions of experiment stations, in investigating agricultural questions of at least local, if not general, interest. And here their action began to harmonize with the scientific colleges. While waiting for students to come, the latter had utilized their spare time in trying to awaken the slumbering interest of the rural population, and had found an effectual stimulant for the purpose in showing the latter the advantages, of a most substantial kind, that they might derive from the systematic scientific investigation of the mooted practical questions that were being long and contradictorily debated in their society meetings and agricultural periodicals. That is, they also began to constitute themselves experiment stations, and to meet the farmer on his own ground; and the practical demonstration of the utility of the knowledge they offered to dispense gradually began to fill the aching void of the agricultural lecture-rooms.

If we summarize the conclusions legitimately deducible from the experience had in the establishment and working of agricultural colleges in the United States, as to the wants of the agricultural population in respect to education, they might be stated thus:—

(1.) Education corresponding to that given in the peasant schools of Europe, impressing upon the pupil the *rules* and *practice* of agricultural operations by means of constantly repeated manual exercise, and at the same time giving him a merely elementary general education, proves unsatisfactory and unacceptable here, where there is no peasant class, whose pursuit, as a rule, passes hereditarily from father to son. Those who care for education at all desire something more than mere routine training.

(2.) Neither is there a considerable demand, at least consciously, for high scientific training in agriculture, apart from the need for teachers for the agricultural colleges, as is proved by the insignificant attendance on the schools of agricultural science unprovided with model or experimental farms.

(3.) The colleges of an intermediate character, combining more or less of actual farm labor with a fair amount of higher instruction in the sciences, are more or less numerously attended. A large proportion of their pupils, however, fail to pursue farming as a calling after leaving college, having resorted to the latter as a cheap and convenient high school rather than for professional study. On the whole, their influence in improving the methods of agriculture in their respective States has not been marked, *except in the case of those which have assumed to some extent the functions of experiment stations*, and as such have rendered assistance in the solution of practical agricultural problems. Otherwise they are in most cases petted on the one hand, and condemned as comparatively useless on the other, in public discussions, in the newspaper press, and in the legislatures, to which they must periodically apply for pecuniary aid to supplement their inadequate endowments.

*Eugene W. Hilgard.*



## THE FOLK LORE OF LOWER CANADA.

TRACES of the rites of the ancient Gauls, brought to New France by the ten thousand Normans and Bretons who crossed the Atlantic in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, still linger on the banks of the St. Lawrence. On the sixth day of the moon nearest to the 10th of March, the Druidic New Year's Day, the arch-Druid with a golden knife cut the mistletoe from the parent oak, and as it fell into the outspread robes of his attendants the people cried, *Au Gui! l'An Neuf!* and divided the plant amongst them. Two white bulls were slaughtered, and then a human sacrifice was offered, the victims being encased in cages of wicker-work. In later times this great Druidic ceremony dwindled into *La Guignolée* (in Spain the Aginaldo), a mumming festival, at which the lads of the parish, arrayed in fantastic dresses, marched from house to house, begging good cheer for themselves and alms for the poor. In Lower Canada, where the custom is dying out, the Ignoleux assemble on New Year's Eve, and, having armed themselves with staves, and secured a sack or a wagon for carrying the proceeds of their mission, send out an advance guard of little boys, who shout, "Here comes the Guignolée!" Thus forewarned, the villagers prepare supper for the visitors, and make ready a special gift of food, of which a pig's chine is the *pièce de résistance* for distribution among the poor families. When the Ignoleux reach the house, the marshal strikes the door with his staff, the master and mistress open it and stand in the porch, and the merry-makers sing a ditty, varying in different sections of the country. The following is almost a literal translation of the most complete version:—

O master dear, the glad New Year  
Has come round to us again;

O lady fair, we bid thee prepare,  
To feast this merry train!

On this night so cold, we ask not gold,  
Nor silver, nor jewels rare;  
But a ten-pound chine, O bit divine,  
And, master, we breathe a prayer:

Eternal rest in the mansions blest  
For thy dead 'neath the flagstone gray!  
And God, of his grace, unveil his face  
To us all at the judgment day!

If the chine ye refuse to our good use,  
Then alas for your daughter fair:  
We'll burn her alive, bound with ivy gyve,  
And cut off her yellow hair!

Burn her alive, without mass-rite or shrine,  
When the spring comes in with mirth,  
And the little bird cries as the snow-drop dies,  
On the breast of the weeping earth!

Then, master dear, on this glad New Year,  
(Heaven send the next thou see!)  
Give us the chine, O bit divine,  
For the feast of the Guignolée!

In some versions the Ignoleux threaten not to burn the girl alive, but merely to "warm her feet." It is not unreasonable to suppose that the prominence of the pig's chine is due to the sacred character which the Druids attached to the wild boar as the sacrificial animal at their minor rites. A wild boar's head was the foremost dish at the Christmas board in England, in the old days, the guests rising as it was carried in, all decked with rosemary, and singing,—

Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.

The Druidic festival on Midsummer's Day, in honor of the god Belinus, *alias* Apollo, was transferred by the church to the 24th of June, St. John's Day. But the pagan belief regarding the virtues of the fires then kindled survived for many centuries. As late as 1573 cats and foxes were burnt at the St. John's Eve fires in Paris, and the peasantry believed that the burning of a wild animal



banished evil spirits from the forests. At Quebec, in 1636, the Jesuit Le Jeune was taken aback on finding that the Indians who witnessed the celebration on St. John's Eve looked upon it as a big medicine feast for driving away the evil manitou. "Some of these days," he adds, "they will probably ask us to heal their sick by firing our cannon." The good fathers, moreover, did not conceal their fear that the belief of the French colonists regarding the fires had much that was pagan and uncanny in it, and for some years sought to discredit the St. Joseph's Eve (March 18th) as well as the St. John's Eve fire by saying the prayers used on such occasions *sans surplis*. Finally, as Father Jérôme Lalemant says, they contrived to "separate the spiritual from the material" at these feasts, and henceforth appeared *en surplis*. St. John's Day gradually became the national festival. On the morning of the 23d of June the habitants flock into the village, which is gayly decorated with evergreens. In the afternoon, the priest, the doctor, the notary, and the postmaster invite their friends to dinner, while the young people, each José with his Josephite, dance and disport themselves as at a fair. In the evening a huge pile of fragrant cedar is built outside the door of the church, and the villagers gather about it. As darkness sets in the priest, clad in his vestments, appears, recites the prayers, blesses the wood, and then sets it on fire, the habitants cheering and firing their guns. In olden times signal fires burst forth on every hill and promontory along the North and South shores. If the habitant in the lower parishes on the North shore had to report to his neighbor on the South shore that all was well, he lighted a bright fire, and kept it burning steadily for some time; if there was sickness in his family, the fire flickered and died out; if there was death, it suddenly blazed up, and was as suddenly quenched. Next day mass is cele-

brated, and those who do not partake of the sacrament eat of the *pain-bénit* (the hallowed bread set apart for the Eucharist, which is baked by well-to-do villagers), saying reverently, —

Pain-bénit je te prends,  
Si je meurs subitement,  
Sers-moi de sacrement!

After mass it was the custom in the Gulf parishes, in olden times, for the people to stand at the church door and sell fish "for the good of the poor souls;" that is, to provide masses for the souls in purgatory. Nowadays they sell the first-fruits of their fields, and distribute the proceeds in charity, or give them to the priest for a service of prayer and thanksgiving. On May Day the habitants erect a May pole, and fire volleys at the bush, or, as they say, the bouquet, on the top of it; and when they build a house, at a *corvée* or "bee," they place a bouquet on the gable end and fire at it. The Gauls celebrated May Day by sallying into the forest and driving out the evil spirits by shouting and beating the trees, and on building a hut they hung the mistletoe, a specific against disease and sudden death, over the door, and invoked the favor of Hesus or Belinus by making a great din and tumult.

On Christmas Eve, in settlements remote from a church, the habitants gather in one house, and when a girl enters on the stroke of midnight they ask, —

Shepherd maiden, radiance-laden,  
Whence comest thou?

The following is a close translation of her reply, which she sings to a quaint and simple tune: —

All in a stable,  
The sacred fable  
Fulfilled has been:  
The Son of God  
The earth has trod,  
The miracle I've seen!

'T was bitter cold  
In that stable old,  
Where the infant lay;  
The star without  
The heavens did flout,  
Making night day!



The Virgin weeps,  
And to Joseph creeps,  
Blessed and full of grace;  
The oxen low,  
In prayer, I trow,  
And gaze upon His face!

And the fearful sheep  
In the manger peep  
At the King on high;  
And with soft voice  
They too rejoice,  
Bleating a lullaby!

And an angel band,  
All harp in hand,  
Down upon earth bore;  
Singing to His glory,  
And telling men the story  
Of peace forevermore!

#### HABITANTS.

Ho ! shepherd maiden, radiance-laden,  
Here in the forest hoar,  
Come let us sing to the new-born King  
And peace forevermore!

"Whosoever," reads section 67 of the Salic law, "shall call another a sorcerer, or accuse him of having carried the pot to the spot where the sorcerers meet, not being able to substantiate the same, shall be fined in the sum of 2500 deniers." The inhabitants of the Isle of Orleans, just below Quebec, have been charged with sorcery from time immemorial, and as they have never sought to purge themselves of the accusation it is doubtless well founded. Satan of course presides at the *sabbats*, or orgies, assuming innumerable shapes and guises. He summons the motley company of sorcerers, damned souls, *loups-garous*, infidels, serpents, and *feux-follets* by ringing a church-bell, stolen while it was yet unconsecrated; and when he has marched round the island, at the head of this procession, he presides at the *messe noire* celebrated in his honor, and directs the incantations over the boiling caldron. The sorcerers on the mainland make desperate efforts to reach the island during this ceremony; but they cannot cross the St. Lawrence alone, for the river has been blessed and dedicated, and so they coax Chris-

tian habitants who happen to be out late to accompany them. The sorcerers of the Isle of Orleans direct their incantations chiefly to raising storms. This branch of the black art was once known to the witches of Cornwall and Devonshire. In 1634, sixty women were accused of raising a storm against the vessel that bore Charles I., on his passage from France. At St. Leven, in Cornwall, there is a cairn called Madge Figge's chair, whereon a witch of that name used to sit, and by means of a miniature sail and a dried fish conjure up tempests and lightnings which sent many a gallant craft to the bottom. But no English witch can compare with Jean Pierre Lavallée, sorcerer, of St. François, Isle of Orleans. On the 30th of July, 1711, Sir Hovenden Walker, in command of a formidable armada, consisting of men-of-war and transports carrying troops, sailed from Nantasket Roads for Quebec, for the purpose of capturing that post, and avenging the repulse of Sir William Phipps in 1690. Paradis, master on a Rochelle gunboat which had been captured by the British frigate Chester, was put on board the flagship Edgar as pilot, for he knew the St. Lawrence well. A dense fog settled down upon the fleet after it left Gaspé Bay; and at ten P. M., on August 22d, "we found ourselves," writes Admiral Walker, in his Journal (printed by D. Browne at the Black Swan, W. Mears at the Lamb without Temple Bar, and G. Strahan at the Golden Ball against the Exchange in Cornhill, 1720), "upon the North Shore, amongst rocks and islands, at least fifteen leagues farther than the log gave, when the whole fleet had like to have been lost. But by God's good providence all the men-of-war, though with extreme hazard and difficulty, escaped. Eight transports were cast away, and almost nine hundred men lost." The beach of Egg Island and the Labrador shore hard by were strewn with bodies. Two com-



panies of Guards, who had fought under Marlborough in the Low Countries, were identified among the dead by their scarlet trappings. Mother Juchereau, of the Hôtel Dieu, records in her diary that a salvage expedition, fitted out at Quebec, found two thousand corpses on Egg Island. Be that as it may, it was a wonderful deliverance for the colony. Some said the French pilot had willfully wrecked the fleet. The clergy held that it was the work of the Blessed Virgin, and the name of the church of Notre Dame de la Victoire in the Lower Town, where Phipps's repulse was annually celebrated, was changed to Notre Dame des Victoires, to commemorate both occasions. But while the habitants doubted not the power or the beneficence of the Blessed Virgin, they ascribed the causation of the wreck to the incantations of Jean Pierre Lavallée of St. François. When it became known at Quebec that Queen Anne was fitting out the expedition, he bade the people be of good heart. He built a hut on the extreme easterly point of the island, near St. François, and began his midnight séances about the middle of August; and it is an article of habitant belief that the fog which enveloped the fleet to its destruction was the steam from his infernal pot. There could have been no mistake about this, for when the news of the disaster reached Quebec the sorcerer said that Sir Hoven-den had not drained his cup of bitterness; and sure enough, while the admiral was on his way to London to report the disaster, the Edgar, seventy guns, blew up at Portsmouth, and all on board, 470 souls, perished.

It is related of Charles II., Duke of Lorraine, that one night, when he was traveling *incognito* through his dominions, he came to a farm-house, the proprietor of which prepared two suppers, one for his guest and the other for the sorcerers, who, he said, were in the habit of holding sabbats in a neighboring

wood. The duke sent secretly to the nearest town for a troop of soldiers, and went to the trysting-place of the sorcerers. Some were dressed as loup-garous, and others had horns and claws. The strange company having gathered round the table, the duke signaled to the gendarmes, who arrested all hands; and it turned out that the demons and sorcerers were brigands and robbers. The sabbats also became meetings of the *Jacquerie*. At the Isle of Orleans there is no doubt that habitants who have borne witness to the sabbats have been as grievously mistaken as that good farmer of Lorraine. The lights observed flashing on the beach at midnight were perhaps the torches of the eel-fishers, who used to ply a profitable trade there; while the huge kettles swinging and steaming over roaring fires may have been, not witches' caldrons, but the copper stills in which the thrifty islanders make their whisky, contrary to the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace of their sovereign lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.

On nights when the sorcerers do not meet at Orleans, Satan travels abroad. He attends dancing-parties occasionally, dressed like a young city beau, and always seeks out the flirt of the company for his partner. In the midst of the *danse ronde* he suddenly utters a loud shriek, and vanishes through the window, carrying with him a burning log from the fire, and sometimes, indeed, the pot-oven, while the girl to her dying day bears the mark of his claws upon her wrist. What puts him to flight? Usually the cry of a newly christened infant belonging to one of the good wives who are watching the dancers; but if the dancers happen to arrange themselves in the form of a cross, that is quite as effective. Should he escape detection by these means, he is sure to be found out when the *bon homme* of the house, leaving the dancers to enjoy



themselves, retires to the kitchen, and takes down his big Formulaire (Le Formulaire des Prières Chrétiennes à l'Usage des Religieuses Ursulines) to read a prayer before going to bed. But, to give the devil his due, he never tapers with souls on these occasions; he appears to be bent on pleasure rather than on business. He leaves nothing undone, however, to destroy the souls of dying persons. Let us suppose that the habitant's father, the bon homme of the household, is taken suddenly ill after reading his Formulaire. The habitant at once hurries to the stable, to prepare for a swift journey to the priest's. But Satan has been there before him. The horses are covered with foam and utterly exhausted; the harness is broken; a wheel has been wrenched off the *voiture*; and unless the habitant can borrow a neighbor's team, the journey must be abandoned for the night, and the bon homme left to run the fearful risk of dying without the sacraments. Even if the vehicle is sound and the horses are in good condition, it is no easy matter to reach the priest's. Feux-follets (the *ignis fatuus*) suddenly appear in front of the team, casting a blue, white, or red light upon the road. These are the spirits of criminals or of bad Catholics, which Satan employs to do his work. The unnatural light scares the horses, and they stand shivering on the road, until the poor bon homme is no more. The prudent habitant, however, provides against these satanic machinations. When his gloomy majesty enters a stable to "noble" the horses, or tie the harness in a knot, it is a point of honor with him to disturb nothing else. The habitant therefore takes care to place a bag of bran behind the stable door, the mouth of the bag open, and the bag itself so arranged that when Satan opens the door the bran is scattered over the floor. On seeing the mischief he has done, his majesty, whose orderly habits are worthy of all praise, at once begins

to put each separate and individual hull of bran in its original position in the bag, a task which occupies him so long that he has not time to dose the horses, or remove the linch-pin from the *voiture*. The feux-follets can generally begot rid of, if the habitant is a good-living man, by offering a prayer for all lost souls. Some feux-follets, however, are past praying for, and a little strategy is necessary in their case. One method of driving them away is to make the sign of the cross, and ask them on which day of the week next Christmas falls. This puzzles them, and they go off to consult Satan on the subject. Another method is to make a cross with the whip, leaving it in the middle of the road; and still another, to stick a needle in the fence, and escape while the feux-follets are trying to creep through the eye. Once the priest's house is reached, the habitant is safe, for his tormentors dare not show themselves on the return journey. As his reverence is being driven at a rattling pace along the road, Satan and the feux-follets betake themselves to the woods, and when the servant of God enters the chamber where the bon homme is lying, they howl in rage and despair.

Weird and unearthly lights haunt many a bay and headland in the Gulf. At Cape Despair (originally Cap d'Espoir), where some of Sir Hovenden Walker's ships were lost, and where a wreck known as Le Naufrage Anglais was visible down to a recent period, a strange light appears on calm nights, the sea becomes angry, the waves run mountains high, and a phantom ship heaves in sight. It is crowded with soldiers wearing the uniform of the British army in Marlborough's day. An officer, bearing in one arm a lady clad in white (many of the officers and men in that expedition had their wives with them, as they intended to settle in the colony), stands with his foot on the bowsprit, pointing with his right hand



to the frowning cape. Suddenly, as the light grows dim, a wild shriek is heard, and the ship goes down in the darkness. In the Baie des Chaleurs there is a mysterious light which foretells a storm from the northwest. Eighty years ago, so the tradition runs, a trading craft was attacked by robbers, and all on board were murdered. Some time afterwards the murderers were drowned during a northwesterly gale, and the goods which they had taken from their victims were washed ashore and identified. M. Le Moine, of Quebec, who has compiled the chronicles of the St. Lawrence,<sup>1</sup> and who is a high authority on all matters connected with Lower Canada, says he has it from an old Gulf navigator that the light which marks the scene of this crime appears even in winter time, blazing on the ice, like a bale of merchandise on fire. At the mouth of the river Magdeleine, on the Gaspé coast, Gulf sailors often hear a piercing cry above the storm. Some say it is the wail of a shipwrecked sailor, imploring the prayers of the faithful for the repose of his soul. Others declare it to be the cry of an infant that was refused baptism by a bad priest, who was reduced to a skeleton for his crime. The island of Miscou is inhabited by a strange creature called the gougou. Samuel de Champlain says in his *Voyages* that it is shaped like a woman, but is taller than a mast. It has a huge pouch, into which it drops human beings, and it utters sounds so dreadful that no man dare approach its abiding place.

But the most formidable creature in Lower Canada is the loup-garou, whose acquaintance we made at the Isle of Orleans. The loup-garou, or man-wolf, was known in ancient times both to theologians and to law-givers. A council which was called by the Emperor Sigismund decided that sorcerers often assumed the form of loup-garous, and

strange tales are told by old French chroniclers of the deeds of these emissaries of Satan. At a village in Auvergne, in 1588, a hunter was attacked by a monstrous loup-garou; he cut off its paw, which a gentleman who had been watching the combat recognized by a ring as the hand of his wife. On entering the house he saw her sitting disconsolate by the fire, with one arm concealed under her robe. She confessed her guilt, and was publicly burnt. In Livonia, at the end of December, Satan, armed with a bar of red-hot iron, flew over the country and summoned the loups-garous to their annual convention, which lasted twelve days. When the gathering broke up, the delegates plunged into a river, and presto! they were no longer loups-garous, but men and women. Boquet says that one hundred and fifty loups-garous were seen at one time in the streets of Constantinople. Beauvoys de Chauvincourt wrote a learned treatise upon the subject in 1599, *De la Translation des Hommes en Loups*. 'There are two species of loup-garou in Lower Canada: one that kills and eats children, and another that, like the feux-follets, seeks the destruction of souls. The former is never seen except by children, whose evidence is not worthy of credence, inasmuch as the loup-garou appears to wicked children only; but the existence of the latter has been vouched for by thousands of good habitants. A habitant, deep in the backwoods of the St. Maurice or Lac St. Jean, has said his prayers, and is preparing to turn in for the night, when he hears a shout outside, and, going to the door, is told by a belated teamster bound for the shanties that his neighbor at the "clearing," ten miles away, is lying at the point of death, and that there is no priest within fifty miles. The habitant harnesses his horses, and starts without delay, taking with him the bottle of holy

<sup>1</sup> We refer the reader to M. Le Moine's singularly interesting work entitled *Pictureesque Quebec*:

*A Sequel to Quebec Past and Present*, recently published by Dawson Brothers, Montreal.



water he brought from his native parish at Easter, his beads, and *petit Albert*, a collection of prayers. The wind is moaning in the forest, and the trees throw gaunt shadows upon the snow. Suddenly he hears the sound of rushing feet, and, looking over his shoulder as he plies his horses with the whip, discovers to his horror that he is being pursued by a loup-garou. The fiend resembles a huge wolf, but its cry is human, and its eyes are like the lights of the feux-follets. The habitant mutters a prayer, and drives furiously. It is a hard race through the woods and over the frozen streams, but, thanks to the good St. Anne, the *patronne* of Lower Canada and the kind protector of backwoodsmen and sea-faring men, the habitant reached the house first, and, placing the open prayer-book on the table, defies the loup-garou to cross the threshold. He is in time to sprinkle the dying man with holy water, receive his last words, and close his eyes. Then, fastening his beads upon the lintel, to preserve the widow and children from the loup-garou, he sets out to call the neighbors and fetch the priest, that the body may receive Christian burial. It is proper to add that in the good old times, when the habitant was blessed with abundant harvests from a virgin soil, and hard drinking was the rule, — *Il est soûl comme dans les bonnes années* is a proverb, — loup-garous were more numerous than they are now.

An eclipse of the sun or moon alarms the habitant, who has heard from the fathers and the old men before them of the signs and tokens that preceded the great earthquake of 1663. Father Hierosme Lalemant, in the Relation for that year, says that in the fall of 1662 fiery serpents were seen in the heavens, and a ball of fire rushed from the moon, and, with a noise like thunder, burst and fell behind Mount Royal. On January 7, 1663, three suns and a rainbow appeared, and on February 5th, at five

P. M., the first shock was felt of the earthquake that shook Lower Canada for six months. The year 1785 is known as the year of great darkness, the earth on two Sundays, October 9th and October 16th, having been enveloped in a "fiery yellow atmosphere." On April 11, 1782, tradition says darkness prevailed on the Saguenay River, the heavens mourning for the death of a Jesuit, Father Jean Baptiste Labrosse, who died at Tadousac on that day. The story of the miracles wrought when that good man died, as told by Dr. Taché in his *Forestiers et Voyageurs*, and by l'Abbé Casgrain in *Un Pèlerinage à la Ile-au-Coudres*, is a characteristic Gulf legend. Father Labrosse was a native of Poitou. He arrived at Quebec in 1754, and for nearly thirty years preached the gospel to white men and Indians along the St. Lawrence and down in the wilds of Acadia. On the night of his death he was at the house of an officer of the trading-post at Tadousac, and, although nearly seventy years old, appeared to be as strong and hearty as a man of forty. He was tall and robust, and his long white hair and saintly face made him look every inch an apostle. At nine P. M. he rose, and in solemn tones told his friends that the hour of his death was at hand. At midnight he should die, and the church bell of Tadousac would announce the news to his Indian children, who were camped there for the spring trade in peltries, and to all the Gulf. He bade the company farewell, charging them, as he left the house, to go to Ile-aux-Coudres and bring Father Compain, the curé, to give his body Christian sepulture. The party sat in silence, listening for the bells, which on the stroke of midnight began to toll. The village was aroused, and the people hurried to the chapel, and there, before the altar, lay the old Jesuit, dead. They watched by the corpse until daylight, when the post officer ordered four men to take a canoe and go to Ile-aux-Coudres. A



fearful storm was raging in the Gulf, and ice floes almost choked the wide expanse of water. "Fear not," said the officer to the fishermen; "Father Labrosse will protect you." They launched the canoe, and great was their surprise to find that, while the tempest howled and the waves and the ice seethed like a caldron on each side of them, a peaceful channel was formed by some invisible hand for their craft. They reached Ile-aux-Coudres — over sixty miles, as the crow flies, from Tadousac — without accident. Father Compain was standing on the cliff, and, as they neared the shore, he cried out, "Father Labrosse is dead, and you have come to take me to Tadousac to bury him!" How did he know this? The night previous he was sitting alone in his house, reading his breviary, when suddenly the bell in the church (dedicated to St. Louis) began to toll. He ran down to the church, but the doors were locked, and when he opened them he found no one within, and still the passing bell was tolling. As he approached the altar, Father Compain heard a voice saying, "Father Labrosse is dead. This bell announces his departure. To-morrow do thou stand at the lower end of the island and await the arrival of a canoe from Tadousac. Return with it, and give him burial." And at all the mission posts where Father Labrosse had preached — Chicoutimi, l'Île Verte, Trois-Pistoles, Rimouski, and along the Baie-des-Chaleurs — the bells, of their own accord, rang out the death of the old Jesuit at the same hour. And for many a year, whenever the Indians of the Saguenay visited Tadousac, they made a pilgrimage to his grave, and whispered to the dead within through a hole in the slab of the vault, believing that he would lay their petitions before God.

Of the legends growing out of the religious fervor of the habitant, this is not the place to speak. One apparition

of St. Anne is preserved in an old rhyme. The Carignan regiment, which was disbanded at Quebec, had served with other French troops on the side of the Emperor Leopold against the Turks, and had borne a conspicuous part in the decisive victory achieved over them by Montecuculi at St. Gothard, in Hungary. This legend is entitled *The Soldier-Peasant's Vision*, and relates the appearance of St. Anne to one of the Carignan soldiers, many of whom took up land in the Isle of Orleans and other islands below Quebec. The original, of which the following is a close translation, was written, it will be observed, before the English conquest of Quebec: —

All by the broad St. Lawrence, a hundred years  
ago,  
The Angelus was ringing from the bells of Ile-  
au-Reaux;  
The reaper leaned upon his scythe, the wild-bee  
ceased its hum,  
The consecrated river hushed its waters and was  
dumb;  
The oxen, as at Bethlehem, knelt of their own  
accord,  
While the incense of the mid-day prayer was  
wafted to their Lord!

"O good Saint Anne, I swear to thee, thou guardian  
of my race,"  
Cries the bareheaded reaper, while tears bedew  
his face,  
"For sovereign, for seignior, for those in high  
command,  
France, with her vines and olives, is in sooth a  
pleasant land;  
But fairer than lily on her shield is this New  
World colony,  
Where the weary serf may stand erect, unawed  
by tyranny!  
Do thou ask the Blessed Virgin to bless our sire,  
the King,  
To overthrow his enemies, bless him in every-  
thing;  
To speed his royal banners, crown them with  
victory,  
As when we fought the Paynim on the plains of  
Hungary!  
But, O mother of all Bretons, by thy love for  
Mary's Son,  
By His agony and dolours, by His wounds on  
Calvary won,  
Guard thou New France from tyrants, oh spare  
her virgin soil  
From the heel of the oppressor, from tumult and  
turmoil!"



Saint Anne had heard the veteran's prayer, and  
stood upon the tide,  
An aureole about her brow, and angels by her  
side.

"Fear not, my son," she sweetly said; "be New  
France true to me.

And she shall ever be the home of rugged lib-  
erty!"

The vision passed, and the reaper bent to the  
cutting of the grain:

The covenant is kept; he did not pray in  
vain!

*Edward Farrer.*

## THE POEMS OF MRS. SPOFFORD, OWEN INNSLY, AND MISS HUTCHINSON.

If the present century is especially favorable to the development of women poets, the United States in turn seems to be the country where they occur in greatest number. The abundance of their production results, of course, in a large proportion of mediocrity, as is likewise the case with men; but, besides this, the natural tendency of women to select certain classes of theme, and to voice moods that are very much the same with them all, gives to their verse when viewed in the large a suspicion of monotony. As a rule, their poetry is more subjective than that of men; they do not treat eagerly and with convincing reality stories and subjects in which they find no relation personal to themselves, so often as men do.

Hence it is all the more a pleasure to find presented to our notice within a short space of time three books of verse by women, which are above the average and unusually individual. Mrs. Spofford's work<sup>1</sup> is much of it known to the readers of magazines, and of *The Atlantic* in particular. But it is the outcome of a mind so engaging in its traits and of an artistic mould so finely formed that it will bear repeated scrutiny. Take, for instance, the *Flower Songs* in her volume, where the spirit of the violet, the hyacinth, the rose and lily, is so delicately embodied; or a picture touched in as lightly as a skillful water-color, in

these opening lines of *O Soft Spring*  
Airs:—

"Come up, come up, O soft spring airs,  
Come from your silver shining seas,  
Where all day long you toss the wave  
About the low and palm-plumed keys!"

Without effort, freshly and with a grace springing from perfect sympathy, her words ensnare some of the most charming effects of nature. Birds and flowers are imprisoned in her verse, yet do not lose their freedom.

"And in the covert of their odorous depths  
The robins shake their wild wet wings, and flood  
The shallow shores of dawn with music."

She has, moreover, a captivating fancy, which now and then embodies itself in strains like those of *Evanescence*:—

"What's the brightness of a brow?  
What's a mouth of pearls and corals?  
Beauty vanishes like a vapor,  
Preach the men of musty morals!"

"Should the crowd, then, ages since,  
Have shut their ears to singing Homer,  
Because the music fled as soon  
As fleets the violet's aroma?"

"Ah, for me, I thrill to see  
The bloom a velvet cheek discloses.  
Made of dust, — I well believe it!  
So are lilies, so are roses!"

Here are brevity, point, a sudden contrast of ideas, a reservation of the full meaning until the last line, all achieved; but no particle of affectation in the result. In that final verse lurks a seeming contradiction of ideas, which is allied to wit; at the same instant, because it states an undoubted truth of mortality while half denying it, the line glances

<sup>1</sup> *Poems*. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; The Riverside Press, Cambridge. 1882.



off into quiet pathos. The pathetic emotion and the smile at the wit mingle. The whole may well recall, by taking its place in the same rank with them, the epigrammatic songs of Herrick, Carew, or, still more, Ben Jonson. Mrs. Spofford has doubtless studied those elder poets. But what of that? These things may be written in one generation as well as another; they are always in season and always original. No mere imitator can produce them. We must here cite in full a ballad from the group entitled *In Summer Nights*, which runs:—

"In the summer even  
While yet the dew was hoar,  
I went plucking purple pansies  
Till my love should come to shore.  
The fishing lights their dances  
Were keeping out at sea,  
And come, I sung, my true love!  
Come hasten home to me!

"But the sea it fell a-moaning,  
And the white gulls rocked thereon;  
And the young moon dropped from heaven,  
And the lights hid one by one.  
All silently their glances  
Slipped down the cruel sea,  
And wait! cried the night and wind and  
storm,  
Wait, till I come to thee!"

This is as good as a strain from the old dramatists; yet who shall say it is not just as valuable as if the old dramatists had never been? It teaches no lesson; it merely suggests a simple story and presents a vivid effect. It contains feeling, picture, and music, and is perfectly genuine. Only one other piece shall we quote, which exemplifies the authoress's tender reserve in treating episodes of more intimately personal experience, which she brings home to every one who has loved or suffered:—

#### UNDER THE BREATH.

Since tears will never bring thee back,  
Why should I weep?  
I would not any moan of mine  
Should break thy sleep.

Sleep on, my baby! By thy side  
I will not stir  
More than the bird that broods and dreams  
Deep in the fir, —

The bird that dreams of fluttering joy  
Full soon her own,  
Nor sees the shadow at her feet  
Whose joy has flown!

Akin to this is the frank, sweet, simple confidence imparted in *Mother Mine*, where the writer tells how, when in childhood, she read

"Those ballads haunted by fair women,  
One of them always seemed my mother;"

but how, in the long years since, watching the unfolding of her mother's gentle life, she has found it sweeter far than even those old ballads. The poem last mentioned is brighter in tone than the other; and, indeed, it is one of the remarkable things about this book that its author has retained, amid all the vicissitudes of the poetic heart, so deep a well-spring of buoyancy and of delight in the gladder phases of existence. This may be seen in the rhapsody, *My Own Song*, beginning,—

"Oh, glad am I that I was born!"

Mrs. Spofford is more a colorist than a master of outline and form. All the scenes she paints are dreamy; shapes and emotions, sounds and tints, run into and blend with one another, composing a total delicious, but somewhat vague and tinged with romance. Witness her description of the Capitol and the streets of Washington, in the elegy on Sarah Hildreth Butler. This may not be the highest intellectual quality of art; but without it there could be no poetry, and everything would seem mean and dull. It should be said, too, that her idealization is always truthful, and never in the least bombastic, exaggerative, or conventional. As for her execution, it is at once finished and free; though there is, perhaps, too great a partiality shown for line-rhymes, and an occasional verse stumbles or falls short when there is nothing to be gained by letting it do so. Neither is it advisable to make a dissyllable of the word "tired," as is done in the third line of *Ali*. But how vigorous are some single measures, like this,



"The swollen blast comes keening up the valley"!

It may not be great poetry which these pages disclose. Its range certainly is not wide: the wind, the roses, the storm, common joys and griefs, play their part over and over in the various compositions. But if it is not great, it is good. Further than that, it is pure, exhilarating, often infinitely touching; and these are attributes which seldom fail to secure a welcome.

We should be sorry to have it thought that, in giving Owen Innsly<sup>1</sup> credit for a certain individuality, we have any intention of placing it on the same plane with that of Mrs. Spofford. The lady who shelters her identity under this synonym secures an appearance of being individual by somewhat factitious means. The Love Poems and Sonnets do not impress us as being the offspring of a mind with any remarkable natural qualifications for poetic utterance, and they constantly suggest that all their grace, condensation, and quietude, adding to the effect of repressed feeling, have been attained by carefully following the best models. No doubt the emotional history contained in these effusions is itself genuine; but the record of it seems to show that to the writer a choice and cultivated expression has been of even higher importance than the pangs themselves which prompted her to write. From this a slightly artificial tone results. The soft pedal has been too persistently applied. By concentrating herself upon one order of experience, and describing a somewhat mysterious love, with its several phases of disappointment, compensation, and endurance, Owen Innsly virtually asks us to select her from the mass of lovers, and to recognize that this especial experience of hers rises somewhat above the average. People are generally ready to do this, when the poet speaks with either unusual force or

unusual softness and meek refinement. Moreover, it is not at first plain whether the adoration embodied in these poems is addressed to a woman or a man; and where there is an enigma, there is something more than commonplace. Some of the sonnets and songs are directly offered to another woman named Helen; and as the author's pseudonym is masculine, the whole strain of amatory chords may be supposed to sound in Helen's honor. But since it is generally known that Owen Innsly is not a man, this supposition that one woman has addressed a quantity of love poems to another seems to us improbable; and we incline to think that the real object of some of the verses has been purposely disguised. Others, again, are obviously imaginative statements of what a man might feel. Banishing the mystery, and looking at the book apart from that, we find a few poems which, taken singly, are simple and pleasing so far as they go; polished without being very fervent. There are others which are feeble, or (like *The Sleeping Beauty*) worthless. The Blossoms of Love is, both in title and matter, weakly sentimental. Perhaps the prettiest of all is this:—

#### THE GREEK YOUTH.

"He goes," she said: "there, at the opening door  
I see a shimmer as of snowy wings;  
'Tis his white robe that, as he passes, flings  
Its shining undulation o'er the floor."  
But while she spoke, his fond arms as before  
Held her, his kiss burned on her lips; as sings  
Some woodland bird, his voice's murmurings  
Thrilled with the joyous weight of love he bore.  
'T was but the moonlight of thine own sad eyes  
That cast my shadow; in thy silver sphere,  
Half dusk, half light, ghosts start at any breath.  
I bring the sunshine; in it no surprise  
Can come, no shade can walk. Lo! I am here,  
Belovéd, and shall be here until death.

Here, too, in *Tes Joyaux*, is a striking and well-turned stanza:—

"Que tes joyaux luisent et brillent!  
Entre des gouttes de sang  
Des filets de larmes scintillant  
Comme des diamants."

In addition to French verses, the volume presents several compositions in

<sup>1</sup> *Love Poems and Sonnets*. By OWEN INNSLY. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1881.



German and Italian, which are hardly worth while. Diversions of this kind in foreign languages have the sanction of example set by Longfellow, Swinburne, and Rossetti, to say nothing of Milton's Latin and Italian poems; but if a poet can be eminent in one language, whether his mother-tongue or — as with Charnisso — an adoptive one, it is tempting the gods for him to seek the same laurels through another speech; and the gods have thus far failed to succumb. To the love poems of Owen Innesly are appended some miscellaneous verses, of little interest or value; showing how largely the attention she has attracted is due to her attitude as a person professing peculiar insight into the master passion. And why, in the lines to Emerson, should mystery be affected by heading them To R. W. E.? The sonnets in the book are of various construction, often nicely wrought, but never rising to the highest plane. Such a confusion of images as that in Submission should not have been allowed to appear: —

"Like summer winds that toss  
The branches of the trees whose trunks remain  
Unmoved, so sweep the floods of circumstance,  
Ruffling along the current of my mood,  
While my soul's deep repose they cannot shake."

One may do justice to the conscientious labor of the writer, and to her conception of a faithful, tender love rising above calamity; or may with less satisfaction contemplate her singular ecstasy over another woman; but there will hardly be found in her poetry anything to gladden the soul or move the heart deeply. Nor is it altogether healthy, or strong in imagination.

In another collection of Songs and Lyrics,<sup>1</sup> another woman, Miss Hutchinson, sings in a light, delicate strain the love-moods of both man and maid, but without making a "specialty" of them; and treats some other themes as well, in much the same key. Out of these fifty

little pieces, a few may be selected which will be apt to linger in the memory.

The Moth Song, to begin with, indicates a fine, uncommon fancy, and arouses expectation: —

"What dost thou here,  
Thou dusky courtier,  
Within the pinky palace of the rose?  
Here is no bed for thee,  
No honeyed spicery, —  
But for the golden bee  
And the gay wind and me  
Its sweetness grows.  
Rover, thou dost forget;  
Seek thou the passion-flower  
Bloom of one twilight hour.  
Haste, thou art late!  
Its hidden savors wait.  
For thee is spread  
Its soft, purple coverlet;  
Moth, art thou sped?  
Dim as a ghost he flies  
Through the night mysteries."

This is certainly effective. The fancy is quaint, and the dim, groping nature of the moth is infused into the fragile fabric with curious subtlety. But not all of the succeeding poems will bear comparison with this. They are sometimes so very light that it is difficult to discern any substance in them. In Snow and the Shadow Song, however, are tangible, and at the same time very dainty. In The Lilac, Miss Hutchinson has been so successful as to associate her delicately suggestive lines with the flower in such wise that the two things will hardly be separable afterwards, to those who read the song. By song, in this case, we do not mean the genuine lyric; for, despite the title of the book, there is scarcely anything of the "lyric cry" in it. Meditative, fanciful, gayly affectionate little poems they are, but not precisely songs. A deeper note is struck in A Cry from the Shore, which, besides being resonant and flowing, has something ghostly about it, and rings in the ears afterward almost like one of the Commendatore's coldly echoing chords, in Don Giovanni. Tryst, though

<sup>1</sup> Songs and Lyrics. By ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. With Frontispiece from a Painting

by GEORGE H. BOUGHTON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.



less strong, is of this more serious kind ; and the thought and accent of that brief story, *The Date in the Ring*, will, we think, be received by the discerning as genuine. When Miss Hutchinson sings of flowers, she appears to be thrown off her guard, and becomes extravagant to no very good purpose ; calling violets "darlings" and "as sweet as sweet can be." It is assuredly neither wise nor in any way profitable to say, as she does in *Love's Imagination*, —

"There is a pretty herb that grows  
In the everywhere."

But in her *Harvest* she gives with a truer hand this sketch : —

"The dandelion plume doth pass  
Vaguely to and fro, —  
The unquiet spirit of a flower  
That hath too brief an hour."

Buchanan Read has anticipated her, by speaking of

"The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers ;" but he forgot the dandelion, and we are inclined to think that Miss Hutchinson's statement is the better. The *Quest* is symbolic, dreamily picturesque, and well proportioned : indeed, so precisely sufficing are its lines to the idea that the plaintive strain hums itself over in the mind long after it has been read. The young poetess who in her first collection shows the proportion of merit which is discoverable in this may be forgiven some weakness. Of these productions, the best show a felicitous touch, a good sense of rhythmical contrasts, a fancy often fortunate ; and within their limits they are distinctive.

## TWO BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

THE careers of the two men whose biographies form the subject of this notice were widely different. Chance has brought them together here, and the odd juxtaposition suggests some curious contrasts, and at least one very interesting and very instructive resemblance.

John Quincy Adams was cradled in the purple of early American politics. While a mere boy he was the companion of his father, who was then engaged in some of the most important negotiations of the time. Before he was thirty he was a minister at a foreign court, and rose through nearly every degree to the highest diplomatic post in the service of the United States. He saw and knew everything that Europe could offer, and was familiar with every society, from that of emperors and kings down through all ranks of statesmen, soldiers, judges, men of affairs, of letters, and of art. Ambassador, senator, secretary of state, president, and finally

the great champion of a great principle, on the floor of Congress, Mr. Adams, for more than half a century, was one of the most conspicuous men in the United States.

Noah Webster was the son of a plain New England farmer, and sprang from a pure English stock. He fought his way upward through school and college ; carried a musket in the Revolution ; supported himself at first by school-teaching, and afterwards as a political writer, newspaper editor, and book-maker ; sustained himself and brought up his family in the teeth of a constant struggle against poverty. After years of patient toil he gave to the world his life-work in the great dictionary which bears his name, and which has gained him a place among American men of letters.

Between these two men, the president and the lexicographer, widely separated as they were in their lives, their fortune, and their fame, there is one



bond of union which stamps them as the offspring of the same era, and makes them both typical of a great force then making itself felt in the United States. Both Adams and Webster represented the national sentiment, and in very different ways were strong exponents of the same principle. Mr. Adams stood forward on many a hard-fought political field as the champion of the national as opposed to the colonial spirit, whose fetters had not been broken by the Revolution. In a similar fashion, Webster made war upon English traditions in spelling and pronunciation, attacked Johnson, exchanged hard knocks with those who assailed his reforms, and insisted, in season and out of season, that a people destined to be a great nation must settle the rules of their own language. Many of his ideas were crude and mistaken. The expression of the feeling with which he was imbued was in a curious direction, and yet the national sentiment which moved him so strongly was a noble one, and no one can fail to admire his earnest convictions and unflinching courage.

At the same time, Noah Webster's life offers but little material for a biographer. We do not know that we can praise Mr. Scudder more highly than by saying that, with a dry and unpromising subject, he has given us a very interesting book.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Scudder always writes agreeably; his style is good and varied, and he has a perception of humorous points which he brings out quietly and effectively to the great advantage of his narrative. We have here a very vivid picture of the old school-master and lexicographer, and no excuse is left now, even to a college student, to describe Webster as "the well-known author of the dictionary, who subsequently fell into bad habits, and was hanged for the murder of Dr. Park-

man." Mr. Scudder has made his hero a very real and living figure, and one which interests us, and excites our sympathies. This is no small achievement, for the composition of a wonderfully successful spelling-book and of a hardly less successful dictionary is not a feat calculated to appeal to one's imagination. Before we close the book, however, we find ourselves much attracted by the sturdy Connecticut Yankee, who was a good deal of a busybody, and not a very great man, but brave, honest, and persistent. No one can help admiring the restless energy with which he traveled from State to State to secure copy-right laws, or the dogged courage and tenacity which carried him through years of narrow circumstances and disheartening drawbacks to the completion of his *magnum opus*. The greatest success as a writer obtained by Webster was to be mistaken in some of his essays for Hamilton, who stood at the head of our literature when it was nothing more than the literature of politics. This is a tribute to Webster's simplicity and force of expression and thought, but there was after all very little of the literary man about him. He was a school-teacher and self-educated philologist, yet he cared but little for literature. We admire him most for his pluck, persistence, and rugged honesty, and for his devotion to the principle of nationality.

Mr. Scudder has filled out the measure of his book by what would be termed padding if it were ill done, but which, as it is extremely well done, may be called very fit and pleasing digressions upon colonial life and manners, upon Hartford society and the "Hartford wits," and upon the effects of the constitution. Mr. Scudder takes Dr. Von Holst to task (page 116) for saying that the "constitution was extorted from the grinding necessity of a reluctant people." The remark was made by John Quincy Adams, and its truth is very evident if we study the current opinion of the time

<sup>1</sup> *Noah Webster*. [American Men of Letters.] By HORACE E. SCUDDER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.



and examine the history of the struggles in the state conventions of 1788.

If Mr. Scudder has suffered from lack of material, and has had his labor increased in this way, and also by the limitations of his subject, Mr. Morse must have been embarrassed in a directly opposite fashion by the abundance of matter presented to him. In many ways Mr. Morse has been fortunate. He is the first to write with sufficient knowledge the life of one of the most eminent men in our history, who possessed a strongly marked character and great abilities, and who has left behind him a Diary of unequaled fullness and enormous length, in which he has minutely depicted from day to day not only himself, but innumerable men and women, both great and small, among his contemporaries. Mr. Morse has done justice to his subject and to his opportunity, both of which were unusual, and he has gained success despite the difficulties attendant upon condensation, where incidents and material were alike important, new, and unlimited. Mr. Morse's style is always attractive. He writes forcibly and with much liveliness, and like Mr. Scudder he has a sense of humor, which comes out very pleasantly whenever there is fit occasion for its exercise.

If it is difficult to write, as Mr. Morse has done, a very interesting and suggestive biography of John Quincy Adams within the compass of one small volume,<sup>1</sup> it is hardly less difficult to attempt to consider critically the life of such a man within the bounds of a brief review. It is only possible to make one or two observations on points which, by chance, come uppermost in one's mind. In discussing Mr. Adams the first thought is of the Diary, which tells posterity what manner of man he was. This vast work, in its way one of the greatest monuments of unrelenting human industry and will

which we possess, is described by Mr. Morse at the beginning of his volume with some of the happiest touches, in the way of historical criticism, that we have seen in a long time. The Diary, as a whole, and also in its details, fitly pictures its author, with his wide learning and experience, his stubborn courage and iron persistence, and his rare extent of experience and achievement. Few persons, probably, who are not special students have read the twelve large volumes of the Diary, but the admirable biography which Mr. Morse has drawn from them, as well as his dexterous use of quotations, ought now to tempt many to undertake the task.

In dealing with Mr. Adams's quarrels with the Federalists, Mr. Morse has shown a remarkable freedom from prejudice. He has frankly admitted that in this bitter controversy Mr. Adams was in the right. When it is remembered that the author's grandfather, the late Judge Jackson, was one of the thirteen Boston Federalists who attacked Mr. Adams in 1829, and was probably the writer of their pamphlets, Mr. Morse's attitude deserves praise for an openness and impartiality of mind as rare as it is honest. Indeed, we think Mr. Morse has gone too far in the opposite direction. He censures the conduct of the Federalists in 1807 and in the years immediately following with great severity; but the criticism is one-sided, because he says nothing, or next to nothing, of the short-comings of the Jeffersonians. The Federalists were much in the wrong, but their policy of an alliance with England was at least more reasonable and intelligent than the helpless, timid shuffling of the administration, with no policy at all except that of weakly deprecating the buffets of both England and France. That Mr. Adams was right in demanding war after the affair of the Chesapeake cannot be doubted, and he was almost the only man who was right at that miserable time. Whether he was also right

<sup>1</sup> *John Quincy Adams*. [American Statesmen.] By JOHN T. MORSE, JR. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.



in taking what may have seemed the only practicable step of supporting any move of the administration, no matter how feeble, is much more questionable.

With much skill Mr. Morse traces Mr. Adams's fortunes through all his embassies and foreign negotiations. He gives us a very clever picture of Washington and its society, and of life at the capital in 1817, and tells in a very interesting way the story of Mr. Adams's career as secretary of state and president. But it was after Mr. Adams had attained the highest official success possible to an American that he reached the position of one of the really great men of our history. The years in Congress were the years of Mr. Adams's truest glory. Mr. Morse has done them all the justice that his space permitted. It is a grand picture, that of the old man, rich in years, in learning and official honor, standing alone upon the floor of Congress, the champion of a despised and hated cause, and beginning single-handed the attack upon slavery and upon the literally solid South, not with a strong majority at his back, but utterly unsupported except by his conscience, his talents, and his in-

domitable will and courage. It is then that Mr. Adams emerges from the ranks of statesmen, great and small, who were only statesmen, and becomes one of the few who have in their day and generation represented to the world great ideas. He was alone in Congress, but he had the silent companionship of large masses of the people. The conscience of the North was not yet awakened; the people there felt as yet but dimly the force of the slavery question, but they knew by instinct that Mr. Adams stood for a great principle, and his words stirred an ever louder echo in their hearts. The "old man, eloquent" was lonely, terribly lonely, in Washington, but he was not so among the people; their sympathy and support were latent, but they were sure to come. John Quincy Adams was waging war upon a powerful system for the sake of the right, and the right ultimately prevailed. A great party took up the work of the solitary old man and carried it on to victory, and if he was isolated in Congress he now has a nation to sympathize and share in his principles, and to honor his courage and devotion.

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### CAROLINE FOX'S MEMORIES.

THE writing of diaries comes by nature to the Quaker. The habit of self-communion gives a calm outlook upon the world, — there is no preparation for looking out better than looking in; the constant reference to the higher life refines the judgment, — to look up enables one to look down; and the order and method which rule the mind favor the diary mode of expression. The Quaker in literature has shone with special mellowness of light in these epitomes of society. Indeed, it is only the person who stands a little on one side of the

rushing tide of life who keeps a diary at all. The daily memoranda of most men and women of action have a Jingle-like vivacity, and it is only those who have leisure of mind who can find time to-day to set down so much of yesterday as will be worth reading to-morrow. We wonder sometimes what diaries may be growing silently in our own society, storing material for a picture of life which shall please those who come after us; and we are easily persuaded that the best glimpses of our day will be from the records of cultivated women, having



access to good society, staying at home, indeed, and letting the best world in at the door, taking pleasure in preserving the ways and words of men and women who will surely be welcome to the readers of books.

For the women, whether Quakers or not in creed, have the Quaker gifts when the world will let them be their best selves. They keep alive the flickering flame of letter-writing, and make those artless confessions which have the charm and not the terror of truth. It is not the professional writers whom we have in view, but those who are eloquent to one person, and authors in the frank privacy of their journals; who use their pen with no more thought of print than they use the garden-rake with the thought of being flower-girls. Within the shelter of a home such women have the courage of their calm convictions, and they draw the best thought to them as steadily as if they could assure the givers an unconditional immortality.

Nor would one's fame be entrusted to safer keeping. Miss Caroline Fox, a young member of an old Quaker family of Cornwall, in England, kept a diary and wrote letters from 1835 to 1871, and in the book<sup>1</sup> which has been made from her writing one will not only discover fresh views of familiar faces, but once at least, in a very notable instance, a positively new portrait, which is a revelation of character novel to many persons who thought they knew the man well. Miss Fox's father, Robert Were Fox, was held in high esteem among scientific men for his investigations and practical services in the field of magnetism and electricity, and he and his brothers, occupying delightful homes near Falmouth, made their houses the resort of the best people; when Caroline Fox went to London, or traveled, she seemed to carry with her the hospi-

talities of her father's house, for she was always, by a principle of selection easily understood, in the best society. She was only sixteen years old when she began her diary, and in the earlier pages there are some unformed stories and fragmentary reports of conversations; but her hand soon becomes steady, and it is not long before we lay criticism aside, and enter heartily into the delightful life to which she admits us.

The portrait which will impress readers most vividly is that of John Stuart Mill, and Miss Fox's lines will surely have a singular value in reconstructing the popular judgment of Mill. Rather, they will justify the suspicion of many minds that the Mill whom the world thinks it knows is not wholly set forth in the later portraits. Henry Mill, a younger brother, lay dying of consumption at Falmouth, and the Foxes showed him kindness. Then John Mill came upon the scene, and this is Miss Fox's first sketch of him: "March 16 [1840]. His eldest brother, John, is now come, and Clara brought him to see us this morning. He is a very uncommon-looking person, — such acuteness and sensibility marked in his exquisitely chiseled countenance, more resembling a portrait of Lavater than any other that I remember. His voice is refinement itself, and his mode of expressing himself tallies with voice and countenance. He squeezed papa's and mamma's hands without speaking, and afterwards warmly thanked them for kindnesses received." The next day she saw him again, and had a long walk with him and Sterling. Mill talked much, and the Quaker girl's report of what he said is clear, though concise: "He was full of interesting talk. A ship in full sail he declared the only work of man that under all circumstances harmonizes with nature, the reason being that it is adapt-

<sup>1</sup> *Memories of Old Friends*. Being extracts from the Journals and Letters of CAROLINE FOX, of Penjerrick, Cornwall, from 1835 to 1871. Ed-

ited by HORACE N. PYM. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1882.



ed purely to natural requirements. Of the infinite ideas the ancients had of the world we do inhabit, and how they are limited and exactly defined by modern discoveries; however, it still remains for you to look above, and there is infinity. The whole material universe small compared to the guileless heart of a little child, because it can contain it all, and much more. . . . 'No one,' he said, with deep feeling, 'should attempt anything intended to benefit his age without at first making a stern resolution to take up his cross and to bear it. If he does not begin by counting the cost, all his schemes must end in disappointment; either he will sink under it, as Chatterton, or yield to the counter-current, like Erasmus, or pass his life in disappointment and vexation, as Luther did.' This was evidently a process through which he [Mill] had passed, as is sufficiently attested by his careworn and anxious, though most beautiful and refined countenance."

Mill drew up for Miss Fox a pretty calendar of odors, beginning with the laurel in March, and ending with the lime in July. "Speaking of motives," he said, "it is not well for young people to inquire too much into them, but rather let them judge of actions, lest, seeing the wonderful mixture of high and low, they should be discouraged. There is, besides, an egotism in self-depreciation; the only certain mode of overcoming this and all other egotisms is to implore the grace of God. . . . Our characters alter exceedingly in going through life, and this alteration enlarges our capacity of sympathizing with others; remembering what struggles we have encountered, and therefore appreciating their difficulties in passing through the same ordeal. When the change in character has been an extraordinary one, men are often observed to maintain a sort of personal hatred to their former errors and weaknesses, and then, forgetting their struggles, they shut themselves out of the

pale of sympathy." Miss Fox met Mill after he left Falmouth, and exchanged letters with him. In one of them he recounted his three successes in life thus far: that he had saved Lord Durham's political reputation; that he had greatly accelerated the success of Carlyle's French Revolution by forestalling criticism; and that he had dinned into people's ears the greatness of Guizot as a thinker and writer, until they were beginning to read him. One conversation after another is reported, and we hear what his friends say of him, as Carlyle's "Ah, poor fellow! he has had to get himself out of Benthamism; and all the emotions and sufferings he has endured have helped him to thoughts that never entered Bentham's head. However, he is still too fond of demonstrating everything. If John Mill were to get up to heaven, he would hardly be content till he had made out how it all was. For my part, I don't much trouble myself about the machinery of the place; whether there is an operative set of angels, or an industrial class. I'm willing to leave all that." Finally, after an apparent interruption of intercourse, there is a sad letter from Miss Fox to a friend, in which she says, "I am reading that terrible book of John Mill's on Liberty, so clear and calm and cold. He lays it on one as a tremendous duty to get one's self well contradicted, and admit always a devil's advocate into the presence of your dearest, most sacred truths, as they are apt to grow windy and worthless without such tests, if indeed they can stand the shock of argument at all. He looks you through like a basilisk, relentless as fate. We knew him well at one time, and owe him very much. I fear his remorseless logic has led him far since then. This book is dedicated to his wife's memory in a few most touching words. He is in many senses isolated, and must sometimes shiver with the cold."

The exquisite charity which underlies



all of Miss Fox's criticisms in her *Memories* will withdraw the book, for many minds, from the class of self-satisfied autobiographies. Miss Fox held her religious faith strongly and simply; she won her confidence step by step, as the book indicates, and with increasing trust came wider sympathy and more affectionate care for people of diverse opinions. She had a warm admiration for Maurice, the Bunsens, the Hares, and men of that way; she rejoiced also in Carlyle, and was strong in her admiration for Sterling; yet one of the last passages in the book is a touching account of her brother Barclay's death, told in language which savors of the purest Evangelicalism. It is just after this that she wrote to Clara Mill: "And then thy poor brother [John], with his failing health and depressed spirits, walking up Etna! Think of my boldness; I actually wrote to him! It came over me so strongly one morning that Barclay would like him to be told how mercifully he had been dealt with, and how true his God and Saviour had been to all his promises, that I took courage, and pen, and wrote a long history. Barclay had been the last of our family who had seen him, and he said he was very affectionate, but looked so grave, never smiling once; and he told him that he was about to winter in the South, by Sir James Clark's order. I hope I have not done wrong or foolishly, but I do feel it rather a solemn trust to have such a story to tell of death robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. It makes one long to join worthily in the eternal song of 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

The notices of Sterling are abundant and full of interest. Sterling made his home for a while at Falmouth, urged chiefly by his liking for the Fox family, and Miss Fox's journal shows the intimacy in which they lived with this rare man. It is pleasant to get these views of Sterling and Carlyle, after having

already caught a glimpse of the Foxes as seen by them. "Bright, cheery young creatures," Carlyle calls Misses Fox, and elsewhere in his *Life of Sterling*, quotes Sterling's own account of them: "Most worthy, respectable, and highly cultivated people, with a great deal of money among them, who make the place pleasant to me. They are connected with all the large Quaker circle, the Gurneys, Frys, etc., and also with Buxton, the abolitionist. It is droll to hear them talking of all the common topics of science, literature, and life, and in the midst of it, 'Does thou know Wordsworth?' or, 'Did thou see the Coronation?' or, 'Will thou take some refreshment?' They are very kind and pleasant people to know."

The skill with which this "bright, cheery young creature" drew Wordsworth out appears in the record of her conversation with him, and the honesty of her report is delightfully tempered by the gracious charity of her nature. We hardly know where to find a better vignette of the poet than in the few lines which Miss Fox writes before reporting what he said: "He is a man of middle height, and not of very striking appearance; the lower part of the face retreating a little; his eye of a somewhat French diplomatic character, with heavy eyelids, and none of the flashing which one connects with poetic genius. When speaking earnestly, his manner and voice become extremely energetic; and the peculiar emphasis and even accent he throws into some of his words add considerably to their force. He evidently loves the monologue style of conversation, but shows great candor in giving due consideration to any remarks which others may make. His manner is simple; his general appearance that of the abstract thinker, whom his subject gradually warms into poetry." And then they went on from the beauty of Rydal to Lamb's ironical praise of London, and Hartley Coleridge, and Shelley, and



S. T. Coleridge; they fell into discourse about the divine permission of evil, and shallow utility and faith. "We took a truly affectionate leave," the enthusiastic Quaker girl ends; "he held my hand in both of his for some time, which I consider a marked fact in my existence!"

Miss Fox was indeed a graceful hero-worshiper. Even autograph-hunting becomes in her hands a polite and delicate occupation, and when a lion comes in her path she takes his paw so frankly and winningly that the beast roars with all the good nature in the world. It is amusing to see the pretty discretion with which, having Tennyson at her house, she leads him along into the deeps of his own poetry; but here is a bit, taken from her report of what Henry Hallam told her, which is a real addition to our knowledge of the poet: "Henry Hallam knows Tennyson intimately, who speaks with rapture of some of the Cornish scenery. At one little place, Looe, where he arrived in the evening, he cried, 'Where is the sea? Show me the sea!' So after the sea he went stumbling in the dark, and fell down, and hurt his leg so much that he had to be nursed for six weeks by a surgeon there, who introduced some of his friends to him; and thus he got into a class of society totally new to him; and when he left, they gave him a series of introductions, so that instead of going to hotels he was passed on from town to town, and abode with little grocers and shopkeepers along his line of travel. He says that he cannot have better got a true general impression of the class, and thinks the Cornish very superior to the generality. They all knew about Tennyson, and had heard his poems, and one miner hid behind a wall that he might see him. Tennyson hates being lionized, and even assumes bad health to avoid it." This was before Miss Fox had met Tennyson. Nine years later he was at her house, and she reminded him of the enthusiastic miner, but he had forgotten

him; "but when he heard the name of Hallam, how his great gray eyes opened, and gave one a moment's glimpse into the depths in which In Memoriam learned its infinite wail! . . . Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders, like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy, and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and moustache, which one begrudges as hiding so much of that firm, powerful, but finely-chiseled mouth. His eyes are large and gray, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering. I can quite understand Samuel Lawrence calling it the best balance of head he had ever seen."

Of the Carlyles Miss Fox has many characteristic sayings to report, and she confirms well the strong impression which Mrs. Carlyle's character has lately produced on readers. She reads Emerson, too, with increasing admiration for his depth, and listens to such tales as travelers bring of the wonderful American, as when "our friend Edwards gave me some private memories of Emerson. He is most quiet in conversation, never impassioned; his ordinary life is to sit by a brook some miles from Boston, and gaze on the sky reflected in the water, and dream out his problems of existence." But Miss Fox's simplicity is plainly rewarded throughout the book by more valuable confidences.

It is difficult to stop quoting from these delightful Memories. There is about them an air of such candor and such delicate sensibility that even pieces of light gossip lose their pettiness. One lays aside the book with regret, and with a sense of having been moving in the best society while reading it. We think better of our age, and have an honest complacency in the reflection that so charming a picture of notable Englishmen should be preserved for coming readers.



## THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY.

SEBASTIAN HENSEL'S book about the Mendelssohn Family<sup>1</sup> is interesting in several ways. It gives a clear picture of the inner life of a remarkably talented family, with much inherited genius among its members. It contains the biography of one of the master-composers of this century. It illustrates the elevation of a race of splendid vitality from a despised and oppressed condition to one of political and social equality, the founder of the family being the chief instrument in the accomplishment of this end. And from first to last a striking array of famous people, eminent in social and public life, is shown in intimate relations with this family. Few contrasts in history are sharper and more immediate than that between Moses Mendelssohn at the beginning of his career, shortly before the middle of the past century, and that of his grandchildren less than fourscore years after. He began as a forlorn, hump-backed Jewish lad, whose race, both from its own bigoted laws and the laws of the land, occupied a position in Germany as alien as that of Israel in Egypt; self-kept in Hebraic bondage, and forbidding itself the customs and laws of the Germans. His grandchildren were born to luxury, reared in a palace, and lived an ideal existence, their home a courted social centre for the artistic and literary life of Berlin. Indeed, Moses Mendelssohn, who was true to his given name in leading his race the way to its self-emancipation, enjoyed the honor of being raised to intellectual leadership, and was thus recognized by his king, as well as by the princes of thought in Germany's classic days. Himself the friend of Lessing and the original of

Nathan the Wise, he had the boldness to criticise the literary course of the great Frederick, who was not a little vain of his academic laurels, — a courageous thing for a Jew in those days.

The work can lay but little pretense to literary form, the author having done hardly more than edit a loosely arranged collection of letters; and yet it is delightful reading, the letters themselves outlining and characterizing the various personages as clearly as a biographer's pen could do it. Probably few people express themselves so perfectly in private letters, in the midst of the hurried life of to-day, as the writers of these letters have done. There is too great a rush of events now for that, and postal cards are very handy. The translation from the German, by Carl Klingemann and an American collaborator, is excellent. One would hardly fancy that such flowing English was not the original language. It seems, however, now and then, as if too much pains had been taken to remove every suggestion of German origin; for instance, when, for the poetic linden, we are given the prosaic "lime-tree," which to an American reader somehow suggests the pickled limes of school-day memory. We suspect the hand of the "American collaborator" in the passage where Felix Mendelssohn, in a letter from London, is made to speak of "a quantity of apples for pies." Now Englishmen, when they come to this country, generally take pains to impress it upon us that at home *apple-pies* are unknown, although, when we go to England, we find them under the guise of very poorly made "apple-tarts."

The letters of Felix Mendelssohn-

<sup>1</sup> *The Mendelssohn Family*. 1729-1847. By SEBASTIAN HENSEL. Translated by CARL KLINGEMANN and an American collaborator, with

a notice by GEORGE GROVE, Esq., D. C. L. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.



Bartholdy, and the chapters relating particularly to him, will possess the chief interest for many readers; but they should not overlook the sprightly wit of his sister Fanny, nor the rollicking humor of their friend Klingemann, who writes often from London, whither he went in his youth in the diplomatic service. The correspondence of the younger sister, Rebecca, has a pleasant home quality about it. The numerous letters from England are of particular interest. The first one sent by Klingemann from London to the family circle of the Mendelssohns in Berlin is capital, and the witty descriptions of persons and things, though dating 1827, show that London in its essential features has changed but little since then. Felix was often in England, and his many letters home are delightfully entertaining, especially the accounts of the journey made into the Scottish Highlands by himself and Klingemann as youths of twenty years, and of the idyllic visit to an English family's country house in Wales. He was deeply impressed by the awful loneliness of the Highlands, and wrote, "Now and then you find beautiful parks, but deserted, and broad lakes, but without boats, the roads a solitude. Fancy in all that the rich glowing sunshine, which paints the heath in a thousand divinely warm colors, and then the clouds chasing hither and thither! It is no wonder that the Highlands, have been called melancholy." His picture of the lake region in England is charming: "The whole country is like a drawing-room. The rocky walls are papered with bushes, moss, and firs; the trees are carefully wrapped up in ivy. There are no walls or fences, only high hedges, and you see them all the way up the flat hill-tops. On all sides carriages full of travelers fly along the roads; the corn stands in sheaves; slopes, hills, precipices, are all covered with thick, warm foliage."

Musicians will find a peculiar charm

in accompanying the composer's career, as here shown, by playing and singing the compositions of his respective artistic periods, mentioned from time to time throughout the work. The influence of Mendelssohn's environment, particularly of the phases of nature, to whose moods he was peculiarly and delicately sensitive, can be distinctly traced; for instance, in the Hebrides overture and the Scotch symphony. After reading the composer's letters one can better understand the spirit of his works. One readily perceives how it is that the imaginative, intellectual, and soulful side in Mendelssohn's music is the most prominent, while passion seldom finds genuine expression. As with nearly all great composers, a strong and well-rounded intellectual character is shown.

Few composers have enjoyed a life so sunny, joyous, and untroubled from beginning to close as that of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's, whose most serious lament appears to have been his inability to find a suitable opera-text. It is, perhaps, fortunate for his fame that he did not, for his genius was essentially undramatic. Even his storms are very decorous and well behaved. His enchanting music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* has, however, made what is substantially an opera of that wonderful creation,—an opera, too, with the unique merit of not distorting the original in order to beautify it.

The father of Felix, Abraham Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the wealthy banker, was a man of sterling character and a finely appreciative nature. After his death his daughter Fanny wrote, "The most remarkable feature in his character, to my mind, was the harmonious development of his whole faculties, including the intellectual organs, which produced a unity of thought, feeling, and action such as we seldom see." His broad liberal mind is shown in his letter to Fanny on her confirmation in the Christian church. His saying, "Formerly I was



the son of my father, and now I am the father of my son," is one that cannot easily be forgotten. A thoroughly delightful incident is that of the courtship of Moses Mendelssohn. Fromet, the daughter of Abraham Gugenheim, of Hamburg, admired him, but objected to his deformity. "He went up-stairs, and sat down by the young lady, who was sewing. They conversed in the most friendly manner, but the girl never raised her eyes from her work, and avoided looking at him. At last, when he had cleverly turned the conversation in that direction, she asked him, —

"Do you believe, then, that marriages are made in heaven?"

"Yes, indeed," said he; "and something especially wonderful happened to

me. At the birth of a child proclamation is made in heaven, He or she shall marry such and such a one. When I was born, my future wife was also named; but at the same time it was said, Alas, she will have a dreadful hump-back. O God, I said then, a deformed girl will become embittered and unhappy, whereas she should be beautiful. Dear Lord, give me the hump-back, and let the maiden be well made and agreeable!"

"Scarcely had Moses Mendelssohn finished speaking when the girl threw herself upon his neck. She afterwards became his wife. They lived happily together, and had good and handsome children, whose descendants are still living."

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### THE TAUCHNITZ LIBRARY.

If the history of modern civilization ever comes to be written from the impartial heights of some newer and braver world, it will surely contain a paragraph upon the kindly influence of a German publisher's steadfast enterprise. Somewhere about the year 1840, it will say in effect, Mr. Bernhard Tauchnitz, of Leipzig, began the publication of the works of current English authors in neat, handy volumes, which were clearly printed, and sold upon the continent of Europe at a price much below the cost of the same works in England. There was no copyright treaty between England and Saxony, and the English author and publisher could not interfere with the sale of Mr. Tauchnitz's reprints; the English-speaking resident or traveler, meanwhile, was delighted at finding so easy an access to the latest and best English literature, and the Tauchnitz editions became favorite ones. Travelers, especially, released from the

tyranny of traditional publishing customs, were greatly pleased at discovering English books which they could buy without a sense of guilty extravagance, and carry without paying for extra weight of luggage. They became so attached to the companionable little works that they used more duplicity and ingenuity in smuggling them back to England than in conveying any other class of contraband goods.

Mr. Tauchnitz justified the praise which he received from travelers by using a wise discrimination in his choice of books for republication, and by making the authors of these books partners with him in the profits of the enterprise. His library grew in scope and in number, taking in the works of American as well as English writers, and including standard publications, which helped to make the library a representation of the growth of English literature. The style of typography was neither English



nor German, but an individual combination of the two, while the proof-reading was so unvaryingly good as to create a constant wonder. The enterprise was a business one, but it was marked by such sound judgment, good taste, fairness of dealing, and honorable regard for all concerned that it won for its projector a distinguished place in the history of literature. He was created Baron Tauchnitz, but was not in the least spoiled by the honor, continuing to give just as careful attention to his business. When he had published nine hundred and ninety-nine volumes he commemorated the event by making the thousandth an edition of the New Testament, under the editorship of the eminent scholar, Constantine von Tischendorf, whose edition of the Greek New Testament he had also published; for Tauchnitz was known, aside from his English library, as perhaps the most considerable publisher of ancient classics, sharing a reputation for this work with Teubner. In 1881, he signalized the close of his second thousand of volumes by the publication of a work which should represent in a measure the contents of his accumulation of English writings; for he engaged Mr. Henry Morley to write a history of English literature,<sup>1</sup> which should treat especially of the Victorian age, and give a rapid summary of the preceding periods.

So far we may imagine a future history to read. Probably not very much space would be given to Mr. Morley's book itself, which is the work of an industrious and somewhat ambitious man, rather than of a critic of learning and insight. It is too much to expect of any one, surveying the entire field of English literature, that he should be always apt in his selections and keen in his judgments, but Mr. Morley expects it of himself, and while he may be sat-

isfied no one else is likely to be. There is a magisterial air, which is ill borne out by the separate decisions, and Mr. Morley's weakness is especially evinced by his disposition to remain as long as he can in the company of second-rate authors. Still, if the book had an index, it would be a convenient sketch for reference.

The book interests us most because it so gayly flings its pennant as the flagship of Baron Tauchnitz's busy fleet. Whenever a name is mentioned which is represented in the Tauchnitz edition a footnote reminds the reader of the fact, and one is quickly impressed with the very comprehensive character of Baron Tauchnitz's collection. The two thousand volumes make no mean library: there are very few positively inferior books; there are a great many sterling ones; and the even excellence of the great body of the collection is noticeable. When one considers that the editor has not merely made his choice after the English or American public had set the seal of approval, but in many instances has almost forestalled a wider judgment, the praise due to the enterprise becomes greater.

The Tauchnitz edition is indeed a singular monument to sound judgment; for the scheme was so well considered from the outset that, though forty years have elapsed since the publication of the first volume, the general style of the first and the two thousandth is the same. The publisher has never seen reason to change the dress of his books, and the public, with all its change of taste, finds as good reason to like the style now as it did forty years ago. We add here the dignified note with which Baron Tauchnitz introduces this volume, for it helps to explain why his success has been so great, and why both authors and readers have given him honor: —

<sup>1</sup> *Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With a Glance at the Past.* By HENRY MORLEY, LL. D., Professor of English Literature

at University College, London. Tauchnitz Edition, volume 2000. With a Frontispiece. Leipzig: Bernhard Tauchnitz. 1881.



"In publishing the Two Thousandth volume of my series, the feeling deepest and strongest in my mind is that of gratitude to God for having permitted me to carry on my undertaking for the long period of forty years, during fifteen of which my eldest son, Bernhard, has supported me with the greatest loyalty and devotion. Many a great author, whose brilliant name is an ornament to the collection, has, during the lapse of time, passed away; and on this occasion,

when I am, as it were, placing a memorial stone of my progress, the recollection of such losses comes home to me with peculiar poignancy. But though the dead are gone, their works remain; new authors have joined the ranks; and I am encouraged to hope that the Tauchnitz edition will still proceed in its old spirit, and continue to fulfill its mission, by spreading and strengthening the love for English literature outside of England and her colonies."

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### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE often been puzzled when I tried to understand the difference one feels in the first and second reading of a letter. The first reading is like being with the friend at the time of writing. You say to yourself, as you glance down the page, "He wrote me because he thought he must," and you become indignant and chilled by his indifference and coldness. But next day, when you read the letter again, you find that it is most kindly worded, and that after all your friend said everything that you could reasonably expect. Then you blame yourself a little, and say that you must have been out of spirits, or not *simpatica*, as the Italians say. What messengers of love letters have proved themselves at times! You feel a quick sense of pleasure and warmth; you are as glad as if you really had had two minutes' talk with your dear friend,—as if he had touched you lovingly. A little note seems like a caress as you read it; but the words of it may not be particularly interesting, or in the least important to you in any way. They bring you no news and no tidings of good fortune. It was the love, and not the letter, that pleased you so much.

How quickly one tells the feeling

with which a person has responded to a request! A note comes to bring a message that the writer will give a certain sum of money for which you have made application. You have an instinctive certainty that he grudged it. And perhaps in the next note another man uses the same words, and you know that he was glad of the chance to help on some good work, and that he is a cheerful giver. I believe that I might give because I must and give because I wished to, and write exactly the same letter to two people, and one would know I was pleased, and the other be equally sure of my unwillingness. What is it that seems to bring us into personal contact with our friends, and why are the second and third readings of our letters different from the first? They have become fragments of literature; they are like pages in printed books; they are entirely impersonal, and if we think about them, and try again to catch their meaning, it is only the form of expression and the significance of the sentences. The letter is severed from its writer; it seems no longer a bit of the person's life who sent it,—it is a sheet of paper on which he wrote down his thoughts. The vitality and the quality of that life which



you felt so unmistakably at first have completely vanished. I believe that we really do receive something of what we are pleased to call personal atmosphere in the letters we open, and that we always fold up a gleam or a shadow of ourselves to send to our friends. We are most of us quick enough at catching the mood of people we are with; we know instinctively when they are glad and when they are sorry, — when we are pleasing them and when we are boring them. No disguise is possible between people who know each other well. If you try to be cross when you are in good humor, it seems a great joke, and you are most amusing; and as for being very polite when you are ready to tear a friend in pieces, unless he is a wooden-headed friend, he takes your courtesy for what it is worth. You are a charmingly worded note, that came from somebody who swore at you as he wrote it.

I am sure that exactly as we should be sensitive to the mood of the person as we stood near him and heard him speak to us, so we are sensitive to the fragment of his life that clings to the letter-paper which comes from his hand to ours. He has held it, — it has been with him; you somehow strike out the spark of electricity that was left by him in it, when you touch it first.

It is strange that so little should have been written and said of our sensitiveness to each other's atmosphere. A very wise person once said that each of us lives in an invisible sphere: with a person whom we do not like, this sphere touches his at only one point, as two billiard balls touch; but with a congenial friend each sphere, to follow a familiar law of gases, is a vacuum to the other, and there is a comfortable result of harmony and sympathy.

This atmosphere is not exactly the same thing as character; it is more a physical thing than it is that individuality of our moral nature which follows us as our shadow does. It is certainly

our closest means of coming in contact with other human natures. The attractions and repulsions we feel at meeting strangers are always instinctive, and are usually true. Who has not had to acknowledge, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the truth of his first impressions of an acquaintance? We often persuade ourselves later into thinking we were at first mistaken, but it seldom happens. We do not like people or dislike them half so often for moral or intellectual good reasons as we do from instinct. The root of our friendships and our antipathies is in the electric laws which underlie our lives. Through some persons are sent positive currents that draw our natures and theirs closer and closer together; and others — from whom the saints protect us! — are negative, and we never can control the quick shrinking and recoil that our whole souls feel at the sight and sound of them. They may be very good people, but they are not good for us; we may persuade and force ourselves into right and kind behavior, and into treating them decently, but as for the dislike, — we are not to blame for it, or they either, which moral aspect of the situation is at times most difficult to be remembered.

— The suggestion lately made of a color-cure for nervous and mental ailments has led me to wonder how much color really has to do with making one contented or ill at ease in certain houses. I am positive that most people fail as house furnishers because they aim at effects, and not at harmonies. It is not the arrangement of the furniture or the choice of pictures and ornaments that we find fault with in some parlors; the chairs are delightfully comfortable, and yet one is possessed with a spirit of unrest. Something jars and frets us; there are false notes and wrong keys struck in the attempted tune; and indeed a harmony of color is far more difficult to achieve than a harmony of sound. It takes a most refined and enlightened



skill to furnish a parlor so that from the first it will have a lived-in look, and afterward be satisfactory to its owners, while it leaves a pleasant impression upon the minds of the strangers who come within its gates. It is easy now for most people to make a room decently pretty to look at, since the cabinet-makers and upholsterers and decorators have lent a helping hand with their artistic wares. But the modern style of furnishing, with its brilliant effects, seems much like the bewitching tunes which catch everybody's ear for a time, and soon whistle and sing themselves into tiresomeness and oblivion. You admire a new, bright little parlor when you first see it, but soon find yourself wondering what that charm could have been! It seems to lack something, after all. The pleasantest parlor is one that has been lived in for many years; in which the chairs and tables have associated together and shared each other's fortunes for so long that, in spite of their strong individualities and apparent unlikenesses, they have become members of one family. Year by year small and great treasures have been brought to the room, because it claimed them and they belonged to it; and year by year there have been carried away to other parts of the house, or to well-merited destruction, the treasures that have not proved congenial. After a time, a room becomes toned up or down to the right pitch, and nothing stares at you, and it may be that nothing pleases you, especially at the first sight; only you take a greater and greater satisfaction in being in it, and you like to get back to that corner of the world, after you have been away from it. There is a companionship even in its silence, and a restfulness that is delightful, and that brings out your best thoughts and those traits of your disposition which people find admirable. It is possible only in certain places as well as with certain people to be at one's best.

With what pity we see the mistakes that our neighbors make in furnishing their houses! There are pictures whose presence is to be resented and carpets that one heartily deplores, while every chair is put in exactly the wrong place, according to one's own way of thinking. The colors in the room swear at each other, as the French say, and one is ready to forgive them any reasonable amount of profanity. A friend of mine, whose library is otherwise a pleasant place, keeps two dreadful little bright green sofas in it, that fairly bark at me whenever I open the door. They are the shade of green which one associates with jealousy. If the principles of the color-cure are well founded, I wonder that my friend's family ever wish any good to their neighbors. Nothing surprises one more than finding that people's characters almost always show themselves in the quality of the things they buy. The choice that is made in a shop is simply the buyer's idea of what belongs to him. People contrive to free themselves from the things they really hate, and are not apt to choose for companions the inanimate objects that seem to them totally depraved. Fate may place them in the midst of incongruous surroundings, but they will manage to make a little oasis for themselves with their own dear greenery and flowers in the midst of any desert. A living spring of good taste in a family will make one room charming, at any rate; and if there is one person who does n't care what things are about her, in a house that may be elsewhere charming, her own corner of it will be sure to be unpleasant. Harmony is a great puzzle to most of us who are keenly sensitive to its presence, and who are dull sometimes at understanding the reasons for the lack of it. People are suited with such different things, and the distance between the over-critical connoisseur and the man who is indifferent to his surroundings is very wide. But



our loves and aspirations take shape, somehow; we are not yet sufficiently spiritual to be willing to stop making idols, or enjoying their profitable companionship.

There are other things that make a room or a whole house uncomfortable, beside unharmonized colors. A room may be like a poem, or it may be only like verses, with a charming subtlety of arrangement and expression that still lacks the one touch of life which would give it life of its own. It is, after all, not from the chairs and tables and *portières* and pictures in our houses that we are to expect the delightful harmony and sympathy which are so dear to our tiredness; it is from the people who live in the houses, who have only gathered these lifeless things together, and who unwittingly have told us by means of them what manner of men we have for neighbors. Show me your carpets or show me your books, and I will tell you who you are, might be a good rendering of the old Spanish proverb, and as sensible a demand as its familiar "Show me your friends."

— Children's books abound nowadays, but I question if children are as well off as when their libraries were scantier. The opportunity for choice is so large that parents are commonly too bewildered to make selection, and end by taking the book the bookseller recommends, or which recommends itself by having the greatest number of pictures. Of illustrated books there are now a hundred where there used to be one. Illustration is in itself a good thing when the work is as well done as we find it to-day, but, except for the smallest juveniles, it ought not to be made of more importance than the text. It is a well-known fact that many publishers select pictures, and then order a story written to fit them; an author so hampered can never produce so good work as though his invention were given free play, and the result of his labor is often of the

poorest. Comparatively few fathers and mothers interest themselves seriously to provide the best possible mental food for the growing intelligences in their charge. The want, of a sense of responsibility in this matter is as astonishing as with regard to matters more important still. A child's mind is just as much dependent for its best development on the quality of the food furnished it as its body is upon its physical support. A child often gets more real mental culture from browsing at will in its father's library than it gets from all its school lessons. The school-teaching is mainly good for discipline of the mental faculty, secondarily for information; while the reading of books may be made a powerful instrument for moral training as well as for education of the higher qualities of the intellect, — imagination, humor, and the like. There is a notion of the necessity for "writing down" to the supposed level of the childish intelligence, which is quite mistaken. A milk-and-water diet is inferior to one of the milk 'undiluted, figuratively as well as literally speaking. A compulsory cramming of the child's mind is one thing, and a very bad one; to surround it with the best literature, and leave it to its natural reaching out after what it can comprehend and enjoy, is quite another, and a very desirable thing to be done. The intellect of many grown persons, as well as children, is dwarfed, or becomes flabby, nerveless, and inactive, for want of wholesome and substantial sustenance. Children's reading, it seems to me, is at present especially defective in stimulus to the imagination. Fairy tales have not the vogue they had twenty years ago. I have seen children whose reading I knew was limited to that class of flavorless literature so plentiful now, and it was plain that their prosaic little minds needed above all things some of this culture of the fancy and imagination. They knew nothing of those most fascinating plays of my childhood, in



which my brother and I used to live out of ourselves and out of the world of every day, having transferred our personality entirely, for the time being, into that of some favorites of fiction, — Robin Hood and his men, Friar Tuck, and King Richard, or any of the long list of Waverley-novel heroes. A move has been made in the right direction, of late, by the publication of certain classics of literature in a form suited to children's capacity. Such are the abridged editions of Froissart's Chronicle, Mallory's King Arthur, and other books which I have noticed on booksellers' counters. Some of these are, unfortunately, gotten up with so much elegance that people of moderate means cannot indulge in their purchase. The established favorites in the line of fairy tales ought never to be allowed to get out of print, for the newly-written ones do not approach the old ones in merit.

— As there seems to be a little Browning epidemic in the community, I am moved to make my humble confession to the Club, and explain why Mr. Browning included Pauline in his edition of 1868. I was the cause of his printing it, and when I have told my story the Club will see how honestly I sinned. In the preface which the poet wrote when he included Pauline among his acknowledged works he said, "The first piece in the series [that is, Pauline] I acknowledge and retain with extreme repugnance, — indeed, purely of necessity; for not long ago I inspected one, and am certified of the existence of other transcripts, intended sooner or later to be published abroad: by forestalling these I can at least correct some misprints (no syllable is changed), and introduce a boyish work by an exculpatory word." When I read that preface I felt as if I had shot a poet. When I was in London, in 1865, Mr. D. G. Rossetti told me that in looking through a collection of poems in a bound volume in the British Museum — any one may

find it there if he looks for *Poetæ Angli* <sup>18 L L h</sup> <sub>1533</sub> — he came upon Pauline, and was confident, after reading it, that it was Browning's. He taxed the poet with having written it, and received a surprised assent. Rossetti had copied the poem, and I found it a pleasant task to do the same. I told him afterward what I had done, and he proposed to me to print it when I returned to America; but I assured him that I wished it only for my own study, and should have no right to make it public against the poet's wish. Now Browning did not know my general high character and reputation for probity and delicate honor, nor did Rossetti, who probably forgot that I had said I should not print the poem, and so — this is what I guess — he told R. B. that a young American had crossed the Atlantic with Pauline in his bag. Thus, while the poem was lying in manuscript in my desk, and I was proudly aware that I was probably the only student in America who owned it, the printed work came out with that reproachful little preface. I am sincerely sorry, but was it my fault?

— I am no longer able to look forward to a pleasure which had beckoned me on for twenty years. I am certain that people in general do not think seriously enough of anticipation as a motive power. It is a force which is most controlling in life, but when a long-looked-for day has dawned at last, and its sun shines and sets, there is not a little sadness which comes with the twilight, and I now find myself plunged into a depth of reverie and retrospection, from the effect of which I may not soon recover. While I had the promise of carrying out this plan the years went by faster and faster: I have had time to grow up, and I have lived my life; great things have happened in the world; kings have died, and empires have fallen, and people have grown old, while this pleasure was kept for me. It was not a great thing in itself; it only seemed



great to me. I was like the old French peasant in the poem. All his life long he had lived within sight of the towers of Carcassonne, and all his life long he had wished to see the lovely city. He thought of it as keeping a continual holiday; he pictured to himself the knights who went riding through its streets, and the gay ladies who smiled at them from the windows. Everything was beautiful. His brother and his son had seen Carcassonne; one of them had even been to Narbonne; but he had only dreamed about this town, and had never reached it. The harvests had failed, one thing and another had hindered him; he never went to Carcassonne. Each of us has his Carcassonne, the poet sings sadly. The old peasant dies unsatisfied, but one remembers that all his life was happier because it was urged on by this hope. To journey toward some hoped-for goal, to find all one's life bordering on the road that leads to it, this is to have an inspiration that keeps one's heart brave, and will not let one stand idle or go astray.

Many years ago there was a mild day in spring, when I went to my first play. It was Bluebeard, and it was at the Museum in Boston. I was a little thing, but I had read my story-books, and I knew there were such things as plays in the world; I even had a distinct idea of the stage, and I expected a great deal from the actors. I felt myself to be, although a country child, already a dramatic critic, whose standards were not low. I had chosen to see Bluebeard rather than some other show which had been offered me. It was a great day in my life. I had even found out about Mrs. Siddons, in my story-books, and I knew how Garrick had played in London, and how Jenny Lind had sung. They were all in one grand dazzle together in my mind. I was, at last, going to the theatre myself.

I was under the charge of a friend who was a few years older than I, and I

looked at her with great admiration. She had spent all her life in town; she was used to these things, but a little thrill went over me at the thought that she did not dream how I felt about the way we were to spend the afternoon together. We had been given our lunch early, for I was assured that I should find much to interest me in the Museum before the play began.

But we were delayed on our way, — most likely at a candy shop, or to talk with some one in the street, — and I had seen only a few of the amazing curiosities in the glass cases in the lower hall of the Museum, when my friend became uneasy. I was delighted, but they were old stories to her. The people were hurrying to take their seats, and at length we heard the violins strike up a cheerful air. "We must go in," said my friend; "the play is going to begin. We will see the rest of these things after it is over. The wax figures are upstairs." We pushed our way to our seats in the theatre, but I grudged the few minutes while we sat waiting for the curtain to rise; ever since I could remember I had been longing to see some wax figures, and I asked about these eagerly. My friend told me that they were horrible things, — murders, and the like. I should see them, of course; if I wished, but I should always be dreaming of them, they would frighten me out of my wits. Nothing could be pleasanter than that, it seemed to me, and all the afternoon I was half-hearted in my joy, though the play was acted to my great satisfaction. On the whole, I have never seen one since that pleased me so much. It was long, and when we came out from the brightly lighted theatre we found that it seemed very late in the afternoon. "It is almost dark," said my friend. "We shall come again some day, you know, and you shall see the wax-works then;" and my little heart stopped, and I choked down the tears that started to my eyes, and



took hold of my friend's hand to save myself from being lost in the crowd, and we went home together. I had my first lesson that everything in life bears this world's stamp of imperfection. There was the one thing lacking in that afternoon's pleasure; there is always one thing lacking; there is one flaw that keeps everything from reaching its perfection. We must not blame ourselves for the failure; it is the mark which this imperfect world sets on the things that belong to it.

I suppose I have been a hundred times to the Museum since that day. My childish eagerness to see the treasures of art that are stored away in the upper corridors changed at last into a sad and funny sentiment about the pleasure that would some day, in its own good time, be mine; but I often thought, as I went hurrying to a play, that next time I must manage to secure the lingering delight.

The day came at last. It also happened that I was going to the Museum in company with the same friend who had taken me to see Bluebeard. "You never have kept your promise," I told her, laughingly, and we stood solemnly face to face, while I could see that she rose to a sense of the majesty of the occasion, and of my having patiently waited the greater part of my life-time. We turned, and scurried up the stairs, followed wonderingly by a companion, who was told our story, to her rare delight, as we raced along the dusty corridors. The bones and stones in the cases jingled and jarred, and must have longed to attract our attention, being of so much consequence, and treated with cold neglect; but we climbed the three crooked flights, and stood at last in the presence of the wax figures. It was altogether a sad moment to me. I caught my breath, and felt as if it were all a dream, for those strange ghastly creatures frightened me as they might have done when I longed to see them first.

I wished that I had stayed away. I not only felt keenly the burden of my years as I never had before, but it was like forcing one's self upon the secrets of the dead. I had intruded upon a solemn company of ghosts, and I might suffer for it in ways that I should hate.

It was as strange a contrast to everyday life as one is likely to find in the world. The color of the wax had been changed by time, until the faces of the men and women had an unearthliness that no words of mine can tell. There were groups of people who were dead or dying, with awful glazed eyes, and a look of horror that forty years had not worn away. The bruises on their poor foreheads made one's own head begin to ache, and the blood-thirsty pirates were such wicked creatures that one shuddered at the thought of their some day having to suffer for these sins. I walked about and looked at every group. There were reasons why I tried to behave myself well in that strange company.

The three warnings of the evils of intemperance and the simpering beauties and historical personages were alike affecting to me; it was altogether strange and dreadful. I could not laugh at their delightfully old-fashioned clothes then, as I can now; there was a pathos and dignity about their suffering and their neglected, forgotten existence that went to my heart. Above the merry players and the idle people who come evening after evening to laugh or cry at the play, above the shops and the noisy street, they sit in silence: actors who have no audience; who pose and strike impressive attitudes; who have been keeping the same smile for half a century, or mocking a death scene in such wise that if it were on the stage below they would hear such a storm of applause as the curtain fell that they would have to take each other's hands and come out, panting and wide-eyed with excitement, before the foot-lights again and again. I wondered who took



care of them, and ministered to their few wants, and dusted them once a year or so. I fancied that it must be some worn-out actor, who had played well in the tragedies in his day, who still clung to the old theatre, and performed the slight duties which were left him, with a sacred care and devotion. There should be some such man as showman; I dare say that he had left his charge for a few minutes only, and had gone down to the green room to see what was going on. I half expected to meet him coming up the stairs, with slow and feeble footsteps. The light was dim in that strange upper room, and the air seemed full of a fine dust, such as one imagines

might be found in a long-closed inner chamber of the pyramids.

It seemed strange enough to go into the theatre afterward. We had to hurry, as had happened on that other day so long before, for the musicians were already playing the overture, and we found our seats quickly; but everything seemed careless and trivial for a while. I could not forget the dismal sights overhead, and it was not until good Mrs. Vincent came close to the foot-lights, and happened to look me straight in the face with her dear, merry old eyes, that I took heart again, and seemed to wake up to the cares and fashions of every-day life.

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### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*History and Biography.* Memoirs of Prince Metternich, 1830-1835, to which we referred last month, is issued by the Harpers in two forms: in cloth, crown 8vo, as volume three of their edition, and in paper in the Franklin Square Series. — Under the title of Great Movements and those who achieved them, Mr. Henry J. Nicoll gives a series of sketches (Harpers), of a historical and biographical character, relating to changes in society and politics within the memory of living men, such as may be included under prison reform, cheap literature, penny postage, the electric telegraph, and the like. The narrative is confined to England. — James Abram Garfield, by George F. Hoar (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a eulogy pronounced by the senator from Massachusetts, admirably outlining the character which made the president's fame something more than an accident of history. — Picturesque Quebec, a Sequel to Quebec, Past and Present, by J. M. LeMoine (Dawson Brothers, Montreal), is neither a history nor a guide-book, but a collection of notes on Quebec by residents, tourists, and historians, arranged in a mosaic by a local antiquary, who supplies the mortar as well as some of the blocks. He is an enthusiast, and writes for the people of Quebec; outside barbarians will be content to pick out here and there incidents and descriptions which have relation to general history and life. It is curious to find a place like Quebec where literature seems almost wholly antiquarian in its character. — Studies in Mediæval History, by Charles J. Stillé (Lippincott), aims at giving the reader, through a succession of studies, an intimation of the organic growth of Christendom, and an ex-

planation of the relation which the Middle Ages bear to modern civilization. This is the field which is more and more to occupy the thoughts of the student of history. Here lie vast opportunities for investigation in the spirit of scientific study. Mr. Stillé's work will interest the general reader, and is intended for him. — The St. Clair Papers (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati) contains in two volumes the Life and Public Services of Arthur St. Clair, Soldier of the Revolutionary War, President of the Continental Congress, and Governor of the Northwestern Territory. With his correspondence and other Papers arranged and annotated by Wm. Henry Smith. — In the American Actor Series, the latest volume is The Elder and the Younger Booth, by Asia Booth Clarke (Osgood), daughter of the elder and sister of the younger, and contains rather material for biographies than carefully planned lives. One will find incidents of the lives of these men and get glimpses of the half-gypsy experience of dramatic people. — The sixth in the Series of Campaigns of the Civil War is Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, by General Abner Doubleday, who commanded the first corps at Gettysburg. General Doubleday's personal connection with the events of which he tells both helps and hinders him as a narrator. — Under the title of The Making of England Mr. J. R. Green narrates the history of England down to the union in 829 under Egberht, as he is pleased to spell the name of an old acquaintance. The same graphic style and seizure of pictorial incident which characterize his Short History will be found here, applied to less pliant material. The Harpers republish the work in dignified octavo, and in the



Franklin Square Library. — French History for English Children, by Sarah Brook, revised and edited by Geo. Cary Eggleston (Harpers), is written in a pleasant style, with a directness which will attract children. Just how much Mr. Eggleston has revised the book does not appear; we think it is only fair in such cases to inform the buyer wherein the book differs from the usual English copy. — Atlantis, the Antediluvian World, by Ignatius Donnelly (Harpers), is an attempt to fish the fabled Atlantis up from the bottom of the sea, opposite the Mediterranean, and make it account for all the rest of the world. No wonder the author puts a quotation from Festus on his title-page. — The England of Shakespeare, by E. Goadby (Cassell), is a descriptive sketch, intended to put the reader into possession of Shakespeare's environment. They won't get the man that way, however.

*Ecclesiastical History and Theology.* Professor George T. Ladd, of Yale College, has published the lectures on the Southworth Foundation, which he delivered at Andover in 1879-1881. The title of the work is *The Principles of Church Polity*, illustrated by an analysis of modern Congregationalism, and applied to certain important practical questions in the government of Christian churches. (Scribners.) The author brings to his work a consistent conception of Congregationalism, which is both historically founded and philosophically evolved. The results which he reaches have the great merit of presenting a practical reform, which is not only incipient in the genius of this church, but in harmony with the modern tendencies of all Christian bodies. He demands a firmer texture in the local organization, but he apparently yields the point of the possible universality of this church order when he contends that it is in the spread of its principles, and not of its form, that Congregationalism is to have a future. — *The World's Witness to Jesus Christ*, by Bishop Williams, of Connecticut (Putnams), is an ungainly shaped book of less than a hundred pages, containing two lectures delivered at Kenyon College, Ohio, upon the Bedell Foundation. The lectures relate to the power of Christianity in developing modern civilization, and the lecturer has aimed to present the line of his thought in the simplest possible form, making the theme: there was a Christ, there is a Christianity; the world before Christ was not the world of to-day, and the world of to-day owes its being to the historic Christ. — From Trübner & Co., London, comes a curious pamphlet of eighty pages, entitled *Thoughts on Theism*, with suggestions towards a public religious service in harmony with modern science and philosophy. The pamphlet bears "eighth thousand, revised and enlarged" on the cover, and if the other seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine have not been given away by the authors — for we are told that the work is not from the hands of one person — there is indication of a wide interest in this venture, which looks to the erection of a new Catholic church upon the ruins of Christianity. The "resolve" is made by somebody "to begin by building in London a handsome Gothic church, to seat not less than one thousand

persons, which shall be adorned with stained glass in every window, with suitable paintings and statues, and possessing a choir equal to that of St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey;" which strikes us as beginning about where Christianity in the eyes of some has left off.

*Fiction.* In Putnam's series of Trans-Atlantic novels is published *The Dingy House at Kensington*, in which the reader is turned round three times, and then told to walk forward seven steps and blow out the candle. — *Between Times*, or *Tales, Sketches, and Poems*, written in the leisure moments of a busy life, by I. E. Diekenga (J. H. Earle, Boston), contains eighteen stories and sketches of a generally sentimental and faintly humorous character, a story in verse, and a score or so of short poems. — *The Feet of Clay*, a novel, by Ellen Martin (Brown & Derby, New York), is a Southern novel which is baked in a very hot fire. One wonders if such novels are really written out of respect to the torrid zone. — Mr. Tourgee's new book, *John Eax and Mamelon*, a couple of long stories or short novels (Fords, Howard & Hulbert), has scarcely the interest which *A Fool's Errand* and *Bricks without Straw* had, as a picture of the South in its transition period, and the stories themselves have but moderate claims upon one's attention as works of fiction. The faults of the previous books, which were overlooked because of the interesting contributions to our knowledge of the carpet-bag era, reappear more distinctly when the moral of the stories is less conspicuous. — *Winning the Battle*, or *One Girl in Ten Thousand*, by Mary Von-Erden Thomas (Petersons), is a novel which has a curiously old-fashioned air about it, and will somewhat confound the ordinary novel-reader of the day; he will think he has found a living specimen of the pliocene or some other period.

*Philosophy and Morals.* The venerable Dr. Laurens P. Hickock has reissued his *Empirical Psychology*, or the *Science of Mind from Experience* (Ginn, Heath & Co.), and in the revision which he has given has been assisted by President Seelye, of Amherst, though no indication is given of the extent of this coöperation. It is intended as a first book in psychology, and any one who has read Dr. Hickock's work will know that his first book is by no means a primer. — *Metaphysics, a Study in First Principles*, by Borden P. Bowne (Harpers), is an exposition and criticism of our fundamental philosophical concepts. In the author's words, "Leibnitz furnishes the starting-point, Herbart supplies the method, and the conclusions reached are essentially those of Lotze." The book is one which will receive respectful attention.

*Social Science.* A second edition of Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey's important work on *Divorce and Divorce Legislation*, especially in the United States (Scribners), has received the author's careful attention, and the last part of the volume, which deals especially with the present condition of legislation and with existing tendencies, has been rewritten. Dr. Woolsey writes not as a doctrinaire, but as a wise old man who sees that laws express public sentiment more than they control



it, and he looks for the recovery of a higher condition of social principle, not so much from lawmakers as from those who have most directly to do with the consciences of men.

*Essays and Criticism.* Some Ancient Melodies and other Experiments, by N. K. Royse (Clarke, Cincinnati), is a volume containing five essays, which have in general the discursive character of this form of writing, and in particular the browings in literature of a sympathetic and not over-critical mind. Mr. Royse's playfulness is perhaps his most serious crime. — To the collected edition of Dr. J. G. Holland's writings have been added two volumes entitled *Every-Day Topics*, a *Book of Briefs*, first and second series (Scribners), and containing the short papers which he was in the habit of contributing to Scribner's Monthly, under the title of *Topics of the Times*. In one regard these brief essays have a permanent element, for Dr. Holland viewed all passing subjects in an ethical light; but one may question whether the form will hold these thoughts, and the temporary character yield to the permanent. — The Tauchnitz volume on *English Literature in the Reign of Victoria*, by Henry Morley, has been reproduced in a less attractive form by the Putnams.

*Poetry and the Drama.* Dorothy, a Country Story in Elegiac Verses (Roberts Bros.), is an anonymous English poem inscribed to R. D. Blackmore; the authorship has not, however, been kept a secret, although to many the name of Arthur J. Munby will be little more than a name. It must be pleasant to a man, after being diligent and obscure, to get behind a really good and successful piece of work and suddenly find himself called for. — *Golden Poems*, by British and American authors, edited by Francis F. Browne (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), is a substantial collection of popular poems by a great number of authors. The editor has apparently had more regard for what was popular than for what would best represent the several authors, and he has unnecessarily cut some poems. A poem belonging in such a collection can no more lose a stanza without suffering injury than a statue could be shaved at top or bottom to make it fit a niche. — *Poems and Essays*, by Charles W. Hubner, is published by Brown and Derby, New York. — The issue of a new edition of Bret Harte's *Poetical Works*, of which the first volume has appeared (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will give an opportunity which many will accept for a fresh reading of an author who, though young, lives in the enjoyment of a great reputation made years ago. The publication is an honorable challenge to the reading public.

*Books for Young People.* The *Four Macnicols*, by William Black (Harpers), is none the worse book for boys that it gives a quick-moving tale out of Scottish life, without any thought whether boys are listening to it or not. If Mr. Black knew that a boy was overhearing him, he gave no signs of knowing it. — *Real Boys and Girls*, by Mary C. Bartlett (Lockwood, Brooks & Co.), is a little book in which a family of vigorous children is portrayed in some of the adventures of young life. There is a great deal of liveliness in the book, and honest fun, and childish nonsense; there is some-

thing too of pure home feeling, and if the book had been pruned a little of some of the childish inflammation about God it would give greater pleasure. Like many of its class it is really more entertaining to those who have children than to those who have parents. — We place here William Everett's *School Sermons*, preached to the boys at Adams Academy, Quincy, Mass. (Roberts), because we should be glad if by any words of ours we could direct the book into the hands of the young. Here may be found honest, straightforward, and reverent talk upon profound themes of life and duty. The sermons are by the master of the academy, and they spring from two sources, a faith in Christianity and a knowledge of boys.

*Education and Text-Books.* Longfellow is the title of the first of a series of American Classics for Schools, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The volume aims at giving within the limits of less than a hundred pages the poems which one would naturally take up first in reading to young people. Notes are added where difficulties occur. — In the Education Library (Harpers) is published a little book on old Greek Education, by J. P. Mahaffy, which gives in compact and agreeable form much that one would search for through many books. — Two more volumes have been published of Rolfe's Shakespeare (Harpers), the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Measure for Measure*; printed on better paper and bound in fewer volumes, this series would make an excellent household Shakespeare. — The Harpers issue Oscar Browning's *An Introduction to the History of Educational Theories*, a small book, in which the writer traces the principal theories historically. There is an omission of any reference, apparently, to theories in America; we could show the Englishman a sturdy crop, and since the measure of the importance of a theory is in the extent to which it has been embodied in practice, he would find it worth his while to study some of the results of American pedagogy. — The Annual Reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard College have appeared in a substantial pamphlet. President Eliot continues his excellent practice of discussing questions of administration which bear directly upon the institution over which he is placed, but also are of interest and importance to all concerned in collegiate and university education.

*Hygiene.* Dr. H. H. Kane, who has a retreat for the cure of the opium habit, issues through the Putnams a little work on *Opium-Smoking in America and China*, which is a study of its prevalence and effects, immediate and remote, on the individual and the nation. Dr. Kane understands the seriousness of the subject, and his brief book will possibly excite alarm rather than allay curiosity, — the better use of the two. — In Van Nostrand's Science Series has been published *Sewer Gases, their Nature and Origin, and how to Protect our Dwellings*, by Adolfo de Varona. Dr. Varona, after he gets through his preliminary philosophy, comes to a practical and concise statement of causes and remedies. — *The Art of Voice-Production*, with special reference to the methods of correct breathing, by A. A. Patton (Putnams), is a little work intended not for scientists, but for



singers and teachers of singing, and aims to give a clear account of the physiological requirements of correct vocal mechanism. It is not unduly technical, and is conceived in a practical spirit.

*Literary Furnishing.* Familiar Allusions is the title of a book which is further explained as a Hand-Book of Miscellaneous Information, including the names of celebrated statues, paintings, palaces, country-seats, ruins, churches, ships, streets, clubs, natural curiosities, and the like. It was begun, but left unfinished, by the late William A. Wheeler, so well known by his dictionary of Noted Names of Fiction, and completed and edited by Charles G. Wheeler. (Osgood.) With this and Familiar Quotations and one or two other books that might be named, life is no longer a burden, and even the editor of an evening newspaper may answer the questions which he prints. — The Wit and Wisdom of the Bench and Bar, by Hon. F. C. Moncrieff (Cassell) is not so scrappy as such books are apt to be, but aims at a little literary form, the jokes being worked with the text.

*Science.* The twelfth of the little series of Guides for Science Teaching (Ginn & Heath, Boston), published under the auspices of the Boston Society of Natural History, is devoted to Common Minerals and Rocks, by William O. Crosby. The series itself is well described by its title, for it does not offer short cuts to the student, but careful notes for the teacher. — Sensation and Pain, by Dr. Charles Fayette Taylor (Putnams), is a lecture delivered before the New York Academy of Sciences, and, within brief limits, undertakes to give an outline of some of the main and primary facts of nerve-structure and nervous action. — The First Book of Knowledge, by Frederick Guthrie, F. R. S. (Putnams) is an attempt by a clever man to give to boys and girls a clear idea of many things which come within the range of familiar observation, such as things and stuff used for house-building, the elements of matter, materials used in cleaning, in clothes, food, heating and lighting, and the like. It is of English origin, but there is enough in the matter which is common to both England and America to make this little book a capital hand-book for teachers in our public schools to use as suggestion for talks with their pupils. — The latest volume of the International Scientific Series (Appletons) is J. B. Stallo's The Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics, in which the writer undertakes to determine the proper attitude of scientific inquiry toward its objects. — The Universe, or the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little, by F. A. Pouchet (Putnams), has passed to a sixth edition, and is full of marvels, for the conception of the universe is of a gigantic show.

*Fine Arts and Illustrated Books.* Mr. Bouton, New York, is the agent for an important series of popular works announced by A. Quantin, of Paris, of which four volumes have thus far appeared. The series is entitled Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts, and the subjects of the first four volumes are La Peinture Hollandaise by H. Havard, La Mosaïque by Gerspach, L'Anatomie Artistique by Mathias Duval, L'Archéologie Grecque by Collignon. The authors are authori-

ties, and the hand-books are so business-like that they are almost contemptuous of elegance in their illustrations, evidently regarding these as chartographic, and not pictorial. — If all the people who buy Mr. William Morris's wall papers, and hang the wrong pictures on them, would read his little work on Hopes and Fears for Art (Roberts), and ponder as they read, they might come to some juster sense of what household art is. Despite the somewhat languishing tone, occasionally, of Mr. Morris's rhetoric, here is a book with wisdom in it. The people who have been perplexed about Mr. Oscar Wilde will find in these pages the real thing which the traveling apostle of the day-before-yesterday Renaissance jumbled with the sham likeness. — The fourth volume of L'Art is not so rich in illustration as previous volumes have been, but its special articles, which treat of a great variety of subjects pertaining to art, are more valuable than usual. The character of the publication has been slightly changed of late, and greatly improved, as the interesting critical articles upon music and the drama testify. In the latter part of the volume the Chronicle will be missed. However, its place is filled with more important subject matter. The subscribers do not lose the newsy Chronicle, but are decidedly the gainers by the change, since it is now published as a separate part, and, while properly belonging to the regular weekly, it may be taken single, and is omitted in the bound volumes. It will be noticed in the present volume that women have been called upon many times both as authors and illustrators. This seems to be a most successful new departure. An etching by Mademoiselle Niel is certainly one of the best in the volume. The series of articles on Brussels tapestries and their marks deserves a careful reading. The five pieces in silk and gold (which are considered the most beautiful pieces in existence) have been reproduced by engraving, to serve as illustrations to the article describing them. There are several papers on Fouquet, by Bonaffé, and on Courbet, the first French realistic painter, which are full of desirable information. The article on Adrien Dubouché, who founded the Society of Friends of the Arts of Limoges, and also the Musée Ceramique, is one of the most prominent of all. It was through the exertions of Dubouché that the Musée Ceramique possessed the most important collection of ceramics in France. Among other essays of especial interest appears one on Mademoiselle Kraus, the actress, accompanied by her portraits; one on the use of the electric light in galleries, in which the writer mentions but two inventions, both of which are American; one on Alfred Faucon, artist in inlaying with metal (damasquine), which describes his process in full. It should be mentioned separately that Mr. F. S. Church, of New York, is the only American artist whose life and works are spoken of at length in this volume. The praise bestowed upon him is generous and discreet. Some of his most popular etchings illustrate this article. From articles which appear in various parts of this volume, it would seem that the editor of L'Art is especially anxious to have the ministry of fine arts in other hands than those of the under secretary of state.





HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

*\*\* The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

**Important New Series.**—The Life of John Quincy Adams, by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., the first volume in the series of *American Statesmen*, has just been published. It introduces in an admirable way an enterprise which promises to be at once of the highest value and of general popular interest.

The object of the enterprise is to set forth the facts of American political history and the principles which underlie those facts, in a series of biographies which shall not only have the special charm of biography, but which shall serve as good focal points for viewing the procession of events and influential characters in the political annals of this country.

The subject of any one biography will not be treated as if he were the patron saint of his era or the centre of influence; but, while the force which he exerted and the part which he performed will be carefully stated, these will be adjusted to their proper relation to the influences and actions of other characters, so that by a comparison of the different volumes when the series shall be completed it is hoped a clear, consecutive view may be obtained of the course and development of American political history.

The authors who will coöperate in the production of this series are persons who have made a special study of American history, and who not only by knowledge but also by literary skill are peculiarly qualified to make their part of the work valuable and attractive.

**A Delightful Miniature Library.**—Three books just published complete the series of "Modern Classics," making thirty-two volumes of the daintiest kind in form and of the choicest character in contents. Its selections include no small portion of what is best in the lyrical poetry of England and America, and also many of the finest essays, short stories, and sketches in modern literature. A list of those authors whose most felicitous productions appear in this series would comprise many of the most famous names in English and American letters and some of the noblest Continental writers.

The series makes an exceedingly desirable little library in itself, and it would be difficult to find, within the same number of volumes, or at the same small cost, an amount of literature so varied, so choice, and every way so delightful as these "Modern Classics" include.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have just issued a Portrait Catalogue of their publications, containing all of their works except some special school books, medical and law books. Brief descriptions are appended to any books whose titles fail to convey an idea of their general contents and character.

The catalogue contains portraits of several of the famous authors whose works are published by this house,—of Mr. Aldrich, Hans Christian Andersen, Björnsterne Björnson, Cooper, Dickens, Mr. Emerson, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Howells, Mr. Henry James, Jr., Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), Mr. Stedman, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Warner, and Mr. Whittier.

It is hardly necessary to add that the catalogue includes the works of scores of famous authors in addition to those named above.

This catalogue will be mailed without charge to any address on application to the publishers.

**Bret Harte's Works.**—The new edition of Bret Harte's works has already gained very just popularity. The typography and the general appearance of the books commend them to all lovers of handsome library volumes, and of course the contents commend them to a multitude of readers who are indifferent to the appearance of books if only the stories are sufficiently interesting, as Mr. Harte's stories always are. The second volume of this edition has just appeared, containing *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, *Earlier Papers*, *Spanish and American Legends*, and some of the *Tales of the Argonauts*.

The third, which is to contain the remainder of the *Tales of the Argonauts*, with *Eastern Sketches*, some of them never before included in any book, will appear in April.

**A Remarkable Tribute** was that paid to Mr. Longfellow on his recent seventy-fifth birthday by the members of the schools in which it was celebrated in all parts of the country. The tribute which the poet himself would most value doubtless was that which the children offered by committing to memory his verses, by studying the history of his life and the beautiful things which he has written.

The wide extent and the hearty character of this celebration indicate the strong hold which Mr. Longfellow's poetry has taken upon the af-



fection and respect of the American people, and it is certainly one of the brightest omens for the moral and intellectual future of the country that literature, so pure and unsensational and of so uniformly an elevating character as Mr. Longfellow's, should inspire enthusiasm to such a degree as it does in the rising generation.

**"The Artistic and Domestic Life of John Singleton Copley"** is the title of a new life of this famous portrait painter, which has been prepared by his granddaughter, Mrs. Martha Babcock Amory, and just published. It need hardly be said that it is a valuable addition to the small number of authoritative and trustworthy works upon American artists. Copley's life was a singularly interesting and varied one, and, although other writers have attempted to write of it, the present work must certainly take a foremost place, since it is based upon authenticated facts and is written *con amore*. The interest which artists and lovers of art, as well as the general reading public, take in the founders of American art centres in Copley, Stuart, and Allston. The last two have been made familiar to the present generation by the publication of their lives and the exhibition of their works, while a familiar acquaintance with Copley remains to be made. In the volume in question will be found a sketch of his works and interesting reminiscences of his son, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain. A very fine steel portrait of Copley is prefixed.

**Evenings with a Reviewer.**—Mr. James Spedding, who gained great and deserved celebrity by the skill and learning with which he edited Bacon's works, and the care with which he told the story of Bacon's life, was so impressed with certain misstatements and errors in the famous essay on Bacon by Lord Macaulay, that he devoted no little time to a careful investigation of these various errors and misstatements. The result of it was two octavo volumes, which have recently appeared in England, and of which an American edition is issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

While it cannot be expected that a very large number of people will be interested in a work like this, there must, however, be many whose interest in Lord Bacon and in Lord Macaulay, if not their interest in the facts of the case, will lead them to read this work of Mr. Spedding with profound attention; and those who so read it cannot fail to be rewarded by the rare interest of the volumes, and by the example they afford of a rigid, conscientious search in the true spirit of historical inquiry.

**Euthanasia, or Happy Talk towards the End of Life.**—A new edition of this unusually suggestive and thoughtful book has just been published. The "happy talk" is between an elderly man and his nephew on the grounds of faith in the future happiness of the good. It is wise, persuasive, and full of helpful thoughts, both for the young and the old, and this new

edition can hardly fail of a hearty welcome; it certainly could not if people knew how interesting and valuable a work it is.

**The English and Foreign Philosophical Library** has lately received some quite noteworthy additions. The third volume of Lange's "History of Materialism" completes a work that has long been regarded in England, and also in Germany, as one of the most authoritative in its department of literature, and an important contribution to the history and study of philosophical opinions. The recent death of George Eliot has naturally revived interest in her earlier literary work, and there has been a demand for the republication of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," which George Eliot translated from the second German edition. This work, which states a certain class of opinions in regard to Christianity with peculiar clearness and force, though its conclusions will not commend themselves to the judgment of all readers, is yet a work of so much importance, and written with so fair a spirit, that it may be profitably read by all intelligent persons. Mr. Baring-Gould, in his "Origin and Development of Religious Belief," speaking of the work, says, "I confess that to Feuerbach I owe a debt of inestimable gratitude. Feeling about in uncertainty for the ground, and finding everywhere shifting sands, Feuerbach cast a sudden blaze into the darkness, and disclosed to me the way."

Two other important books just added to this Library are "The Religions of India," translated from the French of A. Barth, and "A Manual of Hindu Pantheism." These two volumes commend themselves especially to that increasing number of readers who are studying the history of religions, and are interested in the forms which the religious sentiment has assumed in different ages and countries. Hardly any two recent books could be of more interest and value to students of Comparative Theology.

**"The Mind of Mencius,"** the latest addition to the Philosophical Library, is a translation from the German of the Rev. Ernst Faber, and is one of the most original and useful works on Chinese philosophy ever published. The learned editor of the "China Review" says:—

"The most valuable feature of Mr. Faber's work is no doubt the minute and lucid classification, comprehending the whole of Mencius' ethico-political and religious doctrines in a complete system, where, without force or constraint, all tenets of Mencius fall into natural groups, subdivided according to their peculiar characteristics, and bringing into a focus all the scattered rays of Mencius' rich and varied intellect."

Inasmuch as the teachings of Mencius have exerted upon China an influence second only to that of Confucius, this book, which sets forth his ideas admirably, will be found of the greatest interest and value to the student of moral philosophy, to the political economist, and, above all, to missionaries to China.



"The Republic of God" grows constantly upon its readers. It is more and more found to be a work that comprehends and clarifies much of the profoundest thought of modern times on the most important questions of religion and theology. The *Boston Advertiser* says of it:—

The great merit of the work is that, while absorbing the religious consciousness of the age, it keeps close to the truth as it has been unfolded to men through the historical consciousness of the world. It organizes religious truth upon the old Catholic basis, and yet overlooks no important contributions made by modern thought. It integrates everything with the revelation of the Christ, and presents this revelation with a force and power not elsewhere to be found. . . . It is a book easily misunderstood by routine religionists, and several readings will scarcely exhaust its meaning; but perhaps it is not too much to say that, taken as a whole, no book on the statement of the great truths of Christianity at once so fresh, so clear, so fundamental, and so fully grasping and solving the religious problems of our time, has yet been written by any American.

Diman's "Theistic Argument" is recognized as one of the ablest, fairest, and most engaging books ever produced in support of a belief in Theism. The *Iowa Normal Monthly* states its merits so aptly and forcibly that we gladly invite attention to the following paragraph:—

Whoever wishes to see the battle ground of the century fairly and ably surveyed; whoever wishes to see the truth of religion and the supernatural defended on scientific and rational grounds; whoever would delight his intellectual powers by studying a candid and masterly exposition of the deepest problems of thought, or fortify his spiritual faith by reading an argument which thoroughly grasps and forcibly states every attack of modern scientific philosophy, and yet shows that all these discoveries and theories can no more affect the foundation truths of religion than they can blot out the sun in heaven; whoever, in a word, wishes to read a convincing presentation of natural religion, as against the assaults of rationalists and positivists, should forthwith procure Professor Diman's lectures. His opponents themselves could scarcely state their arguments more forcibly than he does it for them, and if he turns their guns against themselves and makes Herbert Spencer his ally, one sees it is only because he looks at the whole truth, and the scientists have shut their eyes to the higher half of it. It is seldom, indeed, that a man has the profound learning, the intellectual power, the capacity for nice discrimination, and the judicial fairness necessary for such an argument as this, and combines with them the gift of expressing himself in transparent, eloquent, vigorous English, unobscured by technical terms. No man who is capable of thinking need fail to grasp his arguments, and no such man, whatever his own opinions may be, should fail to read this masterly presentation of the great problems over which the battles of modern thought are fought.

**Bennoch's Poems.**—Readers of Hawthorne's "English Note-Books" will remember the heartiness with which he speaks of Mr.

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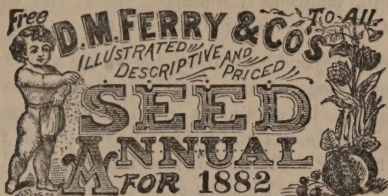
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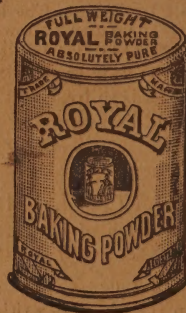
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MAY, 1882

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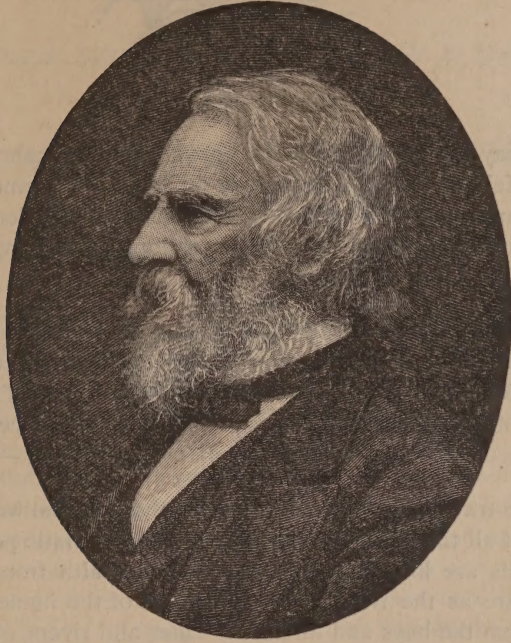
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Love him, from the bottom of our hearts.*

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

*He the sweetest of all singers.*

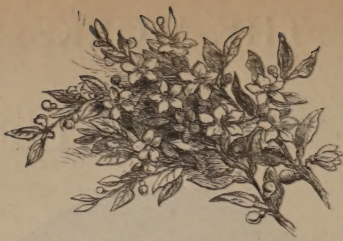
*All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
Sang of death, and life undying  
In the Islands of the Blessed.*

HIAWATHA.

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## TWO ON A TOWER.

### I.

On an early winter afternoon, clear but not cold, when the vegetable world was a weird multitude of skeletons through whose ribs the sun shone freely, a gleaming landau came to a pause on the crest of a hill in Wessex. The spot was where the old Melchester road, which the carriage had hitherto followed, was joined by a drive that led round into a park at no great distance off. The footman alighted, and went to the occupant of the carriage, a lady of about six and twenty. She was looking through the opening afforded by a field-gate at the undulating stretch of country beyond. In pursuance of some remark from her, the servant looked in the same direction.

The central feature of the middle distance, as they beheld it, was a circular isolated hill, of no great elevation, which placed itself in strong chromatic contrast with a wide acreage of surrounding arable by being covered with fir-trees. The trees were all of one size and age, so that their tips assumed the precise curve of the hill they grew upon. This pine-clad protuberance was yet further marked out from the general landscape by having on its summit a tower in the form of a classical column, which, though partly immersed in the

plantation, rose above the tree-tops to a considerable height. Upon this object the eyes of lady and servant were bent.

"Then there is no road leading near it?" she asked.

"Nothing nearer than where we are now, my lady."

"Oh! Then drive home." And the carriage rolled on its way.

A few days later, the same lady, in the same carriage, passed that spot again. Her eyes, as before, turned to the distant tower.

"Nobbs," she said, "could you find your way home through that field, so as to get near the outskirts of the plantation?"

The coachman regarded the field. "Well, my lady," he observed, "in dry weather we might drive in there, and so get across by Five-and-Twenty Acres, all being well. But the valler ground is so heavy after these rains that — perhaps it would hardly be safe to try it now."

"Perhaps not," she assented indifferently. "Remember it, will you, at a drier time." And again the carriage sped along the road, the lady's eyes resting on the segmental hill, the blue trees that muffled it, and the column that formed its apex, till they were out of sight.



A long time elapsed before that lady drove over the hill again. It was February ; the soil was now unquestionably dry, the weather and scene being in other respects much as they had been before. The familiar shape of the column seemed to remind her that at last an opportunity for a close inspection had arrived. Giving her directions, she saw the gate opened, and after a little manœuvring the carriage swayed slowly into the uneven field. Although the pillar stood upon the hereditary estate of her husband, the lady had never visited it, owing to its insulation by this well-nigh impracticable ground. The drive to the base of the hill was tedious and jerky, and on reaching it she alighted, directing that the carriage should be driven back empty over the clods, to wait for her on the nearest edge of the field. She then ascended beneath the trees on foot.

The column now showed itself as a much more important erection than it had appeared from the road, or the park, or the windows of Welland House, her residence hard by, whence she had surveyed it hundreds of times without ever feeling a sufficient interest in its details to investigate them. The column had been erected in the last century, as a substantial memorial of her husband's great-grandfather, a respectable officer who had fallen in the American war, and the reason of her lack of interest was partly owing to her relations with this husband, of which more anon. It was little more than the sheer desire for something to do — the chronic desire of her curiously lonely life — that had brought her here now. She was in a mood to welcome anything that would in some measure disperse an almost killing *ennui*. She would have welcomed even a misfortune. She had heard that from the summit of the pillar three counties could be seen. Whatever pleasurable effect was to be derived from looking into three counties

at the same time she would enjoy to-day.

The fir-shrouded hill-top turned out to be an old Roman camp, — if it were not an old British castle, or an old Saxon field of Witenagemote, — with remains of an outer and an inner valium, a winding path leading up between their overlapping ends by an easy ascent. The spikelets from the trees formed a soft carpet over the route, and occasionally a brake of brambles barred the interspaces of the trunks. Soon she stood immediately at the foot of the column.

It had been built in the Tuscan order of architecture, and was really a tower, being hollow, with steps inside. The gloom and solitude which prevailed round the base were remarkable. The sob of the environing trees was here expressively manifest, and as, in the light breeze, their thin, straight stems rocked in seconds, like inverted pendulums, some boughs and twigs rubbed the pillar's sides, or occasionally clicked in catching each other. Below the level of their summits the masonry was lichen-stained and mildewed, for the sun never pierced that moaning cloud of blue-black vegetation ; pads of moss grew in the joints of the stone-work, and here and there shade-loving insects had engraved on the mortar patterns of no human style or meaning, but curious and suggestive. Above the trees the case was different : the pillar rose into the sky a bright and cheerful thing, unimpeded, clean, and flushed with the sunlight.

The spot was seldom visited by a pedestrian, except perhaps in the shooting season. The rarity of human intrusion was evidenced by the mazes of rabbit-runs, the feathers of shy birds, the exuviae of reptiles ; as also by the fresh and uninterrupted paths of squirrels down the sides of trunks, and thence horizontally away. The circumstance of the plantation being an island in the midst



of an arable plain sufficiently accounted for this lack of visitors. Few unaccustomed to such places can be aware of the insulating effect of plowed ground, when no necessity compels people to traverse it. This rotund hill of trees and brambles, standing in the centre of a plowed field of some ninety or a hundred acres, was probably visited less frequently than a rock would have been visited in a lake of equal extent.

She walked round the column to the other side, where she found the door through which the interior was reached. The paint, if it had ever had any, was all washed from its face, and down the decaying surface of the boards liquid rust from the nails and hinges had run in red stains. Over the door was a stone tablet, bearing, apparently, letters or words; but the inscription, whatever it was, had been smoothed over with a plaster of lichen.

Here stood this aspiring piece of masonry, erected as the most conspicuous and ineffaceable reminder of a man that could be thought of; and yet the whole aspect of the memorial betokened forgetfulness. Probably not a dozen people within the district knew the name of the person commemorated, while perhaps not a soul remembered whether the column was hollow or solid, whether with or without a tablet and a door. She herself had lived within a mile of it for the last five years, and had never come near it till now.

She had no intention of ascending, but finding that the door was not fastened she pushed it open with her foot, and entered. A scrap of writing-paper lay within, and arrested her attention by its freshness. Some human being, then, knew the spot, despite her surmises. But as the paper had nothing on it, no clew was afforded; yet, feeling herself the proprietor of the column and of all around it, her self-assertiveness was sufficient to lead her on. The staircase was lighted by slits in the wall, and

there was no difficulty in reaching the top, the steps being quite unworn. The trap door giving on to the roof was open, and on looking through it an interesting spectacle met her eye.

A youth was sitting on a stool in the centre of the lead flat which formed the summit of the column, his eye being applied to the end of a large telescope that stood before him on a tripod. This sort of presence was unexpected, and the lady started back into the shade of the opening. The only effect produced upon him by her footfall was an impatient wave of the hand, without removing his eye from the instrument, as if to forbid her or anybody interrupting him.

Pausing where she stood, the lady examined the aspect of the individual who thus made himself so completely at home on a building which she deemed her unquestioned property. He was a youth who might properly have been characterized by a word which the judicious chronicler would not readily use in such a connection, preferring to reserve it for raising images of the opposite sex. Whether because no deep felicity is likely to arise from the circumstance, or from any other reason, to say in these days that a youth is beautiful is not to award him that amount of credit which the expression would have carried with it if he had lived in the times of the Classical Dictionary. So much, indeed, is the reverse the case that the assertion creates an awkwardness in saying anything more about him. The beautiful youth usually verges so perilously on the incipient coxcomb, who is about to become the Lothario or Juan among the neighboring maidens, that, for the due understanding of our present young man, his sublime innocence of any thought concerning his own material aspect, or that of others, is most fervently asserted, and must be as fervently believed.

Such as he was, there the lad stood.



The sun shone full in his face, and his hat was pushed aside for convenience, disclosing a curly head of very light, shining hair, which accorded well with the flush upon his cheek. He had such a complexion as that with which Raphael enriches the countenance of the youthful son of Zacharias, — a complexion which, though clear, is far enough removed from virgin delicacy, and suggests plenty of sun and wind as its accompaniment. His features were sufficiently straight in the contours to correct the beholder's first impression that the head was the head of a girl. Beside him stood a little oak table, and in front was the telescope.

His visitor had ample time to make these observations; and she may have done so all the more keenly through being herself of a totally opposite type. Her hair was black as midnight, her eyes had no less deep a shade, and her complexion showed the richness demanded as a support to these decided features. As she continued to look at the pretty fellow before her, apparently so far abstracted into some speculative world as scarcely to need a real one, a warmer wave of her warm temperament glowed visibly through her, and a qualified observer might from this have hazarded a guess that there was Southern blood in her veins.

But even the interest attaching to the youth could not arrest her attention forever, and as he made no further signs of moving his eye from the instrument she broke the silence with "What do you see? — something happening somewhere?"

"Yes, quite a catastrophe," he automatically murmured, without moving round.

"What?"

"A cyclone in the sun."

The lady paused, as if to consider the doubtful weight of that event in the scale of terrene life. "Will it make any difference to us, here?" she asked.

The young man by this time seemed to be awakened to the consciousness that somebody unusual was talking to him, and he turned.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought it was my relative come to look after me. She often comes about this time."

He continued to look at her and forget the sun, just such a reciprocity of influence as might have been expected between a dark lady and a flaxen-haired youth making itself apparent in the faces of each.

"Don't let me interrupt your observations," said she.

"Ah, no," said he, again applying his eye; whereupon his face lost the animation which her presence had lent it, and became immutable as that of a bust, though superadding to the serenity of repose the sensitiveness of life. The expression that settled on him was one of awe. Not unaptly might it have been said that he was worshipping the sun. Among the various intensities of that worship which have prevailed since the first intelligent being saw the luminary decline westward, as the young man now beheld it doing, his was not the weakest. He was engaged in what may be called a very chastened or schooled form of that first and most natural of adorations.

"But would you like to see it?" he recommenced. "It is an event that is witnessed only about once in two or three years, though it may occur often enough."

She assented, and looked, and saw a whirling mass, in the centre of which the fiery globe seemed to be laid bare to its core. It was a peep into a maelstrom of fire, taking place where nobody had ever been or ever would be.

"It is the strangest thing I ever beheld," she said. Then he looked again; and, wondering who her companion could be, she asked, "Are you often here?"

"Every night when it is not cloudy, and often in the day."



"Ah, night, of course. The heavens must be beautiful from this point."

"They are rather more than that."

"Indeed! Have you entirely taken possession of this column?"

"Entirely."

"But it is my column," she said, with smiling asperity.

"Then are you Lady Constantine, wife of the absent Sir Blount Constantine?"

"I am Lady Constantine."

"Ah, then I agree that it is yours. But will you allow me to rent it of you for a time, Lady Constantine?"

"You have taken it, whether I allow it or not. However, in the interests of science it is advisable that you continue your tenancy. Nobody knows you are here, I suppose?"

"Hardly anybody."

He then took her down a few steps into the interior, and showed her some ingenious contrivances for stowing articles away. "Nobody ever comes near the column,—or, as it's called here, Rings-Hill Spear," he continued; "and when I first came up it nobody had been here for thirty or forty years. The staircase was choked with daws' nests and feathers, but I cleared them out."

"I understood the column was always kept locked?"

"Yes, it has been so. When it was built, in 1782, the key was given to my great-grandfather, to keep by him in case visitors should happen to want it. He lived just down there where I live now." He denoted by a nod a little dell lying immediately beyond the plowed land which environed them. "He kept it in his bureau, and as the bureau descended to my grandfather, my mother, and myself, the key descended with it. After the first thirty or forty years, nobody ever asked for it. One day I saw it, lying rusty in its niche, and, finding that it belonged to this column, I took it and came up. I stayed here till it was dark, and the stars came out, and that night I

resolved to be an astronomer. I came back here from school three months ago, and I mean to be an astronomer still." He lowered his voice. "I aim at nothing less than the dignity and office of ASTRONOMER-ROYAL, if I live. Perhaps I shall not live."

"I don't see why you should suppose that. How long are you going to make this your observatory?"

"About a year,—till I have obtained a practical familiarity with the heavens. Ah, if I only had a good equatorial!"

"What is that?"

"A proper instrument for my pursuit. But time is short, and science is infinite,—how infinite only those who study astronomy fully realize,—and perhaps I shall be worn out before I make my mark."

She seemed to be greatly struck with the odd mixture in him of scientific earnestness and melancholy mistrust of all things human. Perhaps it was owing to the nature of his studies. "You are often on this tower alone at night?" she said.

"Yes; at this time of the year particularly, and while there is no moon. I observe from seven or eight till about two in the morning, with a view to my great work on variable stars. But with such a telescope as this—well, I must put up with it!"

"Can you see Saturn's ring and Jupiter's moons?"

He said dryly that he could manage to do that, not without some contempt for the state of her knowledge.

"I have never seen any planet or star through a telescope."

"If you will come the first clear night, Lady Constantine, I will show you any number. I mean, at your express wish; not otherwise."

"I should like to come, and possibly may at some time. These stars that vary so much—sometimes evening stars, sometimes morning stars, sometimes in the east, and sometimes in the west—have always interested me."



"Ah — now there is a reason for your not coming. Your ignorance of the realities of astronomy is so satisfactory that I will not disturb it except at your serious request."

"But I wish to be enlightened."

"Let me caution you against it."

"Is enlightenment on the subject, then, so terrible?"

"Yes, indeed."

She laughingly declared that nothing could have so piqued her curiosity as his statement, and turned to descend. He helped her down the stairs and through the briers. He would have gone further, and crossed the open corn-land with her, but she preferred to go alone. He then retraced his way to the top of the column, but, instead of looking longer at the sun, watched her diminishing towards the distant fence, behind which waited the carriage. When in the midst of the field, a dark spot on an area of brown, there crossed her path a moving figure, whom it was as difficult to distinguish from the earth he trod as the caterpillar from its leaf, by reason of the excellent match between his clothes and the clods. He was one of a dying-out generation who retained the principle, nearly unlearned now, that a man's habiliments should be in harmony with his environment. Lady Constantine and this figure halted beside each other for some minutes; then they went on their several ways.

The brown person was a laboring man known to the world of Welland as Haymoss (the "worn" form of the word Amos, to adopt the phrase of philologists). The reason of the halt had been the following dialogue:—

*Lady Constantine*: "Who is that?"  
*Amos Fry*, I think."

*Haymoss*: "Yes, my lady; a homely barley driller, born under the very eavesdroppings of your ladyship's smallest out-buildings, in a manner of speaking, — though your ladyship was neither born nor 'tempted at that time."

*Lady C.*: "Who lives in the old house behind the plantation?"

*H.*: "Old Gammer Martin, my lady, and her grandson."

*Lady C.*: "He has neither father nor mother, then?"

*H.*: "Not a single one, my lady."

*Lady C.*: "Where was he educated?"

*H.*: "At Warborne, — a place where they draw up young gam'sters' brains like rhubarb under a ninepenny pan, my lady, excusing my common way. They hit so much larning into en that 'a could talk like the day of Pentecost; which is a wonderful thing for a simple boy, and his mother only the plainest ciphering woman in the world. Warborne Grammar School — that's where 't was 'a went to. His father, the reverent Pa'son St. Cleeve, made a terrible bruckle hit in 's marrying, in the sight of the high. He were the curate here, my lady, for a length o' time."

*Lady C.*: "Oh, curate. It was before I knew the village."

*H.*: "Ay, long and merry ago! And he married Farmer Martin's daughter, — Giles Martin, a limberish man, who used to go rather bad upon his lags, if you can mind. I knowed the man well enough; who should know en better! The maid was a poor windling thing, and, though a playward piece o' flesh when he married her, 'a socked and sighed, and went out like a snoff. Well, when Pa'son St. Cleeve married this homespun woman the toppermost folk would n't speak to his wife. Then he dropped a cuss or two, and said he 'd no longer get his living by curing their twopenny souls o' such damn nonsense as that (excusing my common way), and he took to farming straightway, and then 'a dropped down dead in a nor'-west thunder-storm; it being said — hee-hee! — that Master God was in tantrums wi' en for leaving his service, — hee-hee! I give the story as I heard it, my lady, but be dazed if I believe in such trumpery behavior of the fokes in the sky,



nor anything else that's said about 'em. Well, Swithin, the boy, was sent to the grammar school, as I say for; but what with having two stations of life in his blood, he's good for nothing, my lady. He mopes about, — sometimes here, and sometimes there; nobody troubles about en."

Lady Constantine thanked her informant, and proceeded onward. To her, as a woman, the most curious feature in the afternoon's incident was that this lad, of striking beauty, scientific attainments, and cultured bearing, should be linked, on the maternal side, with a local agricultural family through his father's matrimonial eccentricity. A more attractive feature in the case was that the same youth, so capable of being ruined by flattery, blandishment, pleasure, even gross prosperity, should be at present living on in a primitive Eden of unconsciousness, with aims towards whose accomplishment a Caliban shape would have been as effective as his own.

## II.

Swithin St. Cleeve lingered on at his post, until the more sanguine birds of the plantation, already recovering from their midwinter consternation, piped a short evening hymn to the vanishing sun. The landscape was gently concave; with the exception of tower and hill, there were no points on which late rays might linger; and hence the dish-shaped ninety acres of tilled land assumed a uniform hue of shade quite suddenly. The one or two stars that appeared were quickly clouded over, and it was soon obvious that there would be no sweeping the heavens that night. After tying a piece of tarpaulin, which had once seen service on his maternal grandfather's farm, over all the apparatus around him, he went down the stairs in the dark, and locked the door. With the key in his pocket, he descended

through the underwood on the side of the slope opposite to that trodden by Lady Constantine, and crossed the field in a line mathematically straight, and in a manner that left no traces, by keeping in the same furrow all the way on tip-toe. In a few minutes he reached a little dell, which occurred quite unexpectedly on the other side of the field-fence, and descended to a venerable thatched house, whose enormous roof, broken up by dormers as big as haystacks, could be seen even in the twilight. Over the white walls, built of chalk in the lump, outlines of creepers formed dark patterns, as if drawn in charcoal.

Inside the house his maternal grandmother was sitting by a wood fire. Before it stood a pipkin, in which something was evidently kept warm. An eight-legged oak table in the middle of the room was laid for a meal. This woman of eighty-three, in a large mob cap, under which she wore a little cap to keep the other clean, retained faculties but little blunted. She sat looking into the fire, with her hands upon her knees, quietly reënacting in her brain certain of the long chain of episodes, pathetic, tragical, and humorous, which had constituted the parish history for the last sixty years. On Swithin's entry she looked up at him in a sideway direction.

"You should not have waited for me, granny," he said.

"'Tis of no account, my child. I've had a nap while sitting here. Yes, I've had a nap, and was up in my old country again, as usual. The place was as natural as when I left it, — e'en just threescore years ago. All the folks and my old aunt were there, as when I was a child, — 'and when I awoke, behold it was a dream!' I suppose if I were really to set out and go there, hardly a soul would be left alive to say to me dog how art! But tell Hannah to stir her stumps and serve supper, — though I'd fain do it myself, the poor old soul is getting so unhandy!"



Hannah revealed herself to be much nimbler and several years younger than granny, though of this the latter seemed to be oblivious. When the meal was nearly over Mrs. Martin produced the contents of the mysterious vessel by the fire, saying that she had caused it to be brought in from the back kitchen, because Hannah was hardly to be trusted with such things, she was becoming so childish.

"What is it, then?" said Swithin. "Oh, one of your special puddings." At sight of it, however, he added reproachfully, "Now, granny!"

Instead of being round it was in shape an irregular boulder that had been exposed to the weather for centuries, — a little scrap pared off here, and a little piece broken away there; the general aim being, nevertheless, to avoid destroying the symmetry of the pudding, while taking as much as possible of its substance.

"The fact is," added Swithin, "the pudding is half gone!"

"I've only sliced off the merest paring once or twice, to taste if it was well done!" pleaded granny Martin, with wounded feelings. "I said to Hannah, when she took it up, 'Put it here to keep it warm, as there's a better fire than in the back kitchen.'"

"Well, I am not going to eat any of it!" said Swithin decisively, as he rose from the table, pushed away his chair, and went up-stairs; the other station of life that was in his blood, and had been brought out by the grammar school, probably stimulating him.

"Ah, the world is an ungrateful city! 'T was a pity I did n't go under ground and disappear from history sixty years ago, instead of leaving my own country to come here!" mourned old Mrs. Martin. "But I told his mother how 't would be, — marrying so many notches above her. The child was sure to chaw high, like his father."

When Swithin had been up-stairs a

minute or two, however, he altered his mind, and, coming down again, ate all the pudding, with the aspect of a person engaged in a deed of great magnanimity. The relish with which he did so restored the unison that knew no more serious interruptions than such as this.

"Mr. Torkingham has been here this afternoon," said his grandmother; "and he wants me to let him meet some of the choir here to-night for practice. They who live at this end of the parish won't go to his house to try over the tunes, because 't is so far, they say; and so 't is, poor men. So he's going to see what coming to them will do. He asks if you would like to join."

"I would if I had not so much to do."

"But it is cloudy to-night."

"Yes; but I have calculations without end, granny. Now, don't you tell him I'm in the house, will you, and then he'll not ask for me."

"But if he should, must I then tell a lie, Lord forgive me?"

"No, you can say I'm up-stairs; he must think what he likes. Not a word about the astronomy to any of them, whatever you do. I should be called a visionary, and all sorts."

"So thou beest, child. Why can't ye do something that's of use?" —

At the sound of footsteps Swithin beat a hasty retreat up-stairs, where he struck a light, and revealed a table covered with books and papers, while round the walls hung star-maps and other diagrams illustrative of celestial phenomena. In a corner stood a huge paste-board tube, which a close inspection would have shown to be intended for a telescope. Swithin hung a thick cloth over the window, in addition to the curtains, and sat down to his papers. On the ceiling was a black stain of smoke, and under this he placed his lamp, evidencing that the midnight oil was consumed on that precise spot pretty often.

Meanwhile, there had entered to the



room below a personage who, to judge from her voice and the quick pit-pat of her feet, was a female, young and blithe. Mrs. Martin welcomed her by the title of Miss Tabitha Lark, and inquired what wind had brought her that way; to which the visitor replied that she had come for the singing.

"Oh, you are one of them? Sit ye down. And do you still go to the House to read to my lady?"

"Yes, I go and read; but as to getting my lady to hearken, that's more than a team of six horses could force her to do." The girl had a remarkably smart and fluent utterance, which was probably a cause, or a consequence, of her vocation.

"'Tis the same story, then?" said grandmother Martin.

"Yes. Eaten out with listlessness. She's neither sick nor sorry, but how dull and dreary she is, only herself can tell. When I get there in the morning, there she is sitting up in bed, for my lady don't care to get up; and then she makes me bring this book and that book, till the bed is heaped up with immense volumes, that half bury her, making her look, as she leans upon her elbow, like the stoning of Stephen in the church-window. She yawns; then she looks towards the tall glass; then she looks out at the weather, mooning her great black eyes, and fixing them on the sky as if they stuck there, while my tongue goes flick-flack along, a hundred and fifty words a minute; then she looks at the clock; then she asks me what I've been reading."

"Ah, poor soul!" said granny. "No doubt she says in the morning, 'Would God it were evening,' and in the evening, 'Would God it were morning,' like the disobedient woman in Deuteronomy."

Swithin, in the room overhead, had suspended his calculations, for the dialogue interested him. There now crunched heavier steps outside the door, and his grandmother could be heard

greeting sundry representatives of the bass and tenor voice, who lent a cheerful and well-known personality to the names Sammy Blore, Nat Chapman, Hezekiah Biles, and Haymoss Fry (the latter being one with whom the reader has already a distant acquaintance); besides these came small producers of treble, who had not yet developed into such distinctive units of society as to require particularizing.

"Is the good man come?" asked Nat Chapman. "No, — I see we are here afore him. And how is it with aged women to-night, Mrs. Martin?"

"Tedious traipsing enough with this one, Nat. Sit ye down. Well, little Freddy, you don't wish in the morning that 't were evening, and at evening that 't were morning again, do you Freddy, trust ye for it?"

"Now, who might wish such a thing as that, Mrs. Martin? — nobody in this parish?" asked Sammy Blore curiously.

"My lady is always wishing it," spoke up Miss Tabitha Lark.

"Oh, she! Nobody can be answerable for the wishes of that onnatural class of mankind. Not but that the woman's heart-strings is tried in many aggravating ways."

"Ah, poor woman!" said granny. "The state she finds herself in — neither maid, wife, nor widow, as you may say — is not the primeest form of life for keeping in good spirits. How long is it since she has heard from Sir Blount, Tabitha?"

"Two years and more," said the young woman. "He went into one side of Africa, as it might be, three St. Martin's days back. I can mind it, because 't was my birthday. And he meant to come out the other side. But he did n't. He has never come out at all."

"For all the world like losing a rat in a barley-mow," said Hezekiah, glancing round for corroboration. "He's



lost, though you know where he is." His comrades nodded. "Ay, my lady is a walking weariness, that's plain. I seed her yawn just at the very moment when the fox was holloed away by Harton Copse, and the hounds ran him all but past her carriage wheels. If I were she, I'd see a little life; though there's no fair, club-walking, nor feast, to speak of, till Easter week, — that's true."

"She dares not. She's under solemn oath and testament to do no such thing."

"Be cust if I would keep any such oath and testament! But here's the pa'son, if my ears don't deceive me."

There was a noise of horse's hoofs without, a stumbling against the door-scraper, a tethering to the window-shutter, a creaking of the door on its hinges, and a voice which Swithin recognized as Mr. Torkingham's. He greeted each of the previous arrivals by name, and stated that he was glad to see them all so punctually assembled.

"Ay, sir," said Haymoss Fry. "'T is only my jints that have kept me from assembling myself long ago. I'd assemble upon the top of Welland Steeple, if 't were n't for my jints. I assure ye, Pa'son Tarkengham, that in the clitch o' my knees, where the rain used to come through, when I was cutting clots for the new lawn, in old my lady's time, 't is as if rats were gnawing, every now and then. When a feller's young he's too small in the brain to see how soon a constitution can be squandered, worse luck!"

"True," said Biles, to fill the time while the parson was engaged in finding the psalms. "A man's a fool till he's forty. Often have I thought, when hay-pitching, and the small of my back seeming no stouter than a harnet's, 'The Lord send that I had but the making of laboring men for a twelvemonth!' I'd gie every man jack two good backbones, even if the alteration was as wrong as forgery."

"Four, — four backbones," said Haymoss, decisively.

"Yes, four," threw in Sammy Blore, with additional weight of experience. "For you want one in front for breast-plowing and such like, one at the right side for ground-dressing, and one at the left side for turning mixens."

"Well, four. Then next I'd move every man's wynd-pipe a good span away from his clutch-pipe, so that at harvest time he could fetch breath in's drinking, without being choked and strangled as he is now. Thinks I, when I feel the victuals going" —

"Now we'll begin," interrupted Mr. Torkingham, his mind returning to this world again on concluding his search for a hymn.

Thereupon the racket of chair-legs on the floor signified that they were settling into their seats, — a disturbance which Swithin took advantage of by going on tiptoe across the floor above, and putting sheets of paper over knot-holes in the boarding at points where carpet was lacking, that his lamp-light might not shine down. The absence of a ceiling beneath rendered his position virtually that of one suspended in the same apartment.

The parson announced the tune, and his voice burst forth with "Onward, Christian soldiers!" in notes of rigid cheerfulness. In this start, however, he was joined only by the girls and boys, the men furnishing but an accompaniment of ahas and hems. Mr. Torkingham stopped, and Sammy Blore spoke: —

"Beg your pardon, sir, — if you'll deal mild with us a moment. What with the wind and walking, my throat's rough as a grater; and not knowing you were going to hit up that minute, I had n't hawked, and I don't think Hezzy and Nat had, either, — had ye, souls?"

"I had n't done it thoroughly, that's true," said Hezekiah.

"Quite right of you, then, to speak,"



said Mr. Torkingham. "Don't mind explaining; we are here for practice. Now clear your throats, then, and at it again."

There was a noise as of atmospheric hoes and scrapers, and the bass contingent at last got under way with a time of its own. "Honwerd, Christen sojers!"

"Ah, that's where we are so defective, — the pronunciation," interrupted the parson. "Now repeat after me: 'On-ward, Christ-ian, sol-diers.'"

The choir repeated like an exaggerative echo: "On-wed, Chris-ting, sol-jaws."

"Better!" said the parson, in the strenuously sanguine tones of a man who got his living by discovering a bright side in things where it was not very perceptible to other people. "But it should not be given with quite so extreme an accent; or we may be called affected by other parishes. And Nathaniel Chapman, there's a jauntiness in your manner of singing which is not quite becoming. Why don't you sing more earnestly?"

"My conscience won't let me, sir," said Nat. "They say every man for himself; but, thank God, I'm not so mean as to lessen old fokes' chances by singing earnest in the prime o' life."

"It's bad reasoning, Nat, I fear. Now, perhaps we had better sol-fa the tune. Eyes on your books, please. *Sol-sol! fa-fa! mi*" —

"I can't sing like that, not I!" said Sammy Blore, with condemnatory astonishment. "I can sing genuine music, like F and G; but not anything so much out of the order of nature as that."

"Perhaps you've brought the wrong book, sir?" chimed in Haymoss kindly. "I've knowed music early in life, and late, — in short, ever since Luke Sneap broke his new fiddle-bow in the wedding psalm, when Pa'son Wilton brought home his bride (you can mind the time, Sammy? — at 'His wife, like a fair fer-

tile vine, her lovely fruit shall bring,' when the young woman turned as red as a rose, not knowing 't was coming). I've knowed music ever since then, I say, sir, and never heard the like o' that. Every martel note had his name of A, B, C, at that time and since."

"Yes, yes, — but this is a more recent system."

"Still, you can't alter a old-established note that's A or B by nater," rejoined Haymoss, with yet deeper conviction that Mr. Torkingham was getting off his head. "Now sound A, neighbor Sammy, and let's have a slap at Christen sojers again."

Sammy produced a private tuning-fork, black and grimy, which, being about seventy years of age, and wrought before pianoforte builders had sent up the pitch to make their instruments brilliant, was nearly a note flatter than the parson's. While an argument as to the true pitch was in progress, there came a knocking without.

"Somebody's at the door!" said a little treble girl.

"Thought I heard a knock before!" said the relieved choir.

The latch was lifted, and a man asked from the darkness, "Is Mr. Torkingham here?"

"Yes, Mills. What do you want?" It was the parson's man.

"Oh, if you please," says Mills, showing an advanced margin of himself round the door, "Lady Constantine wants to see you very particular, sir, and could you call on her after dinner, if you be n't engaged with fokes? She's just had a letter, — so they say, — and it's about that, I believe."

Finding, on looking at his watch, that it was necessary to start at once if he meant to see her that night, the parson cut short the practicing, and, naming another night for meeting, he withdrew. All the singers assisted him on to his cob, and watched him till he disappeared over the edge of the glen.



## III.

Mr. Torkingham trotted briskly onward to his house, a distance of about a mile, each cottage, as it revealed its half-buried position by its single light, appearing like a one-eyed night creature watching him from an ambush. Leaving his horse at the parsonage, he performed the remainder of the journey on foot, crossing the park towards Welland House by a stile and path, till he struck into the drive near the north door of the mansion. This drive, it may be remarked, was also the common highway to the lower village, and hence Lady Constantine's residence and park, as is often the case with old-fashioned manors, possessed none of the exclusiveness often found in newer aristocratic settlements. The parishioners looked upon the park avenue as their natural thoroughfare, particularly for christenings, weddings, and funerals, which passed the squire's mansion with due considerations as to the scenic effect of the same from the manor windows. Hence the house of Constantine, when going out from its breakfast, had been continually crossed on the doorstep, for the last two hundred years, by the houses of Hodge and Giles in full cry to dinner. At present these collisions were but too infrequent, for though the villagers passed the north front door as regularly as ever, they seldom met a Constantine. Only one was there to be met, and she had no zest for outings before noon.

The long, low front of the Great House, as it was called by the parishioners, stretching from end to end of the terrace, was in darkness as the vicar slackened his pace before it, and only the distant fall of water disturbed the stillness of the manorial precincts.

On gaining admittance he found Lady Constantine waiting to receive him. She wore a heavy dress of velvet and lace, and, being the only person in the spa-

cious apartment, she looked small and isolated. In her left hand she held a letter and a couple of at-home cards. The soft dark eyes which she raised to him as he entered — large, and melancholy by circumstance far more than by quality — were the natural indices of a warm and affectionate, perhaps slightly voluptuous temperament, languishing for want of something to do, cherish, or suffer for.

Mr. Torkingham seated himself. His boots, which had seemed elegant in the farm-house, appeared rather clumsy here, and his coat, that was a model of tailoring when he stood amid the choir, now exhibited decidedly strained relations with his limbs. Three years had passed since his induction to the living of Welland, but he had never as yet found means to establish that relationship with Lady Constantine which usually grows up, in the course of time, between parsonage and manor-house, — unless, indeed, either side should surprise the other by showing a weakness for awkward modern ideas on land-ownership or church formulas, respectively, which had not been the case here. The present meeting, however, seemed likely to initiate such a relationship.

There was an appearance of confidence on Lady Constantine's face; she said she was so very glad that he had come; and, looking down at the letter in her hand, she was on the point of pulling it from its envelope, but she did not. After a moment she went on more quickly: "I wanted your advice, or rather your opinion, on a serious matter, — on a point of conscience." Saying which, she laid down the letter and looked at the cards.

It might have been apparent to a more penetrating eye than the vicar's that Lady Constantine, either from timidity, misgiving, or reconversion, had swerved from her intended communication, or perhaps decided to begin at the other end.



The parson, who had been expecting a question on some local business or intelligence, at the tenor of her words altered his face to the higher branch of his profession.

"I hope I may find myself of service, on that or any other question," he said gently.

"I hope so. You may possibly be aware, Mr. Torkingham, that my husband, Sir Blount Constantine, was, not to mince matters, a mistaken — somewhat jealous man. Yet you may hardly have discerned it in the short time you knew him."

"I had some little knowledge of Sir Blount's character in that respect."

"Well, on this account my married life with him was not of the most comfortable kind." (Lady Constantine's voice dropped to a more pathetic note.) "I am sure I gave him no cause for suspicion; though had I known his disposition sooner I should hardly have dared to marry him. But his jealousy and doubt of me were not so strong as to divert him from a purpose of his, — a mania for African lion-hunting, which he dignified by calling it a scheme of geographical discovery; for he was inordinately anxious to make a name for himself in that field. It was the one passion that was stronger than his mistrust of me. Before going away he sat down with me in this room, and read me a lecture, which resulted in a very rash offer on my part. When I tell it to you, you will find that it provides a key to all that is unusual in my life here. He bade me consider what my position would be when he was gone; hoped that I should remember what was due to him, — that I would not so behave towards other men as to bring the name of Constantine into suspicion; and charged me to avoid levity of conduct in attending any ball, rout, or dinner to which I might be invited. I, in some indignation at his low opinion of me, responded perhaps too spiritedly. I vol-

unteered, there and then, to live like a cloistered nun during his absence; to go into no society whatever, — not even to a neighbor's dinner-party; and demanded bitterly if that would satisfy him. He said yes, instantly held me to my word, and gave me no loop-hole for retracting it. The inevitable fruits of precipitancy have resulted to me: my life has become a burden. I get such invitations as these" (holding up the cards), "but I so invariably refuse them that they are getting very rare. . . . I ask you, Can I honestly break that promise to my husband?"

Mr. Torkingham seemed embarrassed. "If you promised Sir Blount Constantine to live in solitude till he comes back, you are, it seems to me, bound by that promise. I fear that the wish to be released from your engagement is to some extent a reason why it should be kept. But your own conscience would surely be the best guide, Lady Constantine!"

"My conscience is disordered with the sense of its responsibilities," she continued, with a sigh. "Yet it certainly does sometimes say to me that — that I ought to keep my word. Very well; I must go on as I am going, I suppose."

"If you respect a vow, I think you must respect your own," said the parson, acquiring some further firmness. "Had it been wrung from you by compulsion, moral or physical, it would have been open to you to break it. But as you proposed a vow when your husband only required a good intention, I think you ought to adhere to it; or what is the pride worth that led you to offer it?"

"Very well," she said, with resignation. "But it was quite a work of supererogation on my part."

"That you proposed it in a supererogatory spirit does not lessen your obligation, having once put yourself under that obligation. St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, says, 'An oath for confirmation is an end of all strife.' And



you will readily recall the words of Ecclesiastes: 'Pay that which thou hast vowed. Better is it that thou shouldest not vow than that thou shouldest vow and not pay.' Why not write to Sir Blount, tell him the inconvenience of such a bond, and ask him to release you?"

"No; never will I. The expression of such a desire would, in his mind, be a sufficient reason for disallowing it. I'll keep my word."

Mr. Torkingham rose to leave. After she had held out her hand to him, when he had crossed the room, and was within two steps of the door, she said, "Mr. Torkingham." He stopped. "What I have told you is not what I sent for you to tell you."

Mr. Torkingham walked back to her side. "What is it, then?" he asked, with grave surprise.

"It is a true revelation, as far as it goes; but there is something more. I have received this letter, and I wanted to say — something."

"Then say it now, my dear lady."

"No," she answered, with a look of distress. "I cannot speak of it now! Some other time. Don't stay. Please consider this conversation as private. Good-night."

#### IV.

It was a bright starlight night, a week or ten days later. There had been several such nights since the occasion of Lady Constantine's promise to Swithin St. Cleeve to come and study astronomical phenomena on the Rings-Hill column; but she had not gone there. This evening she sat at a window, the blind of which had not been drawn down. Her elbow rested on a little table, and her cheek on her hand. Her eyes were attracted by the brightness of the planet Jupiter, as he rode in the ecliptic opposite, beaming down upon her as if desirous of notice.

Beneath the planet could be still dis-

cerned the dark edges of the park landscape against the sky. As one of its features, though nearly screened by the trees which had been planted to shut out the fallow tracts of the estate, rose the upper part of the column. It was hardly visible now, even if visible at all; yet Lady Constantine knew from day-time experience its exact bearing from the window at which she leaned. The knowledge that there it still was, despite its rapid envelopment by the shades, led her lonely mind to her late meeting on its summit with the young astronomer, and to her promise to honor him with a visit for learning some secrets about the scintillating bodies overhead. The curious juxtaposition of youthful ardor and old despair that she had found in the lad would have made him interesting to a woman of perception, apart from his fair hair and early-Christian face. But such is the heightening touch of memory that his beauty was probably richer in her imagination than in the real. It was a moot point to consider whether the temptations that would be brought to bear upon him in his course would exceed the static power of his nature to resist. Had he been a rich youth, he would have seemed one to tremble for. In spite of his attractive ambitions and gentlemanly bearing, she thought it would possibly be better for him if he never became known outside his lonely tower, — forgetting that he had received such intellectual enlargement as would make his continuance in Welland seem, in his own eye, a slight upon his father's branch of his family, the social standing of which had been, only a few years earlier, but little removed from her own.

Suddenly she flung a cloak about her and went out on the terrace. An altogether new idea plainly possessed her. She went down the steps to the lower lawn, through the door to the open park, and there stood still. The tower was now discernible. As the words in which a thought is expressed develop a fur-



ther thought, so did the fact of her having got so far influence her to go further. A person who had casually observed her gait would have thought it irregular; the lessenings and increasings of speed with which she proceeded in the direction of the pillar could be accounted for only by a motive much more disturbing than an intention to look through an astronomical telescope. Thus she went on, till, leaving the park, she crossed the turnpike road, and entered the large field, in the middle of which the fir-clad hill stood like Mont St. Michel in its bay.

The stars were so bright as distinctly to show her the place, and now she could see a faint light at the top of the column, which rose like a shadowy finger pointing to the upper constellations. There was no wind, in a human point of view; but a steady stertorous breathing from the fir-trees showed that, now as always, there was movement in apparent stagnation. Nothing but an absolute vacuum could paralyze their utterance.

The door of the tower was shut. It was something more than the freakishness that is engendered by a sickening monotony which had led Lady Constantine thus far, and hence she made no ado about admitting herself. Three years ago, when her every action was a thing of propriety, she had known of no possible purpose which could have led her abroad in a manner such as this.

She ascended the tower noiselessly. On raising her head above the hatchway she beheld Swithin bending over a scroll of paper which lay on the little table beside him. The small lantern that illuminated it showed also that he was warmly wrapped up in a coat and thick cap, behind him standing the telescope on its frame. What was he doing? She looked over his shoulder upon the paper, and saw figures and signs. When he had jotted down something, he went to the telescope again.

"What are you doing, to-night?" she said in a low voice.

Swithin started, and turned. The faint lamp-light was sufficient to reveal her face to him.

"Tedious work, Lady Constantine," he answered, without betraying much surprise. "Doing my best to watch phenomenal stars, as I may call them."

"You said you would show me the heavens, if I could come on a starlight night. I have come."

Swithin, as a preliminary, swept round the telescope to Jupiter, and exhibited to her the glory of that orb. Then he directed the instrument to the less bright shape of Saturn. "Here," he said, warming up to the subject, "we see a world which is to my mind by far the most wonderful in the solar system. Think of streams of satellites or meteors racing round and round the planet like a fly-wheel, so close together as to seem solid matter!" He entered further and further into the subject, his ideas gathering momentum as he went on, like his pet heavenly bodies.

When this yellow-haired laddie paused for breath, she said, in tones very different from his own, "I ought now to tell you that, though I am interested in the stars, they were not what I came to see you about. They were only an excuse for coming. I first thought of disclosing the matter to Mr. Torkingham; but I altered my mind, and decided on you."

She spoke in so low a voice that he might not have heard her. At all events, abstracted by his grand theme, he did not heed her. He continued, —

"Well, we will get outside the solar system altogether, — leave the whole group of sun, primary, and secondary planets quite behind us in our flight, as a bird might leave its bush and sweep into the whole forest. Now what do you see, Lady Constantine?" He leveled the achromatic at Sirius.

She said that she saw a bright star, though it only seemed a point of light now as before.



"That's because it is so distant that no magnifying will bring its size up to zero. Though called a fixed star, it is, like all fixed stars, moving with inconceivable velocity; but no magnifying will show that velocity as anything but rest."

And thus they talked on about Sirius, and then about other stars

. . . in the scrawl  
Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl,  
With which, like Indian plantations,  
The learned stock the constellations,

till he asked her how many stars she thought were visible to them at that moment.

She looked around over the magnificent stretch of sky that their high position unfolded. "Oh, thousands, — hundreds of thousands," she said absently.

"No. There are only about three thousand. Now, how many do you think are brought within sight by the help of a powerful telescope?"

"I won't guess."

"Twenty millions. So that, whatever the stars were made for, they were not made to please our eyes. It is just the same in everything; nothing is made for man."

"Is it that notion which makes you so sad for your age?" she asked, with almost maternal solicitude. "I think astronomy is a bad study for you. It makes you feel human insignificance too plainly."

"Perhaps it does. However," he added more cheerfully, "though I feel the study to be one almost tragic in its quality, I hope to be the new Copernicus. What he was to the solar system I aim to be to the systems beyond."

Then, by means of the instrument at hand, they traveled together from the earth to Uranus and the mysterious outskirts of the solar system; from the solar system to "61 Cygni," the nearest fixed star in the northern sky; from "61 Cygni" to remoter stars; thence to the remotest visible, till the ghastly

chasm which they had bridged by a fragile line of sight was realized by Lady Constantine.

"We are now traversing distances beside which the immense line stretching from the earth to the sun is but an invisible point," said the youth. "When, just now, we had reached a planet whose remoteness is a hundred times the remoteness of the sun from the earth, we were only a two thousandth part of the journey to the spot at which we have optically aimed now."

"Oh, pray don't; it overpowers me!" she replied, not without seriousness. "It makes me feel that it is not worth while to live; it quite annihilates me."

"If it annihilates your ladyship to roam over these yawning spaces just once, think how it must annihilate me to be, as it were, in constant suspension amid them night after night."

"Yes. It was not really this subject that I came to see you upon, Mr. St. Cleve," she began a second time. "It was a personal matter."

"I am listening, Lady Constantine."

"I will tell it you. Yet no, — not this moment. Let us finish this grand subject first; it dwarfs mine." It would have been difficult to judge from her accents whether she were afraid to broach her own matter, or really interested in his. Or a certain youthful pride that he evidenced at being the elucidator of such a large theme, and at having drawn her there to hear and observe it, may have inclined her to indulge him for kindness' sake.

Thereupon he took exception to her use of the word "grand" as descriptive of the actual universe. "The imaginary picture of the sky as the concavity of a dome whose base extends from horizon to horizon of our earth is grand, simply grand, and I wish I had never got beyond looking at it in that way. But the actual sky is a horror."

"A new view of our old friends, the stars," she said, smiling up at them.



"But such an obviously true one! You would hardly think, at first, that horrid monsters lie up there," said the young man, "waiting to be discovered by any moderately penetrating mind,—monsters to which those of the oceans bear no sort of comparison."

"What monsters may they be?"

"The monsters called Immensities. Until a person has thought out the stars and their interspaces, he has hardly learnt that there are things much more terrible than monsters of shape, namely, monsters of magnitude without known shape. Such monsters are the voids and waste places of the sky. Look, for instance, at those pieces of darkness in the Milky Way," he went on, pointing with his finger to where the galaxy stretched across over their heads with the luminousness of a frosted web. "You see that dark opening in it near the Swan? There is a still more remarkable one south of the equator, called the Coal Sack, as a sort of nickname that has a farcical force from its very inadequacy. In these our sight plunges quite beyond any twinkler we have yet visited. Those are deep wells for the human mind to let itself down into, leave alone the human body! and think of the side caverns and secondary abysses to right and left as you pass on."

Lady Constantine was seriously impressed.

He tried to give her yet another idea of the size of the universe; never was there a more ardent endeavor to bring down the immeasurable to human comprehension! By figures of speech and apt comparisons he took her mind into leading-strings, compelling her to follow him into wildernesses of which she had never in her life even realized the existence. "There is a size at which dignity begins," he exclaimed; "further on there is a size at which grandeur begins; further on there is a size at which solemnity begins; further on, a size at which awfulness begins; further on, a

size at which ghastliness begins. That size faintly approaches the size of the stellar universe. So am I not right in saying that those minds who exert their imaginative powers to bury themselves in the depths of that universe merely strain their faculties to gain a new horror?"

Standing, as she stood, in the presence of the stellar universe, under the very eyes of the constellations, Lady Constantine apprehended something of the argument.

"And to add a new weirdness to what the sky possesses in its size and formlessness, there is added the quality of decay. For all the wonder of these everlasting stars, eternal spheres, and what not, they are not everlasting, they are not eternal; they burn out like candles. You see that dying one in the body of the Great Bear? Two centuries ago it was as bright as the others. The senses may become terrified by plunging among them as they are, but there is a pitifulness even in their glory. Imagine them all extinguished, and your mind feeling its way through a heaven of total darkness, occasionally striking against the black, invisible cinders of those stars. . . . If you are cheerful, and wish to remain so, leave the study of astronomy alone. Of all the sciences, it alone deserves the character of the terrible."

"I am not altogether cheerful."

"Then if, on the other hand, you are restless, worried by your worldly affairs, and anxious about the future, study astronomy at once. Your troubles will be reduced amazingly. But your study will reduce them in a singular way, by reducing the importance of everything. So that the science is still terrible, even as a panacea. It is quite impossible to think at all adequately of the sky, of what the sky substantially is, without feeling it as a juxtaposed nightmare, which it is better for men to forget than to bear clearly in mind. But you say



the stars were not really what you came to see me about. What was it, may I ask, Lady Constantine?"

She mused, and sighed, and turned to him with something of the pathetic in her mien. "The immensity of the subject you have engaged me on has completely crushed my subject out of me. Yours is celestial; mine, lamentably human! And the less must give way to the greater."

"But is it, in a human sense, and apart from macrocosmic magnitudes, important?" he inquired, at last attracted by her manner; for he began to perceive, in spite of his prepossession, that she had really something on her mind.

"It is as important as personal troubles usually are."

Notwithstanding her preconceived notion of coming to Swithin as employer to dependent, as *châtelaine* to page, she was falling into confidential intercourse with him. His vast and romantic endeavors lent him a personal force and charm which she could not but apprehend. In the presence of the immensities that his young mind had, as it were, brought down from above to hers, they became unconsciously equal. There was, moreover, an inborn liking in Lady Constantine to dwell less on her permanent position as a county lady than on her passing emotions as a woman.

"I will postpone the matter I came to charge you with," she resumed, smiling. "I must reconsider it. Now I will return."

"Allow me to show you out through the trees and across the field?"

She said neither a distinct yes nor no; and, descending the tower, they threaded the firs and crossed the plowed field. By an odd coincidence he remarked, when they drew near the Great House, "You may possibly be interested in knowing, Lady Constantine, that that medium-sized star you see over there, low down in the south, is precisely over

Sir Blount Constantine's head in the middle of Africa."

"How very strange that you should have said so!" she answered. "You have broached for me the very subject I had come to speak of."

"On a domestic matter?" he said, with surprise.

"Yes. What a small matter it seems now, after our astronomical stupendousness! and yet on my way to you it so far transcended the ordinary matters of my life as the subject you have led me up to transcends this. But," with a little laugh, "I will endeavor to sink down to such ephemeral trivialities as human tragedy, and explain, since I have come. The point is, I want a helper: no woman ever wanted one more. For days I have wanted a trusty friend who could go on a secret errand for me. It is necessary that my messenger should be educated, should be intelligent, should be silent as the grave. Do you give me your solemn promise as to the last point, if I confide in you?"

"Most emphatically, Lady Constantine."

"Your right hand upon the compact."

He gave his hand, and raised hers to his lips. In addition to his respect for her as the lady of the manor, there was the admiration of eighteen years for twenty-six in such relations.

"I trust you," she said. "Now, beyond the above conditions, it was specially necessary that my agent should have known my husband well by sight when he was at home. For the errand is concerning my husband; I am much disturbed at what I have heard about him."

"I am indeed sorry to know it."

"There are only two people in the parish who fulfill all the conditions,—Mr. Torkingham, and yourself. I sent for Mr. Torkingham, and he came. I could not tell him. I felt at the last moment that he would n't do. I have come to you because I think you will do.



This is it: my husband has led me and all the world to believe that he is in Africa, hunting lions. I have had a mysterious letter informing me that he has been seen in London, in very peculiar circumstances. The truth of this I want ascertained. Will you go on the journey?"

"Personally, I would go to the end of the world for you, Lady Constantine; but"—

"No buts!"

"How can I leave?"

"Why not?"

"I am preparing a work on variable stars. There is one of these which I have exceptionally observed for several months, and on this my great theory is mainly based. It has been hitherto called irregular; but I have detected a periodicity in its so-called irregularities which, if proved, would add some very valuable facts to those known on this subject, one of the most interesting, perplexing, and suggestive in the whole field of astronomy. Now, to clinch my theory, there should be a sudden variation this week, — or at latest next week, — and I have to watch every night not to let it pass. You see my reason for declining, Lady Constantine."

"Young men are always so selfish!" she said.

"It might ruin the whole of my year's labor if I leave now!" returned the youth, greatly hurt. "Could you not wait a fortnight longer?"

"No, — no. Don't think that I have asked you, pray. I have no wish to inconvenience you."

"Lady Constantine, don't be angry with me! Will you do this, — watch the star for me while I am gone? If you are prepared to do it effectually, I will go."

"Will it be much trouble?"

"It will be some trouble. You would have to come here every clear evening about nine. If the sky were not clear, then you would have to come at four in

the morning, should the clouds have dispersed."

"Could not the telescope be brought to my house?"

Swithin shook his head. "Perhaps you did not observe its real size, — that it was fixed to a frame-work? I could not afford to buy an equatorial, and I have been obliged to rig up an apparatus of my own devising, so as to make it in some measure answer the purpose of an equatorial. It *could* be moved, but I would rather not touch it."

"Well, I'll go to the telescope," she went on, with an emphasis that was not wholly playful. "You are the most ungallant youth I ever met with; but I suppose I must set that down to science. Yes, I'll go to the tower at nine every night."

"And alone? I should prefer to keep my pursuits there unknown."

"And alone," she answered, quite overborne by his inflexibility.

"You will not miss the morning observation, if it should be necessary?"

"I have given my word."

"And I give mine. I suppose I ought not to have been so exacting!" He spoke with that sudden emotional consciousness of his own transitoriness which made these alternations of mood possible. "I will go anywhere — do anything for you — this moment — tomorrow, or at any time. But you must return with me to the tower, and let me show you the observing process."

They retraced their steps, the tender hoar-frost taking the imprint of their feet, and two stars in the Twins looking down upon their two persons through the trees, as if those two persons could bear some sort of comparison with them. On the tower the instructions were given. When all was over, and he was again conducting her to the Great House, she said, "When can you start?"

"Now," said Swithin.

"So much the better. You shall go up by the night mail."

*Thomas Hardy.*



## MAD RIVER,

## IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

## TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,  
Mad River, O Mad River?  
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour  
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er  
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?  
Why all this fret and flurry?  
Dost thou not know that what is best  
In this too restless world is rest  
From over-work and worry?

## THE RIVER.

What would'st thou in these mountains seek,  
O stranger from the city?  
Is it perhaps some foolish freak  
Of thine, to put the words I speak  
Into a plaintive ditty?

## TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,  
With all its flowing numbers,  
And in a voice as fresh and strong  
As thine is, sing it all day long,  
And hear it in my slumbers.

## THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown  
Was I at first, resembling  
A little child, that all alone  
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,  
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,  
For the wide world I panted;  
Out of the forest dark and dread  
Across the open fields I fled,  
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,  
My voice exultant blending  
With thunder from the passing cloud,  
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,  
The rush of rain descending.



I heard the distant ocean call,  
 Imploring and entreating;  
 Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall  
 I plunged, and the loud waterfall  
 Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,  
 A toilsome life I follow;  
 Compelled to carry from the hills  
 These logs to the impatient mills  
 Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms  
 The rudeness of my labors;  
 Daily I water with these arms  
 The cattle of a hundred farms,  
 And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,  
 When, full of rage and trouble,  
 I burst my banks of sand and clay,  
 And sweep their wooden bridge away,  
 Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,  
 As of thine own creating.  
 Thou seest the day is past its prime;  
 I can no longer waste my time;  
 The mills are tired of waiting.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## THE ARRIVAL OF MAN IN EUROPE.

TOWARD the close of the Pleistocene age, the general outlines of the European continent had assumed very much their present appearance everywhere except in the northwest. The British Islands still remained joined to one another and to the Gaulish mainland, and occupied the greater part of the area of the German Ocean. According to Mr. James Geikie, the connection with Norway again became complete, and the Atlantic ridge was again so far elevated as to bring Scotland into connection with Greenland through the Faroe Isl-

ands and Iceland. The whole of Britain stood at an average elevation of from 600 to 1000 feet above its present level. The Thames, Humber, Tyne, and Forth must all have flowed into the Rhine, which emptied itself into the North Sea beyond the latitude of the Shetlands. The glaciers of Europe had retreated within the Arctic Circle, or up to the higher valleys of the great mountain ranges; and the climate was beginning to assume its present temperate and equable character.

At this remote epoch Europe had al-



ready been inhabited by human beings during several thousand years. How long before the beginning of the Pleistocene period man had arrived in Europe is still open to question; but there is no doubt whatever that he lived in Gaul and Britain as a contemporary of the big-nosed rhinoceros, and before the arrival of the arctic mammalia which were driven from the north as the glacial cold set in. This race of man — described by Mr. Boyd Dawkins as the “River-Drift-Man” — is probably now as extinct as the cave-bear or the mammoth. Late in the Pleistocene period it disappeared from Europe, and was replaced by a new race, coming from the northeast, along with the musk-sheep and reindeer, and called by the same eminent writer the “Cave-Man.” Both the Cave-men and River-drift men were in the stage of culture known as the Palæolithic, or Old Stone Age; that is, they used only stone implements, and these implements were never polished or ground to a fine edge, but were only roughly chipped into shape, and were very rude and irregular in contour. The Palæolithic Age, referring as the phrase does to a stage of culture, and not to any chronological period, is something which has come and gone at very different dates in different parts of the world. It may be convenient to remember that in northwestern Europe it seems to have very nearly coincided with the Pleistocene period, provided we also bear in mind that the coincidence is purely fortuitous. The implements of the River-drift men, found in Pleistocene riverbeds, are very rude, and imply a social condition at least as low as that of the Australian savages of the present day. “They consist,” says Mr. Dawkins, “of the flake; the chopper or pebble roughly chipped to an edge on one side; the *hâche* or oval-pointed implement, intended for use without a handle; an oval or rounded form with a cutting edge all round, which may have been used in a

handle; a scraper for preparing skins; and pointed flints used for boring.” Man did not then seek for the materials out of which to make these weapons or tools, but “merely fashioned the stones which happened to be within his reach — flint, quartzite, or chert — in the shallows of the rivers, as they were wanted, throwing them away after they had been used.” No pottery of any sort has been found in association with these implements, nor were there at that period any domesticated animals. The River-drift men were evidently no tillers of the ground, neither were they herdsmen or shepherds; but they gained a precarious subsistence by hunting the great elk and other deer, and contended with packs of hyænas for the caves which might serve for a shelter against the storm. As to what may have been the social organization of these primeval savages, nothing whatever is known. They were a wide-spread race. Their implements have been found, in more or less abundance, in Britain, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, northern Africa, Palestine, and Hindustan. Their bones have been found in the valleys of the Rhine, the Seine, the Somme, and the Vezère, in sufficient numbers to show that they were a dolicocephalic or long-headed race, with prominent jaws, but no complete skeleton has as yet been discovered.

These River-drift men, as already observed, belonged to the southern fauna which inhabited Europe before the approach of the glacial cold. As the climate of Europe became arctic and temperate by turns, the River-drift men appear to have by turns retreated southward to Italy and Africa, and advanced northward into Britain, along with the leopards, hyænas, and elephants, with which they were contemporary. But after several such migrations they returned no more, but instead of them we find plentiful traces of the Cave-men, — a race apparently more limited in its



range, and clearly belonging to a sub-arctic fauna. The bones and implements of the Cave-men are found in association with remains of the reindeer and bison, the arctic fox, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros. They are found in great abundance in southern and central England, in Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, and in every part of France; but nowhere as yet have their remains been discovered south of the Alps and Pyrenees. A diligent exploration of the Pleistocene caves of England and France, during the past twenty years, has thrown some light upon their mode of life. Not a trace of pottery has been found anywhere associated with their remains, so that it is quite clear that the Cave-men did not make earthenware vessels. Burnt clay is a peculiarly indestructible material, and where it has once been in existence it is sure to leave plentiful traces of itself. Meat was baked in the caves by contact with hot stones, or roasted before the blazing fire. Fire may have been obtained by friction between two pieces of wood, or between bits of flint and iron pyrites. Clothes were made of the furs of bisons, reindeer, bears, and other animals, rudely sewn together with threads of reindeer sinew. Even long fur gloves were used, and necklaces of shells and of bear's and lion's teeth. The stone tools and weapons were far finer in appearance than those of the River-drift men, though they were still chipped, and not ground. They made borers and saws as well as spears and arrow-heads; and besides these stone implements they used spears and arrows headed with bone, and daggers of reindeer antler. The reindeer, which thus supplied them with clothes and weapons, was also slain for food; and, besides, they slew whales and seals on the coast of the Bay of Biscay, and in the rivers they speared salmon, trout, and pike. They also appear to have eaten, as well as to have been eaten by, the cave-lion

and cave-bear. Many details of their life are preserved to us through their extraordinary taste for engraving and carving. Sketches of reindeer, mammoths, horses, cave-bears, pike and seals, and hunting scenes have been found by the hundred, incised upon antlers or bones, or sometimes upon stone; and the artistic skill which they show is really astonishing. Most savages can make rude drawings of objects in which they feel a familiar interest, but such drawings are usually excessively grotesque, like a child's attempt to depict a man as a sort of figure eight, with four straight lines standing forth from the lower half to represent the arms and legs. But the Cave-men, with a piece of sharp-pointed flint, would engrave, on a reindeer antler, an outline of a urus so accurately that it can be clearly distinguished from an ox or a bison. And their drawings are remarkable not only for their accuracy, but often equally so for the taste and vigor with which the subject is treated.

Among uncivilized races of men now living, there are none which possess this remarkable artistic talent save the Eskimos; and in this respect there is complete similarity between the Eskimos and the Cave-men. But this is by no means the only point of agreement between the Eskimos and the Cave-men. Between the sets of tools and weapons used by the one and by the other the agreement is also complete. The stone spears and arrow-heads, the sewing-needles and skin-scrapers, used by the Eskimos are exactly like the similar implements found in the Pleistocene caves of France and England. The necklaces and amulets of cut teeth and the daggers made from antler, show an equally close correspondence. The resemblances are not merely general, but extend so far into details that if modern Eskimo remains were to be put into European caves they would be indistinguishable in appearance from the remains of the Cave-



men which are now found there. Now, when these facts are taken in connection with the facts that the Cave-men were an arctic race, and especially that the musk-sheep, which accompanied the advance of the Cave-men into Europe, is now found only in the country of the Eskimos, though its fossil remains are scattered in abundance all along a line stretching from the Pyrenees through Germany, Russia, and Siberia, — when these facts are taken in connection, the opinion of Mr. Dawkins, that the Cave-men were actually identical with the Eskimos, seems highly plausible. Nothing can be more probable than that, in early or middle Pleistocene times, the Eskimos lived all about the Arctic Circle, in Siberia and northern Europe as well as in North America; that during the coldest portions of the Glacial period they found their way as far south as the Pyrenees, along with the rest of the sub-arctic mammalian fauna to which they belonged; and that, as the climate grew warmer again, and vigorous enemies from the south began to press into Europe and compete with them, they gradually fell back to the northward, leaving behind them the innumerable relics of their former presence, which we find in the late Pleistocene caves of France and England. The Eskimos, then, are probably the sole survivors of the Cave-men of the Pleistocene period: among the present people of Europe the Cave-men have left no representatives whatever.

With the passing away of Pleistocene times, further considerable changes occurred in the geography of Europe and in its population. Early in the Recent period the British Islands had become detached from each other and from the continent, and the North Sea and the English and Irish channels had assumed very nearly their present sizes and shapes. The contour of the Mediterranean, also, had become nearly what it is now; and in general such changes

as have occurred in the physical structure of Europe during the Recent period have been comparatively slight. Of the mammalia living at the beginning of this period, only one species, the Irish elk, has become extinct. The gigantic cave-bear, the cave-lion, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros had all become extinct at the close of the Pleistocene period, and the elephants and hyænas had finally retreated into Africa. In Europe were now to be found the brown and grizzly bears, the elk and reindeer, the wild boar, the urus or wild ox, the wolf and fox, the rabbit and hare, and the badger; and along with these there came those harbingers of the dawn of civilization, — the dog and horse, the domestic ox and pig, with the sheep and goat. A new race of men, also, the tamers and owners of these domestic animals, had appeared on the scene. These new men could build rude huts of oak logs and rough planks, made by splitting the tree-trunks with wedges. Such work was not done with chipped flint-flakes. The men of the early Recent period had the grindstone, and used it to put a fine edge on their stone hatchets and adzes; so that their appearance marks the beginning of a new era in culture. The sharp and accurate edge of the axe, unattainable save by grinding, is the symbol of this new era, which is known to archæologists as the Neolithic, or New Stone Age. The huts of the Neolithic farmers and shepherds were built in clusters, and defended by stockades. Wheat and flax were raised, and linen garments were added to those of fur. The distaff and loom, in rude shape, were in use, and grain was pounded in the mortar with a pestle. Rude earthenware vessels were made, sometimes ornamented with patterns. Canoes were also in use. The dead were buried in long barrows, and from the almost constant presence of arrow-heads, pottery, or trinkets in these tombs it has been inferred that the Neolithic men had some idea of



a future life, and buried these objects for the use of the departed spirits, as is the custom among most savage races at the present time.

The celebrated lake-villages of Switzerland belong to the Neolithic or early Recent period; and the remains of their cattle and of their cultivated seeds and fruits have thrown light upon the origin of the Neolithic civilization. It is certain that the domestic animals did not originate in Europe, but were domesticated in central Asia, which was the home of their wild ancestors; and, moreover, they were not introduced into Europe gradually and one by one, but suddenly and *en masse*. It is clear, therefore, that they must have been brought in from Asia by the Neolithic men; and the same is true of the four kinds of wheat, two of barley, the millet, peas, poppies, apples, pears, plums, and flax, which grew in the gardens and orchards of Neolithic Switzerland.

This rudimentary Neolithic civilization was spread all over Europe, with the exception of the northern parts of Russia and Scandinavia; and there can be no doubt that it lasted for a great many centuries. It certainly lingered in Gaul and Britain long after the valley of the Nile had become the seat of a mighty empire; perhaps even after the Akkadian power had established itself at the mouth of the Euphrates, and "Ur of the Chaldees" had become a name famous in the world. Still more, it is clear that the Neolithic population has never been swept out of Europe, like the Cave-men and the River-drift men who had preceded it, but has remained there, in a certain sense, to this day, and constitutes a very important portion of our own ancestry.

So many skeletons have been obtained of the men and women of the Neolithic period that we can say, with some confidence, that the whole of Europe was inhabited by one homogeneous population, uniform in physical appearance.

The stature was small, averaging 5 feet 4 inches for the men, and 4 feet 11 inches for the women; and the figure was slight. The skulls were "dolicocephalic," or long and narrow; but the jaws were small, the eyebrows and cheek-bones were not very prominent, the nose was aquiline, and the general outline of the face oval and probably handsome. In all these points the men of the Neolithic age agree exactly with the Basks of northern Spain, the remnant of a population which at the dawn of history still maintained an independent existence in many parts of Europe. By their conquerors, the Kelts, who led the van of the great Aryan invasion of Europe, these small-statured Basks were known as "Iberians" or "westerners" (Gael *iver*, Sanskr. *avara*, "western"), and "Iberian" is now generally adopted as the name of the race which possessed the whole of Europe in the Neolithic age and until the Aryan invasions, and which still preserves its integrity in the little territory between the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay. The Iberian complexion is a dark olive, with black eyes and black hair; so that we may figure to ourselves with some completeness how the prehistoric inhabitants of Europe looked.

It is probable that in Neolithic times this Iberian population was spread not only all over Europe, but also over Africa north of the Desert of Sahara; so that the Moorish and Berber peoples are simply Iberians, with more or less infusion of blood from the Arabs, who conquered them at the end of the seventh century after Christ. And it is also probable that the Silures of ancient Britain, the Ligurians of southern Gaul and northern Italy, and the rich and powerful Etruskans all belonged to the Iberian race.

In very recent times — probably not more than twenty centuries before Christ — Europe was invaded by a new race of men, coming from central Asia.



These were the Aryans, a race tall and massive in stature (the men averaging at least 5 feet 8 inches, and the women 5 feet 3 inches), with "brachycephalic" or round and broad skulls, with powerful jaws and prominent eyebrows, with faces rather square or angular than oval, with fair, ruddy complexions and blue eyes, and red or flaxen hair. Of these, the earliest that came may perhaps have been the Latin tribes, with the Dorians and Ionians; but the first that made their way through western Europe to the shores of the Atlantic were the Gael, or true Kelts. After these came the Kymry; then the Teutons; and finally — in very recent times, near the beginning of the Christian era — the Slavs. These Aryan invaders were further advanced in civilization than the Iberians, who had so long inhabited Europe. They understood the arts which the latter understood, and, besides all this, they had learned how to work metals; and their invasion of Europe marks the beginning of what archæologists call the Bronze Age, when tools and weapons were no longer made of polished stones, but were wrought from an alloy of copper and tin. The great blonde Aryans everywhere overcame the small brunette Iberians, but, instead of one race exterminating or expelling the other, the two races everywhere became commingled in various proportions. In Greece, southern Italy, Spain, and southern France, where the Iberians were most numerous as compared with the Aryan invaders, the people are still mainly small in stature and dark in complexion. In Russia and Scandinavia, where there were very few Iberians, the people show the purity of their Aryan descent in their fair complexion and large stature. While in northern Italy and northern France, in Germany and the British Islands, the Iberian and Aryan statures and complexions are intermingled in endless variety.

We have now carried this brief ac-

count of the arrival of man in Europe as far as is requisite for our present purpose. Starting from ages of which only a palæontological record is preserved, we have gradually come down to a period almost within the ken of history. We have seen Europe inhabited in succession by four distinct races of men: firstly, the men of the River-drift, who belonged to a warm climate, and who during the Glacial period became extinct, along with many of the sub-tropical mammals with which they were contemporary; secondly, the Cave-men, who belonged to a cold climate, and of whom the Eskimos are now probably a surviving remnant; thirdly, the swarthy Iberians; and, fourthly, the fair-skinned Aryans, — these two latest races having by intermarriage given rise to the present mixed population of Europe.

Our next problem is to see how far it may be possible to introduce anything like chronology into this series of events. How long is it since the River-drift men inhabited Europe? Or when did the first Iberians, with their polished stone axes and their herds of cattle, begin to build their rude villages in Switzerland and Gaul? To such questions no very positive answers can be returned. But still we are not left wholly in the dark. A method of inquiry can be pointed out, by following which we may at least come to understand the "orders of magnitudes" in time with which we have to deal. We can substitute partially definite conceptions for wholly vague ones. And we can see how, by following the same line of inquiry with more ample data, it may be possible by and by to introduce something like chronology into the geologic history of the earth's surface.

The so-called "Glacial epoch" here all at once acquires a wonderful interest for us. We have seen that it is certain that men inhabited Britain contemporaneously with the big-nosed rhinoceros, which became extinct about the begin-



ning of the Glacial period. How long men lived upon the earth before that time we do not know; but it is clearly established that there were men in Britain then. It would accordingly be very interesting to know when the Glacial period began to come on in Europe. But on this point it has already become possible to form something like a definite opinion.

To understand how we can arrive at a *date* for the Glacial period, it is necessary first to understand the *cause* of that wonderful change of climate which allowed all Europe as far south as Dresden, and all America as far south as Philadelphia, to become swathed in an ice-sheet like that which now covers Greenland. The causes of this event were many and complicated, but the arch-cause — the cause which unlocked all the others and set them going — was an astronomical cause. It has been proved by Mr. Croll that the primary cause of the glaciation of the northern hemisphere was a change in the shape of the earth's orbit, such as had occurred before and will occur again; and the dates of these changes in the orbit, whether past or future, can be determined by astronomical methods with great accuracy.

The reason why the weather is warmer in summer than in winter is that in summer the days are longer than the nights, so that the surface of the earth receives more heat in the day-time than it can lose by radiation during the night; while in winter the case is exactly the reverse. Another circumstance tends to make the earth warmer at one time than another, — namely, the fact that the earth's orbit is not quite circular, but slightly elliptical or eccentric, so that at one season of the year the earth is nearer to or farther from the sun than at another season. At present the northern hemisphere is nearest the sun in winter and farthest from it in summer, but the difference is only about 3,000,000 miles.

It must also be remembered that when the earth is near perihelion it moves faster than when it is near aphelion, so that the season when it is nearer the sun is always a little shorter than the season when it is farther from the sun. Thus in our northern hemisphere at present the winter half of the year, or the interval from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, is nearly 8 days shorter than the summer half of the year. Thus the difference in length between our summer and winter seasons, and the difference between our distances from the sun at the two extremes of the year, are not great differences, but the advantage, such as it is, is on the side of summer.

But these relations between the earth and the sun are perpetually altering. Firstly, owing to the great revolution known as the "precession of the equinoxes," the earth's perihelion 10,500 years ago came in midsummer in the northern hemisphere, and it will come so again 10,500 years hence. In this state of things the winter half of the year was and will be 8 days longer than the summer half. Secondly, the shape of the earth's orbit changes from time to time, under the influence of the variously-compounded attractions exerted upon it by its companion planets. These changes occur at irregular intervals, but they admit of accurate calculation, and have been computed for 3,000,000 years in the past and 1,000,000 years in the future by Mr. Croll, from formulas furnished by Leverrier. It has thus been ascertained that at three several times within the past 3,000,000 years the earth's orbit has become very much elongated, so that the difference between its greatest and least distances from the sun has been between four and five times as great as at present, — that is, it has been from 12,000,000 to 14,000,000 miles. The first of these periods of high eccentricity began 2,650,000 years ago, and lasted 200,000 years; the second be-



gan 880,000 years ago, and lasted 180,000 years; the third began 240,000 years ago, and lasted 160,000 years. For the last 50,000 years, the departure of the earth's orbit from the circular form has been exceptionally small.

Now let us suppose one of these long periods of high eccentricity to coincide with one of the short periods of 10,500 years, when the northern hemisphere has its aphelion in winter; and this, of course, has happened not once only, but a great many times. Under such circumstances, the northern hemisphere is 98,000,000 miles distant from the sun at midwinter instead of 91,000,000, as at present, and the winter is 26 days longer than the summer instead of 8 days shorter, as at present. On the other hand, at midsummer the sun's distance is only 86,000,000 miles instead of 94,000,000, as at present. Now how must this state of things affect the climate of the northern hemisphere?

In the first place, the diminution in the quantity of heat received daily from the sun in winter would be such as to lower the average temperature of the whole northern hemisphere by about 35° F., so that for example the average January temperature of England, which is now 39°, would fall to 4°. And, conversely, heat enough would be received to raise the mean summer temperature by about 60° above what it now is.

So far very good, as concerns the amount of heat actually received from the sun. But *would* the summer temperature be raised like this? It would not; and this is because our earth has a means of storing up cold, so to speak, which gives winter the advantage over summer in such a contest. With the mean January temperature of England at 4° F. instead of 39°, all the moisture which now falls as rain would fall as snow, and would accumulate on the ground. At the coming of summer, all the snow and ice would have to be melted, and it takes a great deal of heat to

melt snow and ice. As Mr. Wallace graphically puts it, "to melt a layer of ice only one and a half inch thick would require as much heat as would raise a stratum of air 800 feet thick from the freezing-point to the tropical heat of 88° F.!" Until the snow is all melted, no amount of solar heat can raise the temperature much above the freezing-point; and this is the reason why, in regions where much moisture is condensed as snow, as in Greenland, and at the summits of the Andes, Alps, and Himalayas, snow is perpetual. So that, in the case we have supposed, the extra heat received from the sun in the short summer would largely be exhausted in melting the snow, and, instead of raising the mean temperature 60°, it is doubtful if it would raise it at all above the point which it attains at the present time. Besides all this, it must be remembered that the rapid melting of great masses of snow produces fog, and thus not only obscures the sun's heat, but leads to further heavy condensation in the shape of cold rains. Now bear in mind that this state of things goes on for at least half of the period of 10,500 years, when the aphelion of the northern hemisphere occurs between September and March, and it is easy to see how the snow and ice must so far gain the upper hand that the intense summer heat cannot produce any considerable impression on them, but the region of "eternal snow," no longer confined to the tops of lofty mountains, descends to the sea-level throughout a large part of the northern hemisphere. Thus we get far toward an explanation of the causes of the Glacial epoch. But still other causes have conspired with those here pointed out to enhance the general effect.

While the northern hemisphere was situated as just described, the state of things in the southern hemisphere must have been entirely different. There the perihelion occurring in winter and the aphelion in summer, with the same high



eccentricity, the summer would be 26 days longer than the winter, and the climatic result would be perpetual spring. And this would affect the flow of ocean-currents in such a way as to deprive the northern hemisphere of its only possible chance of escaping the glaciation we have just depicted. Let us notice this point carefully, for it is one of great importance.

We have supposed the lowering of the average winter temperature of England, for example, due to the great aphelion distance of the sun, to be  $35^{\circ}$  F. There is one way in which this effect might be partially modified, and that is by the equalizing influence of the Gulf Stream. But in the case we have supposed, this influence would almost certainly be cut off. The direction of the main ocean-currents is determined by the trade-winds, and the trade-winds are caused by the difference of temperature between the poles and the equator. As the heated air at the equator rises, the cooler air from north and south flows in to take its place, and these atmospheric currents flowing from the north and south poles toward the equator are what are called the trade-winds. The strength of the trade-winds depends entirely upon the difference in temperature between the equator and the pole; the greater the difference, the stronger the wind. Now, at the present time, the south pole is much colder than the north pole, and the southern trades are consequently much stronger than the northern, so that the neutral zone in which they meet lies some five degrees north of the equator. The trade-winds, pushing stupendous masses of surface ocean-water, produce the main ocean-currents; and accordingly these currents now tend chiefly from south to north, so that most of the heated water of the central Atlantic, both north and south of the equator, gets carried into the northern temperate zone. In this way the Gulf Stream, coming northward up the west coast of

Africa, sweeps across the Atlantic to the easternmost point of Brazil, where part of it gets deflected southward toward the Antarctic Ocean, but most of it flows northwesterly into the Gulf of Mexico, whence it is deflected northeasterly toward the European coast, giving to England its climate of perpetual spring in the latitude of Labrador, and tempering the cold of the North Sea even beyond the Arctic Circle. According to Mr. Croll, the quantity of extra heat which the northern hemisphere receives from this source, over and above that which it would get simply from direct solar radiation, amounts to fully one fourth of the latter quantity. But when the aphelion of the northern hemisphere occurred in midwinter, along with a very high eccentricity, all this must have been changed. The tendency of these circumstances, as we have seen, was to make the northern hemisphere very cold, while producing a perpetual spring in the southern hemisphere. Now, when once the north pole had become colder than the south pole, the northern trades would begin to blow with greater force than the southern, until after a while the neutral line between the two would be shifted south of the equator, and, instead of the warm waters of the southern tropical ocean being carried into the northern seas, the case would be just the reverse. The great ocean-currents, instead of all tending northward, as they do to-day, would all tend southward. A very little deflection of this sort would, at the easternmost point of Brazil, turn the whole of the Gulf Stream southward down the coast of South America, and prevent any part of it from flowing up into the North Atlantic; and in this way the progressing refrigeration of Europe and North America would be most powerfully enhanced.

Thus, when the eccentricity of the earth's orbit was three or four times as great as at present, and during the peri-



od when aphelion in the northern hemisphere occurred in the winter season between September and March, the tendency must have been toward perpetual snow and ice over a large part of the northern hemisphere, and toward perpetual spring throughout the southern hemisphere. But when winter aphelion occurred in the southern hemisphere, then everything was reversed; then the tendency south of the equator was toward glaciation, and north of the equator it was toward perpetual spring. In Europe you would have, for 10,500 years, a period during which the climate would gradually become more and more arctic for 5250 years, thenceforward gradually becoming less severe; and upon this would ensue another period of 10,500 years, during which the climate would grow more and more equable for 5250 years, thenceforward gradually increasing again the differences between summer and winter; and in a period of 160,000 years such 21,000-year cycles would naturally occur nearly eight times. So that, upon a geological survey of what is called the Glacial epoch, we might expect to find an alternation of severe and mild climates in Europe, — an alternation of epochs in which Britain was inhabited by the hippopotamus with epochs in which the reindeer roamed in the south of France. And this is, in fact, what we do find. It is not long since the Glacial period in Europe was supposed to have been one long monotonous period of extreme cold; but now the foremost geologists — such as Mr. James Geikie, who has more than any one else illustrated this subject — have discovered at least four or five alternations of warm and cold periods in Europe during the Glacial epoch; and with further and more minute research we may expect the agreement between observation and deduction to become still more convincing.

Enough has now been said to give the reader some idea of the magnificent line

of reasoning by which Mr. Croll has unfolded the causes of the Glacial period. And it also becomes apparent at once why we must probably select the *latest* period of high eccentricity in the earth's orbit as the period for which we have been seeking. For that period — which began 240,000 years ago, and terminated 80,000 years ago — presented such a set of astronomical circumstances as must have resulted in the repeated glaciation of the northern hemisphere, after the manner above described. And the antiquity of that period seems to be sufficiently great to allow for the geological changes which have occurred since the Pleistocene age. If we were to assign an earlier epoch of high eccentricity for the Glacial period, it would then become necessary to show why, with the present relations of land and sea on the globe, the latest epoch of high eccentricity should not have produced a subsequent glacial period. But the Glacial period which Agassiz first taught us to understand, and which in recent years has been made the subject of such minute study, is clearly the latest glacial period that has occurred in the northern hemisphere; for it is the one of which the traces are now everywhere around us; it is the one which has carved the mountains of Scotland and New England in their present beautiful outlines, and covered their sides with bowlders, and filled the valleys with romantic tarns or magnificent lakes. If we adopt Mr. Croll's theory of the causes of glaciation, we are clearly bound to look to the latest rather than to any earlier manifestation of those causes, in order to account for that glacial period the effects of which are still visible all around us. Accordingly, among the foremost geologists who have adopted Mr. Croll's conclusions, there has been a general agreement that the period of high eccentricity which began 240,000 years ago and ended 80,000 years ago must have been coincident with the great period of glaci-



ation which occurred during the Pleistocene age in Europe and America.

The most serious objection that has been urged against Mr. Croll's theory is that it seems to require us to suppose that there have been recurrent glacial epochs, at irregular intervals, during the whole past duration of the earth's history. And in particular it would seem to be implied that there must have been a great glacial period from 880,000 to 700,000 years ago, and another one from 2,650,000 to 2,450,000 years ago, both of these dates being long subsequent to the beginning of the Tertiary period. Mr. Croll has sought to meet these objections by showing that such must really have been the case. He alleges evidence of glaciation in every one of the geological periods back to the Cambrian, with the single exception of the Triassic. And he argues, in particular, that the epoch of high eccentricity which began 880,000 years ago corresponded with a glacial epoch in the Miocene period, and that in like manner the date of 2,650,000 years ago witnessed the beginning of a great glacial epoch in the Eocene period. But these conclusions are not generally adopted by geologists. There are some evidences of local glaciation in the Miocene period in the neighborhood of the Alps, which were probably higher then than they are at present, but the weight of evidence is entirely in favor of the conclusion that the general climate of Europe throughout the Eocene and Miocene periods was much warmer than it has been at any later date. From the Eocene period down to the Pleistocene, there can be little doubt that there was a slow but steady lowering of the mean temperature of Europe, until in the latter period there occurred that comparatively rapid refrigeration which brought about a glacial epoch. In earlier than Tertiary times, on the other hand, Mr. Croll seems to have been more successful. There are distinct and numerous evi-

dences of extensive glaciation in Europe during the remote Permian period; and it is not improbable that similar phenomena may have taken place in Silurian times. On the whole, however, it does not seem likely that there have been many periods of extreme glaciation, like that which we suppose to have ended about 80,000 years ago; and it is quite unlikely that there has been any other such period since the beginning of Tertiary times. How, then, shall we explain the occurrence of two periods of high eccentricity, one lasting 200,000 and the other 180,000 years, without an accompanying glaciation of the northern hemisphere?

This difficulty has been sometimes cited as fatal to Mr. Croll's theory; but when we fully consider all the conditions of the case, we shall see that it is not so. For we must remember that it is not simply the *cold*, but it is the *snow* of the glacial winter, that chills the summers and renders possible the accumulation of ice. To produce a glacial epoch, according to Mr. Croll's theory, it is not enough that the mean winter temperature of the northern hemisphere should be lowered 35° F., unless there is enough condensation of moisture going on to produce an abundant snowfall. Under such geographical conditions as exist to-day, and as existed during the Pleistocene period, there would be such a condensation and such a snowfall; but in the Eocene and Miocene periods it was probably otherwise. The explanation is not difficult.

The most efficient promoters of condensation are mountains, which, thrusting their cold summits high into the air, precipitate the surrounding moisture. It is a familiar fact that mountainous districts are apt to be rainy, and that very high mountains are usually covered with snow in midsummer, even while oranges and palms are flourishing a few thousand feet below. It is not quite so familiar a fact that no intensity of arctic cold



will suffice to prevent a warm or mild summer unless there is an extensive deposit of snow in the winter. Now, nowhere on the earth do we find any lowlands of great extent covered with perpetual snow. The coldest winters on the globe occur in eastern Siberia, where the temperature often averages  $-40^{\circ}$  F. for several weeks in succession, and, according to Professor Pumpelly, sometimes sinks to  $-120^{\circ}$  F.! Yet so dry is the atmosphere that but little snow falls, and after this has been melted in the spring the weather rapidly grows warm. "At Yakutsk, in 62 degrees N. latitude, the thermometer stands often at  $77^{\circ}$  in the shade, and wheat and rye produce from fifteen to forty fold," while the prairies are covered with grass and flowers. As Mr. Wallace observes, "it is only where there are lofty mountains or plateaus — as in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Grinnell Land — that glaciers, accompanied by perpetual snow, cover the country, and descend in places to the level of the sea." The coast of the Antarctic Continent is girdled with lofty mountains, which effect such condensation in the damp sea-air about them that the continent is buried under a mass of ice more than a mile in thickness. The antarctic islands South Georgia and South Shetland "are very mountainous, and send down glaciers into the sea; and as they are exposed to moist sea-air on every side, the precipitation, almost all of which takes the form of snow even in summer, is of course unusually large."

In order, therefore, to get a centre from which to start an accumulation of snow and ice sufficient to bring on a glacial epoch in the northern hemisphere, it would seem absolutely necessary that there should be a considerable amount of high land within the Arctic Circle. But in the Eocene and Miocene periods this condition does not seem to have been satisfied. Throughout the greater part of these two periods the area with-

in the Arctic Circle was less elevated than it has been ever since the beginning of the Pliocene age. Greenland stood lower than at present, and the greater part of Siberia was submerged. Moreover, as already stated in the preceding paper,<sup>1</sup> the continents of Europe and Asia did not become "united into one unbroken mass" until the Pliocene period. In the earlier Tertiary times the warm waters of the Indian Ocean flowed northwestward between Asia and Europe even into the Arctic Ocean, the mountains of Armenia and the Caucasus protruding as islands from this vast sea surface. Again, Mr. Wallace has pointed out a number of peculiarities in the distribution of plants and animals in the southern hemisphere which "render it almost certain" that in the early Tertiary times the antarctic land was much more extensive than at present. Now an elevation in the antarctic region, increasing the deposit of snow and ice about the south pole, and thus increasing the difference of temperature between the south pole and the equator, would be just what was needed to convert the fickle monsoons of the Indian Ocean into a steady and powerful trade-wind, that would drive the warm water northward through the channel between Europe and Asia even as far as the north pole. This current from the Indian Ocean must have been more than equal to the Gulf Stream in heating power, and its effect would be to prevent any accumulation of ice within the Arctic Circle, and to produce in Greenland such a climate as it is known to have enjoyed in the Miocene period, when it was covered with a vegetation as luxuriant as that of Virginia at the present day.

This question is discussed at considerable length and with great ability by Mr. Wallace, in his treatise on *Island Life*. His argument is in some re-

<sup>1</sup> Europe before the Arrival of Man, *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1882.



spects the most valuable contribution that has ever been made to our understanding of past climatic changes. He makes it perfectly clear that while Mr. Croll's astronomical interpretation of the Glacial period is perfectly correct in principle, nevertheless extensive glaciation cannot take place unless the geographical conditions are such as to enable a great accumulation of ice to begin. We are not, therefore, obliged, on Mr. Croll's view, to suppose that every epoch of high eccentricity has inaugurated a glacial period; and we see, in particular, why such a result was not likely to follow 2,650,000 years ago or 800,000 years ago, supposing the latter date to have occurred before the beginning of the Pliocene age; and thus the only serious objection to Mr. Croll's theory is effectually disposed of.

We have every reason to believe, then, that the great Glacial period of the Pleistocene age began 240,000 years ago, and came to an end 80,000 years ago. But at the beginning of this period men were living in the valley of the Thames; at the end of it the men of the River-drift had probably become extinct, and their place in Europe had been taken and held for ages by the boreal Cave-men, who now in turn were about starting on their long retreat to the arctic regions. How long a time may have elapsed before the swarthy Iberian settled in Europe, with his dogs and cattle, we have no means of deciding; nor can we say when the blue-eyed Aryan began his invasions, though we know that this last event must have been very recent, — not very long before the dawn of history. Nor can we tell how long there had been human be-

ings on the earth before the Glacial epoch began. But, as I have said already, it must have been a great while, because, even before the close of the Pliocene age, they had had time to spread over the earth as far as Portugal in one direction, and as far as California in the other. And if we are to take the date of 240,000 years ago for the beginning of the Glacial epoch, we can hardly allow for the close of the Pliocene age an antiquity of less than 400,000 years.

It only remains to add that the enormous length of time during which the human race has existed is of itself a powerful argument in favor of the opinion — now generally accepted — that the human race was originated, by a slow process of development, from a race of non-human primates, similar to the anthropoid apes. We see man living on the earth for perhaps half a million years, to all intents and purposes dumb, leaving none but a geological record of his existence, progressing with infinite slowness and difficulty, making no history. Yet his geologic record is not quite like that of the dog or the ape, who could not chip a flint, and in the incised antlers of the Cave-men we see the first faint gleams of the divine intelligence that was by and by to shine forth with the glories of a Michael Angelo. We cannot but suppose that during those long dumb ages, through infinite hardship and through the stern regimen of deadly competition and natural selection, man was slowly but surely *acquiring* that intellectual life which was at last to bloom forth in history, and which has made him "the crown and glory of the universe."

*John Fiske.*



## AUNTY LANE.

ON a bit of "No Man's Land," three miles from the top of Gray's Peak, in Colorado, stands a little old log house called Kelso's Cabin. Travelers going from Georgetown, to make the ascent of Gray's Peak, climb twelve miles up to this cabin, and sleep there; setting off for the peak early the next morning. The climb to the cabin is the best part of the ascent of the peak. The road zigzags and tacks on precipice edges up the mountain sides, with a foaming little river below, under, and across it, at convenience. Past Silver Flume, a nest of miners' houses, in the nook made by a sudden halt of the stream; past Brownsville, another miners' hamlet, tucked in on rims of the shore and ledges of the canyon; past lonely cabins, high up like eagles' eyries in crannies of stone; past deserted smelting works and abandoned shanties, where some poor soul was lured to bootless trial at making a living off a hand's-breadth of meadow and a hole in the rock; past mounds and miniature mountains of shining gray ore, thrown out of myriads of mine shafts high up on the mountain sides, with tramways of glistening wire, shining down through the air like a sort of supernatural cobweb, from them to the mills on the banks of the stream; past great basins and slopes of solid fir forests, grand in their solitude and beauty; past picture after picture of majestic circles and ranges of snow-topped peaks, at each turn opening new vistas, revealing new horizons; past all these climbs the road, steadily higher and higher, steeper and steeper, till at last, rounding the north front of Kelso's Mountain, leaving Gray and Erwin hidden in the south, it comes to abrupt ending in a rock-walled amphitheatre, so strange and startling that it reminds one of fairy tale descriptions of

the uncanny spots to which brave princes and princesses are sent in search of enchanted lovers and knights.

On two sides, a bare ridge, thousands of feet high, stony, steep, forbidding; gravelly slides from top to bottom, here and there, only add to its appearance of inaccessibility. On the third side stand the glittering snow peaks of Gray and Erwin, and the solid brown front of Kelso. Only one narrow opening to the northwest gives a way into and out of the place. A little stream dashes through; firs and spruces grow on its banks, and alders, with yellow cowslips under them, blue gentians and white daisies, and harebells and asters. Two miles and a half up in the air, they have to wait long for their summer, and drink it quick; but they make a splendid carouse of it while it lasts.

Here, close to the brook, facing east, to get what it may of the late sunrise over the rocky wall, stands Kelso's Cabin. It was built twenty years ago, by the Sonora Mining Company; and a man named Kelso, superintending their mines, lived in it. Whose cabin it is now, it would be hard to say; latitudes and longitudes and possession and ownership being such indefinite terms, twelve thousand feet up, in a new mining country. Probably it is nobody's cabin; but when Kelso left it, ten years ago, he gave it to "Aunty Lane," and there she has lived from June to October, every summer since, — "the happiest summers of her life," she says; and as she has more than half a century of other summers to compare them with, she does not use her superlative hastily. But it is really less tribute to the happiness of the summers in Kelso's Cabin than it might seem, for the half century of summers before had held small joy for Aunty Lane.



The story of her life is worth telling, as an illustration of what our pioneer women endure, even in this nineteenth century. The wilderness and the frontier have retreated so far to our West, and comfort, luxury, and self-satisfaction are so fast crystallizing into indifference and selfishness in our East, that it is well to be brought now and then sharply face to face with the facts of a life like Aunty Lane's, — a life not exceptional in its experiences, except in so far as the experiences were modified by the remarkable temperament of a woman whom nothing could daunt or cast down. So long as there remain in America wildernesses to be conquered and men to conquer them, there will be hundreds and thousands of American women leading just such lives: working side by side with men, uncomplaining, unknown; doing the hardest part of the work; laying the best foundation of all that the next generation will have to build on. There is a heroism in such lives far greater than most of the heroisms which are accounted as such by the world. It is not of a sort often suited to the setting of song, or the blazonry of picture; but its meed is above both song and picture.

"I've been often asked to write my life out," said Aunty Lane, "and I've often thought I would do it; but I have n't ever kept a journal, or anything of the kind, and I've seen so much I should n't know where to begin, if I was to set out to tell it. But I'd be glad to have folks know what there is gone through with by women that have to live in such places as I've lived in. It would do folks good."

"I should like to try to tell it for you, aunty," I said. We were sitting side by side, on a great rock, looking towards Gray's Peak, whose snowy summit shone in the sun as if it were hewn out of ice. Great drifts of snow lay in all the ravines and furrows of the other mountains, and in the seams and

crevices of the eastern wall of the valley. Blue gentians and daisies were blooming around us, and in every hollow of the rock lay mats of flowering mosses, with pink, white, and turquoise-blue blossoms, star-shaped, tiny; a score of their infinitesimal disks could have been laid on one cowslip petal.

The old lady picked a handful of the blue ones, and, looking at them thoughtfully, said, "These forget-me-nots are the prettiest of all, I think. I keep them in the house all summer."

I had noticed a low dish filled with them, on her little work-table.

"They are forget-me-nots, ain't they?" she continued. "I've heard a good many people call them so. But I don't know why one flower's any more to do with remembering than any other. They all of them remind me of lots of things. There's always been lots of flowers everywhere I've ever lived, and I've always been fond of them."

"Yes, I'm willing you should write out anything I've told you. There is n't anything ever I did I've got any objection to people's knowing. Everybody knows me, round here. I've been 'aunty' to everybody, these twenty years. If you was to send me anything in the Georgetown post-office, you would n't need to put on anything but 'Aunty Lane' on it. They'd send it right up here to me."

The story will lose much in my telling. I wish I could have taken it down, word for word, as it fell from Aunty Lane's lips. Part of it she told me as we sat on the mossy rock; part of it after nightfall, in the little cabin. It seemed strangest in the cabin. The small, low room, its walls covered with scraps and bits of a dozen different papers, its furniture poor and scanty, the dim light flickering over her fine old face, and her gentle, sensitive, changeful voice sounding almost loud in the stillness of the spot, — all made a scene not to be forgotten, and one



strangely foreign to the narrative I was hearing.

Aunty Lane's hard times began early in life. Left an orphan at the age of four, she was "taken," as the phrase is among rural people, by a cousin, who lived on a farm adjoining her father's, in Western New York. There is a chance for no end of miseries in the experience of unprotected little waifs who fall into this sort of semi-adoption niche among relatives. It usually means being inadequately clothed and fed, with some begrudging, and authority as absolute as if it were parental, exercised with little love and small courtesy. This part of Aunty Lane's life she passed over with curt mention, and it was more by instinctive inference than by any statement of hers that I understood how it came about that in her twentieth year she married, hastily and unwisely, the man whose unstable and wandering nature cost her so dear before she was done with him. He was a worker in iron, had had experience in foundries, and was of so ingenious a turn that no sort of mechanical work came amiss to him. But his very versatility of capacity was his ruin. That, joined to a restless, insatiable liking for change, and an easy faith in new schemes of big promise, made his whole life a chase after birds in the bush. Their first six years were spent in Michigan, which was then little more than a wilderness; Ann Arbor, where they first lived, being at that time a small village, with only three or four hundred inhabitants. Here, sometimes, they moved three times in a year. Jobbing, contracting, and at odd intervals farming, the restless man tried his hand at. In 1839 they pushed on to Wisconsin. Here he added hotel keeping to his previous list of occupations. In Wisconsin they lived thirteen years, and in six different places. In these thirteen years, eight children were born to them. When, in 1852, they decided to try their fortunes in California, the

youngest of these children was sixteen months old.

One good fortune never deserted Aunty Lane; wherever she went she made friends. This it is easy to understand, to-day. Even in her old age she retains the charm of a sympathetic, outspoken, sensitive, and enthusiastic temperament, full of affections, quick of impression, and swift to act. When she decided to go with her husband to California, there were enough friends around her to provide homes for all eight of her little children.

"I've always been lucky in my friends," she said. "I'd a good home to leave each of the children in; else I could n't have gone, no ways, for we could n't take them with us. I felt worst about leaving the baby. He was n't quite sixteen months old, and I knew he would n't know me when I came back, if I ever did."

Early in April, 1852, she set off for California by the overland journey. To undertake that journey then required more courage than to have sailed with Columbus.

"I just expected we'd both of us be killed by the Indians before we got across," said Aunty Lane; "but I was n't going to have him go alone. I believe in a woman sticking to her husband—just as long as she can," she added, after a pause and sigh, which I understood later.

The emigrant train which Aunty Lane and her husband joined started from Chicago. There were about forty persons, all told, but only five women in the party. There were seven wagons: some of the men rode; others walked, driving the stock. A girl child was born and a woman died on the journey, which lasted over four months. On the 12th of May they crossed the Missouri River, in Nebraska. Not a house nor a sign of human habitation there. The last of July they crossed the Rocky Mountain range, through the Devil's



Gate in a pass called the South Pass, in Nevada. On the Fourth of July they had camped on Green River. It was Sunday, and "we kept both days to once, I remember," she said. "It snowed hard that night, and the next morning the ice in the river was an inch thick."

They saw Indians every day, sometimes great bands of them, four and five hundred at a time; but, much to their surprise and relief, found them uniformly friendly. "The worst there was to those Indians on the plains was that they were thievish; they would drive off our stock, nights, all we could do. But I never blamed them for that," said Aunty Lane. "I guess we'd have done as much as that in their place; and anyhow we were mighty glad to get off so easy. A steer now and then did n't amount to much, if it would keep our heads on our shoulders. We women used to be real glad when the men came in, in the morning, and said there was some more cattle gone. We told them they'd better not swear much, if nothing worse 'n that came to us."

They followed the "old trail" all the way. I have myself seen many miles of this old trail. It is in sight at intervals, often, from the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads, and there is something of unspeakable pathos in its deep-trodden, mute line: so slender a thread to have first linked ocean to ocean; so short-lived sign and record of untold toils and woes. Before the generation which trod it shall all have passed beyond this life, its last trace will have disappeared, swallowed up again in the wilderness which took no heed of its presence, or lost in the thoroughfares of new towns which will not remember its place.

"When we went down the Pacific slope, the rocks and the mountains all stood that way," said Aunty Lane, interlocking her fingers, and throwing up the joints and knuckles. A better figure could not be made out of small things

for great than this is, for the confused overlapping, interlapping upheavals of the rocks and mountain peaks of this continent's great backbone.

Weaver, a little town four miles from the famous Placerville, was the first California town they entered. It was a wild spot, — the gulches and streams "lined thick with Chinamen, as thick as they could stand, all washing for gold!" The sight reminded Aunty Lane of "nothing in the world but black ants, a-swarming every which way," she said, and she never forgot that "first sight of them." They never looked the same to her after that, she got so used to them; but that first time they did n't look like human beings; they looked just like ants, as she had seen them "going up and down on the bark of the pine-trees."

Placer mining is too hard work and yields too small returns for restless men to follow it long. In a few months Lane threw it up, and pushed on to Sacramento, where he got a contract for building a big dam in Sacramento River. This took the better part of a year; and then he pulled up stakes again, this time moving to the spot which Aunty Lane loved best of all she had ever seen, except her last home, the eyrie on Gray's Peak. It was a cabin high up on the Coast Range, only seven miles from the ocean, looking down over vast tracts of redwood forests. Here she lived for one year, the only woman on the mountain. Her husband had a large force of men under him, cutting down and shipping redwood logs to San Francisco. She did all the cooking and washing for these men, working many days from sunrise till midnight. Nevertheless she often found time to jump on the back of her pony, dash down alone to the beach, watch the sea-lions playing on reefs of rocks, get a dip in the water, and be back again to her cabin, without being missed. From her doorstep she could see San Francisco, San Jose,



and many miles of shining sea, with the white ships coming and going. She never wearied of the picture, and except for the yearning, heart-sick desire to see her children, her lonely days in this mountain cabin would have been the happiest she had known for many a year. But this desire strengthened and grew, till it refused to be longer denied; and on the last day of September, 1854, she set sail from San Francisco for New York, leaving her husband alone in the red-wood forest.

"I never knew if I done right to leave him," she said, "but I reckoned that I'd die if I stayed there another year without seeing how the children got along; and he said I might bring one back with me. I don't know how I'd ever have picked out which one to take; but it wa'n't to be. It's lucky we don't ever know what we're going into."

There were over one thousand passengers on the steamer in which Aunty Lane left San Francisco. In less than twenty-four hours, four hundred of them were drowned. Off the Santa Barbara shore, the steamer, going at full speed, in broad day, ran on a rock and snapped in two. Six hundred people clung to the wreck all that afternoon and night; the two halves of the boat lifting and beating on the reef with every wave that broke. Aunty Lane was helped up to a place high on the bows, by a man whose face she could not see, and whose voice she did not know. There the two sat, hour after hour, holding tight to each other, expecting every moment to be washed away. "He asked me if I was n't afraid," she said; "and I told him, 'No, I did n't feel afraid, whichever way it went.' Then he said, 'Do you think we'll get ashore?' And I said, 'If it's God's will, we shall; and if it is n't, it's all right.' I don't know how it was, but I never felt more composed in my life. He told afterwards in San Francisco that he never thought anybody could be so composed as I was; he

said it most made him think we wa'n't in any kind o' danger."

All night the boats pulled to and fro between the black shore and the tossing wreck; and before morning all who were left alive of the shipwrecked creatures were landed. It was an uninhabited, barren coast, some hundred miles below Santa Barbara: sage brush and bare rocks were all that could be seen; a blinding fog drove in, through which they groped helplessly from rock to rock. They had literally nothing except the torn and dripping clothes in which they had escaped. When the fog lifted, there was not a trace to be seen of the steamer. She must have gone down, they thought, in a very few minutes after the last boat had pulled away. Before noon a small coasting vessel, bound for San Diego, came along, and took on board about five hundred, all that she could safely carry. At San Diego Aunty Lane refused to land, but waited on board the coaster for her return voyage to San Francisco.

"They all thought it was so strange of me to be willing to go right back by sea. Some of the women said they'd walk every step of the way first. But I told them I never heard of anybody's being shipwrecked two voyages running; and I'd as soon take my chances on water as on land. Besides, the captain said he'd take anybody back free to San Francisco that wanted to go, and I wanted to go bad enough. I expected my husband would be almost crazy; for there would n't be any way of knowing who was drowned and who was n't, till our coaster got back. We heard there was another coaster took the rest back to San Francisco, the day we came off; but it was all such confusion nobody could tell much about the names, and of course the lists were all lost. I expect there were lots of people that were drowned that night, that nobody ever knew what become of them, owing to the lists being lost."



It was ten days before the coaster got back to San Francisco. It arrived just one hour after the news of the wreck and rescue had reached the city. Aunt Lane's friends were thrown into great anxiety, but some of them who knew her best felt a presentiment that she was still alive. The first face she saw on the wharf was that of a little boy, the son of one of her dearest friends, who had been sent down to learn her fate.

"Oh, Mrs. Lane!" he exclaimed. "Mother and Mrs. Beals, they're both crying good; they did cry good, I tell you."

But when Aunt Lane reached the house her friend said to her, "Well, I've said a dozen times this last hour, 'If there is n't but two people saved off that boat, she'll be one of them.'"

News traveled slowly, in those days, from San Francisco into the Coast Range forests. The first that Lane heard of the shipwreck was the tidings that his wife was in San Francisco again.

"They said he turned as white as a sheet, and said he, 'My God! How did she get there? She can't be there. She's sailed for New York.' And then they told him the whole story. And he never answered them one word, but he just threw down his axe and things where he stood, and turned round and rushed off. And the next day he walked into Miss Beals's, before I'd any thought of his getting to hear anything about it. I was going right out to him, as soon as I'd got some clothes to wear. I was a sight to behold, in the very same gown I went off the boat that night. I'd worn it just as it was, all dried and shrunk up."

No doubt the redwood forest seemed a very haven of refuge now. Aunt Lane went back there for another year; this time to a cabin at the foot of the mountains, for her husband had gone into the freighting business, and she must now help on by keeping a boarding-house for lumbermen.

At the end of the year she had once more saved money enough for the journey to New York, and set sail again from San Francisco, with no more fear of the sea than if it had never served her ill.

"Folks wondered," she said, "that I'd try going again that way, but I did n't think much about it. 'Twas the only way I could go, and go I'd got to. That was most the only thing I was sure about. It did use to seem to me, sometimes, nights, as if I could n't live till morning without seeing the children."

The voyage was made successfully and quickly. Twenty-two days from the time she left San Francisco she entered New York harbor, and, turning West again, took the very first train which would bear her towards her children in Wisconsin. She found them all alive, all well: the two elder daughters, married; the sixteen months' old baby, a sturdy boy of six. He sat by, a strong, bearded man past thirty, while she was telling me this part of the story.

It now seemed clear that her children needed her more than her husband did, and, gathering up the little brood of six, Aunt Lane journeyed back to Chicago, and undertook the task of earning a living for herself and them by keeping boarders. Here she lived for five years, with varying luck; never making anything more than a fairly comfortable living, and often being in sore straits. During these five years her husband returned from California once to see her, and sometimes sent her a little money; but he was never successful long at a time, and was falling more and more into bad ways.

In 1860, tempted by the stories of great fortunes to be made in Colorado, she decided to remove to Denver. Two of her boys she left at school in Chicago; three daughters were now married; the remaining children, two boys and a girl, she took with her. Once more she was in the thick of frontier life, with its excitements, dangers, and deprivations.



These were the terrible days of Denver's early history: days whose record has never yet been fully written; days when white-skinned savages and red-skinned savages fought fiercely together over lands which need never have been matter of contention at all, if the whites had been honest or just. It is touching to read, in the official records of the early settlement of Colorado, how the Ute and Cheyenne Indians, in one of their treaties with the government, requested that large tracts of their surrendered lands might be given to the people of Denver at a merely nominal price, in token of their good-will to them. And before many years the men of Denver had plotted against these same Indians one of the most fiendish massacres the world ever saw, — a massacre in which unarmed, friendly men, with the United States flag flying over their lodges, were shot down in cold blood; women were killed, outraged, and indecently mutilated; babies, half killed and left to die.

Aunt Lane lived in Denver through these days. She saw the men ride back from this massacre, Indian scalps hanging at their bridles, and other tokens of their barbarities, too horrible to be mentioned, proudly displayed on their saddle-bows. She had also seen, a few days before, drawn in a open wagon through the streets of Denver, the dead bodies of some white settlers, murdered by Indians; but the first savagery did not, in her eyes, justify the second. She had herself journeyed for months through the Indians' hunting grounds, and seen for herself that they were not hostile unless hostilely treated.

"Not that I ever loved Indians," she said, half apologetically. "I can't say I did. I'd a good deal rather never see one; and I think any country's better off without them than with. But I do say they were treated shameful, and they didn't ever do anything, so far's ever I've known, that was any worse

than the white folks did to them. But it's a blessed thing they're pretty well out o' the country, in my opinion."

If Aunt Lane had expressed these views in Denver, in the year of the Sand Creek massacre, it would probably have gone hard with her. No doubt her feelings have changed, more than she is aware, since 1865; but it was evident that she had been, even in those times of peril and terror, singularly just in her notions of the balance of responsibility for the warfare.

Seven years of the hardest sort of boarding-house keeping in Denver left Aunt Lane little better off than she had been when she first went there. It was a hard and bitter period in her life. In the course of it, she had been at last forced, by the advice of friends and for her own self-respect, to separate herself legally from the man by whose side and for whose sake she had struggled through so many vicissitudes. This she did in 1865. Two of her sons were fighting in Illinois regiments, she knew not where, or, indeed, if they were living or dead.

Her last remaining daughter was married. With her son she moved now to Georgetown, once more to take up the weary task of keeping boarders; still hoping, also, that in the Georgetown mines might be waiting for them the long-delayed fortune. At the end of a year this boy left her, and went to Kansas, choosing the life of a farmer rather than that of a miner.

For two years she was alone in Georgetown; her eight children scattered, her husband lost, by worse loss than death. Still she worked bravely on; made, after the plain fashions of the mining camp, a cheery, comfortable home for those who boarded with her, and, as she said with dignity, "never had much, but always plenty, and never had to be beholden to anybody."

Nine years ago she occupied Kelso's Cabin for a summer; and, finding that



something could be done by taking care of travelers coming to make the ascent of Gray's Peak, she fitted the cabin up, built on a sort of kitchen, and determined to spend her summers there. The plan suited her from the first.

"I don't know how it is," she said, "but I feel a great deal less lonely, off in a lonely place like this, than I do among folks. I can sit all day long and look at these mountains, and they do me good. And I enjoy talking with the sort of folks that come to go up the mountain. You know what I mean: there's always something to people that'll take the trouble to climb a mountain like that; and they're always kind to me. I've seen some of the greatest men in this country, up here on Gray's Peak, and talked with them, as I would n't have done nowhere else in the world; and I like that. And I'm out of the way, too, of lots of things."

Two of her sons had joined her in Georgetown, and were engaged in mining; still lured on by the same *ignis fatuus* that had led their father to California, thirty years before.

"We've got some real good properties here; we've got interests in several mines, that are being worked; and we've got lots of claims, if we'd only got the capital to work them," she said, as enthusiastically as if she were only twenty-seven instead of sixty-seven. "I don't care so much now for myself, but I'd like to see the boys strike it rich. My son's wife, the one that's married down in Georgetown, she is n't strong, and this country don't suit her. She's got to go back East. I'd like to see them fixed comfortable; she's not long for this life, I'm afraid. That's the reason I've got their little boy up here; and he's a great deal of company for me, too."

It was her grandchild, then, the marvelous chameleon, in shape of a small child, that we had encountered on our arrival at the cabin. He was standing

in the doorway, when we drove up. In the dim twilight he looked like some sort of elf. Less than three feet high; his legs sunk in a pair of old leather boots, much too big, their red loops sticking out on each side of his little hips, masses of bulgy wrinkles at his ankles, shining copper strips at his toes; an old brown felt hat tipped on one side of his head, and jammed well down over his ear, — what a picture he made! Without saying a word he picked up one of our biggest parcels, a bag nearly as heavy as himself, staggered across the door-sill with it, threw it down, and came back panting.

"I've got a stake to my lode, I have!" he exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, throwing back his head, and looking at us confidently out of a pair of clear blue eyes, which shone in his rosy face like bits of sunny blue sky.

"A stake to your lode!" we echoed. "What does the child mean?"

"Yes, sir-r-r; I tell you," he responded. "Here 't is;" and in the twinkling of an eye he darted under the horses' heads, across the road, and sprang up exultant on a pile of earth some three feet high, on the top of which lay an old shovel. "Here's my lode!" he cried; and in another twinkling was down in a hole, digging away, and throwing up shovelfuls of earth; then out again, like a flash, flat on the ground, his legs crossed, kicking his feet up in the air, and eying us with delicious infant bravado. Before we had fairly taken in the situation, he was back again, crowding up sociably first to one and then to another, with "Some day I'm going to buy a new horse, I am, . . . and a gun; . . . a gun so long," holding out his chubby hands as far apart as his little arms would reach, — "a gun so long, . . . to shoot rats with."

"Rats! Are there rats up here?" we said.

"Rats? Yes, sir-r-r-ee! You bet! I'll shoot 'em when I get my gun."



Restless as quicksilver, darting from spot to spot, laughing, snatching, making dives at everything, each moment making some new speech droller than the last, it actually put one out of breath to watch the child.

"How old is he?" we asked of our driver.

"That young 'un? He's about four, I reckon; can't be older," replied the driver; "don no 's he 's 's old. He's the smartest youngster ever I seen. Too smart, I reckon. 'T ain't natural."

As we watched the little fellow, the next day, we felt a similar misgiving. It is no exaggeration to say that he was not still for a moment. He was at the chopping log, with the great axe, lifting it higher than would have seemed possible for his tiny hands, making two or three strokes, then throwing it down; then off after a saw, lugging it along, and trying its edge on the projecting ends of the logs at the cabin corners; then astride the railing at the kitchen door, half in, half out, over, under, in and out again, turning somersaults between the bars like an acrobat; then back at his lode, leaping down into the hole, digging desperately, and throwing out the earth like a man; then out, off, and up the banks where flowers grew; down flat on his stomach among them, snuffing to right and left, picking big bunches in a hurry, sometimes bringing them back to the house, sometimes

throwing them down on the ground. If he were headed off on any of these plunges, he always said, "I can't stop! I've got to work! I shall strike ore!"

"What do you call your lode?" I asked him.

He paused, perhaps a quarter of a second, put his hands in his pockets, and set his droll legs so wide apart that he recovered himself with difficulty for his next step. Evidently, he had never thought of naming his lode.

"I call it the Drift Lode," he said haughtily, and strode away.

So we christened him, in our minds, "the Proprietor of the Drift Lode;" and as we bade good-by to Aunty Lane, and looked back, waving our farewells to her in her doorway, with the child clinging to her, we wondered if there were not a touching pertinence in his phrase; if he were not born of a blood destined forever to bootless searches in "Drift Lodes" of little more value than his own. Our last sight of him showed him darting down his miniature shaft, sure as usual that he would "strike ore." And our last sight of Aunty Lane was of her fine, thoughtful face, looking earnestly after us, out towards the opening of the pass; her gray hair blowing in the fresh morning wind; her hand above her eyes, shading them from the sun, that she might see a little farther. The gesture seemed characteristic of her character and life.

H. H.

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## OLD FORT CHARTRES.

THE marvelous growth of the great West obscures all relating to it, save what is of recent date. It has a past and a history, but these are hidden by the throng of modern events. Few realize that the territory of Illinois, which seems but yesterday to have passed from

the control of the red man to that of our republic, was once claimed by Spain, occupied by France, and conquered by England. And fewer still may know that within its boundaries yet remain the ruins of a fortress in its time the most formidable in America, which filled



a large place in the operations of these great powers in the valley of the Mississippi. Above the walls of old Fort Chartres, desolate now and almost forgotten, have floated in turn the flags of two mighty nations, and its story is an epitome of their strife for sovereignty over the New World.

The union of Canada, by a line of forts, with the region of the West and South was a favorite scheme of the French crown at an early day. Spain then laid claim to nearly the whole of North America, by the right of first discovery, and by virtue of a grant from the Pope, who disposed of a continent which he did not own with reckless liberality. France relied on the possession taken by La Salle for her title to the Mississippi Valley, and a long altercation ensued. But the French held their own, and occupied the disputed territory. In the Illinois country the mission villages of Cahokia and Kaskaskia sprang up and thrived apace, though troubled by rumors of English encroachments near the Ohio and the Mississippi. The need of guarding these settlements became more manifest, at the news of the discovery of valuable mines in that locality. And when the grant of the whole valley of the great river to the merchant Crozat was surrendered in 1717, John Law's famous Company of the West, afterwards absorbed in that of the Indies, was ready to become his successor, and to dazzle the multitude with the glitter of the gold and silver of Illinois. The representatives of this great corporation, in unison with those of the French government, recognizing the many reasons for a military post in that far-away region, made haste to found one, and thus Fort Chartres arose. It was established as a link in the great chain of strongholds which was to stretch from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf; a bulwark against Spain and a barrier to England; a protector of the infant colony and of the church which planted it;

a centre for trade and for the operation of the far-famed mines; and as the chief seat in the New World of the Royal Company of the Indies, which wove a spell so potent that its victims saw in the near future crowded cities all along the course of the Mississippi, and state-ly argosies afloat upon its waters, one hundred and fifty years ago.

On the 9th of February, 1718, there arrived at Mobile, by ship from France, Pierre Duqué Boisbriant, a Canadian gentleman, with the commission of commandant "at the Illinois." In October of the same year, accompanied by several officers and a detachment of troops, he departed for his new province, where he was ordered to construct a fort. The little flotilla, stemming the swift current of the Mississippi, moved slowly on its way, encountering no enemies more annoying than "the mosquitoes, which," says the worthy priest Poisson, who took the same journey shortly after, "have caused more swearing since the French have been here than had previously taken place in all the rest of the world." Late in the year Boisbriant reached Kaskaskia, and selected a site for his post sixteen miles above that village, on the left bank of the Mississippi. Merely rang the axes of the soldiers in the forest by the mighty river, as they hewed out the ponderous timbers for palisade and bastion. And by degrees the walls arose, and the barracks and commandant's house and the storehouse and great hall of the India Company were built, and the cannon, bearing the insignia of Louis XIV., were placed in position. In the spring of 1720 all was finished, the banner of France was given to the breeze, and the work was named Fort Chartres. An early governor of the State of Illinois, who wrote its pioneer history, has gravely stated that this fort was so called because it had a charter from the crown of France for its erection. But it is feared that the same wag who persuaded an Illinois legisla-



ture to name the second capital of the State Vandalia, by reason of the alleged traces of a tribe of Indians named Vandals in its neighborhood, also victimized a governor. We can hardly accept his derivation, when it appears that the name was taken, by way of compliment to the then Regent of France, from the title of his son, the Duc de Chartres.

The first important arrival at the new post was that of Philip Francis Renault, formerly a banker in Paris, the director-general of the mines of the India Company, who reached Fort Chartres before its completion, bringing with him two hundred and fifty miners and soldiers, and also a large number of blacks from St. Domingo. This was the beginning of negro slavery in Illinois. The fort was hardly finished, when news reached Boisbriant of the march of a Spanish force from Mexico against his stronghold. But this expedition was cut off by the natives on the route, the chaplain alone being spared. He ultimately made his escape, while delighting the Indians with feats of horsemanship, by gradually withdrawing to a distance, and describing a final elaborate figure which had no return curve. Two Pawnee chiefs, who displayed as trophies a Catalonian pistol and a pair of Spanish shoes, gave this account to Father Charlevoix at Green Bay.

This pleasant old traveler was then making the journey through North America of which he has left such a charming description. On the 9th of October, 1721, he passed Fort Chartres, which, he tells us, then stood a musket-shot from the river. The leader of his escort was a young Canadian officer, Jean St. Ange de Belle Rive, destined in later years to have a closer acquaintance with the fort than this passing glimpse of its newly built walls and structures afforded him. He hardly anticipated then that to him would come the honor of commanding it, and that on him, almost half a century later,

would fall the sad duty of finally lowering there his country's flag, which waved so proudly above it that autumn morning.

No sooner was the fort erected than a village began to grow up at its gates, in which the watchful Jesuits forthwith established the parish of St. Anne de Fort Chartres. Its existing records begin with an ancient document, tattered and worn, written in Quebec in the year 1716. It is a copy of a curious decree of Louis XV., seemingly in the nature of a manual of church etiquette. Twelve articles provide, among other things, that the governor-general and the intendant shall each have a *prie-dieu* in the cathedrals of Quebec and Montreal, the governor-general on the right, the intendant on the left; the commander of the troops shall have a seat behind the governor-general; and in church processions the governor-general shall march at the head of the council, his guards in front, the intendant to the left and behind the council, and the chief notary, first usher, and captain of the guard with the governor-general, yet behind him, but not on the same line with the council. And these rules are to govern all other churches of New France. Probably this copy of this important deliverance of the king was sent from Quebec to the church of St. Anne in 1721, the year in which the parish registers seem to have been opened. We may presume that Boisbriant followed its instructions strictly, and took care to be on the right hand in the church, and also that his intendant, or civil officer, Marc Antoine de la Loire des Ursins, should be on the left. These two, together with Michel Chassin, commissary for the India Company, formed the provincial council of the Illinois, and speedily made Fort Chartres the centre of the civil government of the colony. This council executed the grants of land upon which many titles rest to this day. Boisbriant, doubtless believing that he



that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, had a large tract granted to himself, "beginning at the little hill behind the fort." Their largest conveyance, in 1723, to M. Renault, included a parcel above Fort Chartres, one league along the river and two leagues deep, on which to raise provisions for his settlements among the mines. Of this last tract, a large part was never sold by Renault, and to this day the unconveyed portion is marked upon the maps of Monroe County, Illinois, as the property of the Philip Renault heirs.

In the place of Boisbriant, in 1725, came M. de Siette, a captain in the royal army. In the parish register, in his time, appears the baptism of "a female savage of the Padoucah nation," by the fort chaplain, who records with satisfaction that he performed the ceremony and called her Thérèse, but does not say whether she consented, or what she thought about it. She apparently paid a casual visit to the fort, and he baptized her at a venture, and made haste to write down another convert. The Fox Indians were a thorn in the side of De Siette. Their war parties swooped upon the settlers, murdering them in their fields, even within a few miles of the fort. In great wrath, the commandant opened a correspondence on the subject with the French governor at Green Bay, and proposed that the Fox tribe should be exterminated at once. The calmer De Lignerie replied, in substance, that this would be the best possible expedient, provided the Foxes did not exterminate them in the attempt. He suggested a postponement of hostilities until De Siette and himself could meet "at Chikagau, or the Rock of St. Louis," and better concert their plans. De Siette's successor, by a masterly piece of strategy, waylaid and destroyed so many of the persistent foemen that peace reigned for a time. This officer, M. de St. Ange de Belle Rive, who, as

we have seen, first visited the Illinois country with Father Charlevoix, had since made it his home, for the ancient title records of this region show that in 1729 he purchased "a house in the prairie bounding on one side the road leading to Fort Chartres." And in an old package of stained and mouldering papers, but lately disinterred from the dust of at least one century, is the original petition, addressed by St. Ange to the proper authorities, for the confirmation of his title to certain land not far from the fort, acquired from "a savage named Chicago, who is satisfied with the payment made to him." A young officer named Pierre d'Artaguiette, who had distinguished himself greatly in the French warfare with the Natchez Indians, was appointed to the Illinois district in 1734, taking the place of St. Ange, who was transferred to another post. The services and virtues of the new commander, his brilliant career and untimely death, have surrounded his name with a halo of romance. He had ruled his province well for two short years, when the summons to the field came to him again. Governor Bienville had resolved to crush the Chickasaws, and needed the aid of all his subordinates. D'Artaguiette set forth from Fort Chartres on a morning in February, with his whole force, making a brave show, as the fleet of batteaux and canoes floated down the Mississippi. This first invasion of Southern soil by soldiers from Illinois was made by the entire garrison of the fort, augmented by a company of volunteers from the French villages, the Kaskaskia tribe, and a throng of Indian warriors who had flocked to the standard even from the far-away Detroit. The chief, Chicago, led the Illinois and the Miamis, and at the mouth of the Ohio the Chevalier Vinienne joined the expedition with the garrison from the post on the Wabash and a number of Indians, including a party of Iroquois braves. Landing



and marching inland, they reached the Chickasaw villages at the appointed time, but the troops from New Orleans, who were to meet them there, failed to appear. Compelled to fight or retreat, D'Artaguiette chose the former, and was at first successful; but the tide turned when he fell, covered with wounds. Many of the French were slain, most of the Indians fled, and D'Artaguiette, Vinsenne, the Jesuit Senat, and young St. Ange, son of the Illinois commandant, were taken prisoners by the unconquered Chickasaws, who burned them at the stake, and triumphantly marched to the Georgia coast to tell their English allies there of the French defeat. The broken remnants of the little army, under the leadership of a boy of sixteen, pursued by the savages for five and twenty leagues, regained the river, and sadly returned to the fort. On the sorrow caused there by the mournful news, the masses that were said in the little church of St. Anne for the repose of the souls of the slain, and the deep grief felt throughout the country of the Illinois, in cabin and wigwam alike, we will not dwell. The impression made by the life and death of D'Artaguiette was so abiding that his name remained a household word among the French for years, and well into the present century the favorite song among the negroes along the Mississippi was one of which the oft-repeated chorus ran, —

"In the days of D'Artaguiette, ho! ho!  
In the days of D'Artaguiette, oh!"

Three years later, La Buissonnière, who succeeded him, led an expedition from Fort Chartres, composed of Frenchmen and natives, to take part in another campaign against the dauntless Chickasaws. Soldiers from Quebec and Montreal, with recruits from all the tribes along the route, overtook him on the way, and the Northern forces joined the troops under Bienville, newly reinforced from Paris, near the site of the city of Memphis. The dominions of the king

of France, in the Old World and the New, were laid under contribution to concentrate this army at the rendezvous, but not a blow was struck. White men and red lay in camp for months, apparently unwilling to risk an encounter, and at length a dubious peace was arranged, and all marched home again, without loss or glory. Hardly had the Fort Chartres detachment returned, when a boat going from New Orleans to the Illinois was attacked above the mouth of the Ohio by the Chickasaws, and all on board were killed, save one young girl. She had recently arrived from France, and was on her way to join her sister, the wife of an officer at the fort. Escaping by a miracle to the shore, she wandered through the woods for days, living on herbs, until, sore spent and ready to die, she chanced to reach an elevation from which she caught a glimpse of the flag floating over Fort Chartres, and with new hope and strength struggled onward, and came safely to the friends who had mourned for her as dead.

During La Buissonnière's governorship were the halcyon days of the French settlers at the Illinois. The Indians were kept in check, the fertile soil yielded bounteous harvests, and Lower Louisiana afforded a market each year for two convoys laden with grain and supplies. The village of Prairie Du Rocher had grown up five miles from the fort, upon a grant made by the India Company to Boisbriant, and Renault had established the village of St. Philip on a portion of his tract of land above the fort. These were laid out after the French manner, with commons and common fields, still marked upon the local maps, and to some extent held and used to this day under the provisions of these early grants. To the colony came scions of noble families of France, seeking fame and adventure in that distant land, and their names and titles appear at length in the old records and parish registers.



Among them was Benoist St. Clair, captain of a company detached from the marine service, who followed La Buissonnière in the chief command, and held it for a year or more. He found little to do in those piping times of peace, made an occasional grant of land, and soon sought other service.

The Chevalier de Bertel, who describes himself as major commanding for the king, took charge in his stead. Together with De la Loire Flancour, civil judge at the Illinois, he made various grants of land, including one to a young man at St. Philip, for the reason that he was the first one born in Illinois to marry and settle himself. And to another, who asked the gift of a farm, because he had seven children, they conveyed a large tract for each child. Not long before De Bertel's accession, Governor Bienville had returned to France, finally resigning his trust to the Marquis de Vaudreuil. Here a word may appropriately be spoken of the first royal governor of the province of which Illinois was a part, and in whose administration Fort Chartres was constructed. Le Moyne de Bienville was one of an illustrious family. His father was killed in battle in the service of his country, and his ten brothers held well-earned commissions in the French army and navy. He won renown in engagements with the English on land and sea, was one of the founders of Louisiana, and chose the site of the city of New Orleans. As lieutenant-governor and governor of the province, he served for nearly forty years, and was honored as the bravest and best man in the colony. His portrait, which adorns the mansion of Baron Grant, at Longueuil, in Canada, the representative of the family, shows a martial figure and a noble face, in keeping with his record, and his intimate connection with its early history would make it fitting to preserve a copy of this original in the State of Illinois.

The Chevalier de Bertel had a diffi-

cult part to play. France and England were at war, and whispers of an English attack upon the settlements at the Illinois were in the air. The fort was out of repair and poorly supplied, and the old-time Indian allies had been won over by the English. The abandonment of the post was contemplated, but the Marquis de Galissonnière, governor-general of Canada, protested against this step in a memorial to the home government, in which he says: "The little colony of Illinois ought not to be left to perish. The king must sacrifice for its support. The principal advantage of the country is its extreme productiveness, and its connection with Canada and Louisiana must be maintained." In the year 1750, De Galissonnière once more urged upon the king the importance of preserving and strengthening the post at the Illinois, describing the country as open and ready for the plow, and traversed by an innumerable multitude of buffaloes. "And these animals," he says, "are covered with a species of wool sufficiently fine to be employed in various manufactories." And he further suggests, and doubtless correctly, that "the buffalo, if caught and attached to the plow, would move it at a speed superior to that of the domestic ox"!

In the succeeding autumn, the Chevalier de Makarty, a major of engineers, with a few companies of troops, arrived from France, under orders to rebuild the citadel of the Illinois country. Other detachments followed, until nearly a full regiment of French grenadiers answered to the roll-call at Fort Chartres. They toiled busily to transform it from a fortress of wood to one of stone, under the skillful guidance of the trained officer, whose Irish blood, as well as his French commission, made hostile preparations against England a labor of love to him. You may see to this day the place in the bluffs, to the eastward of the fort, where they quarried the huge blocks, which they carried in boats across the little



lake lying between. The finer stone, with which the gateways and buildings were faced, was brought from beyond the Mississippi. A million of crowns seemed to the king of France only a reasonable expense for this work of reconstruction, which was to secure his empire in the West. And hardly was it completed, when the contest began in the New World, and the garrison of Fort Chartres had a hand in the opening struggle. In May, 1754, the young George Washington, with his Virginia riflemen, surprised a French party at the Great Meadows, and slew its leader, Jumonville. His brother, Neyon de Villiers, one of the captains at Fort Chartres, obtained leave from Makarty to avenge him, and led his company, by the Mississippi and the Ohio, to Fort Du Quesne, joining there the head of the family, Coulon de Villiers, who was marching on the same errand. Together they brought to bay "Monsieur de Wachenston," as the French dispatches call him, at Fort Necessity, which he surrendered on the 4th of July. The capture of this place by the French is one of the causes assigned by George II. for the declaration of hostilities by England, and thus the Old French War began. The little detachment, with its bold leader, returned, flushed with victory, to celebrate at Fort Chartres the triumph of Illinois over Virginia. And soon the tireless De Villiers and his intrepid band made the long river journey again, and, crossing the Alleghanies, captured Fort Granville on the Juniata. The Marquis de Montcalm, writing to the minister of war at Paris, thus pleasantly alludes to this little attention paid by Illinois to Pennsylvania: "The news from the Beautiful River is excellent. We continue to devastate Pennsylvania. De Villiers has just burned Fort Granville, sixty miles from Philadelphia." The following year Aubry, another of the Fort Chartres captains, was sent by Makarty, with four hundred men, to re-

inforce Fort Du Quesne. The morning after his arrival, he sallied out and defeated an English force near by, and a few days later surprised the main body of the enemy in their camp, forty-five miles away, captured their horses, and brought his party back mounted. Shortly, however, the approach of a superior force, with Washington and his riflemen in the van, compelled the abandonment of Fort Du Quesne. By the light of its burning stockade, the Illinois troops embarked at midnight on the Beautiful River, and set sail for their distant homes.

The English star was now in the ascendant, yet still the French struggled gallantly. Once more the drum beat to arms on the parade ground at Fort Chartres, at the command to march to raise the siege of Fort Niagara. All the Illinois villages sent volunteers, and Aubry led the expedition. As they entered the Niagara River, Indian scouts likened them to "a floating island, so black was the stream with their bateaux and canoes." The desperate charge upon the English lines failed; Aubry, badly wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy; and the bulletin reads, "Of the French from the Illinois, many were killed and many taken prisoners." Despair and gloom settled upon the fort and its neighborhood, when the sorrowful news came back. Makarty writes to the governor-general, "The defeat at Niagara has cost me the flower of my men." The surrender, at Montreal, of the Canadas followed upon Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham, but still the Illinois held out for the king. Neyon de Villiers received his richly deserved promotion, and assumed command at Fort Chartres. And the fine old soldier, Makarty, doubtless regretting that he had not had opportunity to test the strength of the goodly stone walls he had built, sheathed his sword, twirled his mustache, made his bow, and departed.

The village at the fort gate, after the



rebuilding called New Chartre, had become a well-established community. The old title records quaintly illustrate its ways of transacting business, as when, for instance, the royal notary at the Illinois declares that he made a certain sale "in the forenoon of Sunday, after the great parochial mass of St. Anne, of New Chartre, at the main door of the church, offering the property in a high and audible voice, while the people were going out in great numbers from said church." And the parish register, which briefly and dryly notes the marriages of the common people, spares neither space nor words in the record of the weddings in the families of the officers at the fort. When Jean Freilé de Vidrinne, officer of a company, is married to Elizabeth de Moncharveaux, daughter of Jean François Liveron de Moncharveaux, captain of a company, and when Monsieur André Chevalier, royal solicitor and treasurer for the king at the country of the Illinois, weds Madeleine Loisel, names and titles and ancestry are set forth at length, and all the dignitaries of fort or village sign the register as witnesses. In the baptismal register of the chapel of St. Joseph, at Prairie Du Rocher, appears one entry which has a strangely familiar sound, though written more than a century ago. For it recites that several persons, adults and children, were baptized together, "in the presence of their parents, brothers, uncles, mutual friends, their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts." This palpably is the germ of Pinafore, which Illinois may therefore take the credit of originating, long before our era!

New Chartre and the neighboring villages and the fort rested secure in the belief that, although Canada had surrendered, Louisiana with the Illinois country would be preserved by the king. Hence, like a thunder-clap came the news that, on the 10th of February, 1763, Louis XV. had ratified the treaty ceding these also to the English. An

expedition from New Orleans, coming to settle at the Illinois, was met by the announcement of the change of government, and its leader, Pierre Laclede, decided to establish a new post in the territory west of the Mississippi, supposed to be still French soil. Storing his goods and making his headquarters at the fort for the winter, he selected a fine bluff, sixty miles to the northward, as the site of his colony, and took possession in the spring. This was the beginning of the city of St. Louis. Many of the French from the Illinois followed him, even transporting their houses to the other shore, so great was their desire to live under their own flag; and terrible was their disappointment when the secret treaty with Spain was made known, by which their faithless king transferred all his dominions beyond the Mississippi to that nation. Those who remained at the Illinois felt their hopes revive, as time passed on and the redcoats came not. The veteran St. Ange had come from Vincennes to play the last sad act in the drama, and, with a little garrison of forty men, still held the fort, although it was the only place in North America at which the white flag of the Bourbons was still flying. Until that flag was lowered, the victory of the English was not complete; but the way to the West was not yet open to them, for Pontiac was a lion in the path. Captain Morris, sent from Detroit to arrange for the surrender, was met by the forest chieftain, who, squatting in front of him, opened the interview by observing that the English were liars, and asked him if he had come to lie to them, like the rest. Attentions much less courteous were received from individuals of the Kickapoo persuasion, and Morris turned back. Lieutenant Frazer, pushing down the Ohio, reached Kaskaskia, where he fell into Pontiac's hands, who kept him all one night in dread of being boiled alive, and at daybreak shipped him to New Orleans by canoe express, with the



cheerful information that the kettle was boiling over a large fire to receive any other Englishmen who came that way. Other attempts were no more successful, and the French and Spanish officers in Louisiana laughed at the English failures to reach a fort they claimed to own, and suggested that an important party had been omitted in the treaty of cession, and that a new one should be made with King Pontiac. Meanwhile, that sovereign was ordering into service some Illinois Indians assembled near Fort Chartres, and, when they seemed reluctant to engage in hostilities against their new rulers, said to them, "Hesitate not, or I destroy you as fire does the prairie grass. Listen, and recollect that these are the words of Pontiac!" Their scruples vanished with amazing rapidity, and they did his bidding. Then, with his retinue of dusky warriors, he led the way through the tall gateway of Fort Chartres, and, greeting St. Ange, as he sat in the government house, said, "Father, I have long wished to see thee, to recall the battles which we fought together against the misguided Indians and the English dogs. I love the French, and I have come here with my warriors to avenge their wrongs." But St. Ange plainly told him that all was over and he must make peace with the English; and Pontiac, at last convinced, gave up the contest. No opposition was made to the approach of a detachment of the forty-second Highlanders, the famous "Black Watch," under Captain Sterling, to whom St. Ange formally surrendered the fort on the 10th of October, 1765. The lilies of France gave place to the red cross of St. George, and the long struggle was ended. At Fort Chartres, the great empire of France in the New World ceased forever.

The articles of capitulation are preserved in the French archives at Paris. The fort is minutely described in them, with its arched gateway, fifteen feet high,

having a cut-stone platform above the gate; its walls of stone, eighteen feet in height, with loop-holes, embrasures, and bastions; the great store-house, ninety feet long by thirty wide; the government house, with iron gates and a stone porch, a coach-house and pigeon-house adjoining; the two rows of barracks, each one hundred and twenty-eight feet long; the intendant's house, guard-house, bake-house, and prison, all of stone; and the magazine, thirty-eight feet in length, nearly the same in width, and thirteen feet high above the ground, with doors of wood and iron hung in a cut-stone doorway, — the whole occupying an area of more than four acres. The English claimed the cannon in the fort, under the treaty of cession. The French differed with them, but left the guns in position, pending the settlement of the question by the home authorities. St. Ange and his men took boat for St. Louis, where they exchanged the service of his Most Christian Majesty of France for that of his Most Catholic Majesty of Spain. One tragedy signalized the accession of the new government at Fort Chartres. Two young officers, the one French and the other English, were rival suitors for the hand of a young girl in the neighborhood, and a quarrel arose, which led to perhaps the first duel fought in Illinois. They met early on a Sunday morning, near the fort, armed with small swords; the Englishman was slain, and his opponent made haste to descend the river to New Orleans. With the departure of the French soldiers, the last spark of life in the village of New Chartre went out. On the register then in use in the church of St. Anne was written, "The above-mentioned church having been abolished, the rest of the paper which was in this book has been taken for the service of the church at Kaskaskia." And the Mississippi, as if bent upon destroying every vestige of the once happy and prosperous village, encroached upon its



site, until a large portion of it was swept away.

The Illinois had now become an English colony, "in the days when George the Third was king." The simple French inhabitants with difficulty accustomed themselves to the change, and longed for the paternal sway of the commanders of their own race. It is said that, soon after the English occupation, the officer in authority at Fort Chartres died suddenly, and, there being no one competent to succeed him, the wheels of government stopped; and that St. Ange, then commanding the garrison at the Spanish post of St. Louis, hearing of the confusion in his old province, repaired to Fort Chartres, restored order, and remained in charge until another English officer could reach the spot. The story is typical of the man, who deserves a wider fame than he has won. He spent a long life in the arduous duties of a frontier officer, and for more than fifty years was associated with the Illinois country, which became the home of his family. Entering the French army as a boy, he grew gray in the service; and when New France was surrendered by the unworthy king, who made no provision for the men who had stood so steadfastly for him, St. Ange was more faithful to France than Louis XV. had been. For his removal to St. Louis and acceptance of a Spanish commission were in the interest and for the protection of his misled fellow countrymen who had settled at that place, solely that they might still be French subjects. And all who knew him, friends and foes, countrymen and foreigners, white men and red, alike bear testimony to the uprightness, the steady fortitude, the unshrinking courage, the kindness and nobility, of Louis St. Ange de Belle Rive, the last French commandant of the Illinois.

The year after the surrender, Captain Philip Pitman, an English engineer officer, visited the fort, in pursuance of

his orders to examine the British posts in the Mississippi Valley. In his report he speaks of the thickness of the walls and the handsome entrance gate, describes the works and buildings very fully, and concludes as follows: "It is generally believed that this is the most convenient and best built fort in North America." In the fall of 1768, Lieutenant Colonel John Wilkins relieved the officer in charge of the post, and, under a proclamation from General Gage, established a court with seven judges, to sit at Fort Chartres and administer the law of England,—the first court of common law jurisdiction west of the Alleghanies. The old French court, with its single judge, which for more than forty years decided the causes that arose in the Illinois country, according to the civil law, had ceased with the surrender. Its records for many years were preserved at Kaskaskia, but less care was taken of them when removed from there; and, within a few years past, these documents, so valuable to the antiquarian and the historian, have been used by veritable Illinois Vandals to light the fires in a country court-house, and but a solitary fragment now remains.

For seven years only the English ruled at Fort Chartres, though doubtless believing it to be their permanent headquarters for the whole Northwest. But the Mississippi had ever been a French river, and could not endure the presence of a rival nation on its banks. Its waters murmured the names of Marquette and Joliet, of La Salle and Jonty, and their memories would not suffer it to rest contented with successors of another race. So it rose in its might, and assailed the fort, and, on a stormy night in spring-time, its resistless flood tore away a bastion and part of the river wall. The garrison fled in all haste across the submerged meadows, taking refuge on the hills above Kaskaskia; and from the year 1772 Fort Chartres was never occupied again. An occasional band of



Indians found shelter in its lonely buildings, but otherwise the solitude which claimed for its own the once busy fortress remained unbroken for many a year. Now and then an adventurous traveler found his way thither. Quaint old Governor Reynolds, who saw it in 1802, says, "It presented the most striking contrast between a savage wilderness, filled with wild beasts and reptiles, and the remains of one of the largest and strongest fortifications on the continent. Large trees were growing in the houses which once contained the elegant and accomplished French officers and soldiers. Cannon, snakes, and bats were sleeping together in peace in and around this fort." United States Judge Brackenridge writes in 1817, "Fort Chartres is a noble ruin. There are a number of cannon lying half buried in the earth, with their trunnions broken off. I remarked a kind of inclosure near, which, according to tradition, was fitted up by the officers as a kind of arbor, where they could sit and converse in the heat of the day." Hall, in his *Romance of the West*, describes a visit to the fort in 1829: "The crumbling pile is overgrown, the tall trees rearing their stems from piles of stone, and the vines creeping over the tottering walls. It was curious to see in the gloom of a dense forest these remnants of the architecture of a past age." Governor Reynolds came again in 1854, and found "Fort Chartres a pile of mouldering ruins, and the walls torn away almost even with the surface."

To one visiting the site but a year ago, the excursion afforded as strong a contrast between the past and the present as may readily be found. From the nearest railway point the brisk new town of Red Bud, twenty miles distant, the greater part of the drive over the prairie and through the forest which intervenes is as monotonous as a drive anywhere in Illinois may properly be. But when you reach the bluff, far overlooking the lordly Mississippi and its

lowlands to the Missouri hills beyond, and wind down the road cut deeply into its face to the little village of Prairie Du Rocher, lying at its foot, a change comes over the scene. The wide and shaded village streets, with the French names upon the little stores; the houses built as in Canada, with dormer windows and piazzas facing to the south; the mill bearing the name given by the Jesuits; the foreign accent and appearance of the people; the very atmosphere, so full of rest and quiet, to which hurry is unknown, — all combine to make one feel as if in another time and another land than ours. It is as though a little piece of old France had been transplanted to the Mississippi a century since and forgotten; or as if a stratum of the early French settlements at the Illinois, a hundred years ago or more, had sunk down below the reach of time and change, with its ways and customs and people intact, and still pursued its former life, unmindful of the busy nineteenth century on the uplands above its head. It was not surprising to be told that at the house of the village priest some ancient relics were to be seen, and that some old documents had once been there. In such a place, such things should always be. But it was a surprise, when shown into a room adorned with portraits of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., and expecting to see a venerable man in black robes and perhaps the tonsure, to be suddenly greeted by a joyous youth in German student costume, with a mighty meerschaum in his hand, who introduced himself as the priest in charge of the parish of St. Joseph of Prairie Du Rocher. He had arrived but six months before from the old country, and had been stationed at this place because of his knowledge of French, which is spoken by nearly all of the two hundred and fifty families in his parish, which includes a number of colored people, the descendants of the slaves of the early settlers. With ready courtesy he led the way to his sanctum,



where he displayed, with pride, three chalices and a monstrant, or receptacle for the wafer, very old and of quaint workmanship, made of solid silver, and a tabernacle of inlaid wood, all supposed to have belonged to the church of St. Anne of Fort Chartres. At an inquiry for old manuscripts, he produced from a lumber room a bundle of discolored papers, fast going to decay, which he had found in the house when he took possession, but of which he knew but little. The first inspection revealed a marriage register of the church of St. Anne of Fort Chartres, containing autographs of Makarty and De Villiers: and a subsequent examination showed that these papers comprised a large part of the registers of that parish, as well as the early records of that of St. Joseph of Prairie Du Rocher.

Such an experience was a most fitting prelude to the sight of the old fort itself, though this was indeed difficult to find. In the early days all roads in the Illinois country led to Fort Chartres. Highways thither are the most prominent feature of the old village plats and ancient maps of the region. Now, there is not even a path to it. The simple French people along the way found it hard to believe that any one could really wish to visit the old fort, and, with kindly earnestness, insisted that the intended destination must be the river landing, which takes its name from the fort, but is some miles distant. By dint of repeated inquiries, a course was found which led to the goal, after a five-mile drive from Prairie Du Rocher. The ruins were approached by crossing a beautiful level field, green with winter wheat, and the first sight of the low bank which marks the position of the walls and of the old magazine, standing bravely up against the forest background, was a sufficient reward for the journey. At the entrance to the inclosure is a rude farm-gate, which stands just in the place of its lofty predeces-

sor of carved stone, and the line of the walls and corner bastions can be readily traced by the mounds of earth and fragments of stone, beneath which, doubtless, the heavy foundations remain. On two sides the outline of the ditch can be seen, and the cellars of the commandant's and intendant's houses are distinctly visible, half filled with *débris*, under which, perhaps, the old cannon of Louis XIV. are still lying. Time has settled the question of title to them, and they belong neither to France nor to England now. Two rude houses, occupied by farm tenants, are within the area of the works, which have been cleared of trees, save a few tall ones near the magazine and along the ditch. In front the ground is open and under cultivation, and, looking from the old gateway, you have before you the prospect which must often have pleased the eyes of the officers of France and England, when gazing from "the cut-stone platform above the arch:" the knoll in front, where Boisbriant's land grant to himself commenced; the level plateau, dotted with clumps of forest trees, the gleam of the little lake in the lowland, and, beyond, the beautiful buttresses of rock, rounded and shaped as if by the hand of man, supporting the upland which bounds the view. Of the vanished village of St. Anne, no trace remains, save a few garden plants, growing wild on the plain; and there is no sign of the church, where sales were made, "in a high and audible voice, while the people were going out in great numbers." The site of St. Philip is covered by a farm; but, to this day, a part of its long line of fields is known as "the king's highway," though there is no road there, and it is supposed that this was the route along which Renault brought the supplies from his grant to the river for transfer to his mines.

Yet, though so much has gone of the ancient surroundings and of the fort itself, it was an exceeding pleasure to



find the old magazine still almost complete, and bearing itself as sturdily as if conscious that it alone is left of all the vast domain of France in America, and resolute to preserve its memory for ages to come. It stands within the southeastern bastion, solidly built of stone, its walls four feet in thickness, sloping upwards to perhaps twelve feet from the ground, and rounded at the top. It is partially covered with vines and moss, and one might search far and wide in our land to find an object so picturesque and venerable. But for the loss of its iron doors and the cut stone about the doorway, it is well-nigh as perfect as on the day it was built. Within, a few steps lead to the solid stone floor, some feet below the surface, and the interior, nearly thirty feet square, is entirely uninjured. You may note the arched stone roof, the careful construction of the heavy walls, and the few small apertures for light and air, curiously protected against injury from without. Here one may invoke the shades of Makarty and De Villiers and St. Ange, and easily bring back the past. For, as it is to-day, it has seen them all, as they went to and fro before it, or examined its store of shot and shell; it has heard the word of command as the grenadiers drilled on the

parade ground hard by; it has watched the tawny chieftains and their followers trooping in single file through the adjacent gateway; and past its moss-grown walls the bridal processions of Madeleine Loisel and Elizabeth Montcharveaux, and other fair ladies from the fort, have gone to the little church of St. Anne. And gazing at it in such a mood, until all about was peopled with the airy shapes of long ago, and one beheld again the gallant company which laid the foundations of this fortress with such high hope and purpose; the hurrying scouts passing through its portals with tidings of Indian foray or Spanish march; the valiant leaders setting forth from its walls on distant expeditions against savage or civilized foe; the colonists flocking to its store-house or council-chamber; the dusky warriors thronging its inclosure, with Chicago or Pontiac at their head; the gathering there of those who founded a great city; the happy village at its gates; and the scenes of its momentous surrender, which sealed the loss of an empire to France, it seems not unreasonable to wish that the State of Illinois might, while yet there is time, take measures to preserve, for the sake of the memories, the romance, and the history interwoven in its fabric, what still remains of Old Fort Chartres.

*Edward G. Mason.*

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### DOCTOR ZAY.

#### III.

SHE came at once. She stepped before him at the bedside, and stood there, without moving. She let him look at her as long as he would. It was not long. He felt very ill. He regarded her confusedly. He perceived a woman of medium height, with a well-shaped head. He felt the dress and carriage of

a lady. His eye fell upon her hands, which were crossed lightly on the edge of the little table where his medicines stood. Sick as he was, he noticed unusual signs of strength in her fingers, which were yet not deficient in delicacy. Yorke had always judged people a good deal by their hands. He repeated his nervous phrase:—

“I am in a woman’s hands!”



She spread them out before him with a swift, fine gesture; then made as if she put something unseen at one side from them.

"Let me send for the man I spoke of. You are irresolute. You are losing strength and time. This is a mistake as well as a misfortune. I can't help being a woman, but I can help your suffering from the fact."

"No, — not yet. No. Wait a moment. I wish to speak with you. Will you pardon me if I ask — a few questions?"

"I will pardon anything. But they must be very few. I shall not stand by and see you spend your breath unnecessarily."

"Are you an educated physician, madam?"

"Yes, sir."

"A beginner?"

"I have practiced several years."

"Do you think you understand my case?"

"I think I do."

"This old man you speak of, — this other doctor, — what is he?"

"His patients trust him."

"Do you think I should trust him?"

"No, sir."

"Are you the only homœopathist in this region?"

"There is one at Cherryfield; others at Bangor; none within thirty miles."

"Can you get consultation?"

"I have already telegraphed to Bangor for advice: there is an eminent surgeon there; he will come if needed. I know him well."

"How much am I hurt?"

"A good deal, sir."

"Where are the injuries?"

"In the head, the foot, and the right arm."

"What are they?"

"I do not wish you to talk of them. I do not wish you to talk any more of anything."

"Just this, — am I in danger?"

"I hope not, Mr. Yorke."

"I see you can tell the truth."

"I am telling the truth."

"I begin to trust you."

She put her finger on her lip. He stirred heavily, with an ineffectual attempt to writhe himself into another position.

"I cannot move. I did not know my arm was hurt before — Ah, there!"

As he spoke, blood sprang. The doctor made towards him a motion remarkable for its union of swiftness with great composure. Her face had a stern but perfectly steady light. She said calmly:

"Lie still, Mr. Yorke," and with one hand held him down upon the pillow. He perceived then that a bandage had slipped from a deep wound just below the shoulder, and that a severed artery was oozing red and hot. He grew giddy and faint, but managed to keep his wits together to watch and see what the young woman would do. She quickly bared his arm, from which the sleeve was already cut away.

"Mrs. Butterwell," she called quietly, "will you please bring me some hot water?"

During the little delay which ensued on this order — a momentary one, for Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell was one of those housekeepers whose conscience would admit of a lukewarm sanctification sooner than a lukewarm boiler — the doctor gently unrolled the bandage from the wound, which she then thoroughly sponged and cleansed. The patient thought he heard her say something about "secondary hæmorrhages;" but the words, if indeed she used them at all, were not addressed to him. The hot water did not stop the blood, which seemed to him to be sucking his soul out.

"Hold this arm, Mrs. Butterwell," said the young lady — "just so. Keep it in this position till I tell you to let go. Do you understand? There. No, stay. Call Mr. Butterwell. I want two."



She drew her surgical case from her pocket, and selected an artery forceps. She opened the wound, and instructed Mr. Butterwell how to hold the forceps in position while she ligated the artery. She bandaged the arm, and adjusted it to suit her upon a pillow. She had a firm and fearless touch. Her face betrayed no uneasiness; only the contraction of the brows inseparable from studious attention.

The patient looked at the physician with glazing eyes.

"Write to my mother," he said weakly. "Don't say you are not a man. Only say you are not an allopath — and that I have given my case unservedly to you. Tell her not to worry. Give her my love. Tell her" —

And with this he fainted quite away.

This faint was the prelude to a hard pull. Days of alternate syncope and delirium followed. Short intervals of consciousness found him quiet, but alarmingly weak. His early anxiety had ceased to manifest itself. He yielded to the treatment he received without criticism or demur. In fact, he was too ill to do anything else. This condition lasted for more than a week.

One day he awoke, conscious and calm. It was a sunny day. There seemed to be a faint woody perfume in the room, from some source unknown. A long, narrow block of light lay yellow on the stiff-patterned brown carpet; it was by no means, however, a cheap carpet. There was an expensive red and gold paper on the walls, and marble-topped furniture. There were two pictures. One was a framed certificate setting forth the fact of Mr. Butterwell's honored and honorable career as a Freemason. The other was an engraving of the Sistine Madonna. Yorke had hardly noticed the contents of his room before. He observed these details with the vivid interest of a newly-made invalid, wondering how long he was likely

to lie and look at them. As his eye wandered weakly about the room it rested upon the bureau, which stood somewhat behind him. A vase of yellow Austrian glass was on the bureau; it held a spray of apple-blossoms.

While he lay breathing in their delicate outlines like a perfume, and feeling their perfume like a color, the half-opened door pushed gently in, and a woman — a lady — entered with a quick step. She was a young lady; or at least she was under thirty. She stopped on seeing that he was awake, and the two regarded each other. She saw a very haggard-looking young fellow, with a sane eye and a wan smile. He saw a blooming creature. She had her hat on and driving-gloves in her hand. Her face was sensitive with pleasure at the change in the patient. She advanced towards him heartily, holding out her hand. He said, —

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is — excuse me — but, madam, I don't know your name."

"My name is Lloyd. You are better to-day!"

"Infinitely! Wait, please. . . . I have seen you before. Where have I seen you?"

"Three times a day for a week, without counting the nights," said the young lady, with mischief in her voice. She had a pleasant voice. She spoke a little too quickly, perhaps. She stood beside his bed. She stood erect and strong. Her hair was dark, and she had rather large, dark blue eyes. He thought it was a fine, strong face; he did not know but it might be safe to call it beautiful. She wore a blue flannel dress.

"I know!" he said suddenly. "You are the caryatid."

"What, sir?"

"You are the blue caryatid — Never mind. I am not deranged again. Have I been very crazy?"

"Sometimes," said the lady gravely.



Her expression and manner had changed. She sat down beside him and opened her medicine-case, which she laid upon the table. He smiled when he saw the tiny vials. She either did not observe or did not return the smile. Her face had settled into an intent and studious form, like a hardening cast. He thought, *She is not beautiful.*

She took out her note-book, and began to ask him a series of professional questions. She spoke with the distinct but rapid enunciation which he had noticed before. She wrote down his answers carefully. Many of her questions were more personal than he had expected; he was not used to what Mrs. Butterwell called "doctoring." This young lady required his age, his habits, family history, and other items not immediately connected in the patient's mind with a dislocated ankle.

"Now your pulse, please," she said, when she had reached the end of her catechism. She took his wrist in a business-like way. The young man experienced a certain embarrassment. The physician gave evidence of none. She laid his hand down again, as if it had been a bottle or a bandage, told him that she was greatly gratified with his marked improvement, prepared his powders, and, drawing the little rubber clasp over her medicine-case, gave him to understand by her motion and manner that she considered the consultation at an end.

"One powder in six tablespoonfuls of water; one tablespoonful every four hours," she said, rising. "Are you quite able to remember? Or I will speak to Mrs. Butterwell myself as I go out. She will be with you soon, and I have directed that some one shall be within call whenever you are left alone. You do not object to being alone somewhat?"

"I like it."

"I was sure of it. I prefer you to be alone as much as you can bear now. But you will not be neglected. I will see you again at night."

"I should like to talk with you a little," stammered Yorke, hardly knowing what was the etiquette of this anomalous position. "Cannot you stay longer?"

She looked at her watch, hesitated, and sat down again.

"I can give you a few minutes. I have a busy day before me."

"Did you write to my mother," began the patient, "and what has she answered?"

"If you go on improving at this rate, you may read your letters to-morrow, Mr. Yorke."

"Not to-day?"

"No."

"You are arbitrary, Miss — Dr. Lloyd."

She gave him a cool, keen look.

"That is my business," she said.

"What has been the matter with me?" persisted the young man. "What are my injuries? I wish to know."

"A dislocation of the ankle; a severed artery in the arm; and concussion of the brain, — besides the minor cuts attendant on such an accident as yours. Each of these is doing finely. You have now no cause for alarm. It was a beautiful dislocation!" added the physician, with enthusiasm.

"Have I been dangerously ill?"

"Yes."

"Have you had consultation?"

"By telegraph every day, your worst days; by letter when I have thought you would feel easier to know that I had it."

"How soon shall I be about again?"

"I cannot promise you anything at present. You are doing remarkably well. But you will have occasion for patience, sir."

"I must have seemed very rude — or — distrustful of you, at the first."

"On the contrary, Mr. Yorke, you have shown me every reasonable confidence, — far more than I could have expected under the circumstances. I have appreciated it."

That sensitiveness had come into her



face again; she gave him a direct, full look; and he thought once more that she was a beautiful woman.

"Believe," he said earnestly, "that I am grateful to you, madam."

She smiled indulgently, bowed, and left him. He heard her quick step in the hall, and her voice speaking to Mrs. Butterwell; then he heard her chirrup to her pony, and the sound of wheels. She drove rapidly, and was soon gone.

The day passed in the faint, sweet, lazy way that only the convalescent knows. No other creature ever gets behind that glamour. Returning life paces towards one so solemnly that the soul would keep upon its knees, were it not so weak; one dares not pray; one ventures only to see the frolic in the eyes of the advancing power, and dashes into joy as bees into rhythm, or as flowers into color. Waldo Yorke was very happy. He thought of his mother; his heart was full. He looked at the block of yellow light upon the carpet; at the apple-blossoms in the vase; at the patch of June sky that burned beyond that one open window. Life and light, he thought, are here.

Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, however, was there, too. She was extremely kind. She entertained the young man with a graphic account of his accident and its consequences. Mr. Butterwell himself came in, for a moment, and briefly considered it (although the Bangor horse was killed) a lucky thing.

"When he brought you home," observed the lady, "I said, 'He's dead.' I must say I hoped you were, for I said to my husband, 'He'll be an idiot if he lives.' It always seems to me as if the Creator was thinking he had n't made enough of 'em, after all, and was watching opportunities to increase the stock. But our doctor's been a match for him this time!" added Mrs. Isaiah, with a snap of her soft eyes.

"Why, — Sar-ah!" rebuked her husband, gently.

"Well, she has!" insisted Sarah; "and I don't see the harm. He made *her*, too, I suppose, did n't he? I think he ought to be proud of her. I've no doubt he is, — not the least in the world."

"Why, *Sarah!*" repeated Mr. Butterwell. He had the air of being just as much surprised by these little conversational peculiarities in his consort as if he had not wintered and summered them for better and worse for forty years. This amused the invalid. He liked to hear them talk. He was so happy that day that Mrs. Isaiah seemed to him really very witty. He drew her out. She dwelt a good deal upon the doctor. She explained to him her difficulty in concealing the fact of the physician's sex from him those first few days.

"I would *not* tell a fib for you, Mr. Yorke, even if you did die. And when you ran on so about seeing the doctor, I was hard up. I could n't say 'she,' and I would n't say 'he,' for she was n't a 'he,' now, was she? Once I got stuck in the middle of a sentence; and Mr. Butterwell was here, and I said, 'Sh— Isaiah! — he;,' so I cut the word in two, don't you see? Only I spelled it with an extra *h*. But I'd rather sacrifice my spellin' than my conscience. And Isaiah asked me afterwards what I sh-shd him up for, when he had n't opened his mouth. He did n't open it very often while you were sick, Mr. Yorke. But he spoke about your uncle, and was blue enough. I had to make up my mind to do the talking for two, when I married Mr. Butterwell. What time did Doctor Zay say she should look in again, Mr. Yorke?"

"Doctor Zay?" repeated the young gentleman blankly.

"Oh, we call her Doctor Zay. You see there were two of them, she and the old man; and, as luck would, they must have the same name. I suppose he was ashamed of his, — Adoniram; I don't blame him. At any rate, there's the sign, 'Dr. A. Lloyd.' And she has some



kind of a heathen name herself; I never can pronounce it; so she takes to 'Dr. Z. A. Lloyd,' and that's how we come by it. Everybody calls her Doctor Za. But she spells it with a *y* herself. We love the sound of it," added Mrs. Butterwell gently. "So would you, if you'd been a woman Down East, and she the first one, of all you'd read about and needed, you'd ever seen."

"But I'm not a woman," interrupted the patient, laughing. "I can't call her Doctor Zay. The young lady has done admirably by me; I'll admit that. How much I must have troubled her, to come here so often!"

"I would n't waste your feelings, sir," observed Mrs. Butterwell, dryly. "Feelings are too rich cream to be skimmed for nothing. Doctor would have done her duty by you, anyhow; but it's been less of a sacrifice, considering she lives here."

The subsiding expression of weariness on the sick man's face rose to one of interest. He repeated, "Lives here?" not without something like energy.

"Yes, I've had her a year. She was starving at the Sherman Hotel, and I took her in. I used to go to school with some connections of hers, so I felt a kind of responsibility for her. And then I'm always glad of society, as I told you when I took you. I'm social in my nature. I suppose that's why Providence went out of his way to marry me to Mr. Butterwell. If my lot had been cast in Portland, or Bangor, I'm afraid I should have been frivolous, as I said to Doctor Zay, the first time I saw her,—it was chilblains; I thought I could trust her; I did n't know her then, you see. Do you mean to say you did n't notice her sign? Then, if she'd got sick at the hotel, they'd have said she was a woman. I had the cause to consider," added Mrs. Butterwell, solemnly.

The physician came again at night, as she had promised. She was later

than usual. Yorke listened for her wheels, and got restless. It made him nervous when the country wagons rolled up, and rumbled by. He had flushed with the end of the day, and was feverish and miserable. He attended to his sensations anxiously. He wished she would come. It was quite dark when the low wheels of the phaeton came smoothly and suddenly to a stop in the great back yard; he heard the doctor's voice speaking cheerily to her boy. "Handy," she called him. Handy took the horse; a light step passed the corner of the house, and vanished. "She must have gone on to the office door," thought Yorke. He found himself absorbed in a little uneasiness; he wondered if she would take her tea first.

She did not. She came to him directly. Her things were off; her hair smoothly brushed; she stood beside him, her pleasant figure, in its house-dress, cut against the light that fell through the open door. She began at once: "There are patients in the office,—I am late; I was detained by a troublesome case. I can give you five minutes now, or come back when they are gone. Let me see!" She went out and brought the lamp, scrutinized his face closely, sat down, and felt his pulse; she did not count it, but quickly laid his hand aside.

"Please come by and by," urged the young man. Already he felt unaccountably better. "I can wait." She hesitated a moment, then said, "Very well," and left him. She was gone half an hour.

"Have you had your supper?" asked Yorke, when she came back.

"Oh, my supper is used to waiting," said Doctor Zay, cheerfully. "You have waited quite long enough, sir. Now, if you please, to business."

The note-book, the pencil, the medicine-case, and the somewhat stolid, studious look presented themselves at once. Yorke felt half amused, half annoyed.



He wanted to be talked to, as if she had been like other women. He thought it would do him more good than the aconite pellets which she prepared so confidently. He was just enough better to begin to be homesick. He asked her if he might try to walk to-morrow. She promptly replied in the negative.

"I *must* walk next week," urged the patient, setting a touch of his natural imperiousness against her own. She gave him one of her composed looks.

"You will walk, Mr. Yorke, when I allow you," she said, courteously enough. She looked so graceful and gentle and womanly, sitting there beside him, that all the man in him rebelled at her authority. Their eyes met, and clashed.

"When will that be?" he insisted, with a creditable effort at submission.

"A dislocated ankle is not to be used in ten days," replied the doctor quietly. "It is going to take time."

"How much time?"

"That depends partly on yourself, partly on me, a little on"—

"Providence?" interrupted Yorke.

"Not at all. God made the ankle, you dislocated it, I set it; nature must heal it."

"Mrs. Butterwell might have said that."

"Is it possible," said the young lady, with a change of manner, "that I am growing to talk like Mrs. Butterwell?"

This was the first personal accent which Yorke had caught in the doctor's voice. Thinking, perhaps, to pursue a faint advantage, which he vaguely felt would be of interest to him when he grew stronger and had nothing else to do but study this young woman, he proceeded irrelevantly:—

"I did not know that you stayed here, till to-day. It has been fortunate for me. It will be more fortunate still, if you are going to keep me on this bed all summer. Our hostess has been talking of you. She gave you such a pretty

name! I've forgotten exactly what it was."

"We will move you to the lounge to-morrow," replied the doctor, rising. Yorke made no answer. He felt as if he were too sick a man to be snubbed. He found it more natural to think that his overthrown strength ought to have appealed to her chivalry, than to question if he had presumed upon the advantage which it gave him. In the subdued light of the sick-room all the values of his face were deepened; he looked whiter for its setting of black hair, and his eyes darker for the pallor through which they burned. But the doctor was not an artist. She observed, and said to herself, "That is a *cinchona* look."

She moved the night-lamp, gave a few orders, herself adjusted his window and blinds, and, stepping lightly, left him. She did not go out-of-doors, but crossed the hall, and disappeared in her own part of the house. He heard, soon after, what he now knew to be the office-bell. It rang four or five times; and he heard the distant feet of patients on the graveled walk that led to her door. After this there was silence, and he thought, "They have let her alone to rest now." It had not occurred to him before that she could be tired. He was restless, and did not sleep easily, and waked often. Once, far on in the night he thought it must have been, a noise in the back yard roused him. It was Handy rolling out the basket phaeton. Yorke heard whispers and hushed foot-falls, and then the brisk trot of the gray pony. There was a lantern on the phaeton, which went flashing by his window, and crossed his wall with bright bars like those of a golden prison. He wished the blinds were open. He thought, "Now they have called that poor girl out again!" He pictured the desolate Maine roads. A vision of the forest presented itself to him: the great throat of blackness; the outline of near



things, wet leaves, twigs, fern-clumps, and fallen logs; patches of moss and lichens, green and gray; and the light from the lonely carriage streaming out; above it the solitary figure of the caryatid, courageous and erect. He hoped the boy went with her. He listened some time to hear her return, but she did not come.

When he woke again it was about seven o'clock. He was faint, and while he was ringing for his beef-tea, the phæton came into the yard.

"Put up the pony, Handy," he heard her say; "she is tired out. Give me Old Oak, to-day."

Yorke listened, feeling the strength of a new sensation. Was it possible that this young woman had practice enough to keep two horses? He knew nothing of the natural history of doctresses. He had thought of them chiefly as a species of higher nurse, — poor women, who wore unbecoming clothes, took the horse-cars, and probably dropped their "*g's*," or said, "Is that so?"

It was later than usual, that morning, when Doctor Zay came round to him. It was another of those sentient, vivid June days, and the block of light on the brown carpet seemed to throb as she crossed it. The apple-blossoms on the bureau had begun to droop. She herself looked pale.

"You are tired!" began the patient impulsively.

"I have been up all night," said the doctor shortly. She sat down with the indefinable air which holds all personalities at arms-length, and went at once to work. She examined the wounded arm, she bathed and bandaged the injured foot; she had him moved to the lounge, with Mr. Butterwell's assistance. She was incommunicative as a beautiful and obedient machine. Yorke longed to ask what was the matter with her, but he did not dare. He felt sorry to see her look so worn; but he perceived that she did not require his sympathy.

She looked more delicate for her weariness, which seemed to be subtly at odds with her professional manner. He would have liked to ask her a great many things, but her abstraction forbade him. He contented himself with the pathological ground upon which alone it was practicable to meet this exceptional young woman, and renewed his entreaties to be allowed to use his foot.

"You do not trust me," she said suddenly, laying down the sponge with which she had been bathing his arm.

"You wrong me, Doctor Lloyd. I think I have proved that I *do*."

"That is true. You have," she said, softening. "Trust me a while longer, then. No. Stay. Put your foot down, if you want to. Gently — slowly — but put it down."

He did so. A low outcry escaped him; he grew very pale.

"Now put it back," said the doctor grimly. But with that she melted like frost, and shone; she hovered over him; all the tenderness of the healer suffused her reticent face.

"I am sorry to let you hurt yourself, but you will feel better; you will obey me now. Is the pain still so sharp? Give me the foot." As if it had been her property, she took the aching ankle in her warm, strong, and delicate hands, and for a few moments rubbed it gently and gravely; the pain subsided under her touch.

"What am I going to do?" cried Yorke, despairingly.

"You are going to do admirably, Mr. Yorke, on invention for a while, on courage by and by. Your crutches will be here to-morrow night."

Waldo Yorke looked at the young lady with a kind of loyal helplessness. He felt so subdued by his anomalous position that, had she said, "I have sent to Bangor for your work-basket," or, "to Omaha for your wife," he would scarcely have experienced surprise. He



repeated, "My crutches?" in a vague, submissive tone.

"I sent to Bangor for a pair of Whittemore crutches three days ago," replied the doctor quietly. "I should not want you to use them before to-morrow. The stage will bring them at five o'clock. If I should be out, do not meddle with them. No, on the whole, I had them addressed to myself. I wish to be present when you try them. One powder dry on the tongue, if you please, every four hours. Good-morning."

"Don't go, please," pleaded the young man; "it is so lonely to be sick."

An amused expression settled between her fine, level brows. She made no reply. He realized that he had said an absurd thing. He remembered into how many sick-rooms she must bring her bloom and bounteousness, and for the first time in his fortunate life he understood how corrosive is the need of the sick for the well. He remembered that he was but one of — how many? dependent and complaining creatures, draining upon the life of a strong and busy woman. He let her go in silence. He turned his face over towards the back of the lounge; it was a black hair-cloth lounge. "I must look as if I were stretched on a bier, here," thought the young man irritably. All his youth and vigor revolted from the tedious convalescence, which it was clear this fatally wise young woman foresaw, but was too shrewd to discuss with him. He remembered, with a kind of awe, some invalid friends of his mother's. One lay on a bed in Chestnut Street for fifteen years. He recalled a man he met in the Tyrol once, who broke his kneecap in a gymnasium, — was crippled for life. Yorke had always found him a trifle tiresome. He wished he had been kinder to the fellow, who, he remembered, had rather a lonely look. Yorke was receiving that enlargement and enlightenment of the imagination which it is the privilege of endurance alone,

of all forms of human assimilation, to bestow upon us. Experience may almost be called a faculty of the soul.

He was interesting himself to the best of his brave ability in this commendable train of thought, when something white fluttered softly between his heroically dismal face and the pall of smooth hair-cloth to which he had limited his horizon. It was a letter, and was followed by another, and another, — his mother's letters. The big, weak, tender fellow caught them, like a lover, to his lips — they had taken him so suddenly — before he became aware that they fell from a delicately-gloved hand suspended between him and Mrs. Butterwell's striped wall. He turned, as the doctor was hurrying away, quickly enough — for he was growing stronger every hour — to snatch from her face a kind of maternal gentleness, a beautiful look. She was brooding over him with that little pleasure; he felt how glad she was to give it. But instantly an equally beautiful merriment darted over the upper part of the doctor's face, deepening ray within ray through the blue circles of her eyes, like the spark in the aureola of ripples where a shell has struck the sea.

"Another fit of the sulks to-day, if you dare!" she said, and, evanescent as an uncaptured fancy, she was gone.

#### IV.

Waldo Yorke was right in foreseeing for himself a tedious recovery. Had he at that time known the full extent of the shock he had undergone, that beautiful submission to the inevitable which he flattered himself he was cultivating to an extent that might almost be called feminine, and assuredly was super-masculine, would have received an important check. To his perplexed inquiries about certain annoying symptoms in the head and spine, his medical ad-



viser returned that finely-constituted reply which is the historic solace and resource of the profession, — that he had received a nervous strain. This is a phrase which stands with a few others (notably among them “the tissues,” “the mucous membrane,” and “debility”), that science keeps on hand as a drop-curtain between herself and a confiding if expectant laity.

The young man got upon his crutches in the course of the week, but kept his room. He discovered the measure of his feebleness by the measure of his effort. He wrote cheerfully to Boston about both. In fact, he found himself more cheerful than one would have expected to be, under his really unusual circumstances. He wrote that Mrs. Butterwell read to him, and asked for more books. He deprecated distinctly a modest maternal plan for proposing to the eminent Dr. Fullkoffer to travel from Boston to Sherman to consult with the local physician. He assured his mother that he had every reason to be satisfied with his treatment. He still, from motives of consideration, neglected to reply to her minute inquiries as to the nature of the practitioner.

“My mother wants to know whether he is ‘high’ or ‘low.’ What does she mean?” he asked. “And are you a gentleman or a quack? And does he ‘alternate,’ — what’s *that*? And does he use ‘attenuations,’ — do you? — and something — I forget what — about what she calls ‘triturations.’ It seems to be a very important point. I was not to omit to answer it. Then there was a treatise on — I think she called them ‘aggravations.’ Don’t go just yet Doctor Zay — I beg your pardon! I get so used to it with Mrs. Butterwell.”

“Oh, never mind,” she said, with her gentler manner; it was one of her easy days, and she had leisure to be kind.

“I wish you would tell me,” pleaded Yorke, “if you *don’t* mind, how you

came to have such an uncommon supply of initials. I’ve never even heard your name.”

“Atalanta,” said the doctor, looking up pleasantly from the powder-paper she was folding with mathematical precision. He always liked to see her fold powders; it brought all the little delicate motions of her firm hands into play.

“Ah, the apple-blossom!” said Yorke impulsively. The powder-paper remained for an instant motionless in Doctor Zay’s hand; she turned her head slightly in the attitude of attention towards the hair-cloth sofa. He thought, “She meant to do it.” Her eyes were bent. He thought for a moment he could see the mischief beneath the lids, and that she would ripple into frolic over his daring speech, like any other young lady. Nothing of the sort happened. The doctor’s countenance presented a strictly scientific basis. “She dropped it by accident,” said Yorke.

He contented himself with observing that it was an unusual name.

“I had a mother who liked the name,” proceeded the doctor, leaning back in her chair, and looking over his head out of the window into the young June day. “When I was a baby she had this fancy for romantic names. She called me Zaidee, to begin with. Then she happened on this. She always said it was cruelty to infants to impose names on them about which they were never consulted, and I should have my choice of either. I dropped the first, till I came here to practice. Then I had to make some compromise with fate as regarded Dr. Adoniram. There was something absurd in seeing ‘Atalanta’ on a Down East doctor’s shingle, — I have known women do such things in that way! I had a classmate at New York who took out her diploma in the name of *Cubbie* Smith, M. D.; and there was one who was let loose upon a defenseless public as Dr. *Teasie* Triak. So I had recourse to the discarded initial.



My patients have made a pretty use of it. I rather like it, myself."

She gave that ominous snap to the elastic on the well-worn green morocco medicine-case, which had become philosophically associated in the invalid's mind with the cessation of a pleasure. She was going. He hurried to say, —

"Do you object to telling me how you came to settle in this village? There are so many things I should like to ask. I never knew a lady physician before. The whole thing interests me. So it will my mother; she is familiar with such subjects. I believe she once consulted a doctress herself. I shall tell her about you when I get a little better; when it is too late to worry."

"I will give you any facts about professional women that may interest you, certainly," replied the doctor, rising, "when I have time."

"You *never* have time!" cried the patient.

"Have I neglected you, Mr. Yorke?" she said, coloring slightly; her color became her. She wore a black dress that day, of almost extravagantly fine cashmere; she was always well dressed. There was a carmine ribbon around her high, close collar of immaculate linen. The fastidious sick man wondered where this Down East doctress had her origin.

"You have asked me all sorts of personal questions," he went on, with his masculine insistence. "You know all about *me*."

"It is my business," said the doctor, coldly, "to know all about you."

"In other words, it is none of mine to feel the faintest human curiosity in a scientific fact like yourself. You are candid, Doctor Lloyd."

"And you are nervous, Mr. Yorke. Good-morning. I will send Mrs. Butterwell to read to you."

He held her to her promise, however; and the next time she came he returned to the subject. It was her mood to be tolerant of him that afternoon; indeed,

she was tolerant of everything. She had just brought a patient triumphantly through a mortal attack of erysipelas: she had been a good deal worn by the case for some time; now her cruel care had slipped radiantly from her young shoulders. He had never heard her talk so naturally, so much like other women. It seemed to him at the moment as if she were really communicative. Afterwards, he remembered how little she had said; and began to analyze the fine reserve upon which all her ease had been poised, like the pendulum of a golden clock upon its axis. She told him that she had been in active practice for four years; that she was originally a Bangor girl; that she came to Sherman for a complexity of reasons which might not interest him. She paused there, as if there were nothing more to be said.

"But where did you get your medical education?" asked Yorke. "I don't even know where such things are to be had."

"At New York, Zürich, and Vienna."

"But why did you select this wilderness to bury yourself in?" he repeated, his surprise overcoming his civility. "You who had seen — Is it possible you have been abroad?"

She laughed outright at this, but did not otherwise comment upon it. A fine, good-natured scorn hovered over and seemed to be about to light upon her. He perceived at what a disadvantage he was showing himself; he might as well have said point-blank, "I thought you a crude, rural agitator." He felt his cheeks burn with the quick fever of illness, while she went on indulgently to say, —

"I used to come here summers, once. I knew Mrs. Butterwell and some people here. I must make my blunders somewhere. And then I had learned how terrible is the need of a woman by women, in country towns. One does not forget such things, who ever under-



stands them. There is refinement and suffering and waste of delicate life enough in these desolate places to fill a circle in the Inferno. You do not know!" she said, with rare impetuosity. "No one knows, Mr. Yorke, but the woman healer."

"What led you to see it? How came you to *want* to see it?" he asked, reverently. "How came you to make such a sacrifice of yourself?—such a young, bright life as yours! I cannot understand it."

She did not answer him at once; and when he raised his eyes he perceived that her own swam with sudden tears. She held them back royally, commanded herself, and answered in a very low voice:—

"It was owing to—my mother. She had a painful illness. There were only we two. I took care of her through it all. She spent that last summer here in Sherman,—it was cool here. She suffered so from the hot weather! My mother was greatly comforted, during a part of her illness, by the services of a woman doctor in Boston. There was one when we were in Paris, too, who helped her. I said, When she is gone, I will do as much for some one else's mother."

Waldo Yorke was lying with his hands clasped behind his head, his thin face upturned towards her while she spoke. He did not say anything; but his sense of sympathy with this lonely woman vibrated through him to the last sick nerve. He had, for a moment, that vague consciousness of gaining an unexpected hold upon an unknown privilege which is one of the keenest allurements and bitterest delusions of life. He dared not speak, lest he should startle her,—lest he should touch the rainbow in a bubble. She saw his hand tremble; her manner changed at once.

"And so I became a doctor," she said, with superficial cheerfulness. "Is there anything more you wanted to know?"

"I want to know everything," said Yorke, in an undertone. She ignored this little slip, as she would a rise in his pulse after dinner, or a faint turn on a hot day.

"If I knew what kind of information would interest you," she continued good-naturedly; "but I have had a very simple history. It is like that of many others in my profession. I really have nothing to tell. It came to me the more easily because I always had a taste for science; I found that out in my Sophomore year. And I inherited it, besides."

"Sophomore?" repeated Yorke vaguely.

"I was a Vassar girl," said the doctor quietly.

"I have seen educated women before, though you might n't think it," returned Yorke, with humility. "My mother has them at the house, sometimes. I never saw one like you. I never noticed them very much."

"You must have been too preoccupied,—a young man in your arduous profession, Mr. Yorke. I can readily understand that you would have little leisure to study feminine types."

"It is unfair to be sarcastic with a patient, Doctor Lloyd! I was going to say it was unmanly. I have never been busy in my life. You know it as well as I do."

She scintillated for an instant with that charming merriment she had, but made no reply.

"Instead of being successful, I have been rich," he said bitterly. "If I had had to work for a living, I might have been worth something. There is nothing in life so fatal as to be fortunate."

"Ah," she said indifferently, "do you think so?"

"Indeed I do."

"Have you had that stinging pain in the right side of the head, Mr. Yorke?"

"Yes."

"And the dizziness you complained of?"



"A good deal. How many years did you study, Doctor Lloyd? Did you never shrink,—never want to give it up?"

"It was hard sometimes, in the foreign lecture-rooms, among the men. They were very courteous to me. I never had anything to complain of. But they could not make it easy. I never saw a woman rudely treated but once; that was her own fault. Then the dissecting-room was a trial to me, at first. It would have been easier if my mother had been living; if I could have gone home and talked to her. I was only twenty-one. But courage, like muscle, grows by exercise. No; I never wanted to turn back."

"How many years did you study?"

"Three years are necessary to a diploma from any reputable school. The fourth I spent abroad. But of course one always studies. That is one of the advantages of the Maine wilderness. If I had settled down among people I knew in a town, there would have been too many minor demands. It is never even a professional necessity, down here, to get into one's best clothes; and there's been but one wedding reception since I've been here. I went to that on my way to a scarlet-fever patient. I could n't come afterwards, with the risk. I did waste a pair of gloves, but I went in my woolen dress, the one I meant to sacrifice to that case. I *do* miss the concerts," she added; but hastily collected herself, with the air of a woman who had been drawn to the verge of a grave moral imprudence.

"Were you ever in Boston,—to stay, I mean?" asked Yorke.

"Oh, yes."

"I wish I had known it! I suppose it is unpardonable to ask where you were?"

"Oh," she said pleasantly, "I used to stay with different people: at the Shirleys' sometimes, and the Waynes'. I saw more of New York in my gay days;

we had more relatives there, and I liked it better than Boston. I used to be at the Garratts' when I was a child. They were very kind to me, I remember, when I cried because I was homesick; they never noticed me at the time, but always gave me orange marmalade for luncheon after it. When I got home I used to feel unappreciated, because tears and marmalade did not retain the relation of cause and effect."

"Is it possible," cried Yorke, "that you are the little girl from somewhere who used to come over to our house with Susy Garratt, once in a while, to blow soap-bubbles? You had two long braids of black hair, and blew bigger bubbles than I did. I hated you."

"Very likely," said the doctor, laughing as she rose. "I don't remember it. I haven't been to the Garratts' for years. Or anywhere else, for that matter."

"You have had better things to do than to blow our soap-bubbles."

She nodded gravely.

"How many times have you walked across the room to-day, Mr. Yorke?"

"Oh, wait a minute. Don't go yet."

"*How many times, I ask, have you walked about the room?*"

"Oh, ten, I believe,—yes, ten."

"I hope to get you out-of-doors next week. Are you suffering from restlessness? Do you feel that rebellion you spoke of at the tediousness of the case? I wish I could hasten your convalescence."

"I don't," said Yorke bluntly, "though I am rebellious enough."

She swept upon him the full fine rebuke of her professional look. He returned it with a certain defiance. She was a woman. She should not thrust him aside like this.

"I believe I shall give you Nux," observed the physician, after a silence which the patient had felt was fraught with a significance he could hardly believe she failed to perceive or share. He flushed painfully.



"Doctor Lloyd," he demanded, "did you ever have a man for a patient before?"

"Oh, yes," quietly. "I am treating a Mr. Bailey now, — the erysipelas case I spoke of. His wife is a patient of mine; and Bob, the boy, and all the babies. They live about four miles out, beside the Black Forest."

"Do you often have us?" persisted Yorke.

"I do not desire it, — no. It will sometimes happen. Most of my patients are women and children. That is as I prefer it."

She was sweeping away. She had almost a society manner, like any other young lady. She spoke haughtily. She was evidently displeased. He had never seen her look so handsome. But he dashed on: —

"Did you ever treat a young man, — a fellow like me?"

"Certainly not."

"I never should have known but you had them every day, — never."

"And why should you?" she answered coolly. She left him without another word. He listened for her to call Handy; for the nervous steps of the pony; for the decreasing sound of the phaeton wheels, which had become so familiar and vital an event in the invalid's dull day. He knew that he had made himself successfully wretched until he should see her once more. He knew that he had followed to the verge of folly a pathological, and therefore delusive, track in that region which lay marked upon the map of his nature as "unexplored." He knew that he should lie and think of it, regret it, curse it, set his teeth against it, and do it again.

"I must get well," said the young man aloud; as if that result awaited only the expressed intention on his part, and fate, like woman, needed nothing but the proper masculine handling. He got over on his crutches to the tall bureau, and looked into the old-fashioned gilt-

framed glass. He saw a fierce-looking fellow, all black and white, like a "symphony" of Whistler's, — a thundercloud in the eyes, symptoms of earthquake about the jaw, the fragility of mortal illness in the sunken cheeks. What kind of a man was that to command a woman's respect? He must be on a level in her mind with, say, a case of measles. What a pity he could not have had the whooping-cough, and done with it!

It occurred to him that he would go out-of-doors. It struck him just then that he should go into a decline if he housed himself here like an old tabby any longer. He hunted up his hat, and rolled Mrs. Butterwell's somewhat accentuated red and black striped afghan anyhow about him, and hobbled to the front door. The day was damp and cheerless. It did not rain, but would have done so if it had dared. Yorke looked at the clouds grimly. "They are probably ordered by their physician not to go out," he thought. He got down upon the graveled walk, and stumped along towards the gate. He had never felt more guilty since, at the conscientious age of eleven, he kissed Susy Garratt without asking. As he stood there he caught sight suddenly of the doctor's phaeton. She was turning a distant corner, over by the post-office. He maintained his ground sullenly; at least he would not run from her. She did not see him, he was sure; she was driving very fast. He watched her till she was out of sight, and then returned at once to the house. Mrs. Butterwell, at the rear kitchen window, was making lemon pies, — a conscientious, not to say religious process. No one observed him. As he came up the walk he caught a glimpse of the doctor's sign, and wondered, with the idle curiosity of illness, what her part of the house might be like. He felt himself extremely faint, after his exertion, and sank exhausted on the hair-cloth sofa, beneath the blazing but generous afghan.



He looked at the marble-topped bureau, the Madonna and the framed certificate, the red and gold striped walls, the brown carpet, where the block of sunshine was conspicuously absent. The clock was striking ten. He tried to read. Sparks of fire darted before his eyes, and his ears rang. There was no mail-stage till four o'clock. Doctor Zay might not make her evening call before eight or nine.

"How *dare* men ridicule or neglect sick women?" thought Waldo Yorke.

The day dragged piteously enough. He felt unusually ill. He had Mrs. Butterwell in till she dilated before his eyes, and her head swelled and flashed fire like a jack-o'-lantern. He let her go, to call her back because her vacant chair undertook to rise and hop after her as she went. She read till he entreated her as an act of charity to stop, and talked till he begged her in self-defense to read.

"I'm worried to death about Doctor," observed Mrs. Butterwell, by way of saying something cheerful. It was the sick man's habit to discourage his hostess in gossiping about the young lady; perversely, to-day he let her run on; he had already that prevailing sense of having broken the ten commandments which made the absence of an eleventh seem a philosophical lapse on the part of the Giver.

"She will be worked half out of her wits," proceeded Mrs. Butterwell, with that exasperating serenity which ignorance of one another's mental processes gives to the most perceptive of us at times. "East Sherman has the scarlet fever. It's something about drains. There's no society in East Sherman; they're a miserable lot. Doctor will be up and down day and night, now, you'll see. She has no more consideration for herself than a seraphim. She'll *be* one, if she don't mind. The poorer they are, the more nobody else goes near 'em, the more they get of *her*. I've seen her go

on like a lover to creatures you or I would n't touch with our winter gloves on — hold 'em in her arms — dirty babies; and once there was a woman at the poor-house — but there! I won't go into that. You would n't sleep a wink to-night. She has such a spirit! You'd expect it if she was n't smart. When a woman ain't good for anything else she falls back on her spirit! You don't look for it when she's got bigger fish to fry. But there! There's more *woman* to our doctor than to the rest of us, just as there's more brains. Seems to me as if there was love enough invested in her for half the world to live on the interest, and never know they had n't touched the principal. If she did n't give so much, she'd be rich on her own account before now."

"Give so much what, — love?" asked Yorke, turning with the look and motion of momentarily arrested suffering.

"Practice," said Mrs. Isaiah severely, "She will do it, for all anybody, when folks ain't able to pay. Why, Mr. Yorke, if Doctor got all that's owin' her she'd do a five-thousand-dollar practice every year of her life; as it is, she don't fall short of three. She's sent for all over the county."

"Five thousand dollars!" echoed the sick man faintly. "That girl!" He had never earned five hundred in his life.

"And that, I'd have you understand," pursued "that girl's" adorer, "is only because she shuts herself up down here with us, bless her! If she lived in New York, I've no doubt it would be TWENTY-FIVE, — not the least in the world. What are you laughing at, Mr. Yorke? There is a woman out West that makes twenty."

"I don't dispute that it might be seventy," groaned Yorke.

"Not that there's the remotest need of it," proceeded Mrs. Butterwell loftily. "Doctor is quite independent of her practice."



"I never had heard of that!" exclaimed Yorke savagely.

"Well, she is, all the same. Her father was one of the rich men in Bangor, — a doctor himself; she used to be round his laboratories, and so on, with him, when she was little. He died when she was fifteen. This girl is the only one left, and has it all. You don't suppose Providence did n't know what he was about when he planned out *her* life! He sets too much by her. He never'd let *her* go skinning round in medical schools, do your own washing, and gesticulate skeletons or go out nursing, to make a few dollars."

"It is a remarkable case," murmured Yorke. "And I must have been a remarkable donkey."

"Oh, I would n't dispute that, sir," replied Mrs. Isaiah gently.

"Why, Sarah!" objected Mr. Butterwell, whose prudent gray head appeared at the half-open door in season to receive the full force of this characteristic reply.

"Well, I would n't. I never argue with sick folks. You want to know what she does it for, Mr. Yorke? I see you do. Well, I'll tell you. Don't you know there are women that can't get through this valley without men folks, in some shape or 'nother? If there ain't one round, they're as miserable as a peacock deprived of society that appreciates tail-feathers. You know the kind I mean: if it ain't a husband, it's a flirtation; if she can't flirt, she adores her minister. I always said I did n't blame 'em, ministers and doctors and all those privileges, for walkin' right on over women's necks. It is n't in human nature to take the trouble to step off the thing that's under foot. Now, then! There are women that love *women*, Mr. Yorke, care for 'em, grieve over 'em, worry about 'em, feel a fellow feeling and a kind of duty to 'em, and never forget they're one of 'em, misery and all, — and nonsense too, may be, if they had

n't better bread to set; and they lift up their strong arms far above our heads, sir, like statues I've read of that lift up temples, and carry our burdens for love of us, God bless 'em! — and I would n't think much of him if he did n't!"

"Why, Sarah, Sarah!" said Mr. Butterwell. The sick man answered nothing. He tossed upon the hair-cloth sofa, and looked so uncommonly black that Mrs. Butterwell, acting upon an exceptionally vivid movement of the imagination, went to make him a blanc-mange. It was the whitest, not to say the most amiable, thing she could think of. She feared the patient was not improving, and experienced far more concern for Doctor Zay's professional venture in the matter than if it had been her own.

It was half past nine that evening before the doctor got, upon her rounds, to Mrs. Butterwell's spare chamber. The patient watched her dreamily, as she crossed the room through that mysterious half-light, in which he was so used to seeing her that he always thought of her in beautiful hazy outlines, standing between himself and the lamp upon the entry floor.

"How are the fever patients?" he began, with a stupid idea of deferring personal consultation.

"I have changed my dress," said Doctor Zay, — "every article. There is nothing to fear."

"I never *thought* of *that*!" cried Yorke. She paid no attention to his thoughts, but sat down, and abruptly took his hand to count the pulse. He was in high fever.

"It is just as I expected," she said shortly. "You will discontinue the other remedy, and take these powders dry on the tongue, every two hours."

She brought the light to prepare the medicine. Her face, bent over the green morocco medicine-case, was stern. She did not talk to him. She rose, took up the light, and left the remedy and the room in silence.



"Come back, please, Doctor!" called the culprit, faintly. She stood, the lamp in her hand, looking over her shoulder. It was a warm night, and she had on a cambric dress, of one of the "brunette colors;" he did not know what to call it.

"I am afraid I did a wrong thing to-day," he began meekly. "I went" —

"It is unnecessary to talk about it, Mr. Yorke. I saw you."

"What don't you see!"

"Very little, I hope, which it is my business to see."

He had thought she would say more, but perceived that she had no intention of discussing the matter with him; he keenly felt this dignified rebuke.

"I don't suppose I did quite right," he admitted hastily, "but I am not versed in medical ethics. I did not realize, till I felt so much worse, how wrong it was by you."

"It was not honorable. But the real wrong is to yourself. We will not talk of it, if you please. I must go. I have had nothing to eat since twelve o'clock."

He saw how tired she looked, and his heart smote him. He smothered an ineffectual groan. He felt that she was very angry with him, and that he deserved it. He would have pleaded with her. Unreasonably, he felt as if his suffering ought to appeal to her pity. Where was the woman in her that Mrs. Isaiah prated of? Was there no weak point where his personality could struggle through and meet her own, man against woman, on level ground? What an overthrow was his! He called impetuously: —

"Doctor Zay!"

"Sir?"

"One moment" —

"I have no moments for you, at present, Mr. Yorke." Her peremptoriness was the more incisive for being punctiliously polite. "It would be perfectly just if I were to refuse to keep your case another day. You have disobeyed and distrusted me. You would have no right,

after what I have done for you, sir, to complain, if I turned you over to old Doctor Adoniram to-morrow morning. Good-night." And the woman of science left him, without a relenting word. It struck him forcibly, perhaps for the first time, that these exceptional women had an unfortunate power of looking beyond that gentle pressure of the individual, which, like the *masque* veils that their sex wore, heightened the complexion, if it did not brighten the eyesight. Obviously, her interest in her professional reputation overpowered her interest in her patient. He accepted his fate and his fever. This was easier to do, as he was quite ill for several days.

## V.

She took care of him conscientiously and skillfully. On his worst day, she even melted and brooded in that gracious, womanly way of hers that he watched for; but as soon as he began to get better again he felt that she distanced him.

"You are harder than Heaven, Doctor," he said. "You cannot forgive."

"Forgive what?" She looked up; she was bandaging his ankle. "Oh, that disobedience of yours? Honestly, I have been so hard-worked, I had almost forgotten it."

"Then what is the matter, Doctor Zay?"

She glittered upon him for an instant with her professional look. It was as if she held out a golden sceptre to measure the width at which she would keep him. There was no invitation in her eye. He did not press his question. When the consultation was over she told him that she should not be in again till the next morning.

"You no longer need two calls a day, Mr. Yorke. I will be here as usual, after office hours, before I start off, and will see you safely out upon the piazza



I wish you to keep out, now, from one to three hours a day. I will superintend the experiment, to begin with. But you are perfectly able to dispense with this frequent attendance."

Was she thinking of her — bill, perhaps? The young man had really forgotten, till that moment, that any embarrassing basis of this sort awaited himself and this lady.

"Oh, indeed, I don't think I am well enough, at all," he hastily said. "I — really — I have such troublesome sensations towards evening. I beg you will continue to come as you have, Doctor Lloyd."

That amused look flitted for a moment over her bowed forehead; he could see it in the little movements about the temples. She said, —

"It is impossible for me to call where I am not positively needed, just now. You do not realize how driven I am. You will find one daily call quite sufficient for your case. We will hope to dispense with that, before long."

She was as bad as her word, and he did not see her for twenty-four hours.

When she came again, she looked at him and frowned. He was clearly worse.

"I have found out now what my mother meant by 'aggravations,'" said the patient. "This must be one."

She did not smile, as he had expected. Neither did she express the sympathy which he felt that the physician's heart ought to keep on tap, like cider, and gush to order, at least upon a reasonably interesting invalid like himself. She leaned back in her chair with a look of annoyance, drumming lightly upon the table, with that nervous protest of the fingertips, which is a more natural expression of irritation among men than women. As she sat there, looking steadily at him, it occurred to him that she was about to say something of novelty and importance. A certain swift illumination of her thoughtful eyes struck him,

and fell, like a ray of intercepted light. It was somehow made apparent to him, also, perhaps from the fact that she refrained from saying what she purposed, that it would not have been a matter of pleasurable interest to himself.

"I will get you out-of-doors, now," she observed, rising. She had never made him so short a call. He protested that he was too ill to go to-day; and, in fact, he had no heart or health for it. He was full of aches and ails; those, especially in the spine, were not of light importance; he was thoroughly dejected.

She paid no attention whatever to his opinions, but helped him out upon the piazza, overlooking the process carefully; when she had him located to her mind, in the proper hygienic relations to wind, wet, sun, and shade, she gathered her driving-gloves, as if to go. "You have not changed the medicine, Doctor," he said, with difficult carelessness.

"I do not propose to."

"Excuse me. I thought perhaps you had forgotten it."

"A physician cannot always give a patient the remedy he wants, you will understand; only the one he needs. I expect to find you better, when I come to-morrow."

It was hardly possible, he thought, to be mistaken in attributing a significance to these words. Yet so ineffably fine are the intonations by which souls become articulate for each other, and so exceptional was the acoustic position of these two, that the young man experienced a modest and taunting doubt whether he might rate himself even of value enough to his physician to receive a clearly personal rebuff.

There exists, and there must exist, between woman and man an exquisite chromatic scale of relations, variable from the sublimest passions which glorify earth to the most futile movements of the fancy; from the profound and eternal sacrifices to the momentary deification



of self; from divine oneness, past conscious separation, all the way down to little intellectual curiosities, and the contented reverences of slight and beautiful approach. Somewhere in this wide resource of harmony, thought Waldo Yorke, we *must* belong. Then where?

It was apt, he remembered, to be the woman whom nature or fate, God or at least man (the same thing, doubtless, to her), had relegated to the minor note. It occurred to him that in this case he seemed to have struck it himself.

He did not seek to detain her. They parted in silence, and she went to her day's work. Handy was at the gate with the gray pony. Handy always wore hats that were too big for him, and coats that never by any mistake were large enough. The doctor went down the long front walk, drawing on her gauntleted gloves. She had the decisive step which only women of business acquire to whom each moment represents dollars, responsibilities, or projects. Yet he liked to see that she had not lost the grace of movement due to her eminently womanly form. She had preserved the curves of femininity. He had never even seen her put her hand upon her hip, with that masculine angle of the elbow, the first evidence of a mysterious process of natural selection, which goes on in women thrust by fate or choice to the front and the brunt of life; and the last little peculiarity to leave them if, by choice or fate, they suffer a military recall to the civil status. She saluted him lightly with her free hand, as she gathered the long blue reins into her left, and, turning once, shot over her shoulder a sudden smile. She had, when she felt like it, a lovely smile. He found himself ridiculously better for it. He leaned back in the easy-chair where she had imprisoned him, and watched her drive away. The gray pony exhibited professional responsibility in every clean step that morning, and the consciousness of having made a timely diagnosis in

each satisfied movement of her delicate ears. The doctor had on her linen dress and sack, and her figure absorbed the July morning light. Her color was fine. She was the eidolon of glorious health. Every free motion of her happy head and body was superb. She seemed to radiate health, as if she had too much for her own use, and to spare for half the pining world. She had the mysterious odic force of the healer, which is above science, and beyond experience, and behind theory, and which we call magnetism or vitality, tact or inspiration, according to our assimilating power in its presence, and our reverence for its mission.

It seemed to the nervously-strained patient on the piazza that he received a slowly-lessening strength from the doctor's departing figure, as he received warmth from the sun, at that moment threatened by a cloud. It seemed to him a cruel thing that she should not permit him to see her for twenty-four hours more.

It cannot be said that the young man did not chafe under his unprecedented consciousness of dependence. He did. It had struck him yesterday that he was in danger of making a fool of himself. He had devoted the day to this inspiring discovery, and to those select resolves and broad aspirations by which the Columbus in the soul is moved. His present relapse, not to say collapse, was the humiliating result. As he sat there, patient and weak in the strong summer morning, thinking these things sadly over, he recognized the fact that he was still too sick a man to be wise. The grave urgencies of illness intercepted him. He was caught between the fires of a higher and lower species of self-defense. All that a man hath, particularly his good sense, will he give for his life.

"Let me get well, first; I will be prudent afterwards," thought Yorke.

He waited to see her return at noon. He found himself strengthened — such



is the hygienic influence of possessing an object in life — and calmed, as the morning wore away. It was a warm morning; would have been hot, outside of Maine. The soft, sudorific glow upon the small leaves of the acacia-trees in the front yard; the opaque color of the dust in the dry, still street; the contented cluck of a brood of yellow chickens, that made futile attempts at acquaintance with him, around the shaded corner of the house; the faint purr of unknown domestic mysteries in Mrs. Isaiah's distant kitchen; and then the sky, of whose intense blueness he was conscious, as if he had been a star gone out in it and become a part of the burning day, — these things emphasized the dreamy struggle after strength, in which he seemed to be alternately the victor and the vanquished, and to fight for high costs, and cover large arenas, and to live a long time in the hours of a short July morning. Well people will not understand.

Mr. Butterwell came out and sat with him a while; he tipped his chair back, and rocked on its hind legs, not having felt at liberty to be individual before since his guest was hurt. He talked of his horse, of Uncle Jed and the estate, of the doctor, of her horses, of Handy, of the lumber trade, and Sherman politics.

"I hope you find it comfortable to be sick, Mr. Yorke," he added hospitably. "I hope you don't mind it, bein' on Sarah's hands. Why, she *likes* it. The worse you were, the more she'd enjoy it. Sarah is a very uncommon woman. She and I used to argey one spell about profession. Sarah is a professor. Seems at first she could n't sit down to it that I should n't profess alongside of her. But she gave it up after a while. Women are curious creeturs about what they *call* religion. It looks as if nature gave 'em their meetin's and hymn-tunes much as she give men a store or a counting-room. They want places to go to, — that's what they want. They ain't like us, Mr.

Yorke. There's a monstrous difference. Why, there's the doctor! She's a good girl, Doctor Zay is, if she is cute. There is n't a horse in town, without it's mine, can make the miles that pony can. Look there! The creetur wants her dinner. See how she holds her? No blinders nor check-rein on *her* horses. She drives 'em by lovin' 'em. There's *woman clear through that girl's brains*. You should see her in January. There ain't three men in Sherman I'd trust to drive that mare in January without a good life insurance before they set out. Now, Mr. Yorke, may be you don't feel as I do, but to my mind there's no prettier sight under heaven than a brave girl and a fine horse that understand each other. I guess I'll speak to the little doctor."

This was a long speech for Mr. Butterwell, who clearly took advantage of what he thought the first well-bred opportunity to relieve himself of his unwonted conversational responsibility. He was fond of Mr. Yorke, but he adored the doctor, who never wasted good English herself, and had cured the big sorrel of rheumatism. Yorke watched the two standing in the bright, unshaded yard. Mr. Butterwell patted the pony, and it seemed, although she did not touch him, as if the doctor patted the old man. There was a beautiful affectionateness about her, — Yorke had either never noticed or never seen it before, — a certain free, feminine impulse, which it is hard to describe, unless we say that it showed itself chiefly in the motion of her delicate chin. She nodded pleasantly to her patient as she came by, but did not stop.

Presently the dinner-bell rang, and she came through the long hall behind him, and out upon the piazza. He saw then that she had changed her "scarlet-fever dress" for a fresh cambric, before coming near him. She had a vine, whose name he did not know, in her hand. She dropped it lightly over his shoulder;



it floated down, and fell slowly; it was a delicate thing. She said, —

“Do you know too much about the spontaneous movements of plants? I have some books that you may like, when you are strong enough, — one of Darwin’s, especially. It is a subject that interests me greatly. I found this sensitive thing stepping straight over the shrubs and logs for a certain birch-tree it fancied, to climb there; it went as if it were frightened, or starved, — like a creature. It made me feel as if it had

a nervous system, and that the lack is in us, not in it; we have not the eyes fine enough to find its ganglia, that is all.”

“It seems to shrink from my touch, like a woman,” said Yorke.

“It was so delicate, I thought you would like it,” observed the doctor. “But come! I must send you back to bed. I will have your dinner brought in. You have been here twenty minutes too long.”

He went, peaceably enough. He felt ridiculously, vaguely, pitifully happy.

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

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### SAGE OR POET.

IN yon woody hermitage  
Dwell a poet and a sage:  
Peaceful inmates, mark them well!  
Room enough within their cell, —  
Room enough for courteous foes.  
In or out, each singly goes;  
Never yet the twain were seen  
Walking in the forest green;  
Or beneath the roof were met,  
Though the time were cold and wet.

Go there as the poet’s guest,  
Share his feast and share his rest,  
Drinking many a jocund bout;  
Stay until the stars come out,  
Ay, until next morning’s sun, —  
You’ll not see that other one,  
Him of keen and narrow eye,  
Lip austere and discourse high.

Go there as the sage’s guest,  
He will serve you with his best;  
Spend the white December days  
By his crackling sere-wood blaze;  
Listening what the wind harp sings  
When the North sweeps o’er its strings:  
You may come, and come again,  
Or in sunshine, snow, or rain,  
But you may not ever meet,  
At the door or ingle-seat,



Him whose thought goes lighter shod  
Than the pluméd errand god.

Read the legend as you run :  
Sage and poet are but one ;  
He you seek is found within, —  
Sage and poet know their kin.

*Edith M. Thomas.*

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## PROGRESS IN AGRICULTURE BY EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT AID.

### II.

It would then seem that on the whole the people of the United States are not fully satisfied with anything that has thus far been offered them in the shape of agricultural education, and are slow to avail themselves of the benefits of the Morrill act. Yet the call for such education has been sufficiently loud and persistent to prove that there *is* a real want, — that “the shoe pinches somewhere.” May we not fairly conclude that the exact spot upon which the pressure comes has not been generally identified, and hence well-advised action for relief has not been taken?

The blame for the indifferent success that has attended their efforts has heretofore been freely and even angrily thrown upon the colleges by the vast majority of those interested; and the most modest suggestion that perhaps there is as yet not much real demand for agricultural education, properly so called, has met with derision, or denunciation as an intolerable heresy.

Some of the causes leading to this result, the roots of which lie deep in our social and educational organization, have already been alluded to. Remembering these, let us consider upon what basis a demand for professional agricultural education must needs be expected to rest.

It will be conceded that, unless the “improvement” of agriculture means *making it more profitable*, it will be of little avail to preach and teach it. On any other ground, the bulk of the farming population will place and ridicule it under the head of fancy or book farming. It is obvious, then, that so long as unexhausted soils and an abundance of “fresh” land shall enable the cultivator to obtain, even by the rudest tillage, what he considers abundant returns, his interest in agricultural improvement and education will be but slight, or more sentimental than practical. He may even contend loudly for the rights of farmers’ sons to a professional education; but he will fail to send his own sons to get it where it is offered, and employ them in taking in more fresh land for the home farm, with the view of settling each one on a “new place” hereafter. The all but universal prevalence of this feeling and practice in the newer States explains abundantly the almost necessary failure of their agricultural colleges to secure attendance upon their properly professional courses, no matter upon what system they may be organized.

Conversely, it is easy to understand the increasing interest in the teaching and practice of improved agriculture as we advance toward the older States, whence the inevitable and rapidly swell-



ing wave of soil exhaustion sweeps westward. As the "pinch of the shoe" tightens, and the soil fails to respond to the ruder touches of the plow, the farmer turns for relief to the experience of the Old World, embodied in agricultural science; and when we reach the well-worn soil of New England, we find on it one of the oldest of the agricultural colleges of the United States, and perhaps the most firmly established as such in public esteem. Enthusiastically praised and loudly condemned by turns, and buffeted as severely by the changing tide of popular and legislative opinion as any of her younger sisters, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, guided by the hands of able men and steadied by the existence of an indisputable and genuine demand for the application of the higher art and science of agriculture, has become an influential factor in directing agricultural practice in New England; but even here, *especially so* since it has *assumed the functions of an experiment station*. The same cue has been vigorously taken up by Connecticut, and the services rendered by the agricultural department of Yale, under the management of Johnson and Brewer, have not only silenced the sneers often bestowed upon the comparative minuteness of their agricultural classes, but have given an impulse that has extended far southward and is bearing substantial fruits in North Carolina. It is rather singular that in this respect the great State of New York has until within a few months failed to respond adequately to the demands of the time. While the names of Caldwell, Law, and Arnold are familiar to the readers of agricultural journals in connection with much information and some investigations of high practical value, private experiment stations, established by public-spirited citizens, have anticipated Cornell in the practical recognition of the agricultural experiment station as a necessary factor in the promotion of rational agriculture.

The fruitful idea of the agricultural experiment station, where questions of local or general importance are systematically and thoroughly investigated under all the lights that science can give, and whence reliable results are directly and promptly communicated to those interested, touches the quick of the whole problem of the agricultural colleges in the United States. Their importance and usefulness in Europe in the elaboration and investigation of details is thrown in the shade by that which they should possess in a new country, where new and untouched problems of the most vital importance confront the farmer at every turn, — problems whose solution, even if covered by the general teachings of agricultural science, lie far beyond the reach of any but the trained investigator, provided with all the means and appliances that modern science can furnish. No agricultural college in the new States will need to bid for a cheap but hollow popularity by lowering its functions to that of a peasant school, to secure attendance of pupils, if it will but undertake to prove the value of the knowledge that may be acquired within its halls, by taking up and determining (not *ex cathedra* and dogmatically, but by patient, conscientious, and practical research) some of the many unsolved questions that the farmers of the State will bring before its instructors, so soon as it is known that such things will be attended to by them. The colleges will thus be performing the most important function within their power, under the circumstances: that of educating the fathers of the rising generation to a proper estimate of the value of the knowledge which is offered to their sons. Instead of the ceaseless wrangling as to the value and merits of any particular system of agricultural education, they will find themselves accomplishing that of whose value no one will raise a question, and securing that respect and appreciation of the use of intelligence and



science in agriculture which is not only the expressed intent of the Morrill act to foster, but also the most efficacious remedy for the indisposition of our youth to engage in farming, and for the prevention of the disastrous results threatened by exhaustive culture. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the last-named object, alone; but it will never be accomplished by mere preaching, unaccompanied by demonstrations, in the field itself, of the practical and financial feasibility and advantage of conservative and intensive culture, and of the cheapest and most available means for the maintenance or resuscitation of fertility.

But since these means and methods must vary with the climate, soils, and products of each region, the college should be in possession of accurate information on these points, or be able to obtain it. This involves the carrying out of agricultural surveys, properly so called; not merely geological and topographical surveys, with a few scattering notes and vapid generalities concerning the agricultural features and capabilities of a State, but an intelligent and detailed examination of each natural agricultural division or region, by persons specially qualified as agricultural experts.

Provisions for the carrying out of such investigations are on the statute-books of most of the States, in connection with the acts for geological surveys; but few and far between are the examples of a *bona fide* execution of the intent of this portion of these acts. The most recondite researches in almost every other department of science — geology, palæontology, mineralogy, ornithology, botany, ichthyology, and even conchology — have often had precedence over the most needful and elementary work bearing directly on agriculture; and the result has been painfully apparent in the premature or periodic cutting-off of state surveys, usually by the vote of

country members, who failed to see the practical benefits of the expenditure incurred. It is a curious fact that in the case of some States whose geological structure is known even to minute details, he who would obtain a general idea of their agricultural features must laboriously collate scattered data contained in state or United States reports, newspaper paragraphs, the advertisements of land companies, and information obtained by correspondence. The history of the work lately done in that direction, under the auspices of the tenth census, is pregnant with instruction on this point. It is interesting to note, also, that this neglect is in most cases directly traceable to the lack of agricultural experts qualified to carry out such work; and the inference is plain that if the agricultural colleges shall succeed in supplying this want, they will do yeoman's service in the cause of agricultural progress.

It is, however, painfully apparent that in most cases the means now at the command of the agricultural colleges of States where the experiment stations are most needed are quite inadequate to the full requirements of such work, in addition to the maintenance of a proper corps of teachers. As to agricultural surveys, they are even more out of the question, except in so far as the instructors may gradually acquire some knowledge of the State through personal visits, specimens, and correspondence, — a tedious and slow method, especially in the larger States west of the Mississippi River. These States, moreover, have become distrustful of the management and agricultural utility of state surveys, and are slow in giving adequate pecuniary aid to them. It seems to be a case in which enlightened intervention and substantial aid from the general government would be especially well applied; whether in the shape of additional endowments, or, in view of the uncertain policy of the several States in



the matter, by the direct coöperation of the United States Department of Agriculture with the several colleges.

The act establishing the Department of Agriculture recites that its "general design and duties shall be to acquire and diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with agriculture, in the most general and comprehensive sense of that word, and to procure, propagate, and distribute among the people new and valuable seeds and plants." A succeeding section specifies that such information shall be obtained by the commissioner "from books and correspondence, and by practical and scientific experiments, by the collection of statistics, and by other appropriate means within his power."

The very general wording of this act leaves to the commissioner a wide discretion in respect to the manner in which the intent of the law shall be carried into effect, and probably was intended to do so by its framers. In view of this, it is a curious fact that no qualifications as to special fitness on the part of the incumbent are prescribed; the selection being left entirely to the good judgment of the executive.

It can hardly be surprising that wide differences of opinion as to the proper scope and mode of action should have arisen in respect to the Department of Agriculture as well as the agricultural colleges. Like the latter, that department and those placed at its head have been highly extolled on the one hand, and roundly denounced for utter inefficiency and uselessness on the other. As in the case of the colleges, the truth is doubtless to be sought between the extremes. Much of what has been objected to is and has been due to causes lying outside of the department itself, in the political atmosphere of the country, and in the immense extent of the territory over which the benefits of the depart-

ment were to be spread by the aid of the small sums that have until quite recently been at its command. The inevitable great dilution of the effects produced under the circumstances could hardly fail to draw down upon the department the criticism of portions of the country, or of certain special agricultural industries, which for the time being found themselves neglected.

If we examine in detail the records of the department, as shown by the annual and special reports issued by it, we find that, so far as they go, the letter as well as the spirit of the law creating it has been fairly complied with. It is a common thing to hear these reports sneered at, and to find them in the receptacles usually provided for waste paper. But it is generally true that the sneering critics are those who would have little use for agricultural reports of any kind, and that the fault found is not as to what *is* in the reports, but rather what *is not* there; that is, they do not happen to contain anything that applies usefully to some particular region or circumstances.

As regards the former class of objectors, its only *raison d'être* is the unwise mode of distributing these and other government reports, chiefly by members of Congress, to or through persons whose only interest in them is the political or personal capital they can make thereby. Hence we find the plates of cattle and other domestic or useful animals, plants, fruits, implements, etc., which form part of the agricultural reports, figuring extensively in the nurseries and other recondite places of towns and cities, while the paper-mill is often a large-scale recipient of the depleted volumes. "As valuable and interesting as an agricultural report" is a saying that finds its natural origin in the wide distribution of these documents among those having no real interest in anything of the kind. It is sufficiently obvious that the required remedy for



this state of things is a greater diligence and conscientiousness on the part of members of Congress in getting these, as well as other government reports, directly into the hands of those for whom they are intended, instead of using them as lubricants for party machinery.

The class of objectors to the reports because of their omissions is more formidable, because having a real grievance resulting from the management of the work of the department. It will be useful, in considering this part of the subject, to institute comparisons with what other nations have done and are doing in the same direction. And in so doing it will be found that, while European reports are replete with accurate and laborious investigations of details of subjects long discussed, the American reports are remarkable for dealing largely with new and vitally interesting questions arising under the peculiar conditions of our agriculture; and are therefore read with interest by educated agriculturists in Europe, who are far from considering them, or the general work of the agricultural department, as being below the proper standard. Apart, then, from some weak papers, such as will occasionally find their way into much more pretentious publications, we need not be ashamed of the quality of the matter that has entered into the agricultural reports.

The adequacy of the department to the needs of the overshadowing industrial interest of the country is quite another matter, and the weakest point of the case. Its work has certainly not met the expectations entertained by the general public; and the causes assigned have been as various as the remedies proposed. Prominent among the reasonable grounds for dissatisfaction has been the management of the distribution of seeds and plants, provided for by the original act, that has absorbed a considerable share of the appropriations made

by Congress, and for years has loaded down the mails with thousands of packages of seeds that, even if "valuable," were certainly not "new" in any sense save that of having been grown the preceding season, and might have been purchased by any one desiring them at any country variety store, or at least of seedsmen or nurserymen, in any portion of the country to which they were adapted. This practice competed with legitimate trade, and alienated from the support of and coöperation with the department a professionally intelligent and influential class of men throughout the country. This overstepping of the proper limits and intent of the law was notoriously brought about under pressure from members of Congress who desired the seeds, like the reports, to act as lubricants toward reelection, or other party advantages; and were especially strenuous on the subject of full sets of flower-seeds, wherewith to conciliate the good offices of the female portion of their constituencies. Under the terms of the appropriation bills, the commissioners were to a great extent helpless in preventing this stultification of the department, without incurring the risk of a defeat or serious curtailment of their general appropriation; and while this indiscriminate, injudicious, and costly distribution has resulted in making known and bringing into use a not inconsiderable number of improved or new culture plants, the benefits derived therefrom thus far have been largely offset by the ill-will, and in part contempt, resulting from the transmission of seeds already in the general market, or obviously unadapted to the local climate. For in the impartial distribution claimed by members, cotton-seed was sent to New England, and Illinois-grown seed corn and California wheat each went back to their native climes. All the commissioners have commented more or less upon the evils of this system; and the firm stand taken



by the late commissioner Le Duc on this point secured for him the respect even of those who found fault with the somewhat "personal" character of his administration.

Apart from this obvious and legitimate cause of complaint, the objections to the management of the department have not been very definitely formulated, and are rather to be inferred from the propositions made for changes intended to render it more efficient.

The reasonable claim that agricultural interests should have a greater influence in the councils of the nation than has heretofore been the case has led to a movement which contemplates the elevation of the commissionership of agriculture into a cabinet office. It is supposed by the advocates of this measure that a position and vote in the cabinet would insure a more serious and liberal consideration of agricultural interests by the government. But it is not clear what practical object would be accomplished by this mere change of name, or increase of conventional dignity. The time when reforms could be accomplished by such easy means is past. It is not supposable that an afflatus of greater wisdom in the management of his department would thereby inflow upon the new minister, *ex officio*; and it would be difficult to point, in the political history of the United States, to any case in which agricultural interests would have been sensibly benefited by a cabinet vote. If it is the influence on congressional legislation that is contemplated, a much shorter and more direct way to reach the object is to send to Congress men who shall truly represent these interests; and this it is entirely within the power of farmers to do, without asking any legislation or consent of cabinet or Congress. It is the lack of a sufficient number of such men in the legislative halls, both state and national, that keeps the agricultural inter-

ests begging at the doors of the assemblies for the recognition and aid which they ought to be able to command. What more need be said on this point, so far as Congress is concerned, than that the senate committee on agriculture of the forty-sixth Congress was composed of five lawyers and two members who might be classed as agriculturists? — of whom, however, only one remains in the same committee of the forty-seventh session. In the House, enough just men have been found to form about one half of the corresponding committee. How can favorable and intelligent legislation on a special subject be expected of a body thus one-sidedly constituted?

Forming, as they do, a sweeping majority of the entire population, why is it that the farmers' vote is steadily given to men whose interests are not identified with theirs, and whose personal knowledge of the needs of the agricultural industry is limited to the most general and often misty ideas? The question has frequently been asked by the writer, as well as by others, when farmers complained of want of representation in the legislatures. The reply has not generally been clear or satisfactory, and it has mostly been left to the questioner to suggest that it is because farmers do not often find among their own number men sufficiently trained both in the science and art of agriculture and in the requirements of successful public life to hold their own, and effectually maintain the cause of their constituents, among the trained men put into the same field by other professions; and because they find that when they do send a "plain, practical farmer" to Congress, or to the legislature, his vote is usually the only manner in which his influence is exerted; if, indeed, amid the complexities of amendments to amendments, he does not unconsciously vote the wrong way.

What agriculture needs is not half so much a vote in the cabinet as intelligent, professionally well-trained repre-



representatives in the legislative bodies; men qualified to be leaders in the agricultural as well as in the political field, by as thorough and liberal an education as is bestowed upon the representatives of the other professions. If the agricultural colleges should do no more than to educate leaders of this kind, they would render incalculable services to the cause.

But if professional training is needed for the representatives of agriculture in the halls of Congress, what shall we say of the qualifications that should be a prerequisite for the office of Commissioner of Agriculture? It is not enough that he should be an amiable gentleman and friend of the President, who has been more or less engaged in farming, and has some pet ideas or experiments in his mind. In or out of the cabinet, that officer should combine a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the science and art of agriculture with high administrative capacity, and a wide acquaintance with the varied peculiarities and needs of the immense region that constitutes his field of action. In other words, he should be as thoroughly qualified professionally as the heads of the coast and geodetic or geological surveys; and when once found to be so, and satisfactory to the country, he should, like the officers just referred to, hold his office during "good behavior," and without reference to political parties or presidential terms. It is only under such conditions that men possessing the requisite qualifications will consent to hold the office, and that the benefits of an intelligent, well-considered policy, consistently carried out, can be realized. Under the system thus far prevailing, the incumbents have as a rule been removed from office just about the time when they obtained a good insight into the needs and proper management of the department, and became qualified to discharge their duties efficiently.

The definite organization of the De-

partment of Agriculture as a technical bureau, withdrawn from ordinary political changes, is of course incompatible with the holding of a cabinet position by its head; since each President must of necessity be free to choose his advisers. By parity of reasoning it might be conversely said that the holding of a cabinet office by the head of any properly technical bureau is incompatible with the efficiency of such department, unless the actual management is substantially left to a competent and efficient subordinate. But in that case the particular uses of a mere figure-head are not apparent. The leader *in fact* had better be also the responsible head.

It has farther been proposed to increase the efficiency of the Department of Agriculture by enlarging its scope so as to embrace not only the properly agricultural industries, but also all industrial branches cognate with it; including even the vitally important subject of transportation. As it is difficult to see just where the intricate correlations of industries would stop, under such a point of view, this would practically amount to the establishment of a "bureau of industries" of immense range and cost, if so equipped as to be effective; whereas, if it were not adequately organized and equipped, it would almost inevitably so diffuse and dilute the share given to agriculture proper as seriously to impair the modicum of efficiency and usefulness thus far attained by the department. The latter view was evidently the one taken of the matter by a committee of the National Grange that recently waited upon the present commissioner, to enter a protest against such project of enlargement; while still, however, insisting on the advancement of the commissioner-ship to a cabinet office. The position of the committee seems somewhat inconsistent; for on the one hand they express the wish to see the department



kept as closely and technically agricultural as possible, while on the other they desire to see that done which would render a strictly technical character almost impossible. Their action is proof conclusive, however, that the practical farmers agree with the scientific men of the United States in considering that there is ample matter within the lines of action at present prescribed for the Department of Agriculture; and that what is needed is that this wide field should be more fully and efficiently covered.

It will be proper to consider this field somewhat in detail, both as to the portions measurably covered heretofore, and those which have been slighted or omitted.

(1.) That portion of the work relating to the distribution of seeds and plants has already been commented on above. It has been enormously overdone as to quantity, improper selection, and indiscriminate distribution, and should undergo severe pruning in these respects, leaving to private enterprise whatever it is manifestly likely and adequate to accomplish. On the other hand, the department should give greatly increased attention to the introduction from foreign countries of new species and varieties of valuable culture plants adapted to the varied conditions of the different portions of the Union; and to this end it should be able to secure the assistance of consular agents abroad, not as a matter of individual good-will, but of duty imposed by the acceptance of the office, — if necessary, with such compensation as may be needful and just.

In this, as in other matters, the department should invoke the active coöperation of the agricultural colleges, both in respect to information as to local wants and adaptations, and in effecting a judicious distribution of seeds and plants.

(2.) In the collection of crop and com-

mercial statistics and monthly reports of the condition of crops, the department has done excellent work; but the geographical scope of that work needs to be greatly extended, the number of observers and reporters to be increased, and, above all, the publication expedited so that it shall not be behind private enterprise in point of time and accuracy, as has heretofore too often been the case. If the government printing-office cannot give precedence to these monthly reports, over other matter in hand, they should be printed elsewhere.

(3.) In the publication of treatises on agricultural subjects of immediate importance, whether newly written, translated, or simply republished, the policy of the department and the results achieved have been worthy of all praise, placing within reach of those interested the best information on the subjects selected. That this selection has not always been the best possible for the time being may, in large part at least, be ascribed to financial inability to command the services of the men needed for the tasks. Here, also, a material increase of activity is called for, so as to place the latest results of experience and investigation promptly within the reach of farmers. An annual report of agricultural progress everywhere, with references to sources, should be made a standing feature of the general report.

(4.) Of special work involving experiment and investigation, that referring to entomological subjects has been particularly useful and acceptable, especially when that portion accomplished by the entomological commission during its temporary separation from the department is counted in, as it should be. This subject is of such vital importance that a considerable increase of means for its energetic prosecution is pressing-ly called for.

(5.) The chemical work has been of a somewhat miscellaneous character; the means at command for the purpose, be-



ing inadequate to the prosecution of extended investigations, have been largely given to the examination of specimens sent to the department. Considering the expenditure, however, a great deal of useful work has been accomplished. The investigations of sorghums and their products, and of forage grasses, form valuable contributions to practical knowledge. It is curious that examinations of soils have been almost entirely excluded from the list of subjects, under a somewhat antiquated impression of the inutility of wasting one's efforts on so complex and difficult a matter. This is a particularly unfortunate omission in the one country in the world where it is possible to observe soils leisurely in their original condition, as well as under the progressive phases of culture without the use of manures. It has remained for the Census Office to take the initiative in this important matter, also, in connection with the subject of cotton production. Considering that the question of soil exhaustion and maintenance of fertility by the cheapest means is fast becoming the prominent one in the States east of the Mississippi River, it can hardly be doubtful that the examination of this subject is among the most important services the agricultural department could render to practical agriculture. The problems to be solved necessarily involve such extensive comparisons, systematically made over a wide range of soils and climates, as to be out of the reach of individual or even state action, and peculiarly the province of the national Department of Agriculture. The prosecution of these and related researches will of course necessitate greatly enlarged means for chemical and physical work.

(6.) In connection with the more accurate definition of the several agricultural divisions of the country as to soils and climates, the subject of forestry should receive continual and close attention, both as regards the naturally ex-

isting forests and timber supply, and their replacement and increase by tree-planting in timberless regions. The reports on the subject made by Mr. Hough, however valuable, have but served to show the pressing need of farther work in this direction; and here, again, the Census Office has taken a timely and most important step forward, in the investigations placed under the charge of Professor Sargent, of Harvard.

(7.) The second section of the act creating the Department of Agriculture specifies, among the means to be employed by the commissioner for the acquisition of the useful knowledge to be diffused by him, the making of "practical and scientific experiments;" in other words, it charges the department with the usual and well-understood work of an agricultural experiment station. It is true that the means and appliances for carrying on such work on a scale commensurate with the wide field to be covered were exceedingly inadequate; but it is also true that, had those placed in charge of this trust appreciated to its full extent the importance and scope of the task thus set before them, and resolutely and intelligently applied themselves to its fulfillment, an impulse might have been given that would have been felt throughout the land, and would long ago have been echoed in every State by the establishment of local stations, instead of the few that have slowly struggled into existence under the pressure of enlightened local leaders, or as step-children of agricultural colleges. As in the case of the latter themselves, the undefined dissatisfaction that has hovered round the Department of Agriculture since its inception is mainly due to the fact that it has failed to appreciate adequately, and to minister to, the strongly-felt want of the American farmer for more information directly to the point, — information bearing not merely upon theoretical and future questions, but upon problems immediately



before him, and bearing within them the alternative of success or failure, crops or no crops. In a word, the department has failed to lead, and has barely even followed promptly, the movement of public opinion and demand in respect to agricultural questions, while sometimes taking vigorously in hand some single pet problem, and thereby showing what might be done from this central position with a keener professional insight, and with broader views.

That the grounds of the department at Washington are utterly inadequate to the needs of the most modest experiment station is obvious, and has been alluded to by all commissioners. The attempt made some time ago to obtain a larger plot of land for the purposes of the department, in the neighborhood of Washington, failed; and this is perhaps not to be regretted, as the tendency seemed to be to render the new domain subservient to the purposes of the vicious system of seed distribution, and the critical undertaking of a "model farm" of doubtful utility, especially under semi-political management. The reported results of the tea-farm experiment in South Carolina have cast another unpropitious shadow upon such projects. Yet it is difficult to see why, with a proper professional organization independent of party management, well-conducted experimental farms, under the direction of the commissioner, should not be as possible here as they are in Europe. And it can hardly be questioned that in the remoter and climatically widely different regions, such as the Pacific coast and the "arid" belt lying between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, the establishment of branch bureaus, under the care of assistant commissioners, is needed for the purpose of securing to them the advantage of an adequate consideration of their peculiar interests. In most of the States, however, no new or distinct experiment stations would at present need to be pro-

vided for, since they are already organized, in a greater or less degree, in connection with the agricultural colleges, under the care of a staff of professional men interested in the most direct manner in the successful performance of such experiments as, from the nature of the case, the national department would be likely to desire in their locality. These men would, as a rule, joyfully avail themselves of the opportunities afforded them by assistance from the department, rendered under conditions similar to those usually made by the Smithsonian Institution, so noted for securing the highest grade of work at the least possible cost.

The failure to seek and secure the active coöperation of the agricultural colleges is one of the most conspicuous omissions of the Department of Agriculture. Through them its most useful influence could have been exerted, and its most authentic information as to facts and wants obtained. For some years, a somewhat extended account of the operations and condition of these colleges formed a part of the report of the department; but that subject has since been left to the Bureau of Education,—properly, so far as the merely educational part is concerned, but improperly as regards the ignoring of the general work they have been doing in the improvement of agricultural methods and knowledge. To speak plainly, the national Department of Agriculture seemed to act, in a measure, as though the colleges and experiment stations were not in existence. Instead of assisting them and summing up their work, it ignored them sometimes even in the matter of distribution of seeds and department reports. Its traveling employees seemed at times to keep out of the way of the existing institutions, often laboriously gathering anew information already abundantly in the possession of the latter. If this was done or omitted under the impression that the colleges



or stations were indisposed to coöperate, so much the more would it have been incumbent upon an enlightened chief of such a department to seek them out, and stimulate them into active coöperation. Except in the matter of an occasional call for a convention, of which the commissioner was to be the conspicuous centre, and whose results have not been very apparent, the colleges have had but little attention from the department at Washington.

All this would be at once changed were the commissioner to become a technical expert, responsible not only officially to the government, but amenable to that rigorous and incorruptible tribunal constituted of his scientific and technical compeers, and under the standing menace of a loss of his professional reputation, which no whitewashing committees, in or out of Congress, could in any manner condone or undo. The substitution of the opinion and judgment of the republic of letters and science for that of the political one would constitute a self-executing measure of civil-service reform which would quickly sweep away the clogs and barnacles that have heretofore beset the progress of the department toward its highest usefulness. It would at once place it in a position of active and necessary reciprocal sympathy and coöperation with the agricultural colleges and experiment stations, and, through these, with the real wants of every portion of the agricultural domain. It would thus naturally and legitimately become the leading centre of agricultural information and progress, gathering up all the disconnected threads, now scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, into a radiating net-work,

conveying back and forth messages of mutual information and encouragement, by deed as well as by word.

The field is a wide and magnificent one, both as to the opportunities it affords, and as to the practical importance of the results that will reward its intelligent cultivation. It is so vast that the proposition to enlarge the scope of operations of the department by charging it with the duties of a general "bureau of industry" seems almost a satire upon its past history. Moreover, outside of the land office and the care of the Indian tribes (the latter, it is to be hoped, a subject soon to be eliminated from its executive responsibilities), the Department of the Interior would as naturally cover, under its general intent, a bureau of manufactures and mines as a bureau of agriculture.

If it should be contended that the carrying into effect of the system outlined in the preceding pages would necessitate too great an increase of expenditure, the answer is that if the present appropriation were to be tripled or quadrupled, it would yet bear but an insignificant proportion to the magnitude and commanding importance of the interests involved, and would be but a fraction of the millions annually wasted upon expenditures of at least doubtful general utility. The country can far better afford to do without a large proportion of the expensive party manœuvres, investigating committees, and "jobs" designed for the manufacture of political capital, than to neglect any longer to foster the fundamental industry, by giving those who exercise it the fullest benefit of the lights that education and science can bestow.

*Eugene W. Hilgard.*



## THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

## VIII.

## A FLAW IN A CORNER-STONE.

THE merchant prince had alighted from his buggy, on his way down town, every few mornings, during the building of his mansion, and become a familiar figure in the neighborhood. He had peered into corners, turned over bits of loose material with his boot, and put sharp questions to his workmen, lifting his hand to his ear, in his awe-inspiring way, to catch their replies.

When all was complete he paid off those engaged, having first beaten them down to the lowest point, and they departed in such contentment as they might. In the general harmony there was one exception. The stone-mason, Jocelyn, had grumbled for some time, claiming to have taken his contract too cheap, and to be carrying it out at a loss to himself. There was no relief for this, however, and he was obliged to acquiesce in the brusque opinion of Rodman Harvey, that it was altogether his own affair and he should have kept a sharper lookout.

But now, at the last moment, an offset of some hundreds of dollars besides was retained from him, on the plea of a piece of defective stone-work. This, which he thought might have been spared him in consideration of the extent to which he had already suffered, was the straw that finally ruined his temper. He went away in a rage, swearing never to do another stroke of work for so hard a task-master. He obtained such poor satisfaction as he might from retailing everything he could learn to the disadvantage of Rodman Harvey, not disdaining even the scurrilous stories of the shanty tenants, which he had had occasion to hear while engaged in

building the houses in Harvey's Terrace. He spread the stories broadcast, among other places, at the Nassau Street restaurant, where he lunched when transacting business with his bank down town.

Jocelyn, in his irritation, denied the plainest evidence of the senses. There was, in fact, a defect of a very singular character, and it was in the corner-stone itself. There began to appear a scaling of the surface, — a weakness to which the red sandstone of New York is subject, but only as a rule after years and hard usage by the elements. This scaling continued, till one day a lamina as thick as a clap-board detached itself, and, being broken off, disclosed one of those curious fossil bird or reptile tracks found in the Connecticut River formation, from the quarries of which the stone was derived.

"Anything connected with birds, you know, is dreadful," Mrs. Rodman Harvey declared, professing a superstitious awe at the occurrence, as if it were a kind of harpy clutch of destiny upon the house. "If a bird flies in at your window, now, — nothing could be worse. I have known so many instances. This must be rectified at any price."

But Dr. Wyburd, being brought, held learnedly that it was not certainly the foot-print of a bird, but as likely that of the *Otozoön Moodii*, a reptile of the Labyrinthodont order, of the Triassic period, which often attained to a height of twelve feet.

Selkirk approved of it, from a virtuoso's point of view. Angelica fancied it more like a hand than a claw, and was pleased to find in it a certain resemblance to the Muffet crest (their branch of the Harveys having none to which they could legitimately lay claim to use on their note-paper and carriage panel), as if it were a testimony to their nat-



ural distinction come down from the Mesozoic age. The block was therefore neatly surfaced again, and the singular imprint allowed to remain. Only, as it began to attract much remark from passers-by, a magnolia shrub was set out before it.

After Harvey had finished his series of visits to the house, he was followed by his wife and daughter, who took the matter of the decorating and furnishing particularly into their own hands. It is fair to say, however, that Miss Angelica devoted her chief attention to the apartments allotted to herself. She succeeded in getting her sitting-room done to her satisfaction, in pear-wood and a nebulous drab plush; and her bedroom in flowered silk chintz, of a charming pink effect, and gold.

Mrs. Rodman Harvey summoned this popular arranger of interiors, then that. She gave a room to each, and then got one to going over the work of the other, and embroiled herself more or less with all. She was aided by the suggestions of Aureolin Slab, who, though pained to the heart by the exterior of the house, deemed it his duty to save it to what extent he could from similar vandalism within. Then came the dealers in the smaller objects of art, who filled the rooms as full as they could hold with their elegant wares. The result was a magnificence that the inexperienced in New York houses could never have inferred from without. The whole was finished with such expedition as to be ready for occupation by the family before the beginning of the watering-place season.

There was time for a notable entertainment which took the form of a reception to the President of the United States. Rodman Harvey considered that a sumptuous house-warming, to which the world should be invited on a liberal scale, could be made an effective means for the increase of his popularity. It happened also that the President was

to be in town at the date, for the dedication of some new public monument, and would accept his invitation.

If Mrs. Rodman Harvey had cares beyond the ken of most mortals even at ordinary times, it may be conceived that they were not diminished now. Her husband suggested again, as he had once before suggested, the experiment of taking Otilie, or some such person, to write her letters for her, and otherwise assist in lightening her burdens.

"Oh, you cannot do that with relations," objected Angelica, overhearing. "There are their dreadful feelings to be considered. They always expect to be treated as equals."

The idea apparently did not meet with Mrs. Harvey's favor, perhaps because it was not her own at first. She was led, nevertheless, to include her niece in the long list of guests for the "reception," and to send for her to come down the Saturday before — the entertainment being set for the evening of Tuesday — to make her acquaintance. Should it stop there, it would be an easy way, at any rate, to discharge any obligation the girl might fancy them to be under to her on the score of kinship.

Otilie's invitation came late, and she was asked to reply by telegraph, and to start immediately. Could she have had the option of a letter she might have framed excuses; but any refusal by telegraph must be curt and ungracious. She had had repeated directions from her mother, that it was her Christian duty, to herself and her family, to receive in an affable spirit any overtures that might come from this influential source. She remembered the arguments of Bainbridge, and the real Gérôme she had seen purchased. The Hasbroucks themselves, who surprised her meditating over the invitation, urged her to go by all means. The opportunity to meet the President was what nobody should think of neglecting. She set out, therefore, and the feud in the family was to



this extent healed. She well knew privately what she would do for the Hasbroucks, could she gain the confidence of her uncle, and a favorable occasion ever offered.

Her uncle's house was a near realization to her of the rich properties of her histories and romances. "The bedstead in my aunt Alida's room," she wrote home, ministering to an eager curiosity that would naturally be entertained there, "is of carved teak-wood, with a canopy of velvet and lace, and stands upon a platform. I am told by her French maid, Rosine, that it cost six thousand dollars. All the toilet articles in my cousin Angelica's chamber are of ivory and silver," etc., etc., etc.

There was a fire-place in the wide entrance hall, with vases and plates of Italian majolica above it, a rich rug before it, and on each side another vase of Japanese *cloisonné*, taller than Otilie's head. A porphyry bowl, on a pedestal of old Japanese bronze, like a baptismal font, received the cards of visitors.

She climbed a staircase so broad and easy that climbing was hardly an effort. It had lamps alternately of silver and porcelain, held up by bronze statues, on its posts, and vases and tropical plants on its wide platforms. The approach to the picture-gallery — where her Gérôme, and plenty of other masters that pleased her better, were now to be gazed at to her heart's content — was past a Musidora and a Samson in marble, and up either of two short flights of marble steps, with a marble balustrade between.

The principal drawing-room, upholstered in silks and plushes of sulphur yellow, was of the lightly severe yet elegant Louis XVI. style, and had a small gallery projecting from one side for musicians. A lesser, rose-colored drawing-room was fantastic with the profuse gilded scroll-works of the Rococo Louis XV.

It was her cousin Selkirk who interested himself to go about with her and

affix the correct titles to the puzzling variety of styles she saw. The gravely rich Henri II. library was hung with old tapestries. The dining-room had tapestry chairs and dark Italian cabinets, so rich with carving that no vacant space of the original wood was seen. Besides the books in the library, there were found, in low ebony cases, in a small reception-room off the hall, a series of choice volumes, bound uniformly in white vellum.

There were embroidered and wrought *portières*, crystal chandeliers containing waxen tapers, porcelain lamps, their light softened by colored silk shades, floors of polished wood and tessellated marble, tables covered with velvet bordered with Venetian point lace; there were blue china, screens, clocks, musical boxes, statuettes, objects of ivory, pearl, ormolu, buhl, and Limoges enamel, — one revel of glowing color and luxury unstinted by expense.

Otilie was impressed too by her cousin Angelica, whom she first saw leaning against the back of a fauteuil, in a graceful pose, in one of the rich parlors. She bowed down in ingenuous reverence before her accomplishments, her costly education, her travels, her reception at foreign courts. So many advantages, and so brilliant and high bred an aspect could hardly consist, it seemed to her, with any but the most dignified and worthy character as well.

She did not understand how her aunt need really be so agitated by the management of her servants, and the rest. She had thought that one of the first uses of wealth was to purchase immunity from the more vulgar cares. This good lady took her on her tours of inspection about the house, bustling now with preparations for the festival, and made her a sharer in many confidences. She found here a jewel and there a scarf or a ribbon for the young girl's adornment, and forced it upon her with an open-handed generosity.

"There are times," she said, "when



it seems as if I must put on my bonnet, and, leaving all, fly to the uttermost ends of the earth, in search of but one moment of blessed, blessed peace. Here are fourteen mortal servants, and the last thought of all of them is to do what they were engaged for, and their first to persecute me."

The tasks of the bond-slaves of Egypt, the sufferings in Dante's *Inferno*, were but a bagatelle, as Mrs. Harvey represented it, to her own. Yet it was strange that she retained her plump comeliness, and, though so often threatening, had never yet put on her bonnet for any more desperate purpose than to go out in it conformably to the usages of polite society.

Ottilie did not reconcile herself at first to the full-grown men in livery. They seemed clumsy and out of place in the house. She would have preferred, with her simpler tastes, only neat, trim maid-servants. The English butler, William Skiff, with his baldness and false teeth, was as imposing as a bishop. Alphonse, the waiter and footman, had a grenadier aspect, and should have presented arms to you — if he had, that would have been something worth while — whenever he opened the door. They had brought him back with them from their last tour in Europe. Angelica thought of having him go out behind her when she rode on horseback, instead of John Welsh, from the stables.

She had a cultivated taste in servants. She declared the most simply horrible thing in the world to be a waiter with a moustache (instead of the conventional side whiskers and shaven lip), — a view which did not strike Ottilie as quite of the expected profundity from such a source.

One evening there came in from the vicinity, to play billiards with the merchant prince, in his sumptuous new saloon, his friends Hackley and Hastings.

With Hastings was his wife, who was young and pretty. She tripped up-stairs

to the boudoir of Mrs. Harvey, with whom she was a favorite, for a confidential chat, while their husbands were knocking about the billiard balls below. Ottilie was presented to her. Quite a friendship sprung up between them, on the basis of two pretty children, whom the young girl admired, and whom she was accorded the privilege of seeing put to bed on Sunday evening. It ended in her being given practically into the charge of Mrs. Hastings, for the entertainment. Her aunt and cousin were to "receive," and would have their hands extremely full. She was simply to be a minor guest among the great number invited, an arrangement that suited her wishes exactly.

## IX.

### "TO MEET THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES."

The list of invitations, "To meet the President of the United States," as the inscription following the other details on the impressive square of pasteboard ran, was sufficiently large to include Bainbridge also. The young man considered it respectful to appear at the levee of a patron, who might be a more valuable patron yet, and had a certain curiosity, besides, about the new chief magistrate of his country, then lately installed into office.

He paid a call or two, dropped in at a regular weekly reception of the same night, all places where he was much overdue, and arrived at Rodman Harvey's at about eleven o'clock. A fine drizzle of rain was falling. The semi-opaque roof of the picture-gallery, aglow, and illumining a little the humid atmosphere above, betokened, at a distance, the festivity in progress within. A striped canvas awning was stretched across the sidewalk, just as similar awnings were out on such a night at the group of fashionable restaurants below.



At the awning's mouth a few spectators, kept in check by a policeman, lingered patiently under umbrellas, to watch the fortunate guests alight. The elegant men got down, with the collars of their great-coats turned up and silk mufflers about their throats. Wonderful creatures, with voluminous draperies of white, pink, pale blue, and saffron gathered close about them, followed, bending double, and alighting upon the carpeted stones with dainty rebounds. The carriages were ranged in interminable files on either side of the street, their wet varnish glistening in the gas-light. The gas-lights themselves and figures that passed were reflected in a mysterious way in the wet sidewalks, as if from black streams of fathomless depth, the surface of which was somehow curiously solidified.

The gloom without gave the more effect to the brightness within. Two orchestras were playing: one in the music-gallery of the principal drawing-room; the other in a spacious temporary apartment formed, for the greater convenience of the dancers, by flooring and roofing over the yard at the rear of the mansion. The banisters of the grand staircase were entwined with smilax and roses. A deep cornice and wainscot belt, made up of white flowers, starred with others in color, extended around the walls in the small drawing-room, and over the spot where the President stood, with the hostess and her daughter beside him, hung a mammoth ball of violets. No expense was spared, as the saying is. Some *confrères* of the merchant prince, of a practical turn, brushing up their elderly whiskers before the mirror in their dressing-room above stairs, endeavored incidentally to compute it. There were those who said that Harvey was not doing all this without an object, either. He had his designs upon the distinguished guest of the evening. He hoped to obtain from him the office of secretary of the treas-

ury, for which he had already intrigued. This was chiefly, too, what his political activity meant. He considered a seat in Congress, from the foremost district of New York, merely as a stepping-stone, since no doubt his not having taken part in national affairs before had been construed against him. The health of the present secretary was not good, and, in case of the appointment of a successor, it was eminently proper that he should be chosen, for once, from the great commercial metropolis of the country. Who more suitable, in that event, — so they deemed the merchant prince to argue, — with his large experience in trade and finance, than Rodman Harvey? "He knew the President of old, it seems; through having employed him in some railroad case at the West. I do not say that Harvey would be my choice," said one speaker, "but stranger things have happened than that he may get the place yet."

"I see that Burlington is here," commented another. "He and the President were generals in the war together, and I suppose he has laid aside his difference with Harvey for the time being, to come and pay his respects, — as is quite right. He is a level-headed person, Burlington."

These elderly gossips were not above comments also on points of feminine beauty, and on the current social scandals. They retailed the latest Hayskamp escapades, among others. A granddaughter of the connection had run away with an adventurer, whom she had been in the habit of meeting at the Park, instead of going to Madame Bellefontaine's school, for which she had started with her books regularly every morning. The second Mrs. Hayskamp, Mrs. John, a rather mature person, — *apropos* of whose appearance, going down the stairs, while they waited for their own spouses to emerge from the dressing-room, these doings were treated of, — had been seen coming out



of one of the cemeteries, with her head on young Northfleet's shoulder. "That last I deny *in toto*," said Watervliet, availing himself of the opportunity to repeat a witticism which had met with considerable success at the club. "It stands to reason. You cannot have old heads on young shoulders."

The feeling of unconcern with which Bainbridge had come changed to something much more like pleasure when he went below, and found Otilie. That young woman colored a little on meeting him, no doubt with reflections as to what he would think of her apparent changeableness of purpose. She was with Mrs. Hastings, who had presented to her a number of young men, among them young Stillsby, whose repute for wisdom was not of the most profound. She had been impressed at first by this person's air of fashion; then had wondered, and finally been amused, at the *naïve* foolishness of many of his sayings. The new acquaintances still hovered about her, and Bainbridge could have her to himself at first but little.

"You did not write to me, as you promised," he said, seizing one of the opportunities. "I have lived for nothing else ever since."

"You have lived very well then, apparently. *Did* I promise to write? Well, I have been busy. It is but a short time now till our Commencement; and by the way, since you remind me of it, I did use the information in your pamphlets for my graduating essay. It is to be on The Reformation of Criminals."

"Bravo! At last we have the matter settled. So you graduate. And then what?"

"Return as directly as possible to my home in the West, and glad enough I shall be to get back to the dear old place again."

"I am sorry for that. I thought perhaps you might be intending to come here. Your uncle will not leave you a

great fortune, I dare say, but he would be rational to live with. If you got on as well with the rest as with him, I think you might count on a very tolerable sort of existence. Why not return here?"

"Nobody axed me, sir," she said, archly misquoting the old ballad. Then, as if the subject were not a wholly comfortable one, she changed it, with "Well, you cannot deny that *this* is palatial."

"Oh yes, I can. Do not limit my capacity for denying too hastily. In the palace there is a noble poverty of effect, as it were. They understand it in Italy, — a few handsome things along the walls, and the central spaces left free, for the noble occupants to walk up and down in, with their hands behind their backs, planning statecraft, wars, and matrimonial alliance, with the dukes, their neighbors."

They were favorably posted for observing the guest of the evening. "That is what *I* should like to be," said Otilie contemptively. "It seems to me that if I were a man I should be very ambitious, and have as many people bowing down before me as possible."

"Oh, the point is to *be* something; not to make a lot of people think you are," scoffed Bainbridge. It was a fine and somewhat startling sentiment, from him, but delivered with an air implying that it was of course impossible, while nothing less was worth striving for.

The President was in a sense a type of his class. He had risen most honorably from humble beginnings. He had been a farmer's lad, school-master, general in the civil war, representative, governor of his State, and diplomat. He was a person of sterling worth, yet hardly of merit sufficient in itself to command the imposing recognition he had received. He had been chosen rather as a compromise candidate between the claims of the greater leaders, who destroy one another, and rarely attain the coveted prize. His whole presence exhaled the air of a calm, well-regulated



life. He was of good figure, robust, neat and plain in attire. His dignity was apparently of a genuine, simple sort, arising from consciousness of the exalted nature of his success, yet not without a trace of angularity. He gave all who were presented to him a somewhat stiff shake of the hand. He had no great fund of ingenious or gallant discourse at command, but uttered now and then one of those mild pleasantries, that are received on such an occasion and from such a source as brilliant scintillations of wit.

As the pressure of new arrivals slackened, Rodman Harvey, the host, was to be seen conversing with him confidentially, and even giving slight taps of a forefinger on his sleeve, by way of emphasis. "Ah yes, indeed," said envious lookers on, "he will have his secretaryship fast enough."

Angelica, slender, erect, with a long, simple "train" of rich material stretched out behind her, was like some rare bird. Mrs. Harvey was in brocaded satin, its front strewn with costly embroideries in seed pearls, garnets, and other precious stones. From a collar of large diamonds of the purest water depended a splendid ornament of opal and diamonds upon her full bosom, heaving with the pride natural to such an occasion. She was all smiles and comely majesty. When the guests had finally been received, she promenaded through the rooms on the arm of the President. Her aid, Angelica, had already withdrawn with Kingbolt of Kingboltville, to take a turn in the dancing-hall.

It was at such times that Rodman Harvey was especially content with his spouse. This was her element. It was what he had had in mind when, at a certain stage of his increasing prosperity, touched by the subtle appetite for fashion and display, he had sought the best article of its kind, and married the widow of the elegant Charles Battle-dore. Perhaps, as he contemplated her,

his thoughts may have gone back to that earlier one, his helpmate in the day of small things, — to her with whom he had trodden ingrain carpets, and sat upon chilly horse-hair furniture. Conference with her had always been a matter of the calmest reason. *She* had had no petulances of a spoiled child, no preposterous exaggerations, no stormings-about, arising upon slight cause and abating as easily. She had been inclined to look upon his growing wealth as a delusion and a snare, and had hardly increased her scale of personal expenditure to the last.

The young children of that marriage were dead, with her. He thought of them all buried away together in the rural graveyard of his native place, and hers. He had been accustomed to alight from a train there, on summer days, at long intervals, to pass an hour beside their graves. There were urns on the posts of the high wooden gate, which entered from one side of the village green. The head-stones were stained and awry, the low mounds grown over with tall grass and wild flowers. How very far-away it all seemed now! Could it be that he had ever been bound in such intimate ties with those of so very different a circle? Was it possible that in some vague future state the relationship was again to be renewed?

The dancing-hall afforded Bainbridge, also, a pretext for taking Otilie away. Dancing was an entertainment which he had disparaged, like other things, but she found him, to her surprise, no mean adept in it. He even aided her to execute beautifully a new step, of which she had got an inkling from the girls at school, and in consideration of this she could almost have condoned some of his errors. They found seats afterwards in the picture-gallery, under an orange-tree, by the marble balustrade. She had an unusual animation and color, and fanned herself vigorously. The painter Millboard, wandering about, with little



to do, having few acquaintances in the large assembly, made a furtive note, on his thumb-nail as it were, of the effect, as she reclined in a fauteuil, her fleecy white draperies scattered about the definite nucleus of her slim waist, her arms, and head.

"Do see me!" she said, admiring herself whimsically. "One would think I had always been used to such magnificence, I take it so calmly. And as to my poor dress, for the last hour I have quite forgotten it."

"You will find that the fashion reporters, if they be worth their salt, have not been so remiss. It will certainly appear in the papers."

"That shows how little you know about such things. It cost — but never mind what it cost; and I had to make a good part of it myself. If you want to see dressing, look at my cousin Angelica. I am glad if you think it pretty, though. It is what I am to wear at Commencement. By good luck it was just done, or I could not have come."

This was a further touch in a Cinderella-like aspect of her situation, as he represented it, which had pleased him from the first. "Oh, an orange-tree!" she babbled on, catching sight of the boughs above her head, and raising her fan a little towards them. "Do tell me something about the orange-groves, and your manner of life there!"

"Well, nothing is more charming than the silver blossoms and the golden fruit both on the tree at the same time, when the last crop has not been wholly picked off. There was a tree on my place which bore one year seven thousand oranges. That was not in my time, though, — no such luck. In the first enthusiasm of my venture I wrote some newspaper letters, which were complimented, by another newspaper of importance, as one of the most practical treatises on orange culture that had yet appeared. I did not know it, however, till I got back, a year or two afterwards.

Perhaps posthumous fame is something like that, — a fine compliment that you never hear of. When I did know it, I secured the *entrée* to Mrs. Stoneglass' literary receptions at once. Really, it was grim satire, so far as I was concerned. I was like one of those ingenious persons who go about lecturing on How to Get Rich, and have to jump out of the back windows with their satchels, because they have not money enough to pay their hotel bills."

"You did not succeed very well, then? I had inferred so before."

"No, I did not succeed. One year a hurricane, such as had not been known for half a century, the next a frost, such as had not been known for another half a century. You might have heard a ton of coal drop, on this last occasion, as I woke up in the morning and found what had happened. I routed out the men to apply restoratives, but all to no purpose."

"And then what? — as you ask me."

"I came into some more money presently, on the death of my grandfather. Did I ever happen to tell you that I was brought up by my grandfather? He bore me no grudge, as it seemed, for the failure of the orange speculation. I went into the manufacturing of a lawn-mower, with one half of the money, and loaned the other half, as a temporary accommodation, to a very dear friend. The lawn-mower was itself cut off by a crisis that overtook certain industries about that time. The temporary accommodation to my friend and class-mate, for whom I would have done anything under the sun, and in whose equal devotion to me I had implicit confidence, proved to be of such duration that it not only was not returned when it could have saved the lawn-mower, but I have never seen it since. This dear friend was hopelessly insolvent, and knew it perfectly well, when he borrowed. He cleared off to Colorado, and that is the last I have seen of him from that day



to this. And now you have about my whole story. It seems a little monotonous, does it not, — three such mischances? Nevertheless, they happened as I tell you."

"This, then, is what makes you so cynical?"

"I do not admit that I am cynical; but naturally experiences of the kind hardly improve one's temper."

"You do not think, perhaps," she suggested, hesitatingly, "that business may not have been your strong point?"

"No, I cannot say that I had thought so. My view, on observing the countless thousands pouring into the professions, was to try and do something more distinctly practical and useful in the world. Where was the fault with that idea?"

"Well, you must try again, and a great many times more."

"At my age one does not try very much more. He takes what is sent to him. There are certain advantages in the law, however. It is a way of getting even. It affords delightful opportunities for rascality."

"At *your* age!" Ottilie exclaimed, ignoring this gibe. "Why, you are a very young man."

Indeed! Was it thus he impressed her? They were fast approaching to terms of equality, truly. This came of being betrayed into gravity, and making confidences which he had not made to any one before, he could not tell when. By way of recovering ground he became as recklessly flippant as possible.

Ottilie could hardly credit the occurrence, in this society, of doings which would better have suited her idea of the times of the Borgias. The suiciding, dueling, opium-eating, and eloping Hayskamps were of the most excellent family. The grandfather, from whom their money was derived, had been a beau in two hemispheres, the companion of Louis Philippe and Ludwig of Bavaria. As to the actors in some of these dramas

being still welcomed and fêted, it seemed to her monstrous.

"You must know that this putting down of people is not so easy," said Bainbridge, in his deriding tone. "We good ones are not strong enough. The bold and bad override us, and there is nothing to do but to take it out in browbeating the timid and weak. At the same time, I think it doubtful whether the upper circle of society is so much worse than others below."

"So much worse?" exclaimed Ottilie with heat. "Ought it not to be a hundred times better? With every comfort and luxury, with the opportunity to travel, to be educated, to be cultured and perfected on every side, it ought to admit of no comparison." She had a way of putting back her hair from her temples with both hands, and bending earnestly forward, in her arguing.

"That is a point of view worthy of note, but I doubt if you will find frivolous wealth and luxury to have ever worked that way. First, there is the period of hardship and striving for a certain end; then, when it is attained, the splendid efflorescence, by some called decadence. For my part, I ask, Why the common prejudice against decadences? They are the autumn season, the legitimate fruition, of all that has preceded. Why is the battle a so much better thing than the victory? The poets and orators are continually giving us to understand that the struggle for liberty is particularly commendable, while the peace and plenty which were its objects are of no account whatever."

"Oh, are you never serious?" exclaimed the young girl.

Mrs. Hastings now came to find Ottilie, in order to take her to the supper-room. The tables were so heavily laden with plate and the costly banquet as to require to be sustained, rumor ran, by extra braces of iron underneath. Haricot's men, in unexceptionable evening dress, handed out the viands to the



thicket of reaching hands, calling, "*Une glace!*" "*Trois glaces!*" Now and then others made their way through the throng, bearing aloft on platters new supplies of game, oysters, and salads, with a deprecating "Please! please!"

Mrs. Eglantine approached the discreet financial magnate, Bloomfield, taking his salad by himself at a corner of the mantel-piece, and said, "I want you to do something with my Missouri 6's. It is the only chance I have to get at you. You know everything. And *do* you think Devious Air Line is going higher?"

Mrs. Sprowle said to Mrs. Clef, finding that lady by chance in a chair beside her, "Why do we never have a *gentleman* for President?" To which Mrs. Clef replied good-naturedly, "Why indeed!" Then Mrs. Sprowle, stopping Kingbolt, who was hurrying by with some refreshment for Angelica Harvey, for whom he had found a seat, after their dancing, in one of the rooms near by, asked him some question about his friend St. Hill. "He is such an agreeable man," she said, — "of the best old Southern stock, which I have always highly esteemed. I do not see him here to-night."

"He does not come here, I believe. There is some misunderstanding, some difficulty of a business sort, between him and Harvey."

"Ah! indeed! I must ask him about it," she said, and Kingbolt passed on.

Her son, Austin Sprowle, having plentiful leave of absence, as it seemed, from the side of his betrothed, came up and paid compliments, by way of passing the time, to Mrs. Clef, who received them as affably as though she had never uttered a disparaging word of him.

"How delightfully you are looking!" said Sprowle. "We have hardly met since last year, at Saratoga. Saratoga is very good for us New Yorkers. We need something of that kind, a certain atmosphere, a — er — variation; but we

must *not* drink the waters, — we must not, really." His tone was almost tragical.

"When are we going to have another of our little dinners at the Four-In-Hand?" Mr. Rowley asked of Miss Ada Trull.

"*Sh!* All that is over for the present," she replied. "Somebody has been telling mamma that from eleven in the morning till eleven at night is too long for us to be out in the drags; and that Mrs. Calloway, our chaperon, was younger than most of the girls; and that some of you young men drank too much champagne."

Another interview took place between Bainbridge and Ottilie, later in the evening, just before the young girl's departure. Her purpose of going away, and probably not again returning was once more touched upon.

"Of course I could never get you to write to me, under any pretext," said the young man, "but suppose we think of each other. Suppose we fix certain times and hours — as at ten on the 1st and 15th of each month, say, — when you will agree to think of me, and I of you. Perhaps some mysterious or electrical influence will pass between us. Remarkable scientific developments may take place. Who knows?"

"Oh, there is a difference in longitude," she replied, smiling elusively. "I should have to remember you at eight forty, or nine twenty, or something that way, when here it was ten already. I could never calculate it."

"This is really a very sad and solemn occasion, then. As likely as not I shall never see you again."

"N—ever," with a mock-melancholy waving of the head, from side to side.

"Two souls with numerous different thoughts,  
Two hearts that beat as two,"

she parodied again.

"Perhaps you think I do not care, — but I had taken a great liking to you."

She would have been touched by this,



if she had thought it in earnest; but she understood his raillery perfectly well, and replied, "I wish I could say I returned the compliment."

"Why can you not? Am I so very disagreeable?"

"You have tried to patronize me a good deal, for one thing," she said, casting about for reasons. "And then, I have hardly ever heard you utter a sentiment I could tell to be in earnest."

"Oh, is that it?" reflectively. "But in your case I am earnestness itself."

"Nothing is worse than to be heavy on a frivolous subject."

In such tantalizing fashion, with a bright smile and a shake of the hand, she was gone. It had been a pleasant acquaintance; but this was the end of it. The thoughts of Russell Bainbridge drifted after her not a little, from his office, up in the mansard of the Magoon Building, where his new-fledged law practice was developing. He was of course as incapable of foolish sentiment now as the Magoon Building itself. . . . But she had been a bright, piquant person, with excellent traits, and wherever she went he wished her well.

Meanwhile, — for we need not leave so speedily this rare festivity at Rodman Harvey's, — the *tête-à-tête* which the daughter of the house had granted Kingbolt of Kingboltville had been in progress. The young man had made but a short visit to his estates, it seemed, and then, for reasons best known to himself, returned. The painter Millboard did not fail to include Angelica too in his hovering admirations. He regretted that such models as these could not be had, that masterpieces in art might be more common than they are.

A curiously simple skirt of lustrous, creamy satin fell down over her limbs, which it delicately outlined. The waist had no other support than small straps upon each shoulder; but she wore over it a jacket of rich lace, amber-hued with the touch of age, and (loosely around

her neck) a gossamer scarf, which she readjusted from time to time as it became slightly disarranged. Where the lace was drawn thin, the leaf and snow-crystal patterns seemed daintily printed upon the smooth, firm flesh. Her arms were of a more pinkish tinge than her face. They were lovely arms, capable of weaving dangerous spells even from afar, and Kingbolt had ventured into fatally close proximity to them.

"I don't know when I have enjoyed a waltz so much before," he protests, passing a cambric handkerchief over his forehead. "I had given up dancing, to tell the truth. I have hated to ask an American girl for a long time. One does not reverse abroad, as you know, and I had quite got out of the way of it."

"To what shall I ascribe this exception in my favor? Your reversing is perfect; I have no fault to find with it."

"Oh, you would turn anybody's head; and of course a person is not going to let slip an opportunity to put his arm around the most beautiful girl in two hemispheres, when it is open to him."

Miss Angelica had two very distinct manners. She could assume, when she chose, — and she often chose, — a chilling dignity; but with her intimates she professed to like *natural* people, and to hate "the stiff kind." At this time, too, she was permitting herself a certain sisterly policy, warranted, as she considered, by her new situation in life, towards some of the young men. But this expression of Kingbolt's was trenching a little on the permissible naturalness. She called him "Wretch!" however, and then inquired, —

"Why do you waste such things on me, an old engaged girl? Why do you not say them to Daisy Goldstone or Ada Trull? I suppose you know that I am 'another's,' as the novelists say?"

"Oh, yes, I know it."

"Why! You say it as if you were sorry."

"I am, — damnably," he broke out



with a changed manner. The epithet was half muttered but she heard it. It appeared that she had led him too far. She had had no objection to amusing herself a little while her freedom remained; but if it were possible, after all they had both seen of the world, that he were going to annoy her with an absurd earnestness, if he were going to look and talk in a savage way like that, it was high time to turn over a new leaf with him, and that instantly. In the purpose she had formed for the disposal of her own fate she was fixed and inflexible. Kingbolt had already begun some further words in the new vein. She looked about for a pretext to repulse them. Dr. Wyburd, with Mr. Hackley — who, on account of his intimacy with Rodman Harvey, assumed an unusual air of geniality and good-fellowship in this house — as his principal auditor, was saying, near by, —

“When you hear the first part of a good story, you are pretty sure to hear the last. It comes to you from different sources, and you finally put all the parts together. Now, I recollect a certain” —

“Oh, an anecdote! an anecdote!” exclaimed Angelica, jumping up, and joining herself to this group, looking

back to Kingbolt as a sign that he might follow if he would. She returned presently to her mamma, and whatever slight contact she may have had with the misguided young millionaire during the rest of the evening was marked by the calmest indifference.

Her mamma took it upon herself, when the guests had gone, and they two were alone for a moment in her sitting-room, in the small hours of the morning, to complain of the prolonged tête-à-tête with Kingbolt. She had seen something of it while moving through the rooms with the President. “I could observe,” she said, “that Austin was not at all pleased. He was much annoyed.”

Angelica, nettled through consciousness of rectitude, refused either to explain or deny anything. “If Austin is not pleased with what pleases me, so much the worse for him. I will *not* be argued with. Leave me in peace,” she said, and retired petulantly up the staircase to the bed-chamber in flowered silk chintz and gilt.

The mamma, with a sigh, murmured after her a formula intended to convey her sense of an incorrigibility far out of the common: “She is a regular Harvey.”

*William Henry Bishop.*

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## STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

### III.

I HAVE seen much of the life of the Southern people of all classes in their homes, in regions remote from the railroads, as well as in the cities and towns and those portions of the country which have been most affected by the influences of commerce, travel, and other forces of the modern world. As the agriculture, manufactures, and trade of the Southern States are the chief sources

of their wealth, and constitute, in large measure, the material basis of their civilization, I have studied these industries everywhere with great interest.

Southern agriculture presents almost everywhere highly dissimilar or opposite conditions and characteristics existing side by side. In every State the traveler sees farms or plantations on which the modern and improved methods of work and management are in use, with the result, usually, of a marked in-



crease in the quantity and value of farm products. The improvement in farming has been greater here during the last fifteen years than in any other portion of our country. Of course this is due in great part to the fact that the room or need for improvement was greater here than anywhere else; but the progress made since the close of the war has been very great and wonderful, and the hearty interest and energy displayed by the leading men of the South in connection with the cultivation of the soil make it certain that these States will contribute their full share to the advancement of agriculture, and, by this means, to the nation's wealth. Indeed, it is plain that agriculture is speedily to have a great and varied development in the South, as this portion of our country possesses some marked advantages, in climate and position, over the North and West. Probably no country in the world has a greater variety of soils; certainly, no territory of equal extent now occupied by civilized men is fitted for the cultivation of a greater number of important agricultural products.

#### AN ATTRACTIVE REGION.

The northern zone of the South, embracing Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee, with the northern portions of Georgia, Alabama, and Arkansas, is a region of vast extent, and has great interest for Northern people accustomed to farming who may desire to emigrate to a country suited to this industry. There is much excellent land here, with soils adapted to the cultivation of most of the important farm products of the region lying between New York and Pennsylvania on the east and Iowa and Kansas on the west, as well as to those of the South. The climate is favorable, not being so different from that of the States north of it as to cause immigrants from them any considerable inconvenience or discomfort. In the hilly portions of this

zone there is cold enough for Northern people, while the mildness of the winter and its brief duration render farming and stock-raising more profitable than they are farther north, as the shelter and feeding of domestic animals require comparatively small expenditure. The summers are of course much longer than in New York or Iowa, but the heat is not usually so great as it is in New Hampshire. With proper attention to sanitary conditions and requirements, this is a very healthy region, the proportion of malarious diseases for the uplands being less than in some of the finest portions of New England. There is much beautiful country, with pleasant scenery. In Northern Alabama I observed a close resemblance to the appearance of the hill regions of Southern and Central New Hampshire.

By attention to the selection of seed of the most suitable varieties, and to methods of cultivation, some of the vegetable products of regions farther north, which are supposed to be unsuited to the South, can probably be made profitable throughout the zone now under consideration. Such acclimation of esculents from other portions of the country would be a great benefit, and is especially desirable for immigrants from the North, who are apt to be impressed by the lack of variety in the bill of fare at the tables of the planters as well as at Southern hotels. But many vegetables and fruits which belong to the South are rarely found on the table, or are in use but for a very brief portion of the year, simply because people do not care to take the pains to produce them. "It's too much trouble to raise 'em," is the usual answer, when I inquire about them. Little attention is given to gardening on most Southern plantations. It is regarded as a trivial employment for the time and labor of men; entirely unimportant in comparison with "the crop," which is usually cotton, tobacco, sugar, or rice. "We



like a few messes of green things in the spring," the people say, "but for summer work we need something more substantial. Give us the old stand-bys." These are commonly bread, bacon, and greens, as the ordinary fare for laborers.

#### COOKERY.

There is no effort to secure a succession of fresh vegetables during the summer. I think most Southern people of all classes care less for variety in their usual diet — less, perhaps, for the pleasures of the table as a matter of habit or constant experience — than Northern people, with equal means for living as they may desire. "I am told that the Northern people are very particular about their eating," was a remark frequently addressed to me, after considerable acquaintance, by gentlemen and ladies who wished to learn something of our Northern civilization and methods of living. Most Southerners certainly eat plainer food than we do, and require less effort in their cookery to make it appetizing. But the women of "good Southern families" are admirable cooks, as they are trained to this work when young. Far more importance is attached to the education of young women in household employments and duties in the South than in most Northern communities; and when Southern people "have company," as the phrase is, — when they entertain guests, — the dinner is a feast. No other word adequately describes the richness and variety of the repast, or the serious delight and high spirits with which it is eaten. (It has not happened to me to hear better conversation anywhere than at many Southern tables.)

#### COMPARISON OF ADVANTAGES.

The attractions and rewards of agriculture appear to me to be greater at present in this northern zone of the South than in any other part of the United States. Perhaps Virginia is, all

things considered, the most desirable of all the Southern States for the Northern farmer who has money sufficient for the purchase of land and farm machinery. The advantages of soil and climate are supplemented here by such proximity to the best markets as few other regions of our country enjoy. The natural advantages of this State are probably not surpassed in any part of the world. For emigrants of moderate or slender means, Kentucky presents noticeable inducements to settlement, in some of the newer regions of the State. There is much highly fertile land here, which can be purchased now at low prices. Many immigrants have recently been attracted to this State by the earnest and intelligent efforts of the state geologist, a far-seeing, patriotic officer, whose services are of greater value to the commonwealth than those of all the partisan politicians within her borders. Kentucky sets an admirable example to the other States of the Union by maintaining an excellent geological and mineralogical collection in the State House, with an exhibition of agricultural products. Both these States have some disadvantages, chief among which may be named the vulgar dishonesty which of late, in so great degree, dominates the politics of Virginia, and the crimes of violence and bloodshed in portions of the State of Kentucky. These evils have the effect of discouraging emigration to the two States named, and will continue to do so until they are removed by positive advances in civilization. Emigrants to the South should acquaint themselves with the material and social conditions of life there before they leave their old homes. I do not forget that the spirit of repudiation is not confined to the South, nor that in Northern towns, where colleges and churches crowd each other, mobs of thousands can gather, overpower the officers of the law, break down jail doors, and murder prisoners in most revolting fashion, all



before the militia, the pride and boast of the place, can be assembled. I advise Southern people, who may think of emigrating to the North, to mark the regions in which these mob outrages and lynchings occur, and avoid them.

#### THE YAZOO DELTA.

In Northern Mississippi there are large areas of rather sterile soil, and in other districts much land, once good, has been spoiled by neglect and bad management. But the great Yazoo Delta contains between six and seven thousand acres of very fertile land, a tract larger than the whole of the great plateau of East Tennessee. The central prairie region of Mississippi is also rich. I was told of plans for colonizing these and other Southwestern districts by bringing in thousands of settlers from various parts of Europe. This will probably be done, or attempted, in some instances, and as a result these wild tracts will ultimately be subdued and cultivated. This will only be accomplished, however, by unmeasured toil and hardship and the sacrifice of many lives. European immigrants have far less power or vitality for resisting the malarial influences which haunt the low-lying lands of the Southwest than is possessed by the natives of those regions, who themselves suffer greatly from diseases of this type. In Arkansas the primeval forest still extends unbroken over leagues and leagues of richest soil, and the State is certain to be extremely populous in time, and possessed of great agricultural wealth.

#### METHODS OF EMIGRATION.

The question of the best methods of forming settlements or establishing companies of immigrants in the South is an important one, but it is probably one upon which little light can be thrown except by experiment; and even experiment seems less valuable here than in most other human interests and affairs, because the circumstances of different

attempts are in so many ways unlike that even repeated failures do not always plainly point out the way to success. I have visited a few "colonies," as they are called in the South, which have been organized or planted with the purpose or object of securing for their members "the benefits of a higher civilization and more perfect social development and relations than can, as yet, be found in society in general." I think all such enterprises are foredoomed to certain failure. The best object for a settlement, and the highest that can be profitably sought directly, appears to be simply the opportunity to make a living by hard work. Labor is far more potent in producing a better civilization than fine sentiment and eloquent declamation about a more perfect organization of society and provision for the higher appetites of human nature. The people who work hard and steadily will be much more likely to develop whatever is necessary or best for them than the philosophers and idealists who construct plans for "social reform" or "the satisfaction of the finer faculties." Modern reformers have generally underrated the value and creative potency of hunger or unsatisfied desire. It is want, not attainment, that stimulates men to the fullest life and best actions. Men have usually been more noble while they strove for freedom than after they obtained it. Few men in any age have had sufficient intellectual and moral development to enable them to make a good use of either wealth or leisure.

#### LIFE IN COLONIES.

I have found the intellectual life and conditions in such colonies peculiarly unwholesome and unpromising. There is uniformly much contention, extreme sensitiveness regarding all criticism or expression of unfavorable opinion respecting the enterprise or its management, with greater carelessness or igno-



rance in relation to sanitary interests and conditions than I have observed in any of the settlements where people are at work simply to "make a living" and establish homes for themselves. I think the experience of the past has made it plain that few things are more dangerous for the mass of men, even for a large proportion of people who are regarded as intelligent, than eloquent, vague talk about a more perfect organization of society, social reform, and the development of a higher civilization. It always attracts the unpractical and indefinite people, who have sublime aspirations, but no sense of the value of facts, no firm grasp upon realities of any kind. It would be far better for a man to be the slave of an intelligent master, who would hold him to some useful work, and flog him for idleness, than to be the dupe of sentimental schemes for the reconstruction of society.

#### OLD SOUTHERN LIFE.

In the same neighborhoods with plantations on which the best agricultural methods are employed, often in sight of them, the traveler observes, nearly everywhere in the South, discouraging marks of ignorance and slovenliness on the part of those who cultivate the soil; of such wastefulness and want of foresight as would be fatal to any industry or enterprise, even if all other circumstances were of the most favorable character. Plows and other utensils are left in the fields, exposed to the weather, all winter. No adequate shelter is provided for horses or other domestic animals, and they are often insufficiently fed. In consequence of such neglect during the winter, many horses, mules, and oxen are feeble and sickly in the spring, when their work is required in preparing the ground for the new crop, and they are soon broken down by labor too severe for them in their exhausted condition. When a poor man sees his only horse or cow die of exposure or

neglect, he accepts the result of his own indolence as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, an occurrence for which he is in no degree responsible. The indifference of many Southern people of the poorer classes to the plain and certain consequences of their own inefficiency and folly is frequently astounding. I have often tried to analyze this stolidity, to discover its elements and sources, but have usually found it impossible to determine whether these people do not know that they cause their own misfortunes, or whether they know but do not care. The apathy of many persons in Northern towns, regarding dangers to health and life arising from neglect of the most elementary sanitary requirements, often appears to have a similar origin and character. Perhaps the best explanation in such cases is the lack of sufficient intellectual vitality to modify the familiar environment, the personal force of such individuals being barely adequate to the demands of their present condition and methods of life, and too feeble to supply the impulse which is necessary for the production of any considerable change.

#### "THE BACKWOODS PEOPLE."

Many of the "small planters" are always late in "getting the crop into the ground," as they phrase it; and when it is ready for cultivation they give it little attention, spending most of their time in fishing, hunting, and visiting. The failure of the crop which naturally results causes little complaint or lamentation. "'Pears like I hain't no luck this year," or, "My things did n't seem to do much, nohow." The poor white people do not appear to be a complaining class, but take ill-fortune with stoical silence. Work for improvement, such as the construction of good bridges and roads, seems to be avoided as if it would be an impiety.

A large proportion of the men who are, in a way, "engaged in farming" in



the South belong to this class. They work and live with apparently the least possible use or application of intelligence, judgment, or forethought. It is hard to see how the older men are to be improved. They are not so degraded, morally, as most Northern people believe, but have many social virtues and fine traits of personal character, being to the last degree kind, helpful, and faithful to one another. But they are wanting in vigor and force, and are likely always to be hustled about, and crowded out of all places regarded by others as worth having, as long as there are poor and sparsely populated regions into which they can be pressed back. Some of the younger people will be redeemed, I trust, from this unhopeful destiny, and aided to become members of a better class, by being employed on the farms of men of means and energy; but this will depend, in great measure, upon the wisdom and earnestness of the prosperous proprietors, many of whom will be Northern men. The conditions of life and society in the South are in some respects peculiar, and to deal with them successfully will require a new development and advance in public spirit in the dominant classes, both North and South. The existing state of things at the South will probably be modified very extensively by the ideas, spirit, and methods of the people of the North, of New England. But these Northern influences are not now of a character to supply the wholesome elements and forces which are needed for the regeneration and guidance of Southern society and life. Our Northern intellectual superiority is evident enough in some directions, but the moral equipment of the Northern people for the work required at the South is, in various ways, sadly inadequate.

#### THE FORTUNES OF THE NEGROES.

Many of the negroes are acquiring land, and are farming successfully and

profitably, in nearly all parts of the South, while multitudes of others still work as "hired hands," and save nothing, consuming a large proportion of their wages for intoxicating drinks. The general inclination of the negroes to leave the plantations and congregate in the towns is injuring the race seriously, in many ways. There is not sufficient employment in the towns for those who are already there, and great numbers become idle, dissipated, and vicious. Most of the colored people are better adapted to farm-work than to other occupations, though many are doing well as mechanics, blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, and plasterers. In the towns and cities, nearly all the cartmen and porters are negroes. Whatever may be the extent to which idleness prevails among them, it is certain that the negroes perform a vast amount of labor which is not only necessary or convenient for their employers, but highly profitable as well. The labor of the colored people is at present an important and, indeed, indispensable factor in the chief wealth-producing industries of the South. If the negroes could be brought to understand existing conditions and tendencies in the regions which they inhabit, they might soon greatly improve their fortunes, and secure for themselves and their children most important advantages from opportunities which are likely soon to pass away, never to be presented again, or, at any rate, not during the reign of the influences which are now becoming dominant in the South. Land is cheap nearly everywhere in the Southern States, and if the negroes were but wise to plan, and resolute to toil and save, they could soon be the possessors of a great proportion of the land in extensive and fertile regions there. If clergymen, and all other guides whom the negroes respect, would urge them to use the most extreme self-denial and exertion in order to become the owners of land, they would confer



the greatest of all possible benefits upon them. Land is already beginning to advance in price in all the Southern States, and everything at present indicates that within a few years it will be less easy for laboring men of limited means to acquire property in it. The process of breaking up or dividing the great estates of a former time has been going on for some years, in most parts of the South. This change is of course a beneficial one. But the opposite process of aggregation has also begun nearly everywhere. Companies and individual capitalists are coming into possession of extensive tracts, which, for the most part, are withdrawn from the market for the time, and are not likely again to be available for settlers who have little money.

#### FERTILIZERS.

Many Southern farmers appear to regard the saving of manure as something unworthy of their attention, not because it would be unprofitable, but because it is considered a disagreeable or undignified employment, something like the business of a scavenger. They often expend much money for "commercial fertilizers," when they have on their own lands considerable quantities of fertilizing material which is much better for the soil and for their crops. Almost the whole country adjacent to the railroads, in the South Atlantic States, is pervaded by the pungent fragrance of phosphates and other fertilizers. Travelers in the Pullman night coaches say they know when they are approaching a station by the potent odors which they encounter. Whole freight-trains are laden with these substances, and hundreds of tons in sacks fill the freight platforms at all the stations. Southern farmers could add hundreds of thousands of dollars to their wealth by making manure at home, which would not cost a dollar in money, nor require anything, indeed, but a little time and care. There

is little profit in paying out nearly as much as a crop will be worth for manure to produce it.

#### A SUGGESTION.

Emigration to a new or unfamiliar region in the South is a matter of great uncertainty for most Northern farmers who undertake it, a hap-hazard enterprise, in which the first adventurers usually fail; and wise methods are only learned, if at all, at the cost of much loss, disappointment, and suffering. I cannot find that the most important thing of all is ever told to immigrants, or to those who are prospecting with a view to immigration, — that is, the amount of the various crops which the land will produce without manure of any kind. People are easily led to believe that the specimen products shown them, or about which they are told, are the usual or average results of cultivation; whereas they have commonly been grown by the unlimited application of fertilizers to a small piece of ground, taking no account of the cost of the manures. Farmers intending to emigrate to any region of the South should first go to see it, or send some competent person to look at the country, during the latter part of summer. An observant farmer can, at that time of the year, form a sufficiently accurate judgment regarding the fitness of the soil and climate for his pursuits and interests.

#### COTTON A WONDERFUL PLANT.

Since I have studied the character of all the great Southern agricultural staples, and the special relations of each of them to the life and civilization of the people, the prominence always given to cotton does not seem strange or unaccountable. It is a wonderful and peculiar plant in its adaptation to the varieties of soil and general environment which it finds in different parts of the country in which it is grown, and also in its relation to some features in the



character of the people who are engaged in its culture. It will grow on almost any soil and in almost any possible situation, in the latitude in which it belongs. Where the soil is generous the quantity of the fibre which is produced shows that the plant has very great power of assimilation and appropriation for whatever elements of nutrition are contained in its food supply. On the other hand, if the soil is excessively poor and sterile, cotton will still grow. It now wastes no strength or food on stem or leaf, but puts all its material and force into flower and seed. It is the fact that cotton is a seed fibre that makes it so valuable to this country. If it were the fibre of the stem or bark, as is the case with flax or hemp, much of the land of the cotton region, and much of the cultivation employed upon it, would be entirely inadequate to the production of the fibre in paying quantities. But nature cares more for seed, of course, than for anything else, and in making the seed of the cotton plant she makes the fibre which is of so great value; and in soil almost utterly barren, and with scarcely any cultivation, there will still be matured, on each dwarfed and stunted plant, a few bolls of fairly good, marketable cotton.

#### NEED OF VARIETY.

But the great preponderance given to cotton is nearly everywhere injudicious and unprofitable. In many extensive districts the planters persist in growing it on nearly every arable acre, as if it were the only crop the land would produce. They buy flour, corn, and meat from the North in incredible quantities. When there is a good crop they receive much money for their cotton, but must pay it all out for articles which could be grown on their own farms. Many of the planters confess their conviction of the improvidence of this method, but persist in the practice, nevertheless. In various parts of the South there are vast tracts of as fine corn land as can be

found on the continent, and there is no reason whatever for not cultivating in these regions all the corn needed in the Southern States, except the disinclination to adopt new methods of agricultural labor which is so strong among the planters. So, too, of the pork, or bacon, of which great quantities are brought down from the Northwest. It might just as well be produced at the South, and the planters, instead of buying what they themselves consume, should supply the cities and towns of their own portion of the country. One sees this Northern bacon in the streets of all Southern towns. The process of handling it is more picturesque than appetizing. It is tossed from the freight-cars into great heaps in the street, whence it is transferred to drays by barefooted negroes, who walk over it, and mount upon the loads as they drive away to the stores and warehouses. Here it is deposited on the sidewalk, where it often remains for many hours, romped over by negro children and their playmates, the vagrant dogs of the town.

#### THE CYPRESS SWAMPS.

The greatest need of Southern agriculture, and one of the greatest needs of the Southern people, after improvement in methods of cultivation, is the general introduction of a greater variety of farm products, the growing of corn, grass, and hogs especially, instead of the almost exclusive cultivation of cotton. It is absurd and wasteful to buy so much hay as is now "imported," as Southern men say, when it could be produced at home. There are native grasses of great value in some portions of the South, and the interminable extent of the swamp lands will supply meadows that cannot be injured by drought. The cypress swamps cover vast areas in most of the States. They are too low and wet, and too large, for successful drainage by individuals. The work can be accomplished only by be-



ing arranged and undertaken on a great scale, with systems of canals and ditches, extending sometimes over many hundreds of square miles. Such works of internal improvement will probably be executed by the States in which these great swamps lie; though it will be wonderful if some progressive Southerner does not discover that appropriations from the national treasury would be the most convenient means for accomplishing such objects. The timber of the cypress swamps will of course be valuable; some of it has already been cut off. The gigantic trees, loaded and swathed with great festoons of the "long moss," as it is called, give a peculiar appearance to these forests. The plant is not a moss, but an air-plant and epiphyte (*Tillandsia usneoides*), which merely grows upon the bark of the trees, but does not penetrate to their juices, or derive any nourishment from them. Northern ladies traveling in the South are always assuring you that "the moss kills the trees," supposing it to be a parasite, like the mistletoe, which is also abundant in Southern woods; but the "moss" has no influence on the life of the tree. It has, however, a great effect upon Southern landscape, and wherever it grows it has much to do with the impressions produced by forest scenery. The plant itself is handsome and graceful, as are the separate festoons which it forms, when regarded near at hand. But the appearance of a large tree covered with it is ugly and disagreeable, as if it were being shrouded and smothered in enormous obscene cobwebs. Malaria makes people sentimental, and to the imaginations of many who live near them the deep, gloomy cypress swamps seem haunted by shapes of terror, ominous and malign.

#### THE LONE-STAR STATE.

There is enough land still unoccupied in the State of Texas for a really great empire. Much of it is not rich, if judged

by Northern standards; but there is also a great deal of good soil, and some of it is very fertile. In the northern part of the State, especially, there are large tracts of good land, which includes all the region about Dallas and Sherman, and most of the country, indeed, for long distances around these places, in every direction. A great part of the interior of the State is oak land, — post oak and "black-jack," — running into pine and oak land. The post oak and black-jack timber is not large, and it does not grow out of a soil of great fertility; but much of it is "very good cotton land," to quote the phrase of the people.

"Will it make half a bale to the acre?" I ask.

"No," uttered deliberately, and very honestly; "may be one third of a bale, with good cultivation, if it's a good season."

But doubtless improved methods of cultivation would increase the product almost everywhere.

#### A GRAY LAND.

Much of the country east of San Antonio — or San Antone, as the people say there — is plainly subject to severe drought. In fact, its normal or usual condition is one of severe drought. It will not do to believe all that the emigration agents and the railroad companies publish regarding the climate and soil of this region. I am constantly made to wonder, in every part of the South, at the want of judgment, and apparently want of observation, shown by many immigrants in selecting lands where it would seem that almost anybody should be able to recognize the disadvantages of the location. There are always some things that can be produced, some things that can be done, in each particular region. But many people have gone to the South expecting to make money in pursuits for which the district or region which they select is



not at all suitable. For a long distance eastward from San Antonio, the whole landscape, when the trees are leafless, looks singularly gray, almost white. The bark of all the trees takes this prevailing color, reminding one of what we read of the gray look of olive-crowned hills in the East, though the tint of the Texan landscape is probably whiter than that. All the twigs and small branches of the trees and shrubs are wonderfully stiff, hard, and inflexible, and examination shows that the annual growth is extremely small. Where these features in the character of the trees and shrubs are observed, we may always be certain either that the land is poor, or that the rainfall is very scanty, or that both these conditions prevail. There is in this region a marked conflict of statement and of feeling between the stock-raisers on one side and the men who wish to sell land to the immigrants on the other. The cattle and sheep men do not wish people to come here to engage in farming, as that "breaks up the range," and injures the stock-raising business. They affirm that much of this country is poorly fitted for agriculture, on account of the extreme desiccation of the soil every summer. On the other hand, the railroad and other land agents everywhere rehearse most glowing descriptions of the unsurpassable fertility of the soil, and of the wonderful variety and value of its productions. I think the truth is that the land is neither very rich nor very poor, but that the amount of rain is inadequate, and that over much of this region agriculture is likely to be a disappointing and unprofitable pursuit. With sufficient moisture the soil would produce fairly good crops of various kinds. There is need of wider observation and comparison, and of more accurate reporting, of all the facts connected with farming in this part of Texas. The wild or natural flora gives incontestable evidence that a state of drought is the normal condi-

tion of the country during a great part of the year. How far this may be fatal to farming and horticulture, or in what degree its disadvantages may be overcome, is a question which will probably require considerable time and experience for its decision.

#### "IN SHEEP."

At first everybody says, "There's just as much money as you want in sheep, here in Texas;" but after a little acquaintance the moderate men talk more definitely. Many of the sheep-raisers are buying land, and the "outside range" is becoming limited nearly everywhere. Those who have had most experience say that there is money in the business, but that there is about the same chance for failure and loss as in other occupations. They say that no business offers a certainty of success here, but that "if a man sticks to a thing he can do as well in Texas as anywhere." It appears to me that in this pursuit, as in most things that men do here, there is the least possible expenditure of human effort, and that business, or "industry," has been chiefly an endeavor to obtain profit from the mere operation of the forces of nature, while man, to quote the phrase of an old Texan with whom I talked of such matters, "sets around to see things grow."

#### MESQUITE BEANS AND CACTUS.

Most of the country here is what is called "mesquite prairie." It looks almost exactly like a neglected peach-orchard; the ground covered with grass, and the trees, for want of pruning and care, grown into great clusters by "sprouting" from the root. The resemblance of the mesquite bush to the peach-tree is striking. Its size is about the same, and it does not cover the whole of the ground, or form thickets, but grows in irregularly scattered clumps. Its fruit the people call a bean, and the old Texan just mentioned says, "It will begin to



bean as soon as the weather's warm, an' will go beanin' on till frost." The bean is valuable food for horses and cattle. The prickly-pear is a prominent feature in the landscape in Southern Texas. It grows to an enormous size. Its "leaves," the branches or joints of the plant, are said to be excellent food for cattle. They are thrown into a fire for a few moments, to burn off the thorns, and are then, I am told, eagerly eaten. Several kinds of cactus are abundant. Everybody says that all this vegetation, the mesquite, the prickly-pear, and the various species of cactus found here, are really Mexican plants, and that when this country was first settled none of these things grew here. They are advancing farther and farther northward and eastward each year. My old Texan friend says, —

"They're bound to take the country. They're mighty hard to kill, an' don't you forgit it. They'll be in your country yit."

Another change which everybody assures me is still going on here is a great increase in the amount of the annual rainfall. From all appearances, I judge that a still greater increase is certainly desirable.

#### YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

In Texas I saw many young men from Virginia, sons of the best families there, intelligent and of excellent character generally. In conversation with one of them, I told him that I had recently been looking about in his native State, and that it seemed to me that all energetic young Virginians were needed at home, and that there was abundant opportunity and reward for labor there; and I asked if he liked the life in Texas better than work in Virginia. He said he did not, but that it was not yet the fashion for young Virginians of good family to engage in hard, rough work near their homes in the Old Dominion. "It would not do for me to work by the

month there for such wages as are paid here. It would be too much of an affliction for my family, and I should lose caste with my lady friends. If a man has no money he cannot begin in Virginia, because he would be classed with the poor whites and the negroes, with whom his work and circumstances would bring him into competition. But he can come out here and 'rough it,' and if he has no money he can work by the month at herding, or driving team, till he gets a start." I suppose this is true, for I heard the same thing often in various places in Texas, and in Virginia and Tennessee the parents of many of these young men gave me the same reason for the emigration of their sons to Texas. Perhaps these reasons would be equally potent with everybody, but at any rate I could see that many young men in the Southwest work harder, and live in far rougher and more uncomfortable ways, than would be necessary in the older States, and that they do not make so much money as they might there. There is, apparently, as much emigration from Texas, too, as from any other Southern State. The talk is everywhere of "better country than this," in Mexico and New Mexico, and one soon receives the impression that nobody is settled, or is at all certain of remaining very long, even in Texas. I found in every part of the South a decided and extensive movement of the agricultural class, both white and colored, toward the Southwest and West. In many cases, the principal reason for this movement, so far as I could discover, is the improvement which is taking place in the older regions of the South. When "the new order of things" begins to manifest itself in a Southern community there are many persons, of the poorer classes, who feel repelled rather than attracted by the indications of approaching change, and in their restlessness and discontent they leave their old homes, hoping to find more congenial conditions in newer and



more sparsely populated regions. Many of these persons depend only in part upon agriculture for their subsistence. They obtain some portion of their living by hunting and fishing, and these occupations are much more to their taste than steady work of any kind. These emigrants often say, "It's agoin' to cost too much to live hyur;" and they are undoubtedly correct in this conclusion. It will certainly require more money and more labor to live under the improved conditions in "the new South" than have hitherto been necessary, under the old order of things; and many Southern men, of the classes referred to, reason, rightly enough, that for them the improvement and progress promised by the signs of the times are not likely to bring an increase of happiness.

#### THE CLIMATE.

The farmers all through Texas say that the reason for their not using "vegetables" for food more than they do is the fact that vegetables will not "keep," in the climate of their regions, and that there is only a short season in the spring when "garden stuff" is available for food. They have plenty of it then, but it soon becomes too dry and hot for later plantings to do any good. Potatoes are not good unless eaten when they "first come," and the sun soon cooks cabbages in the field, or the worms eat them without cooking. The reason the people live mostly on bread and bacon is because nothing else will "keep," without excessive trouble and expense. All this is what the people themselves told me; I cannot say, from my own observation, that it is true. It does not apply, I should think, to the northern zone of the South, nor, probably, to Northern

Texas, where the climate is much cooler than in the central and southern regions of the State. But the temperature is very variable and uncertain almost everywhere in Texas, this State being especially exposed to sudden and severe storms of wind from the north, during which the temperature falls with frightful rapidity, — a few hours sufficing for a change from almost tropical heat to cold that seems to pierce to the very marrow. The northern portion of the State is scourged by pneumonia, diphtheria, and kindred diseases. Large portions of the South, indeed, suffer greatly from these maladies. I had a long conversation on the cars with a woman who was on her way back to her old home in Georgia, after having lived for some ten years in Texas. Her husband was "a Baptist preacher," she told me, and in one of the great storms of the early part of last winter he went away to preach at a school-house, not far from home. The norther increased in violence, till "the wind turned everything to ice." The poor man's feet and legs were terribly frozen, and he was so prostrated that it was decided that amputation would not save his life. He lingered for a few weeks, and died. Of course, as is well known, the winter of 1880-1881 was of extraordinary severity; but when I referred to this fact, and wished that I might have seen the country during a mild or average winter, an old settler replied, —

"Young man, ye kin bet yer life 't ain't safe to fool with this climit any time. Ef ye've got anything warm, for outside or inside, take it along in the mornin', ef ye're goin' to be out all day in the middle o' summer; ye may need it afore night."



## EVOLUTION OF MAGIC.

MAGIC is the practical application of a false conception of natural laws, or the supposed manifestation of human will and power over the supernatural. In its primeval sense it is the religion of the Magi, that is Persian dualism. In reality, as generally accepted, it is theurgica, or the working of miracles and wonders. Any custom or doctrine that has been current in every age and among every people, though of course in various stages of development, is a legitimate subject of study, because, as Professor Max Müller says, we "learn what man is by learning what he has been." Magic, which is like fairy-lore, since we find the same elements in both throughout the world, has been an important factor in all faiths, from the worship of the elementary spirits of Accad-Chaldeans to African fetichism (in which it indeed constitutes religion), or to those phases of modern religions which still countenance rites of exorcism. It therefore deserves all the careful attention of a cultus phenomenon. If we studied Chaldean sorcery, savage devil-worship, Thessalian witchcraft, or mediæval magic as isolated phenomena, we would only be shocked by the strength of the human tendency to superstition; but each considered relatively, and assigned to its proper position in the history of mental evolution, acquires a new signification, and we recognize in it a power which, like Mephistopheles, though willing evil, produced good. Magic nourished the spirit of inquiry, it familiarized its followers with the forces and elements of nature, and it finally proved that study of the material by means of the supernatural was vain and futile. Not till students had tried to master the secrets of the universe by theory, and had therein failed, could they absolutely know that objective knowledge must be based

on facts. Modern scientists and philosophers are the descendants of the alchemists, astrologists, and mystics. They also seek the *Gnosis*, or philosopher's stone; and if they have approached a step nearer the goal, it is only because their predecessors prepared the way for them.

Magic had its beginning in devil-worship. Savages in all countries fear demons and wicked sorcerers before they think of a good God, many of them, indeed, looking down with contempt upon a supreme being who could be friendly to them, just as boys sneer at a too indulgent school-master. As Dean Swift says, whereas our desires prompt us to pray, the wild Indian is oftener put upon his knees by his fears. Hence religion in its primitive manifestations is pure magic, and nothing but magic, consisting, as we still find it in surviving forms of primeval Shamanism, in exorcisms or propitiations of evil spirits. So long as men's own actions and impulses are the only law they know, they, like children, attribute human feelings and intentions to all substances, animate and inanimate, and even to the natural elements. There is no actual difference between the logic of the child who beats the floor because, when he fell on it, he bumped his head and that of the savage or ignorant Christian who maltreats and drowns the statue of a god or saint because his prayers have not been answered. The human struggle for existence is at first as severe as that of the lower animals, and before a man can worry himself as to his future destiny he must concern himself about the present. Before he seeks to provide for his soul, he must overcome the obstacles that lie in the way of his body; and, his associative powers being in their infancy, his manner of accomplishing this is illogical.



Priests among savages are magicians, because their authority rests on imaginary and dreaded power. They are supposed to control the elements, to send health and disease, and to give both life and death, some savages saying that if there were no wizards then would men live forever. Thus, they are honored as the holders of the keys to human happiness and prosperity. Butler says truly in *Hudibras*, —

“Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated as to cheat;”

for, in proportion as there are men ready to invent absurd reasonings, credulous people show their willingness to accept their absurdities. Primitive magicians invest sticks and stones with supernatural power, and their followers at once place all their faith therein; they declare that screams and noises as of Bedlam let loose will influence and banish the demons, and the people celebrate religious ceremonies which consist of yells and dances, contortions and gesticulations. In primitive magic there may be a germ of the transcendental philosophy of the mystics, who could only describe the infinite as diametrically opposed to the finite. If savages shrink before shadows, then must shadows or spirits cower before substances, their fear increasing in proportion as these are lifeless or soulless. Man lives in a world of noise; hence the land of shadows is, as New Zealanders believe and European poets sing, a silent one, and at the beating of drums, the blowing of whistles, the ringing of bells, and the shouting of human voices the evil spirits are bewildered and vanquished. There is a very beautiful and strange South Sea poem, reminding one of a picture by Carpaccio, and which, like Salis's poem of *The Silent Land*, describes the invisible world as one of utter stillness.

The oldest and most exhaustive system of magic of which we have accurate records, and therefore the most important, is the Chaldean, which M. François

Lenormant says is “like the last words of the most learned system of the ancient magic of the primitive ages founded upon a belief in the spirits of nature.” Its origin was not Semitic, but Turanian, it being the religion of the Accads, the aboriginal inhabitants of Chaldea. Accadian magic, as we know it, had reached a higher development than that which has its roots entirely in devil-worship. It was based on the earliest barbarous dualism, and relied upon beneficent powers who could successfully oppose the demons. It marks the transition stage from the deification of evil as the one supreme cause to the conception of two coequal powers, or the personification of good and evil acting as combatants in an everlasting duel. At first this Accad or Turanian magic was unquestionably a mere polydæmonic devil-deprecation, in which there was little heed of a benevolent “over-soul,” and very great fear of innumerable malevolent under-souls, who worked, as Hermes Trismegistus says in *Poemander*, among the down-borne elements of God. But when it became systematized in the sacred books, it contained the germs of Persian magism. It held that all disease, pestilence, famine, drought, in fact all the ills that flesh is heir to, were not the work of demons, but the actual demons themselves. A man stricken down with the fever was not merely attacked by the wicked Namtar, but was possessed by him. Friends and enemies from the supernatural world agreed in this one point: that they were never moved by supplication and prayer, but conferred benefits and withdrew troubles only when forced to do so by the influence of magic. Powerful as they were, they became “weak as water,” and they “trembled like leaves,” before the irresistible might of charmed drinks, magical knots, and enchanted stones, and they were always mastered by the recital of certain conjurations and incantations. The magicians who wrought the spells necessarily became the rulers



of the people. The Chaldeans believed in the occult and mystical virtues of numbers quite as firmly as cabalists and Pythagoreans, and in many of their conjurations the demons are addressed as "the seven," this number being, as Cornelius Agrippa declares, the "most potent of all, as in good, so in evil." The Chaldeans' demonology included phantoms and spectres, nightmares and vampires, succubi and incubi and all the other ghastly horrors which follow the demons like the human vultures who come in the train of the regular army. The people held, as Paracelsus did later, that the world is as full of spirits as the air is of flies in summer, and they therefore were obliged to protect their every thought, word, and action with talismans and charms. Though only divine magic is countenanced by the sacred books, there is sufficient reference to the "evil-doer and the malevolent man" to prove that Chaldean sorcerers, in their making of magic philters and medicines, in their basilisk glances, in their curses, baneful as the breath of the Dragon in the old English ballad, and in all their application of the black art, did in no wise differ from the sister- and brotherhood of other countries and other ages. "C'est partout comme chez nous!" It is everywhere as with us, and men play the same tricks the world over.

Chaldean magic gives the clew to that of all Turanian races. There is a startling affinity between the Accadian cultus and the old religion of the Finns, though of course the effect of climate on creeds and superstitions is apparent. The Finnish sorcerers were supposed to control the whole spiritual world. Demons and gods were equally their accomplices. They could bring the dead back to life, change their shape at will, and work miracles through the power of amulets and talismans and the charm of certain words and names. Their incantations and spells were so strong that not even the gods could resist them,

and to this day mariners tremble before the wiles of these wizards. Lemminkäinen, the most terrible of the mythic magicians, is the favorite hero of Finnish poetry. Never were siren strains in Grecian waters, nor the "magical singing" of a Lurlei in Northern streams, as deadly and destructive as was his song. Like Faust, he played strange tricks on the guests at a convivial party. He came into their midst, and after he had sung, the most accomplished singers could only bring forth ridiculous sounds, even as in the Welsh Mabinogion the minstrels in the king's hall were confounded by Taliésin.

The superstitions of the Altaic races, among whom Shamanism prevails, correspond to those of the ancient Chaldeans and Finns. Whether the peculiarities of mankind are transmitted, or spring up sporadically in different countries, is the problem which now concerns ethnologists. This question is particularly important in regard to Turanian magic. In the religion of the red Indians we find a sorcery exactly like that of Siberia. We may assume that it came to North America through the medium of the Eskimo, the proof being that *pow-wowing*, as it approaches Alaska, becomes distinctly Shamanic, or Central Asian. The Chinese priests who are supposed to have gone to California in the fifth century are termed by some Buddhists, by others Shamans. In the latter case they could have been the means through which the Indians obtained their sorcery. The identity of Central Asian Shamanism with Accadian magic can be boldly assumed. What cannot be so easily solved, and what I propose to others to explain, is the extraordinary resemblance between African sorcery and Shamanism, or between *Obeah* and *Pow-wow*. We have in both the idea that disease is an evil spirit, which is to be drawn out by the use of the drum and the whistle, with screams and fumigations. In both



there is the same divination by bones, the same belief in the increased magical power of the Shaman, medicine-man, and wizard after death, the same reliance upon the efficacy of bits of charmed stone or metal, the same noisy combats with demons, and altogether an almost exact resemblance of rites and superstitions. The Jews, who borrowed their magic from Persians and Chaldeans, may possibly have transmitted it to the Africans by way of Abyssinia. This is a mere conjecture, but it is not without plausibility. Voudouism is the direct continuance of native African magic, and is therefore Shamanic in its principles. It considers only the antithesis of God in evil spirits, and busies itself with acting through or upon them. It employs as its agents all that is startling, coarse, vicious, and offensive in humanity. Whatever is strikingly repulsive to vulgar natures is made use of by the Voudou to affect the imagination. The most unnatural crimes are urged, and many varieties of poison are resorted to, simply to produce a result that will seem magical. If we compare this with what travelers tell us of magic in Africa, we will find that its native sorcery and Voudouism are the same. It is precisely the magic that would appeal to the most brutal savages, and is one and the same in principle, though not in practice, as the black witchcraft of mediæval Europe. If we could accept what several recent ethnologists have attempted to prove, that all mankind had a common origin from a race that came from the lands now submerged in the Atlantic or the Indian ocean, we should incline to believe that these branches of magic had a common origin, following the generally adopted belief that the first race must have been barbarous.

The next stage in the evolution of magic is typified in Persian magism, which in its fundamental tenets was pure dualism. In this system independ-

ent agencies, separately ruling the elements, were replaced by two distinct and paramount principles of good and evil. A universal law of order was recognized as governing the universe, against which, however, incessant warfare was carried on by a spirit of contradiction and evil. To oppose this was the duty of the magi, who, notwithstanding their enlarged conception of the infinite, were still very ignorant of the real nature of the objective world, and were firm in their faith in the occult properties of things. Zarathustra himself was honored as a magician, whose mission had been to conquer *Angro-Maniyus* and his hosts by throwing upon them magical stones. He was represented as the prince of sorcerers, a mighty maker of charms, and, according to tradition, he originated the cabala, and could make gold from the seven metals. At his coming nature had rejoiced, for he was the restorer of harmony to the world. The great *Ahura-Mazda*, who was not invulnerable to attacks of magic, feared at first lest Zarathustra should enlist in the service of the enemy, and, as if he were an ordinary mortal, secured his alliance by a sacrifice of *Homa*. The priests, or magi, were astrologers and soothsayers, and claimed that they could bring fire down from heaven and heal the sick, but in their magic we can perceive the dawn of science. The primitive Reign of Terror was over, and men began to breathe freely. The recognition of a supreme law of order, the principal merit of their cosmic theory, made the magi understand that the winter storm and the summer sunshine were not at the command of capricious spirits, and made them feel that before shells and stones, names and numbers, could be converted into amulets and charms they, the distributors of them, should seek to discover the secret of their mystic power. They not only tried to read the future and understand the past by the movements of the stars,



but they studied and closely observed the heavenly bodies, in order to learn why this was possible. If they reasoned from unsound premises, they at least encouraged the spirit of inquiry. They had started on the right path, but the world was still young, and that which is poetry and romance to us then constituted philosophy and science. The students of old would be the poets and dreamers in the modern world. At this point in the history of magic, the poetic element became one of its chief inspirations, as fear had been in its earlier manifestations. Just as birds fly and fish swim by instinct, so there have always been men who, by a strange sensitiveness, enter into closer sympathy with nature than is possible to the majority of mankind. We see this to-day in the Romany of the roads and the gypsy of society; in the olden time such men passed for seers and prophets. They not only affected to be, but they really were, wiser than their fellow beings. Voices spoke to them from the winds and the waves, and the rocks and the woods kept no secrets from them. They could see and hear many things to which other men were blind and deaf. It was not enough for them to know that flowers were richly scented and that birds sang sweetly. It seemed to them, as it did later to Heine, that "perfumes are the feelings of flowers," and they longed to understand the language of the birds, and to hear the music of the spheres. This love of nature is the foundation of the legends recorded in the folk-lore of every country, in which the hero, like Finn-ma-Coul after he had tasted the magic salmon, was initiated into the speech of all living things, and it is the origin of those fairy tales in which children talk with flowers and birds. It was this spirit of poetry, this strong love for life in its human relations, which made magic such a powerful factor. While spiritual speculations drew men from the study of their own world, magic

held them to it with a strong spell, and thus promoted the sense of humanity, and led to the possibility of exact knowledge. These are its principal virtues, and they are first clearly displayed in the astrology and learning of the magi.

In Egypt religion was based on a supreme unity, and magic was steeped in mysticism. Whereas, in the Iranian dualism, good and evil were rival powers, and there was but a faint allusion to a time to come, when *Angro-Maniyus* would finally perish, in the Egyptian mythology *Set* was an inferior being, who had already been vanquished in the struggle with *Osiris*. Goodness was represented as victor in the primeval conflict. While the Persian magi, like *Martha* in the Bible, busied themselves about the things of this world, the Egyptian priests thought more of the world to come. It is true they were soothsayers, diviners, and healers of the sick, and that *Hermes Trismegistus* had revealed to them, with other magical knowledge, the art of converting base metals into gold and precious stones; but the greater number of their amulets, spells, and incantations were meant to serve as safeguards for the souls of the deceased. While the Accadian charms were directed against elementary spirits, and their object was temporal gain or relief, the Egyptian magical formulæ commanded the gods, and their aim was the salvation of the human spirit, and not the body. The souls of the wicked, before they reached their final punishment, which was annihilation, were condemned to wander many years, tempting the souls of the good during their underground pilgrimage, and as ghosts and vampires harassing the living. The saved, on the other hand, were by prayer and penance identified with the gods, and it was to secure this identification, and guard against the attacks of the damned, that magic was necessary. Tremendous occult virtue was ascribed to names and the repetition of certain



prayers, and the scarabei on which the priest-magicians had inscribed spells were held in the same veneration and respect as the Sacred Heart scapular and Gospel of Saint John are now by Catholics, or as pieces of metal and bone are by fetich-worshippers. Egyptian magic fell into that error which has characterized all Oriental thought. At a certain point in civilization the Oriental nations have paused, and have remained stationary for ages, because they have depreciated the real, and exaggerated the importance of the unreal. In countries where the climate is warm, the soil fertile, and men can subsist on a minimum of food and with the scantiest garments, the ease of physical life prompts philosophers to study only the soul or vital principle, and to make contemplation their one method of study. When magic ceased to be necessary as bodily armor, it became the stronghold of the spirit. The Egyptians did not seek their occult knowledge through the senses, for these, they taught, were deceivers; but they declared that truth could only be obtained through faith and prayer. As well might Cæsar or Napoleon have gone forth to conquer the world without their armies as a man try to understand the philosophy of life without using his body as a channel of information. Magic in Egypt was too involved in mysticism to develop into more logical systems of inquiry.

In the doctrines of the cabalists there is a strange blending of primitive magic borrowed from Chaldeans with mysticism derived from Egyptian sources. The cabala does not indicate a definite degree in the growth of magic, but denotes an intermediate period, when lofty thoughts and absurd superstitions grow side by side, just as satyrs and types of brute godhead wander through the same forests with fair dryads, and it is the link which connects the magic of the primitive civilizations with the

occult philosophy of the new culture. It bridges over the distance in time between Hermes Trismegistus and Cornelius Agrippa. It assumed a first cause, which was unknowable because the finite can never grasp the infinite. From this source emanated ten intelligences or spheres, of which En-Saph, the first, was a pantheistic spirit. They joined the unknown to the known or to the objective world, and an ideal chain linked together all created things. As everything comes from the divine essence, according to the cabala, then nothing in itself is evil; and here there is a tremendous stride beyond the dualistic conception, as if there had lived mental giants in those days. Evil is the temporary eclipse of good, and Satan is an ephemeral being, who in the end returns into the one pervading spirit. Man is the most perfect of all creatures; he is the microcosm, or little world, in which God, the macrocosm, recognizes himself. The cabalists taught the doctrine that has been the leading belief of all mystics, namely, that by meditation and abstraction from earthly cares and affections man could become incorporated with divinity. But with this transcendentalism there flourished silly superstitions, wild fancies as to the occult properties of insignificant substances, and bold confidence in the wizard-like qualifications of the learned. The rabbis were wonderful magicians who could create men and melons, cure disease, cast out devils, and make cakes which gave to the eaters the power of prophecy. They ascribed as great a virtue to the proper names of things as Walter Shandy, Esq., did to the proper names of persons, and though they turned from graven images in horror they actually adored written names. Most of their spells were worked through the efficacy of words and sentences, either spoken or written. Francis Barrett, a modern occult philosopher and faithful follower of the cabala, writes in all due sincerity:



"The virtue of man's words is so great that, when pronounced with a fervent constancy of mind, they are able to subvert nature, cause earthquakes, storms, and tempests. I have, in the country, by only speaking a few words, and using some other things, caused terrible rains and claps of thunder." This was the usual manner in which the rabbis wrought their miracles, but they performed spiritual wonders through the efficacy of numbers, since, they said, while figures affect the body, numbers influence the soul.

Magic in the East bade fair to lead mankind into that folly which, according to tradition, precipitated the Greek philosopher Thales into a pit. While gazing up at the celestial spheres, magicians and mystics were forgetting that star-gazing was only possible to those who had a firm footing on the earth. This error was counterbalanced by the healthy human tone given to occult speculations by Western Aryans. In Greece there was indeed the blackest of black witchcraft. There were witches and wizards and strange rites and deadly herbs, before which Demeter and Phœbus Apollo were as helpless as lambs led to the slaughter. Gods, both native and foreign, were subject to the commands of the witches of Thessaly. Sun and moon, night and day, obeyed their orders, as they had those of Joshua in the Valley of Ajalon. The thunders of Zeus rolled and roared unbidden by him, and the terrible demogorgon, chained to the nethermost point of hell, felt the magic spells. But Thessalian witchcraft was the survival of an aboriginal cultus, and genuine Hellenic magic was based on a higher and healthier cosmic theory than the Egyptian, though it was never so mystical. Evil occupied a subordinate position in Greek mythology. There was no arch-demon, of the Satan-Ahriman type to create it, and poets accounted for its existence by legends like that of the box of Pandora. In their daily

life the Greeks well-nigh forgot gods and spirits. Religion with them was not a necessity, as it was in the demon-haunted Orient. It was rather a relaxation, and magic was not so much a preventive of pain and adversity as it was a furtherance of pleasure and prosperity. Its principal spheres were divination and medicine, the two most practical branches of occult science, and its miracles were wrought under the influence of music, poetry, and perfumes. The poetical stimulant of magic has usually found, among every people, expression in music. "*Metus enim mortis musica depellitur*" (Even the fear of death is dispelled by music), says the Latin proverb, and savages and civilized men alike have succumbed to its charms. David drove the evil demon from Saul by his song and harp-playing. In Lydia the islands, at the first sounds of the trumpet, came sailing to the middle of the sea, where they danced in a mystic dance. The Danish minstrel could by his enchanted music make men mad. The Piper of Hamelin spirited away rats and children by the melody of his magic pipe. We have already seen the power of the Finnish sorcerer's singing. In Greece music was more than an adjunct; it was the very soul and life of magic. Apollo was god of soothsaying, music, and medicine, as if to show that prophecy and the art of healing were impossible save through the spells of sweet sounds. Orpheus united the most perfect music to powerful magic, and all nature thrilled with the melody of his poetry. Therpander and Arion, of Lesbos, and Ismenia, of Thebes, cured the sick by the divine medicine of music, and the philosophers Democritus and Theophrastus affirmed its sovereign sway. The walls of Thebes rose to the sound of the lyre, and sirens won men's souls by their melodious voices. In all Greek magic we find a strong reliance upon human force and physical influence, and a borrowing of power from sensuous



rather than from spiritual sources. Its main excellence lay in the triumph of physical over speculative methods.

But it was among the Norsemen that magic acquired the highest standard and evolved the truest philosophy. The Scandinavians gave no elaborate explanation of the origin of earthly evils, and their religion was crude, but it taught the efficacy of work and human activity. When Odin, the allfather, the inventor of magic arts, sought his knowledge, he, though a god, had to work for it. Before he could lull the sea and still the tempest, quench the raging fire, raise the dead, and win a damsel's favor, he had been obliged to hang nine nights on a wind-rocked tree, an offering of himself to himself, while with a spear he wounded his body, and, wailing, learned the "potent songs nine." When a Northman wanted anything, he must always obtain it by his own exertions. He could never sit still, as prophets of old did in the desert, and wait for the birds of the air to come and feed him. The magicians, feeling this, declared that their spells and charms could only be acquired by courage, will, industry, and self-reliance. Magic among a semi-barbarous people, ignorant of science, could go no further. The Scandinavian surpassed all other systems in that one point in which Eastern magic was wanting. In the East the body was looked upon as an incumbrance, and occult knowledge could only be gained by mental abstraction alone. In Greece there was the consciousness of the importance of developing the bodily faculties, and the senses were recognized as the means to magical learning. But in the North there was added to this consciousness the certainty that man must labor and toil and make sacrifices before he could lay claim to either physical or mental supremacy. Their philosophy foreshadowed the modern doctrine that "it is only in actions that we truly live, and by our actions that we can truly know ourselves."

There have always developed with the magic authorized by religion a sorcery dragged down by the ignorant to their own level and a higher or illuminated form. In all progress there are cases of revival, survival, and deterioration. Popular magic was a medley of old superstitions outgrown by wiser men, and a misconception of established beliefs. Spirits and demons adapted to the comprehension of the peasant classes become fairies and imps. Consecrated prayers are exchanged for meaningless formulæ. Soothsayers and prophets are replaced by garrulous old women, while every simple occurrence is fraught with strange portent. This mixture of tradition and religion is often colored by romance and poetry, but it has as little influence upon the development of culture as children's sham battles have upon the fate of a country in time of warfare. It corresponds to the types of retrogression in the animal kingdom.

On the other hand, the magic of the illuminated was always far in advance of the national creed. The feeling which a rich man gratifies by *pâté de foie gras* and champagne is *au fond* the same as that which the wild Australian satisfies by a handful of maggots or tree worms. The difference is one of degree, and not of kind. And therefore it happens that with the emotional appetites the desire for power over the mysterious forces of nature, which at first gives birth to Mumbo Jumbos and Ndàs, at a later period produces an Iamblichus or a Paracelsus. Illuminative magic worked miracles by drawing power from God, or the unknown principle. By knowledge

"Increased beyond the fleshly faculty,"

by initiatory ceremonies, by the juxtaposition of corresponding elements, it supposed man could partake of divinity itself. Union with the godhead was the leading doctrine of Neoplatonists and mediæval mystics, but the former were eventually more influenced by magical



devices than by Greek philosophy, and their pure ideals degenerated into bitter rivalry of Christian miracle-working; while the latter, fired with the fever of alchemy, vainly sought the philosopher's stone. Like Faust, they tired of the futility of philosophy, and devoted themselves to magic. Instead of vain discussions as to the nature of celestial, intellectual, material, and occult properties, they manufactured homunculi and uprooted mandrakes.

The magic of Christian Europe was not a new development, but a gathering together of every variety that had preceded it. It was essentially a system of eclecticism. The mysticisms of Asia and Judea were united to the philosophy of Greece and the legends of Scandinavia. The church borrowed the dualistic theory from Persia, and added to its arch-demon evil spirits from every quarter of the globe. To resist their attacks required all the magic artillery of the church militant. Terrible conjurations and anathemas were the weapons of the priests, and charms and amulets multiplied rapidly. The success of religion was made to depend on miracles. The lame walked, the sick were healed, and the dead arose from their graves. The summer sun was courted by letters addressed to saints and angels, and the storm was banished by blessed candles and the sign of the cross. Holy men were by spiritual sorcery marked with the stigmata, while others, by the purity of their devotion, were held suspended in the air during their prayers. Nothing was done by natural means. The people, crushed and down-trodden by the clergy, paid them in their own coin, and gave them miracle for miracle. They made compacts with the devil, who initiated them into the secrets of the black art. They learned to make ointments, by the application of which they went sailing through the air. They could blight the crops and cattle of their neighbors by one glance, and could milk

their cows without moving beyond the four walls of their huts; they killed trees and injured children by praising them, and, deadliest crime of all, attended midnight meetings of witches and wizards, to which they went mounted upon goats and broomsticks. Finally, they appeared greater than Satan and his hosts. The *Malleus Maleficarum*, the orthodox authority on the subject, declares that the witches were worse than the devil, and Burton writes in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, "You have heard what the devil can do of himself; now you shall hear what he can perform by his instruments, who are many times worse (if it be possible) than he himself, and who to satisfy their revenge and lust cause more mischief." In other words, the devil is not so black as he is painted, and it is the sorcerer who raises the storm and rides the whirlwind. It is charming to prove that man outdoes the devil in wickedness.

The learned despised the cruelty and ignorance, of clerical magic, but were themselves the slaves of occult science. They concocted the *elixir vite*, by which they preserved their youth and lived forever. They made gold and silver, cured diseases, and interpreted dreams and presages. With Manfred they

"pass'd

The nights of years in sciences untaught  
Save in the old time."

And here let it be recorded to their honor that while Popes and priests were inveighing against cleanliness, as if it had been the unpardonable sin; while the ladies in Spain were forbidden by clerical edict to wash themselves, and saints reveled in dirt from which almost any animal would have recoiled, the occult philosophers declared that man was only fitted for union with God by a pure mind and clean body, and that without cleanliness magic was an impossibility. Mediaeval mystic magic really consisted of the cabala, with much Arab magic lore, grafted on Northern thought, and



received its full expression in Paracelsus and the Rosicrucians. The secrets of the Brothers of the Rosy Cross have never been entirely revealed, but they seem to have consisted of a knowledge, or a color of knowledge, of science far beyond their age joined to those doctrines of Cabalists, Neoplatonists, and Gnostics which treat of the spirits filling the universe. It was through familiarity with these they imagined they could perform wonders. Paracelsus, too, confused valuable discoveries with cabalistic mysticism, but, were it for nothing else, we must respect him for his firm belief in the perfectibility of man. The human active element of the North gradually threw the quiescent supernaturalism into the background. But even as Samson in his last great labor was stronger than he had ever been before, so magic in the Western world ruled with its mightiest sway just before its overthrow.

After the Reformation and the Renaissance, with the progress of science and the rise of rationalism, the influence of magic began to decrease, though it was far from being destroyed. Witches and wizards were tried and burned at the stake as late as the eighteenth century. Swedenborg and his followers refilled the air with spirits, and in the beginning of our own century there were symptoms of an ardent revival of the old credulities. Men like Barrett wrote volumes to testify to their adherence to the "hidden knowledge," and quite gravely and seriously recounted their own experiences in miracle-working; while strange rumors were current of peasants finding their way through mysterious passages to underground chambers, where student-philosophers, vying in point of age with the early Jewish patriarchs, were discovered, surrounded by their books and mystic appliances. We of to-day boast much of our clear mental vision: but while the horns, hoofs, and tail of the devil are still realities to many; while

the souls of the departed are interviewed by spiritualists, and clairvoyants and astrologers can make fortunes by reading the future, we cannot throw our stones of derision and contempt at the Medæas and Cassandras of Greece, or the Sir Urians and Volunds of mediæval Europe. Though we are so wise, our *pond* is still haunted.

We argue that as science becomes perfected we will know the *raison d'être* of all that is inexplicable in the universe. This may be, but we are still far from a state of perfect illumination. Whether the human mind can really ever attain to the consciousness of absolute knowledge, — can comprehend the "where, what, and whither of the power which gives the impulse to evolution," — no man can tell. But, until the unknown is made known to us, there will be mysteries in nature and in man, and phenomena as truly miraculous to us as, to use Carlyle's simile, the artificial production of an icicle would have been to the King of Siam. But — and here lies the difference between the old and the new supernaturalism — while mystics and magicians claimed that they could perform miracles through the occult properties of things, we recognize the folly of attempting to make practical use of a force of which we know nothing, either as to its origin or the laws by which it works. The wiser man grows, the more willing he is to confess his ignorance.

In these remarks magic has been treated solely with regard to its past influence on culture. A very interesting inquiry would be whether there is really such a thing, and in what does it consist? How is it that a Pacific Islander in robust health will die in a few hours from *taboo*? How does the poet compose? How is it that faith or delusion affects every sense? As I could not venture on such a land of doubt, I will dismiss the subject with an extract from an article on it by Charles G. Leland: —



"As it is unwise to deny anything, it would not be wise to deny the possibility of a theurgia, such as has never been conceived. Poetry and magic, as Enne-moser claims, sprung from the same source; if we believe that science is preparing the world for such an era of art and poetry as it never knew before, it will of course also bring forth a stupendous magic. Physiology declares that 'there are, unknown to us save as guessed from effects, the most important modifications in the molecular activities of nerve-element and changes in its chemical composition.' Eye memory is capable by culture of putting before us, like *real* pictures, all we have ever seen, or all we wish to see. By a training within the reach of all, any one may remember volumes where he now remembers lines; it is even possible to re-

vive, by an effort of will, tastes, scents, sounds, and feelings to a degree which would seem literally marvelous to us now. And beyond all this, and greater than this, lies what even so accurate and sober a reasoner as Maudsley<sup>1</sup> describes as the wonderful organizing power which cometh from afar, within which lies hidden that which may be intuitively revealed to consciousness as absolute knowledge, and the possibility that the nature of the mysterious power that inspires evolution may, by a flash of intuitive consciousness, be made manifest to the mind in the process of its own development. It is impossible to really master any one late first-class work on physiology, and not feel that we are on the verge of discoveries which will result in marvels which can be strictly classed as magical."

*Elizabeth Robins.*

## THE FRENCH PANIC.

THE changes in the methods of foreign trade produced by the transatlantic cable and rapid ocean service, which have rendered the old-fashioned Salem merchant, with his enormous profits on an Indian venture, a thing of the past, have affected in an interesting way the great financial centres of the world. The check system and the extension of credit devices have wholly altered the character of business. The use of checks works so as to leave more of private deposits in every bank; since A, the borrower of ten thousand dollars, does not in fact withdraw that money from the lending bank, but in the grant of a loan he gets in practice only the privilege to draw a check on the amount of the loan. Hence every increase of discounts (loans) by a bank at once means that there has been given to certain persons the right to draw on that sum at

any time. So that, when a loan is made, the borrower is at once entered on the books of the bank as a depositor to the same amount. If, then, it is the custom of the community to use checks in making payments, there is nothing in the operation of granting a loan which necessarily implies a withdrawal of actual money. If A used his loan of ten thousand dollars to pay B, and drew a check on the bank, B is no more likely to want cash than A. If B has an account at A's bank, the operation is simply a change on the books by which B is made a depositor instead of A. If B deposits at a different institution, then B's bank has a claim against A's. But in the practical multiplicity of loans B's bank will have a number of claims, in the shape of checks or drafts, against A's firm, and the latter will have a greater or

<sup>1</sup> Limits of Philosophical Inquiry.



less number against the former. Again, money does not really pass between these banks; but they, with the other banks of the community, meet at a common place, or Clearing House, and set off the claims of one against another, paying only the balances. And even these balances are paid by checks. It may be assumed, then, that checks greatly economize the use of money, and that an increase of loans has the general effect to increase the deposits.

A bank is liable to be called upon for everything put into it, — its capital, accrued profits, government and private deposits, and whatever use it has made of its credit by coining it into promises to pay, or notes; and these constitute its liabilities. Of course its demand notes and private deposits are immediate liabilities, and the bank must be ready to meet them at any moment. On the other hand the disposition made by the bank of that which is entrusted to it is the test of good management. First of all, it is necessary to keep in a cash reserve sufficient funds to meet the daily demands of depositors and note-holders. The tendency now is to keep a separate provision for notes, as in the Bank of England; or, if the bank does not issue notes, it may provide only for deposits. But just that amount of the resources which is kept in cash earns no profit. However, experience justifies bankers in retaining only from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent. of deposits as a reserve; the remainder can be invested, and this disposition of the resources produces an income. A part of the funds must be kept in the best investments, generally government bonds, so that they can be easily and rapidly sold in order to reinforce the reserve in times when depositors demand ready money. The other funds may be loaned on safe securities of various kinds.

From this brief explanation it may be seen that the banks of two cities, between which a large trade is established,

as between New York and Chicago, are related to each other exactly as the two banks with which A and B deposited. Their interests are so closely identified that a failure in either city affects the banks of both. The financial structure is like a card house. But, to extend our view over different countries, a vast trade is going on between New York, London, Hamburg, Paris, and all Europe, which in the same way connects the financial interests of each city with every other. A chill in the markets of Paris is felt, the same day, creeping down the commercial backbone of London and New York. To be sure, our own trade is vastly greater with England than with France, so that a disturbance on the Paris Bourse will first take its effects on London, and then, through London, on New York.

For evident reasons, arising from her wars, France had enjoyed a fortunate immunity from the speculation which culminated in the crash of 1873. The lapse of ten prosperous years, however, is sufficient to increase capital so as to excite speculative tendencies even in the French people, who, since Law's day, have been rigorously disciplined by disastrous financial experiments, until correct and sound opinions are the rule, and not the exception. Of course this movement first showed itself in the stock market. New companies appeared like locusts; and if they had the semblance of value, or — what unfortunately took place too often — contained well-known names in their announcements, willing subscribers were abundant. The sequel is the same old story of misplaced confidence, resulting in suicides and insanity. A subscriber was not asked to pay in the beginning the whole par value of the stock; the victim, consequently, proudly confident that the shares of so valuable a property were sure to go higher, bought as many as his means permitted, trusting that when the second installment on his stocks was called in he could sell a



few of them at a gain, and thus meet the payment. It is pathetic to see how hopeful human nature is at such times. Even conservative merchants, seeing great fortunes made in a day, took a "flyer" or two. In the month of January (1882) the sanguine condition was reflected in the production of enterprises whose very names would have excited distrust at other seasons. Forty-three new companies were chartered, with a capital of two hundred and twenty-two million francs, and twelve old companies increased their capital by one hundred and forty million francs. There appeared a company for the utilization of electric power (seventy-five million francs); one for working the mines of Rio Tinto (fifteen million francs); the Senegal and West Coast of Africa Steam Shipping Company (fifteen million francs); others for the establishment of seven new journals; one for breeding ostriches in Algeria; and one for managing pigeon-shooting matches.

But the head and front of the speculation arose from a new banking house, the *Union Générale*. Its president, M. Bontoux, having risen from a subordinate railway position to the office of general director of the Southern Railway (*Südbahn*) in Austria-Hungary, had been driven from his post for mismanagement of the finances in 1878. At the time of the expulsion of the religious orders from France, Bontoux, himself a Roman Catholic, and having the ear of many trusting Catholic capitalists in France and Austria, took a masterly view of the whole situation, and turned it cleverly to his own uses by establishing in Paris an institution of credit for Catholics. In short, Bontoux was the child of the situation. And if any proof were needed that piety and finance do not necessarily go together, it is to be found in the fact that the originators of the *Union Générale* received an autograph letter from his Holiness the Pope, containing a special blessing. The company found

many subscribers for its shares, and no lack of confiding depositors. It seems clear that Bontoux entered the field with no intention to do an honest banking business, and at once began a career of pure stock-jobbing. He established branches in Vienna, Berlin, and Pesth; and the stock of the *Union Générale* was manipulated for speculative purposes. Last November its capital was increased from one hundred million francs to one hundred and fifty million francs, and the public supposed that its profits were very large. The new institution fathered a great number of fresh enterprises, subscribing enormous sums, with the purpose of selling the shares at an advance to a sanguine public, who trusted to the representations of a banking house seemingly so strong and well connected. So long as the market continued buoyant and speculative, these tactics proved successful. But at the time when some holders would think prices could not go any higher, there would arise a strong inclination to sell and realize their profits. Purchases of stocks, however, are never made unless there is a belief in a rise. When the turn in the market comes, there are absolutely no purchasers; it is a truism to say that no one buys in a falling market. This was the condition of things on the 17th of last January. The more cautious began to sell and securities to fall; then, two days later, the holders of *Union Générale* stock, and of those stocks belonging to the "*Union Générale* group," suspecting that all was not right, were taken with a panic, and eagerly sold at any offer. Prices fell enormously. In the general disappearance of confidence and credit, the tension became very great, and that link in the chain which happened to be the weakest naturally broke. *Union Générale* stock, being that in which there had been most speculation previously, now fell most rapidly, and in a week shrank to less than one half its former value. But this was only



a part of the violent reaction throughout the whole market, and owing to the strong disposition, at all times when there is a loss of confidence, to sell and turn stocks into cash, even investment securities and *rentes* shared somewhat in the fall. The following brief table will show the effect :—

|             | Union<br>Générale. | Bank of<br>France. | Govern-<br>ment<br>Rentes. |
|-------------|--------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|
|             | Francs.            | Francs.            | Fr. c.                     |
| January 12. | 2850               | 5,850              | 84.20                      |
| “ 19.       | 1300               | 5,000              | 82.75                      |
| “ 26.       | 1100               | 5,025              | 82.12½                     |
| February 2. | 500-600            | 5,500              | 82.25                      |
| “ 9.        | —                  | 5,450              | 82.40                      |
| “ 16.       | 325                | 5,225              | 82.52½                     |

The panic took place while Bontoux was absent from Paris, and on the 19th the Banque de Paris had granted the Union Générale assistance by a loan of three million francs. On the return of M. Bontoux, on the 21st, having secured the promise of eight million francs from the Laender Bank of Vienna, he applied to the Haute Banque for an additional loan of ten or twelve million francs more. There was a meeting of the representatives of the Haute Banque and the principal joint-stock banks, and this loan was granted; but, at this juncture, the Laender Bank, snuffing danger from afar, refused the eight millions. By the 28th Bontoux was asking for twenty millions more from the same banks, who complied under the condition that the Laender Bank would furnish its proportion. This was refused, and the next day the Union Générale suspended.

It will be seen from this that the quotations of stocks had been forced far above their real value, and that there had been going on in the Paris Bourse a gigantic “bull” speculation. A “bull” is one who asks his broker to purchase stocks with the expectation of a rise, and to whom he does not pay the whole par value of them, but only a margin of five or ten per cent. So long as the price does not fall, or if it rises, the

stocks are worth as much as the broker paid, and the original deposit of “margin” is sufficient until there comes the order to sell. But if the buyer mistakes the course of the market, and stocks fall below the price paid by his broker, the latter loses by the difference between the present and the previous price estimated on the par value, unless the deposited margin is sufficient to cover the amount. If it is not, then the broker calls for greater deposits of money. Consequently, in a falling market there is a greatly increased demand on the banks for loans with which to maintain a hold on their stocks. But, on the other hand, it is the interest of “bears,” who operate to depress the market, to force sales of stocks, lessen the amount of loanable funds, and raise the rate of discount. An “easy money market,” therefore, is as unfavorable for “bears” as it is desirable for “bulls.” At this time a strong league of “bears” existed in Paris, working to break down M. Bontoux.

In Paris the financial machinery, for our present purpose, consists of the Bank of France, under the control of the state; the Haute Banque, an expression used to include the few richest private banks, of undoubted standing (such as the Rothschilds’); a regular board, or Parquet, of brokers to the number of sixty, authorized and licensed by the government, known as the Syndicate of Agents de Change; and the large number of unauthorized brokers outside of the Parquet, termed the *Coulisse*. So far as can be ascertained, the Union Générale was operating on the market to raise the quotations of their old stock, and had been heavy buyers from the regular Agents de Change. When the crisis came, with its unexpected fall in prices, the Parquet were caught by their purchases of this old stock, and lost amounts variously estimated from thirty-three million to one hundred million francs. At



the same time M. Bontoux had been trying to work off the new stock on the general public through the *Coulisse*, who thus became debtors to the *Union Générale* for more than one hundred million francs. The *Coulisse*, as well as the *Parquet*, when the fall in prices came, were in pressing need of loans. While in New York settlements between brokers take place every day, in Paris these are made usually at the middle and close of each month. To permit the *Parquet* to make their settlements at the end of January, the *Haute Banque* came forward to their aid with a loan of one hundred million francs. The *Coulisse*, however, is recognized neither by the *Haute Banque* nor by the state, and received no help. Throughout the *Coulisse*, therefore, suspensions were the order of the day.

Moreover, the affairs of the *Banque de Lyons et de la Loire* had become seriously involved, and the *Lyons Bourse* gave birth to an unhealthy panic of its own. At the end of the month, the Bank of France had sent to its Lyons branch seventeen million francs, to enable it to increase its loans; but the brokers were obliged to borrow an additional eighteen million francs in order to meet their engagements. Here, too, there were many failures. But, more than this, holders of such stocks as fell in the Paris markets were to be found in Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, London, and elsewhere, and they were all affected in the way previously described. Owing to the fondness of French capitalists for in-

vesting in Austro-Hungarian properties, Vienna suffered most.

But the greatly increased pressure for loans which attends a falling market was the means by which the effects of the French panic were transferred to London and New York. Because there is no confidence, that is credit, at such a time, the marked characteristic of every panic is a wild frenzy for ready money. Therefore, even solvent banking houses in France had a greater need of cash reserves with which to meet the demands of their depositors. The result of this movement, arising both from banks and individuals, was felt at the central institution, the Bank of France, and its accounts during this time reflected at once the financial situation. Two tendencies existed, both acting to weaken its position: (1) the enormous increase of loans, as explained above, added to the deposit liabilities and to immediate demands; and (2) the distrustful condition of the public mind led each depositor to keep by him as much ready money as possible, and so withdrew from the bank, thereby reducing the reserve in a far greater ratio than the liabilities. To prevent being ground to pieces between these two mill-stones, the bank was obliged, while loaning freely, to increase its cash reserve. By selecting only the important items on the side of both liabilities and resources, the condition of the Bank of France during this period is given in the following table (amounts being stated in pounds sterling, and in millions and tenths of millions):—

| ASSETS.         |       |                        |                            | LIABILITIES.       |                      |                   |
|-----------------|-------|------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------|----------------------|-------------------|
|                 | Cash. | Government Securities. | Other Securities. (Loans.) | Circulating Notes. | Government Deposits. | Private Deposits. |
| January 5.....  | 71.9  | 14.1                   | 72.9                       | 115.2              | 13.1                 | 20.3              |
| " 12.....       | 71.7  | 14.1                   | 72.4                       | 115.4              | 12.3                 | 20.1              |
| " 19.....       | 72.3  | 14.1                   | 72.3                       | 114.2              | 12.7                 | 22.0              |
| " 26.....       | 73.4  | 14.1                   | 77.0                       | 114.0              | 16.7                 | 22.7              |
| February 2..... | 75.0  | 14.1                   | 83.0                       | 115.1              | 18.5                 | 27.3              |
| " 9.....        | 77.6  | 14.1                   | 84.9                       | 113.5              | 13.5                 | 37.5              |
| " 16.....       | 77.7  | 14.1                   | 80.7                       | 112.2              | 13.0                 | 36.1              |
| " 23.....       | 78.3  | 14.1                   | 77.8                       | 111.0              | 11.9                 | 35.6              |
| March 2.....    | 78.6  | 14.1                   | 73.7                       | 110.9              | 11.6                 | 32.2              |



The statement for January 26th, the first after the suspension of the *Union Générale*, and the last before the settlements at the end of the month, shows the effect of the increased demand for loans by a change in the column of *Other Securities (Loans)* of five million pounds over the previous week. But the government opportunely deposited four million pounds in repayment of a loan from the bank, which greatly strengthened the reserve. More than this, the situation necessarily changed the rates of exchange between London and Paris, so as to warrant importations of gold. It may seem trite to give a brief exposition of the exchanges here, but when a senator of the United States expressed to a friend, whom he was introducing at a Washington bank, his wonder how the bank would ever be able to get the money for that bit of paper (a check on a New York bank), it may seem unjust not to grant the same privileges of explanation to the general reader as to a senator. A bill of exchange on London is simply a paper title to money in that city belonging to the drawer of the instrument, and he sells it to any one wanting to make a payment in London. When exchange between London and Paris is "at par," a sovereign in London can be bought for 25 francs 22½ centimes. When many persons are trying to draw funds from London, many bills on London will be offered, and the price will fall. The expense of transferring coin from London to Paris is about ten centimes for every sovereign. Therefore, when the price of exchange falls more than ten centimes below par, as to 25 fr. 11 c., the man owning gold in London can ship it, and gain one centime by the transaction. For, his title to the sovereign selling for only 25 fr. 11 c., and being able to bring over a sovereign so that it is worth, expenses paid, 25 fr. 12½ c., the last operation gives him a profit. After the culmination of the speculation in Paris, bills on

London fell to 25 fr. 11 c., and in ten days £2,500,000 in gold left London for Paris, almost the whole of which went into the Bank of France. This movement of specie was natural, for several reasons. The greater demand for money gave a higher profit on it in Paris than in London, and afforded cause for withdrawals of specie from the Bank of England for shipment to France. Then, there were large sales in London "on French account;" that is, solvent houses and holders of securities which were salable in London, with the plan of increasing their cash reserves, sold these, and drew bills on London for the amount. Also, the depression in French stocks led many observant capitalists to buy them at these panic prices, and remitted money for that purpose. These, in short, were the causes which led to the passage of gold from London to Paris, and strengthened the reserves of the bank. The settlement day, at the end of the month, however, was the object of dread; and its coming was watched as about to give the best evidence of the extent of the losses and the general ability to meet engagements. The combination of the leading houses with the Bank of France was the means by which the expected difficulties were successfully met. Indeed, the fraternal union of the great financial managers which can take place in Paris is impossible in London or elsewhere, and it was this union which checked the progress of the panic. Although the losses of the *Syndicate* of regular brokers were not far from forty million francs, the *Haute Banque* readily advanced to them a loan of one hundred million francs, payable in twenty years, at five per cent. The government also announced that it would advance one hundred million francs to the *Parquet* for taking up purchases of *rentes*. The common interest to be advanced by keeping the Bank of France intact led the private banks to increase their deposits there



to the greatest possible extent. These movements were shown in the report of February 2d: private deposits had increased five million pounds; the cash had gained two million pounds; government deposits rose two million pounds; and the great demand for loans had been successfully met by giving more accommodation to the amount of six million pounds during the week. It was during the previous week that the bills of the Union Générale had been returned unpaid, and so the house was declared insolvent by the Tribunal of Commerce in the usual manner. Although the account for February 9th shows an expansion in the already large item of loans, there was a gain in specie. The large increase in private deposits was due to the advances of the treasury to the Parquet, and caused a great transfer of funds on the books of the bank from public to private deposits. On the 23d the Bank of France reduced the rate of discount, and the report for the succeeding weeks showed a falling-off in loans, which implied a restoration of confidence. At this time the exchanges had risen to 25 fr. 29 c., or above par. But in the time between January 26th and February 23d the Bank of France gained five and one half million pounds in gold, of which two and one half million pounds came from England, and the rest from Spain

and Continental sources. Yet England was acting only as an intermediary, and the two and one half million pounds lost by her were exactly made up by the amount which passed from New York to London.

The Bank of England contains the great gold reservoir of the world. The issue of notes belongs to a separate department, and for every note emitted beyond fifteen and three fourths million pounds there is a deposit of specie to the same amount. The banking department has to do solely with the functions of discount and deposit, and it must pay the usual regard to the ratio of cash reserve to its immediate liabilities. All the causes, previously explained, which drew gold from London to Paris had operated to induce withdrawals by depositors of funds to be sent abroad, and under this influence the Bank of England lost eight per cent. in its reserve within one week. The uneasiness produced by the agitation across the Channel was aggravated by the fact that the reserve had been for a long time falling, until it then reached a point lower than it had been since the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in 1878. The condition of the bank is given during this period in the following statements (amounts are given in millions and tenths of millions):—

|                 | Issue Department.<br>Bullion. | LIABILITIES.     |                 | RESOURCES.             |                            |          |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------------|----------------------------|----------|-------------------|
|                 |                               | Public Deposits. | Other Deposits. | Government Securities. | Other Securities. (Loans.) | Reserve. | Rate of Discount. |
| January 12..... | 19.4                          | 4.2              | 24.7            | 14.8                   | 22.2                       | 10.0     | 5 per cent.       |
| " 19.....       | 19.6                          | 3.9              | 24.6            | 13.6                   | 22.2                       | 10.8     | 5 "               |
| " 26.....       | 19.4                          | 4.2              | 23.7            | 12.7                   | 22.4                       | 10.9     | 5 "               |
| February 2..... | 17.8                          | 5.1              | 24.0            | 12.5                   | 25.7                       | 9.1      | 6 [Jan. 30.]      |
| " 9.....        | 18.2                          | 6.8              | 22.9            | 12.5                   | 25.5                       | 9.9      | 6 per cent.       |
| " 16.....       | 19.6                          | 7.7              | 23.2            | 13.1                   | 24.3                       | 11.7     | 6 "               |
| " 22.....       | 20.1                          | 8.6              | 23.3            | 13.1                   | 24.6                       | 12.4     | 5 [Feb. 24.]      |
| March 2.....    | 20.7                          | 9.1              | 23.8            | 13.1                   | 25.8                       | 12.5     | 5 per cent.       |

A glance down the column of Other Securities shows the increased demand for loans at and after the period of anxiety in Paris; a comparison of Other Deposits, a gradual withdrawal until February 16th; and the last column, a diminution of the reserve at the end of January. The first two movements both



acted to lower the ratio of cash reserve to immediate liabilities. The situation was serious enough to warrant a rise in the rate of discount to six per cent., a step which had the effect to drive off all but the neediest borrowers, and, by checking new loans, allowed the stream of loans maturing daily to fill up the reserve.

This higher rate of discount had its effect on the quotations of exchange between England and such a country as the United States, with which England was most intimately connected by trade. Then, there were sales in New York of American railway stocks to a considerable amount for London account, or, in different phrase, "American securities were being sent home" from London. Moreover, there had been a gigantic "bull" speculation in this country, acting to raise the prices of bread-stuffs, on the exportation of which we depend for a very large supply of bills. This rise of prices prevented exports, and thereby exporters had less sums of money due to them from England, and could offer in the market fewer titles to such money, or bills of exchange. Of course, our imports remaining about the same, there was the same demand for bills with which to make payment in England for the imported goods, and so the scarcity of bills caused a rise in their price. When an equilibrium exists resulting from both the financial and com-

mercial transactions, it requires \$4.8665 in New York to purchase a title to a sovereign in London. When the price rises a little more than three cents above par, to \$4.89 $\frac{1}{2}$  or \$4.90, there will be a profit in sending specie across to London, and no one will pay more for bills. The three cents cover the freight, insurance, and brokerage; and exchange can never move but slightly beyond this difference above or below par. During the excitement in Paris, the rate of exchange in New York rose to \$4.90, and for the first time in several years it became profitable to send gold abroad. This demand for specie was at once felt by the New York associated banks, in withdrawals by depositors and a drain upon their cash reserves. At this time the "bull" speculation in bread-stuffs collapsed, and a formidable "bear" movement was inaugurated in the stock market, which considerably lowered prices. In a falling market, as was before explained, there arose an increased demand for loans, for the purpose of holding on to stocks and the extent of this demand was a rough measure of the speculation which had been going on. The drain of specie from the reserves and the increased demand for loans both worked to make the position of the New York banks more insecure. The results are here collected (amounts being given in millions and tenths of millions of dollars):—

|                 | Loans. | Private Deposits. | Specie. | Legal Tenders. | Total Reserve | Required Reserve. |
|-----------------|--------|-------------------|---------|----------------|---------------|-------------------|
| January 7.....  | 319.1  | 299.5             | 61.5    | 16.6           | 78.1          | 74.5              |
| " 14.....       | 319.5  | 307.4             | 66.5    | 17.5           | 84.0          | 76.5              |
| " 21.....       | 321.0  | 311.9             | 68.7    | 18.9           | 87.6          | 73.0              |
| " 28.....       | 322.9  | 316.1             | 68.3    | 19.7           | 88.0          | 74.0              |
| February 4..... | 328.8  | 316.3             | 66.6    | 18.8           | 85.4          | 79.0              |
| " 11.....       | 327.9  | 310.6             | 63.2    | 18.4           | 81.6          | 77.6              |
| " 18.....       | 328.6  | 305.8             | 59.4    | 18.0           | 77.4          | 76.4              |
| " 25.....       | 325.0  | 297.7             | 55.7    | 17.2           | 73.0          | 74.4              |
| March 4.....    | 320.6  | 290.6             | 53.2    | 16.7           | 70.0          | 72.6              |
| " 11.....       | 313.7  | 286.0             | 55.8    | 16.3           | 72.1          | 71.5              |

By the middle of March there had been exported since January 1st, \$12,041,340 in specie to England, and a glance

down the column headed Specie, in the table above, will show the effect of the foreign demand on the banks. The total



reserve, composed both of the specie and legal tenders, steadily diminished, until on the 25th of February and the 4th of March the actual reserve was below the reserve required to be kept by law. In the week following, however, the banks improved their condition materially through the action of the treasury. By the present sub-treasury system, the government withdraws all its funds from the open market, and sequesters them in its own vaults. At this period more money had been going into the dark hiding-places of the treasury, in payment of customs and taxes, than was coming out in the disbursements for the interest and principal of the public debt. And so far as the banks were concerned, this disappearance of money had the same effect as its exportation from the country. At this time a Boston banking house of good repute, which had been subscribing too largely for rail-

way bonds of uncertain value (to a less extent the same operation carried on by the Union Générale), suspended. However, the regular business interests remained unaffected by the continued uncertainty, and in the second week of March the treasury was enabled to make heavy payments for called bonds, extended at three and a half per cent., and the cash reserves instantly rose above the required limit.

At the present time, the lowering of the rates of discount by the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and Continental banks generally seems to indicate that the force of the storm is spent, and that all danger is past. But the operations by which the crisis was checked and the subsequent movements of specie show the intimate connection existing between all commercial countries, and furnish an interesting illustration of the working of the exchanges.

*J. Laurence Laughlin.*

### THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

THE right divine! What king that hath it not?  
The right to look through all his realm and see  
What fever courses in the people's veins,  
And lay thereon the balm of kingly hands;  
To turn aside the treasonable blade,  
And make a friend of him who carries it;  
To bind up public wounds; to put away  
The screens wherewith men hide accusing truth,  
And speak grave words when these befit the time;  
To sow the land so full of happiness,  
Of peace and justice, love and courtesy,  
That ships bound seaward unto fabled shores  
Shall never tempt his people elsewhere:  
Such right divine as this hath every king.

*Mary W. Plummer.*



## RENAN'S MARCUS AURELIUS.

THE elaborate work of M. Ernest Renan on the rise of Christianity, inaugurated twenty years since by the *Vie de Jésus*, and continued in his essays on the Apostles, Saint Paul, the Antichrist, the Gospels, and the Christian Church, has been completed by the publication of a seventh volume, entitled *Marc-Aurèle et la Fin du Monde Antique*.<sup>1</sup> Great interest attaches to this culminating volume, for many reasons. It is the last word of as amiable and dispassionate an argument against the supernatural origin of Christianity as we can hope to hear, even in this emancipated age. Its leading subject is the most faultless, and at the same time endearing, of all heathen characters, and there is that in the native sweetness of the biographer's temper, his mild discernment and pen-sive magnanimity, which renders him especially sympathetic with his theme. Moreover, the foretaste of the quality of his work afforded by M. Renan's London lectures, in the spring of 1880, — so much admired, and so widely republished and circulated, — had led to the expectation of a meditative and touching, if not masterly and exhaustive, treatment at his hands of one of the most critical passages in human history.

And the book does not disappoint. If it seems at times to lack unity and coherence; if the two themes which are treated in connection, and which are not so much Marcus Aurelius and the end of the old order as Marcus Aurelius and the beginning of the new; if these appear to run side by side, in M. Renan's glowing pages, without ever really intermingling, and the transition from one to the other required by his alternative treatment strikes one as a little abrupt and artificial, — this, the

author would tell us, is no fault of his, but due to the tragic incongruity of the facts themselves. He writes of a man, a monarch, whose character, lifted into the strongest glare of publicity, and still to be minutely scanned of all men, exemplified in a transcendent manner most of the distinctively Christian virtues, and yet who lived and died the conscientious and effectively cruel foe of Christianity. "So much the worse for Christianity!" a ruder skeptic might have made haste to exclaim, but not so M. Renan. He patiently labors to reduce to order, from his own point of view, the great chaos of contemporary circumstances, and presents the result to his readers with hardly any comment more pointed than a melancholy shrug. We ourselves believe that there is a higher point of view than his, at which some of the most painful inconsistencies of the period under consideration tend to merge in a promise, as yet only partially fulfilled, and to disappear. But it will be time enough to advert to this when we have presented as fair a summary as may be in a short review of M. Renan's own investigations and conclusions.

He gives us, at the outset, his reason for believing that it has never been possible intelligently to write the history of the rise of Christianity until to-day. It was reserved, he thinks, for the mind of the nineteenth century to develop what he calls the *génie des origines*. The great ecclesiastical historians of the seventeenth century did not possess it, and no more, if we understand what the phrase means, did the professional skeptics of the eighteenth, — like Gibbon. It was perhaps this genius which led M. Renan to the discovery — also made known in his introductory chapter — that Christianity really began with the prophet Isaiah; and so much at least is true,

<sup>1</sup> *Marc-Aurèle et la Fin du Monde Antique*. Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.



— and the most fervent believer in all that the Academician denies would be the last to question it, — that the previously vague forecast of a Messiah assumed a new and strange and sorrowful precision in the clairvoyant mind of the greatest of Jewish seers. But the days of the Hebrew prophets were, at best, but the pre-natal days of Christianity, and M. Renan's concern is with its first appearance in history, which is made nearly side by side with that of stoicism, the most earnest effort of the unassisted human conscience at realizing an ideal of pure morality, — the perfect flower, so to speak, of merely natural piety. How lofty the stoical ideal was, and how uncompromising toward human weakness; how minute the supervision exercised over the minds and lives of converts to that creed by its public preachers and spiritual directors, and how unflinching the self-denial, amounting to extreme asceticism of personal habits, which it exacted, M. Renan shows very strikingly in his first chapter. "Greek pedagogy had now arrived at perfection," and the younger and more *dénot* by nature of the two great Antonine emperors, Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius, was put to school by his adoptive father in the strictest sect of that perfected philosophy, and witnessed throughout his illustrious life a noble profession of its teachings. Much as Renan admires the result in his hero's case, the *libre penseur* cannot help rebelling at the notion of so severe a spiritual discipline. "How," he cries, "did those respectable but slightly priggish pedagogues ever succeed in forming such a man?" And he finds a partial answer in the fact that, more than all the far-sought formal instructors, his obligations to whom Marcus Aurelius acknowledges so humbly and scrupulously in the *Thoughts*, he prized the character and example of his predecessor upon the throne. M. Renan quotes entire — and who would not at any time

be glad of an excuse to quote? — the eloquent and affecting tribute to that father's memory in the sixth book of the *Thoughts*, one of the most exquisite pen-portraits ever drawn; and he finds himself so moved as almost to be persuaded by it that Antoninus Pius was really, in some respects, a better man than Marcus, with more of gladness and spontaneity in his virtue, not so self-conscious. "No person of sense will deny," he says of the latter, "that this was a great soul. Was it also a great mind? Yes, because he discovered infinite depths in the abysses of duty and conscience. He failed of decision only at a single point: *he never ventured absolutely to deny the supernatural.*"

But allowing for this foible, M. Renan goes on to show how it was the glory of the Antonines, and especially of Marcus Aurelius, to have raised philosophy — that is to say, the teaching of morals — to the rank of "a power in the state," and to have brought it into fashion in a deeply corrupt society. They conceived, also, and instituted the protection of the weak, of women and minors, the orphan, and even the slave. They took measures to prevent the recurrence of famine and other widespread calamities. They laid the foundation of that marvel of Roman jurisprudence, to which Justinian did but impart its final shape, and which has served as a model for the whole civilized world.

Humanity — mildness of manners — gained infinitely under their sway. The idea of a state governed by wisdom, benevolence, and humanity was established once for all. "Military power, on the contrary, art, and literature underwent a certain decline. Philosophers and men of letters were far from being the same. The philosophers looked with pity on the frivolity of the literati and their appetite for applause. The literati smiled at the barbaric style of the philosophers, their lack of man-



ners, their beards, and their cloaks. Marcus Aurelius, after hesitating between the two courses, decided firmly for the philosophers. He neglected the Latin language, and ceased to encourage the practice of writing it, preferring Greek, which was the language of his favorite authors. The complete ruin of Latin literature was decided from that hour." There is a refreshing touch, just here, of that pleasant French humor of M. Renan's, which seems excluded, for the most part, from the present volume, by the solemnity of the subject, and the persistent heavy-heartedness always discernible at the bottom of his treatment of it. It is thus that he goes on to criticise the existing Marcan monuments: "The plastic arts, so beloved by Hadrian, must have seemed to Marcus Aurelius like quasi-vanities. The remains of his triumphal arch are sufficiently tame. Everything about it, even the barbarians, wears a virtuous air. The eyes of the horses are melting and philanthropic. The Antonine column is a curious work, but without delicacy in its execution, — very inferior to the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, erected in the preceding reign. The equestrian statue at the Capitol charms us by the pure image which it presents of the excellent emperor, and yet the artist had no right so utterly to renounce all boldness and *dash*. We feel that there were profound causes for that absolute ruin of the arts of design which was to be accomplished within fifty years. Christianity and philosophy wrought equally for this end. The world was becoming too much detached from form and beauty. It wanted nothing any more save to better the lot of the weak and to soften the strong."

How, then, was it, after all, that a monarch moved by motives even of ultra-benevolence could have ruthlessly persecuted, with full intent to exterminate, the very class of his subjects whose aims and ideas were most nearly

identical with his own? M. Renan answers this trying question as well, perhaps, as it ever can be answered, in his fourth chapter. He shows how little the emperor could have known of individual Christians, and how inevitably that little was calculated to give him an unfavorable impression of them as men and citizens. As a stoic he might, and we know that he did, admire the constancy with which they died; but equally as a stoic, he disliked their forwardness in inviting death, their bold and, as it seemed to him, unnatural exultation in it. "These voluntary deaths appeared to the august moralist affectations, as unreasonable as the theatrical suicide of Perigrinus. We find this note in the memorandum books of his Thoughts: 'A disposition of the soul to be always ready to be separated from the body, whether for extinction, or dispersion, or persistence. When I say ready, I mean as the result of a ripe judgment; *not out of pure opposition, like the Christians*. It must needs be an act founded upon reflection, sober, fit to persuade others, with no alloy of ostentatious tragedy.'" Then, too, the vast extent of the Roman Empire rendered its ruler but slightly responsible for what occurred in remote provinces, and the most painfully memorable persecution of the reign of Marcus Aurelius took place in far-away Gaul, where the gross absurdities of certain lawless if not licentious fanatics, like the Markosians, were calculated justly to prejudice the loyal and orthodox children of Rome. But it was as a Roman ruler, deeply reverent of Roman tradition, and penetrated with the idea of the *sanctity* of the state, that the emperor found, and with reason, the Christian theory and attitude most menacing. The Christians essayed no open revolt, it is true; nay, they were strenuously charged by their teachers to obey their masters according to the flesh. It was in the reign of Nero that St. Paul had written, "There



is no power but of God, and the powers that be are ordained of God." Nevertheless, these meek people declared unmistakably, by all their words and acts and rites, that they sought another country than Rome, and owned allegiance to an unseen king. They constituted thus, and plainly proposed to constitute, a state within the sacred Roman state, — a city of God set over against the city of this world; and this is what no government can tolerate and live. The most absolute and the most democratic alike have to call in surgery for the removal of such a danger, and the earlier the better for the actual *régime*.

"Whenever," says M. Renan, "a faction in the bosom of a great state has interests opposed to those of all the rest of the state, hatred becomes inevitable. Now the Christians did, at heart, desire that all things should go as badly as possible. So far from making common cause with the good citizens, and endeavoring to avert the dangers which threatened their country, the Christians gloried in them. The Montanists, and in fact all Phrygia, carried to the point of madness their vindictive prophecies against the empire; . . . and such prophecies were a crime, with penalties provided by law. Roman society felt instinctively that it was declining; it had but a vague idea of the causes of its own enfeeblement, and suspicion fastened, not unnaturally, upon the Christians. There was a fancy that a return to the old gods might bring back good fortune. Those gods had made the greatness of Rome; they were supposed to be irritated by the blasphemies of the Christians. Would not the best method of appeasing them be to slay the Christians? The latter did certainly not deny themselves the pleasure of railing at the inanity of the sacrifices and the other methods employed for the exorcising of scourges. Fancy a libertine, in England, who should burst out laughing in

public on a day of fasting and prayer appointed by the queen!"

It must be confessed that this last illustration has somewhat the air of an anticlimax. Such, however, is an outline of M. Renan's defense of his hero on the heaviest charge which can be brought against him. Nor does he omit to remind us that Tertullian himself, in the third century, before the martyrs of Lyons had lain an hundred years asleep, lauded the "gentle persecutor" as "both great and good."

Turning aside, at this point, from the more simple and grateful of his two themes, — the illustration of the emperor's character, — M. Renan adds to the infinite labors of other historians in the same field his own effort at illuminating the obscurity of the second-century annals, and disentangling the confusions of the primitive Christian sects. How herculean a task this is, and how disheartening, none know who have never essayed it for themselves. Most of those who have done this, however, have had the stimulus of some dear point to be proved, or have followed the clew of some overmastering conviction. M. Renan's entire *disengagedness* is more favorable to the clearness than to the vivacity of his narrative. He has not feeling enough to arouse his own imagination, and so he seldom gives us pictures. Hardly does he betray the shadow of a bias. Justin, Tatian, Marcio and Melito, Claudius, Sagaris and Apelles, Irenæus and Pope Victor, Celsius and Lucian; Gnostics, Manichees, Montanists, and even Markosians, are reviewed as nearly as possible, *nullo discrimine*. He has, indeed, interesting and often suggestive reflections to make on every one of the eccentricities of opinion and varieties of growth which these names represent. When he calls Tatian a "Lamennais of the second century," and those bishops of Asia Minor who first sought, by written appeals and apologies, to conciliate the imperial pow



er; who were "able politicians, while seeming to hearken only for the inspiration of heaven, violent themselves, yet opposed to violence," — when he sums up the history of these men by dubbing them "*Dupanlouis anticipés*," he uses terms which at once help to realize the conflicts of that early day, to his own countrymen, and to all who have followed with interest the remarkable recent history of the church militant in France. Nor does he confine himself to his own country in his search for illustrations, but uses also, as terms of comparison, the Irvingites and the Latter-Day Saints; and the last very properly, since the Montanists were practical millenarians, who believed that Christ had even then come, for the second time, in the form of the Paraclete, and that the New Jerusalem had been identified as an obscure town in Phrygia.

But if M. Renan finds his placid soul moved to something like active disgust by the sickly ideals and suicidal austerities of the more fanatical Christian sectaries, and inflicts upon his readers some ridiculous and even revolting details of manners and customs, he renders full and reverential justice to the temperance, the charity, the simplicity, no less than the superhuman constancy, of the martyrs of Lyons. The chapters xviii. and xix., which describe the Asian origin and connections of this little church in Gaul, and the awful crisis through which it passed in the year 177, are in M. Renan's noblest style, honorable alike to the depth of his historical researches and the breadth and tenderness of his humanity. We can quote but one out of many equally moving passages: —

"The example of the martyrs" (this was after Marturus, Sanctus, Blandina, and the rest had been several times frightfully tortured) "was contagious. Those who had disowned the faith came to themselves, and prayed that they might be questioned again. Some of the Christians doubted the validity of these

conversions, but the martyrs themselves cut short the question by offering their hands to the renegades, and so communicating a part of the grace that was in them. It was admitted that the living could, in such a case, reanimate the dead, and that in the great community of the church those who had more than enough might impart to those who lacked. . . . The most admirable thing, in fact, about the confessors of Lyons was that glory did not dazzle them. Their humility equaled their courage and their holy freedom of will. Heroes who had over and over again proclaimed their faith in Christ, who had faced the wild beasts, whose bodies were covered with wounds and burns and bruises, dared not arrogate to themselves the name of martyrs, would not even allow it to be given them by others. If any one of the faithful, either in a letter or by word of mouth, called them so, they reproached him keenly. They reserved the title of martyr, first of all, for Christ, the true and faithful witness, the first-born from the dead, the first who had lived his life in God; and afterward for those to whom it had already been granted to die confessing their faith, and whose title was thus, after a fashion, sealed and ratified. For themselves, they were only poor, humble confessors. All they asked of their brethren was to pray for them without ceasing, that they might yet make a good end. So far from showing themselves lofty and hard toward the poor apostates, like the Ultramontanists and certain martyrs of the third century, they had a motherly pity for them, and shed continual tears before God on their behalf. They accused no one, prayed for their executioners, discovered extenuating circumstances for every fault, absolved but never condemned. Certain rigorists thought them over-indulgent toward the renegades. They replied by quoting St. Stephen: 'If he prayed for those who stoned him, may not we for our own brethren?'"



*Martyrum sanguis semen ecclesiæ*; but that precious seed must be buried quite out of sight, and must attract and assimilate all sorts of rude and alien elements from the soil into which it falls, before it can arise and stand upright in the world's open air, informed with a strength which will enable it to resist the manifold shocks and perils which beset each living and growing thing. In the institution of the episcopacy and its growing importance, M. Renan finds just such an alliance with mundane and therefore conservative forces. It was the episcopacy which gave to early Christianity its shape and substance; which transformed it from a vision into an organism; which rooted it deep, and therefore raised it high; which enabled it, in due time, successfully to encounter, and finally to supersede in its own chosen seat, the decaying empire of the pagan world. "Power loves power," says M. Renan, with a touch of cynicism, "and the hatred between Christianity and the empire was the hatred of those who are one day to love. . . . And so, thanks to episcopacy, which had been pronounced a tradition from the twelve Apostles, the church wrought, without enfeebling herself, the most difficult of transformations. She passed, if I may venture to say so, from the conventual state to the laical; from the condition of a conventicle of visionaries to that of a church accessible to all men, and consequently exposed to many imperfections. That which had seemed destined to be but a dream of fanatics had become an enduring religion. . . . The excesses of those who had dreamed of a spiritual church and a transcendent perfection were broken against the good sense of the establishment. The masses, already considerable, who went into the church constituted a majority there, and lowered its moral temperature to a possible level."

Admitting that "*bon sens*" is in some sort the foible of M. Renan, it is im-

possible to deny the power with which he presents this theory of the growth of the visible church. But his premises involve conclusions which many of the advocates of episcopacy would be quite unwilling to admit. The episcopacy of those days unquestionably implied the papacy, and M. Renan renders good service to the cause of Catholic Christianity by offering the clear testimony of the least *suspect* of witnesses to the fact that from the very beginning of the church's consciousness the little bishopric of Rome was obeyed as the originating, controlling, and responsible brain of that integral organism, whose members were even then extended from Syria to Gaul. Incidentally, also, while developing this theme, he gives the most lucid brief account which we remember ever to have met of that controversy concerning the time of the Easter celebration which bears so strongly upon the subject. But with his wonted attention to counterpoint, — for M. Renan is nothing, after all, if not an artist, — he makes haste to offset this concession to Catholic claims by insisting that the rule of the undivided church suffered a veritable suspension of five hundred years or so (from Constantine to Charlemagne), and to this interregnum he applies the peculiarly Gallic pet name of *déchéance*.

On the whole, however, he indulges but sparingly in forecast of any kind, but confines himself strictly within the chronological limit embraced by the emperor's life-time. When he returns from his review of the necessarily chaotic beginnings of ecclesiasticism to consider the life of Marcus Aurelius among his legions, and his "inner martyrdom and preparation for death," he has a subject into which he can put his whole heart, and his mode of treating it is extremely beautiful and pathetic: —

"Before the colossal assault of united barbarism, Marcus Aurelius was truly admirable. He did not love war, and he



made war only against his will, but when it was necessary he made it well. He became a great captain as a matter of duty. . . . His life was now almost entirely passed in the region of the Danube, at Carnuntum, near Vienna or in Vienna itself, on the banks of the Gran, in Hungary, sometimes at Sirmium. His *ennui* was immense, but he knew how to conquer ennui. Those insipid campaigns against the Quadi and the Marcomanni were admirably conducted; the distaste which he felt for them did not prevent him from giving them the most conscientious attention. The army loved him, and did its duty perfectly. . . . Fatherly and philosophical toward these half-savage hordes, he insisted, out of self-respect, upon testifying a consideration for them, which they did not comprehend; like a gentleman who, as a pledge of his personal dignity, might treat a red-skin like a well-bred man. He naïvely exhorted them to reason and justice, and finished by inspiring them with respect. . . . What cost the emperor most, in these far-away wars, was the being deprived of his accustomed society of savans and philosophers. Almost all of them had recoiled from the fatigues of the campaign, and had remained at Rome. Occupied all day with military exercises, he passed his evenings in his tent, alone with himself. There, throwing off the constraint which his duties imposed, he pondered on the uselessness of the conflict which he sustained so valiantly. A skeptic about war, even while waging it, he detached himself from all things, and, lost in the contemplation of universal vanity, he doubted even the legitimacy of his own victories. 'The spider,' he writes, 'is proud of having captured a fly; one man of catching a sardine, one a wild boar, and another a few Sarmatians. Properly speaking, they are all brigands.' "

The source of all our information concerning the emperor's private life

in these and the yet darker days which were to follow them before its close is of course his own immortal book; and, widely as that book has been read and passionately loved, no commentator has perhaps ever come so near to doing it full justice as M. Renan. We gratefully accept and adopt each word of eloquent eulogy, only regretting that our space will allow us to quote so little of his ardent but never indiscriminating praise: "A divine candor breathes from every page. Never did man write more simply and entirely for himself, with the sole desire of unburdening his heart, — without any witness save God. There is not so much as the shadow of a system. Marcus Aurelius had, strictly speaking, no philosophy. Owing almost everything to stoicism transformed by the Roman spirit, he is yet of no school. . . . The book of Marcus Aurelius, having no dogmatic basis, will keep its freshness forever. All alike, from the atheist, or him who fancies himself such, to the man most deeply involved in the beliefs of some particular cult, may find fruit for edification in it. It is the most purely human book that ever was written. It grazes no controverted question. In theology the emperor fluctuated between pure deism, polytheism interpreted in a physical sense, after the style of the stoics, and a kind of cosmic pantheism. . . . Marcus Aurelius is therefore no free-thinker; he is hardly even a philosopher, in any strict sense of the word. Like Jesus, he had no speculative philosophy. His theology is quite contradictory. He has no fixed views about the soul or immortality. . . . He was never anxious to reconcile himself with himself on the subject of God or of the soul. Quite as if he had read the Critique of Practical Reason, he saw clearly that in what concerns the infinite no formula is absolute, and that in affairs of this kind one's only chance of perceiving the truth once in one's life lies in contra-



dicting one's self often. He boldly separated moral beauty from all fixed theology. He would not allow duty to depend on any metaphysical opinion concerning the first cause. Never was the intimate union with a hidden God carried to a point of such unheard-of delicacy." And then follows that matchless passage out of the fourth book of the *Thoughts*, which ought to be so familiar to every serious mind to-day that the merest fragment will suggest the whole: "To offer to the government of the God within thee a being, manly, of ripe age, a friend of the public weal, a Roman, an emperor, a soldier at his post awaiting the call of the trumpet, a man ready to leave this life without regret. There be many grains of incense destined for the same altar: one falls sooner into the fire, another later; the difference is naught. . . . Man, thou hast been a citizen of this great state, the world; what matters it whether for five years or for three? — for that which is conformable to the laws is unjust for none." And so on to that last sigh of the perfectly chastened spirit: "Depart, then, satisfied, for he also who releases thee is satisfied."

The very strictures which M. Renan, in his quality of critic, seeks sometimes to pass upon the work of this truly sacred author are such as imply a higher praise. When he says that the *Thoughts* fortify, but do not console, he does but measure the greatness of a courage which dared contemplate and confess that crushing whole of human misery whose weight upon the soul of thinking man nothing short of divine interposition ever could have lightened. When he says that the emperor had not enough of intellectual curiosity, that he did not know all which a contemporary of Ptolemy ought to have known, and that he held opinions on cosmogony which were not up to the highest level even of the science of his time, he does but set the immutability of moral truth

over against the incessant fluctuations and transformations of physical speculation, and show how everlastingly the latter are subordinate to the former. He is almost relieved to note that for one moment the emperor seems to have resisted, if not resented, what Renan calls "the absurdity, the colossal iniquity, of death." The agony of the royal spirit is indeed sharp, but it soon subsides in calm. Humbly and without reservation, he accepts the uncertain issue at the hands of the unknown God. "Oh," cries the rebellious *rédacteur*, "c'est trop de résignation, cher maître! . . . To say that if this world has not its counterpart the man who has sacrificed himself for the good and the true ought to quit it contentedly, and absolve the gods, is *too* simple. No; he has the right to blaspheme. For why should his credulity have been thus abused?" and so on. Yet of these two, the master and the not wholly unworthy pupil, whose difference in dignity and fitness of attitude is here so conspicuous, the more patient, by God's will, had never so much as heard of the resurrection from the dead; the more petulant has known and refused it. It is the same when M. Renan proceeds to deprecate the excess of generosity which made the emperor so incredulous of the levity and faithlessness of Faustina; which prevented him from reading aright the sinister signs that attended the youth of the atrocious Commodus, and from sparing the world, over which he himself had so wisely ruled, a fearful infliction by disinheriting his son. The immense and singular charity of purity for impurity should be no new thing to a student of the Gospels like M. Renan, however difficult of explanation. As for Commodus, many things combine to make his hateful character and career one of the severest tests of faith in the divine order which occur in human history. That he should have been the son of Marcus Aurelius at all,



as his horror-stricken subjects tried in vain to prove that he was not; that he should have been permitted to live long enough effectually to undo so much of his father's most beneficent work on Roman society; finally, that he should actually have protected the Christians whom his father persecuted, and all through the intercession of a courtesan who had had a Christian education, and who was presently to compass his murder and the end of the Antonine dynasty, — these things help to make the reign which succeeded that of the best of emperors a standing menace to all who presume to account on merely natural and rational grounds for the facts of human history. No sneer at the faith which prospered through the direful protection of Commodus is allowed, even at this point, to escape the lips of this generous compatriot of Voltaire, — so near in the mildness and magnanimity of his spirit to the kingdom which he disavows. "*C'est triste en effet*" is about all that he says. For our own part, we feel inclined to retort upon him his own remonstrance with Marcus Aurelius: "*Too much resignation,*" *cher M. Renan!* If the saintly father and the beastly son were not equally the instruments of a regeneration which neither of them apprehended, then there is something more than *triste* in the tragedy of their connection with the salvation of the world.

But the world, M. Renan plaintively objects, is not yet saved; and then, still haunted by the thought that it ought to be, and is to be, he talks vaguely (for him) and somewhat weakly, in his concluding chapters, of primary schools and ministers of public instruction; of "ethnic reactions" from the centralizing tyranny of Judaism; nay, even of the possible mission of "the more liberal dissenting sects," although he admits that these last have not yet proved their efficacy in the world.

It is all to no purpose. These vis-

ionary suggestions do not signify; and the diffident and disheartened manner in which they are proffered shows that the candid historian feels that they do not. The lot of the human race in this world is mysterious and painful still, but, unpleasant and unlikely as the fact may have appeared to Greek wit and Roman pride, and may still appear to "Aryan" prejudice generally, the salvation of humanity, the only definite hope in the future which it has at present, or, as yet, ever has had, is "of the Jews." The touching piety of more than one heathen *âme d'élite* in the first Christian centuries, of several of the Antonines, of Plutarch, of Seneca, and also, by prophetic flashes, of Virgil, and even Cicero, does but complicate to distraction the riddle of human destiny, unless we can believe theirs to have been, in very truth, an *unconscious Christianity*.

There is nothing unreasonable in such a theory. If we believe, as a tenet of Christian philosophy, that the divine Logos was indeed "that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," then it may well be that the diffused glow of the sunrise of truth reached many a spirit on which its direct rays never fell; more especially while the light yet lay level, and the orb was hardly lifted above the world's horizon. That such a solution has been virtually accepted in the central church of Christendom is shown by the habitual coupling in intimate association of certain Christian and pagan names equally illustrious: Gregory and Trajan, Dante and Virgil, St. Thomas and Aristotle, De Maistre and Seneca. And the familiar legend which represents the great Gregory as obtaining of heaven, by his own sore sufferings in the flesh, the release from purgatory of the Emperor Trajan's soul is but the translation of our theory into the popular language of Christianity, the extension to the unconscious Christian of the communion of saints.



## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Of late, there has been much elaborate discussion of the sonnet. Our poetic brethren have kindly thrown open the door of the workshop, and permitted us to enter, and to examine, at pleasure, the delicate tools used in cutting and polishing the facets of this precious solitaire. And while we stood marveling, we overheard some gravely-insistent talk, in which the words octet, sextet, quatuorains, etc., etc., were conspicuous. Happy, said we, was that old Italian Father of the Sonnet, whose right there was none to dispute, and who, consequently, was never arraigned for infraction of the sonnetary law, never found guilty of a "loose" or faulty construction. Happy, also, that British bard who wrote one hundred and fifty odd stanzas, fourteen lines each (said to contain biographical data), and gave them to the contemporary world under the elastic title of Sonnets. How we modern sonneteers envy him the unchastised license displayed in writing those one hundred and fifty facile closing couplets! Our only consolation lies in the positive conviction that even Shakespeare, if living in these days of hypercriticism, would have to recant such heresy, and follow the form set down in the rubric, — mind his octets and sextets, and practically acknowledge that all quatuorains are not sonnets.

Says the Frenchman, in a rhapsody on art, —

"Point de contraintes fausses!  
Mais que pour marcher droit,  
Tu chausses,  
Muse, un *cothurne étroit*."

Now, the sonnet proper is such a "*cothurne étroit*;" and very much of a goddess does the Muse show herself, walking by this strict discipline and conformity. Yet, in a half-sandal, a loose and easy fit, her paces are often

as stately and impressive. Keats's sonnet on Sleep follows neither the Italian nor Shakespearean model, being wholly irregular, yet who says it is not a true sonnet?

We would fain drive the poetic craft to an admission that they often find the sonnet no other than a Procrustes's bed, on which the poor Idea has either to be ruthlessly curtailed, or racked and drawn out beyond warrant, in order to suit the linear figure of the stanza under consideration. Will none dare to do as did a friend of ours, who wrote a sonnet, exemplary in all respects save one, — it had fifteen lines! On being taken to task, this cool innovator explained that the fifteenth line contained the overplus of his inspiration, which was insufficient to furnish forth another sonnet, and was too good to throw away.

The noble poem in the March Atlantic, entitled *On a Great Man Whose Mind is Clouding*, is, if we do not mistake, just eight fourteenths of a sonnet, — an abandoned sonnet, it may be, — and yet the poem stands ideally complete. This precedent should be encouraging whenever, for good reasons, one wishes to break loose from sonnetary despotism. Suppose some master hand should authorize the Spenserian stanza as eminently suited to brief poetic flights; we should then have a new school of sonnet-writers, — in effect, a new species of sonnet, consisting not of fourteen, but of nine lines only. How shall we know a genuine sonnet? Not merely by applying notation and numeration; for the form may be correct and handsome, the stated divisions carefully observed; still we are not satisfied. We shall know the true sonnet by a certain unmistakable *bel air*, a gallant, gracious, yet withal subdued behavior, such as we remark in all well-descended and well-



bred individuals, on first meeting with them. From numberless not altogether satisfactory definitions of the nature and province of the sonnet we gather this, that it is the "poetry of passion after passion has passed into a non-lyrical state." Are we to understand, from this, that the sonnet is not a lyric? We can think of instances where it is a condensed epic. In Milton's mouth, the "thing became a trumpet." In Leigh Hunt's *The Nile*, it is a visionary *résumé* of whole cycles of Egyptian antiquity. The same poet's *To the Grasshopper and Cricket* is a finished idyl. Since the days of Petrarch, love has held the first claim on the sonnet. More gaudy exotics have been cultivated in this "scanty plot" than in all the rest of the Muses' garden-ground. More pretty lies have been told in these fourteen gentle breaths than the recording angel was ever able to audit. Religious mysticism, metaphysical speculation, have sometimes been poured into this mould. Polemics have given the sonnet a dash of hot alien color; didactics have made it stagger under a disproportionate burden. Rarely, indeed, has it been employed for burlesque or humorous purposes, though we have in mind one jocose specimen couched in Western dialect. We have never heard of Mr. Walt Whitman's writing a sonnet; from which it might be concluded that the "poetry of the future" will have packed off altogether this dainty, sybaritic species of poetic composition.

— It is when we have lost a friend, or are about to lose one, that we dwell on his virtues and graces most fondly. It is in this way that I am mourning the departure of Winter, — fine old Winter, frosty but kindly, whom I love far better than Summer, with all her glory. We malign him when we give him only ill names, and call him bitter, harsh, and cruel. For all his storms and rigors, his chill breath and icy grip, not one of the milder-mannered seasons can put on

a more gentle and gracious aspect than the frost-king often shows us. The loveliness of the winter landscape might surprise many a city-dweller who should come out into the country in midwinter. In the midst of a month of snow-falls and driving north winds, there sometimes comes a pause of quiet. The winds have swept the dry snow into drifts, each of whose curves is a line of perfect grace. Over the white lawns and meadows the trees cast faint blue shadows. The world is all white and blue and gray, and the blue of the sky and the gray of the bare branches are of the most exquisite softness imaginable. No sky can equal a winter one for mingled purity and tenderness of tone. And what, in its way, is lovelier than the vista of a country road or village street, bounded by this blue sky distance, and bordered by the columns of leafless trees, which let the same blue light in through the intricate flamboyant tracery of their slender branches? The delicate gray lines turn black at twilight, and define themselves sharply against an amber sunset. To note the gradations of tone in blue skies throughout the year is an endless delight to the lover of color. The coloring of winter hills, though without the richness of autumn, has a beauty of tint beyond anything we see on them in summer. Even in high noonlight they often wear the hue of a pale amethyst, and when a little lightly-scattered snow still clings to them the faint silvery gleam one catches at a sufficient distance gives to them a dream-like loveliness. The character of nature's beauty at this season seems to become spiritualized. There is in it none of the summer's suggestiveness of luxurious enjoyment, nor of autumn's melancholy appeal; the sentiment of the winter scene is different; the clear outlines, the transparent atmosphere, the sky's serene azure, and the pure radiance flooding all things speak of a peace that is more than res-



ignation and a joy that abides. The art of the landscape painter must fall short in the attempt to catch these broadest effects of Nature, as it must always fail to reproduce her sublimest features. What subtle change is it that comes over nature, by which we know that spring approaches, although the ground is brown still, and the snow lies in patches? For one thing, we can see that on milder days the sky loses color, except at sunset, when a few opaline tints streak the western clouds. There is a curiously uncertain quality about the light, and a whitish look at the horizon. Nature has an air of waiting, of tremulous expectation, of feeling a little chill of strangeness in winter's deserted realm.

— Let us not flatter ourselves that the matter of high æsthetic dress is something which is understood only by us Americans and English of the latest days. Listen to a description of the clothes worn by the Duchess of Queensbury at a royal entertainment in the year 1740: "a white satin petticoat, embroidered at the bottom with *brown hills* covered with all sorts of weeds, and every breadth had an old stump of a tree that run [*sic*] up almost to the top of the petticoat, broken and ragged and worked with brown chenille, round which twined nastersians [*sic*], ivy, honeysuckles, periwinkles, convolvuluses, and all sorts of twining flowers which spread and covered the petticoat, vines with the leaves variegated as you have seen them by the sun, all rather smaller than nature, which made them look very light: the robings and facings were *little green banks* with all sorts of weeds and the sleeves and the rest of the gown loose twining branches of the same sort as those on the petticoat; many of the leaves were finished with gold, and part of the stumps of the trees looked like the gilding of the sun. I never saw a piece of work so prettily fancied, and am quite angry with myself for not hav-

ing the same thought." How is that for a costume? It seems to equal those of Bunthorne's twenty adorers. And the Duchess of Queensbury was not the only lady of fashion who could boast of such a wonderful garment. On another occasion the Duchess of Bedford, a court dame of the same period, wore a "petticoat of green paduasoy; the pattern was festoons of shells, coral corn, cornflowers, and seaweed; everything in different works of gold and silver, except the flowers and coral, the body of the gown white satin, with a mosaic pattern of gold facings, robings and train the same as the petticoat." One wonders who devised these costumes, — the ladies themselves or some matchless mantua-maker of their day. I often question if the time will ever arrive when women's taste shall become so educated that fashion's despotic rule shall cease. If only a minority should in this way become educated, the majority might perhaps be led by them; and then, although the larger number were still mere imitators, it would be good taste that they were imitating, and so taste, not fashion, would be supreme. So long as fashion is omnipotent a true good taste is impossible. To adopt a style of dress simply and solely because others do it shows unintelligence, but to follow the suggestion of a person of good taste because we can see that it is good taste, though we may not have had originality enough to invent for ourselves, is sensible. The essential bad taste of fashion-followers is in the fact that they are quite indifferent to æsthetic considerations, their aim being to dress in the latest mode, whatever it may be, and their highest satisfaction to go a little before or beyond others. The leaders of fashion are not those who wear the most beautiful or even the most costly dresses, but the newest invented ones. It is the fashion at present, at least in some circles, to dress "æsthetically," and the hideous results that follow some of the



attempts to be æsthetic prove that the desire of being fashionable, and not an educated taste, has been the guide.

Mrs. Delany, whose description of the Duchess of Queensbury's gown we have quoted, thought it very prettily fancied; but was it so, for a dress? The effect a lady should produce is hardly that of a walking landscape. The description reads a good deal like that of one of Mr. Tiffany's designs for the curtain at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. Many women seem to have no perception of the artistic necessity of fitness as an element of beauty. If a color appears which they hear labeled "æsthetic," and which they see used in wall-papers and hangings, they think it does equally well to dress themselves in. Tones which serve a good purpose in house decoration may be simply ugly on a woman's person, for the reason that the color is not in itself beautiful, but can be made of use when put in combination with other shadings of the same color or with its proper contrast. All this seems too obvious to need saying. Mrs. Delany herself can see the folly of some of the æsthetic dresses her acquaintance indulged in, for she says of a certain "petticoat of black velvet embroidered in chenille, the pattern a large *stone vase* filled with ramping flowers, and between each vase gold shells and foliage, with two or three of the vases on the tail," that it was a "labored piece of finery much properer for a stucco staircase than the apparel of a lady." Another dame's costume of white satin, with leaves and rosebuds and convulvi embroidered upon it, she justly approves of, remarking that the lady was in herself so far beyond this "masterpiece of art" in dress that one could hardly look at her clothes. Let us have embroidered dresses, by all means, and put sunflowers on them if any one likes them, though lilies seem certainly preferable; only let us exercise ourselves somewhat in the acquisition of a few ar-

tistic ideas before we set up to dress in a purely æsthetic manner.

— In *The Portrait of a Lady* occurs this sentence: "To be in a better position to appreciate others than they are in to appreciate us, — this, it seemed to Isabel, was the essence of the aristocratic situation." Some of us may have noted the saying as giving expression to a personal experience, recalling moments when there has come to us a certain complacent recognition of ourselves as in this sense aristocrats of the bluest blood. None of us are so humble-minded as not to find a degree of satisfaction in this sense of superiority; for to know that we are tolerating others is undeniably pleasanter than to suspect them of tolerating us, and to feel ourselves misunderstood is better than to discover that we have been lacking in insight. But there is another side to all this, and it is questionable if the aristocrat would not on the whole be willing to yield his privileges for the sake of more substantial gratifications. If the occupation of aristocratic place has its own charm, it also has its drawback; for the aristocrat, in this general or figurative sense, is a being isolated from his kind; his state is too solitary for comfort, and he would be glad if he were more level with his surroundings. The attitude of condescension is not a permanently agreeable one — to some persons, indeed, an impossible one — to hold. The complacency which naturally accompanies the perception of self-superiority may be far removed from conceit, for we may often be aware that the superiority is due not so much to any supreme merit on our part as to some surprising deficiency on the part of others. If there must be these degrees of condition, we cannot but prefer the aristocrat's place to that of the *bourgeois*; yet after all what would please us best would be to find ourselves where there is no question of inferior and superior, but where, the standing-ground of all being the



same, appreciation is mutual, and it is possible to no one to condescend or to feel the condescension of others. No matter how legitimate the aristocrat's right to his position, there must always be a something wanting to make it an altogether enviable one; this something being the stimulus to active effort at self-elevation. To associate with our intellectual and moral superiors is to feel this pressure constantly upon us, urging us to rise to higher levels of thought and life; to keep the company of inferiors has a tendency to sink us below the level of our best selves. Have we never been made aware of our inferiority to some one, and been able, at last if not at first, to rejoice in the knowledge, because of the illumination that came with it, — the revelation of beautiful human qualities which, already realized to the sight in this friend or acquaintance, became thereby possibilities, at least, for all of us?

To come back for a moment to Mr. James and his Isabel, we cannot help

remarking that our faith in him has received a shock, and for the first time we have seen some justification for the Spectator's accusation that his novels show too little concern for moral interests.

Why do we begin at once to care for Isabel Archer, and to follow her career with interest? Because we think we see in her a finely-organized nature, a clear moral perception, a delicate appreciation of things lovely and noble. And why are we disappointed in her, — disappointed as her cousin Ralph was? Because, when brought into contact with a nature like Osmond's, she gave no sign of this fine spiritual discernment; there is no recognition by her of the essential vulgarity of a life of cushioned idleness and of wholly selfish culture, aiming at no usefulness to others. Would not a girl inspired with any generous enthusiasm for truly noble human quality have felt in her every feminine fibre his silent unresponsiveness to her own feeling?

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*History and Biography.* History of France, by Charlotte M. Yonge, is the latest in the History Primers, edited by J. R. Green. (Appletons.) It is spirited and personal, but apparently takes too little account of that life in the nation which does not find its exponents in kings and priests. — A Historical Discourse, delivered on the one hundredth anniversary of the Piscataqua Association of Ministers, at Portsmouth, by Rev. George B. Spalding (Morning Star Office, Dover, N. H.), has more piquancy than such discourses are apt to have, and carries with it some illustration of local life; but it suffers from the customary weakness of local celebrations, when the people engaged

"Take the rustic murmur of their bourg

For the great wave that circles round the world."

— Mr. Blaine's Eulogy on James Abram Garfield, delivered before Congress, has been published in a neat form by J. R. Osgood & Co. — Garfield's Place in History is an essay by Henry C. Pedder. (Putnam's.) The warmth with which Mr. Pedder writes will doubtless seem to some to indicate an

obscurity of the critical function, yet after all there are advantages of insight sometimes obtained by affection which are denied to a purely intellectual apprehension. — Dr. Charles K. Adams, Professor of History in the University of Michigan, has prepared an encyclopædic Manual of Historical Literature, comprising brief descriptions of the most important histories in English, French, and German, together with practical suggestions as to methods and courses of historical study, for the use of students, general readers, and collectors of books (Harpers); a comprehensive class, which seems to leave out nobody who has anything to do with histories, unless it be the bookseller. It is an expanded bibliography, and conceived in a fair spirit, yet we think it would have been more effective if it had been more compact; if in short it had followed more closely the plan of Mr. Winsor's admirable Handbook of the Revolution. The general reader will find the work more useful than the special student. — General George H. Gordon has added to his previous contributions to our military history A War Diary of Events in the



War of the Great Rebellion, 1863-1865 (Osgood), which is a continuation in diary form of the more studied narrative of *The Army of Virginia*. Such chronicles are of great value, and it is certainly desirable that they should have publication now when they can be subjected to the criticism of contemporary witnesses. — Professor Alexander Bain has done an admirable service in giving the two volumes, James Mill, a Biography, and John Stuart Mill, a Criticism, with personal recollections. (Holt.) The father and son make in some ways a connected study, and the son especially cannot well be known without some acquaintance with the father. Both books will form the staple of reading and conversation for many people for some time to come. — The Webster centennial has very naturally brought out fresh discussion of Mr. Webster; every generation must reread the lives of great men, and for a long time Webster will be in order for debate. Mr. Hudson, the Shakespearean scholar, also known for his admiration of the statesman, has published through Ginn, Heath & Co. a discourse which he delivered on January 18th. The oration contains interesting passages also with regard to Mr. Hudson. — Mrs. Martha Babcock Amory, a granddaughter of the painter Copley, has done an excellent service in giving the public *The Domestic and Artistic Life of John Singleton Copley, R. A.*, with notices of his works, and reminiscences of his son, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Copley's life has never before been adequately written. Mr. A. T. Perkins published several years ago a volume which gave a careful account of Copley's pictures, but with only the briefest biographical sketch. In this book there is no catalogue of the pictures, but the narrative of Copley's life is made as full as possible through the use of family letters; the painter died when his son was beginning to be famous, and no break occurs in the narrative, which is carried on to Lord Lyndhurst's death. Besides the information given of these two eminent men, there is much entertaining material for the illustration of London life in the early half of this century. A charming portrait of Copley is prefixed to the volume, which is a dignified and handsome book. — Mr. Francis H. Underwood has written an agreeable biographical sketch of James Russell Lowell (Osgood), which is illustrated by heliotypes showing Lowell's face, his house, and his haunts. — *English Journalism and the Men Who Have Made It*, by Charles Pebody (Cassell), is a brief sketch which does full justice to the personal element in journalism; it is composed chiefly of gossip comments upon editors and publishers. — Charles Lamb, by Alfred Ainger, appears in the series of *English Men of Letters* (Harpers), and will receive a reluctant but finally cheerful indorsement from Lamb's readers. No modern Englishman in literature has such jealous readers as Lamb. They will absolve Mr. Ainger of the worst of crimes, that of patronage. — Under the title of *The Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy*, Mr. George Rawlinson treats with fullness the geography, history, and antiquities of Parthia, justifying the position which he had previously assumed, that

there never was a time when Rome could strictly be called the mistress of the world, but that her empire was, in the later years of the republic and the earlier of the empire, always stoutly contested by Persia. This work published in England ten years ago, is republished here now, when the subject is of growing interest. This volume, with its map and many illustrations, is a welcome guide to the student. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

*Fiction.* *Monsieur le Ministre*, a romance in real life, by Jules Clarette (Petersons), is one of those French novels of the empire which take their revenge on public men by hanging their portraits in full view, disguised but not concealed by false moustaches and beards, which turn literature into a *bal masqué*, and depend for their value not upon their truth to art, but upon the skill with which they dissemble. — The second volume of Bret Harte's collected works contains *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and other stories in the vein which properly bears his name, together with sketches and papers which naturally fall into this division of his works. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — *Thump's Client*, by Charles D. Knight (Author's Publishing Company, New York), is a novel of intricate sentiment and humor, modeled upon Dickens. — *In the Distance*, by George P. Lathrop (Osgood), will be especially interesting to those readers who have been employed upon his *Echo of Passion*. Mr. Lathrop's carefulness in writing invites respect from his readers. — *Zola's The Mysteries of the Court of Louis Napoleon* (Petersons) is a contribution toward the history of human ignobleness. — The latest issue in the *Round Robin Series* (Osgood) is *A Tallahassee Girl*. The name must not be taken too quickly as condemning the novel, since it is based, as the reader might not happen to know, upon a popular song bearing that name. — *Sevenoaks* is the latest novel in the reissue of Dr. Holland's writings. It already has an old-fashioned air, as if one had come upon the American Dickens. — *Dare*, by Mary W. Glascock (The California Publishing Company, San Francisco), is a little novel, the scene of which is laid in California, while the treatment seems to imply a strong familiarity with Miss Alcott's writings. The book has feminine dash about it. — *John Inglesant*, by J. H. Shorthouse (Macmillans), is a romance which will not be given up to the professed novel-reader, but will be read by many who are indifferent to novels, for its acute discussion of religious and philosophical truth under the guise of historical fiction. — *Her Picture* is the title of a new number of the *No Name Series* (Roberts), a domestic novel, of English origin, apparently. The author's name seems scarcely worth guessing; a good many people might have written it. — *Mrs. Mayburn's Twins*, with her trials in the morning, noon, afternoon, and evening of just one day, is a nursery tale by John Habberton (Petersons), after the example which he had already set in *Helen's Babies*. The lingo of the book justifies one in calling for the deadliest kind of soothing syrup. — *In Maremma*, by Ouida (Lippincott), is of the customary disenchanting character of this writer's novels. Beauty and love under her hands come out vulgarized past



recognition. — The *Frères*, by Mrs. Alexander, and *Spinoza*, by Auerbach, are the latest volumes in Holt's *Leisure Hour Series*. The latter is a novel in form, but it appears to be also a presentation of the philosopher who gives the title. — *Till Death do us Part*, by Mrs. John Kent Spender, is the latest issue in Harper's *Franklin Square Series*. It is not, apparently, one of a series illustrative of the marriage service.

*Education and Text Books.* Love's Labour's Lost is the latest of Rolfe's edition of Shakespeare. (Harper's.) We can only wish that the pictorial illustration of this series had been better judged. — In Harper's Greek and Latin Texts has been published Dr. Madvig's edition of Cicero's *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*. We wish the custom were more prevalent of studying philosophy through the medium of Greek and Latin texts. — No. 10 of The Reading Club and Handy Speaker, edited by George M. Baker (Lee and Shepard), contains serious, humorous, pathetic, patriotic, and dramatic selections in prose and poetry for readings and recitations; the selections show slight respect for literature proper. — *Selected Odes of Pindar*, with notes and an introduction by Thomas D. Seymour, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Yale College (Ginn, Heath & Co.), has the air of being a well-edited book; perhaps it was beside his purpose, but we wish he could have given students a taste of Myers's translation.

*Literary Criticism.* The *Rhymester*, or the Rules of Rhyme, a Guide to English Versification, with a dictionary of rhymes, an examination of classical measures, and comments upon burlesque, comic verse, and song writing, by Tom Hood, edited, with additions, by Arthur Penn. (Appletons.) So runs the title-page of a little work which may amuse and instruct one by turns. The author, a son of the great Hood, was a diligent literary man, and his editor brings the book to date. — In the series of *Foreign Classics for English Readers* (Lippincott) two new volumes have appeared, *La Fontaine and other French Fabulists*, by Rev. W. Lucas Collins, and *Schiller*, by James Sime. The former has a somewhat fresher field, but both will be found convenient epitomes. — *Conversation, its Faults and its Graces* (Lee and Shepard), is a revised edition of a little work published fifteen years ago, compiled by Dr. A. P. Peabody, and comprising an address of his to young ladies, and three other cautionary papers. The doctrines of the book are sound, and we only regret while we confess the necessity of a new edition.

*Biblical Criticism.* The fourth volume of the *New Testament section of The Speaker's Commentary* (Scribners), comprising the books from Hebrews through Revelation, completes the work. The commentary has been in preparation for eighteen years, and its publication was begun ten years ago. Its general character is well understood to be that of a fair and open criticism, avoiding the two extremes of a slavish adherence to positions which are orthodox only through age, and of a hasty acceptance of the latest views of even learned scholars. The results reached agree in the main with those which are incorporated in the revised version. Many will be impatient at

the diffuseness of the comment, but we suspect that these critics will be found rather in America than in England.

*Fine Arts.* A Popular Dictionary of Architecture and the Allied Arts, by W. J. and G. A. Audsley, has for its sub-title *A Work of Reference for the Architect, Builder, Sculptor, Decorative Artist, and General Student*, with numerous illustrations from all styles of architecture, from the Egyptian to the Renaissance. Two volumes have so far been published, closing with the title *Baptisterium*. The alphabetical order is used, and architectural works are treated by way of reference rather than directly. At least we fail to find, for example, any article on the Alhambra, though the title *Alhambresque* appears. The work is published by Putnam's here in connection with Low in London, and the present is stated to be the third edition.

*Business.* Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World, with gazetteer and atlas, containing the names and descriptions of over thirty-three thousand newspapers and fifteen thousand banks throughout the world, the whole in two volumes octavo (H. P. Hubbard, New Haven), has, besides interesting advertisements on every other page, a preface in four languages, a dedication to President Arthur and Queen Victoria, and a lithographic portrait of H. P. Hubbard surrounded by the flags of all nations.

*Travel and Adventure.* Nordenskiöld's narrative of the Voyage of the Vega round Asia and Europe has been translated by Alexander Leslie and published by the Macmillans. The work besides contains a historical review of previous journeys along the north coast of the Old World; it has portrait, maps, and many illustrations. The first impression created upon the mind is that here is a well-studied, scientific, and popular work. — *European Breezes*, by Marie J. Pitman, "Margery Deane" (Lee and Shepard), is a neat volume of travel, which takes the reader over somewhat unfamiliar ground, as it deals with Hungary and some German interiors. It is sprightly and fresh, in spite of its title. — *Morocco, its People and Places*, is the latest of De Amicis's books (Putnam's) which has appeared here. Like its predecessors, it is made up of a succession of sharply accented scenes; the author has a vivid style, and he is animated even when depicting Oriental leisure.

*Science.* The annual report of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station for 1881 has been printed by the order of the legislature (Tuttle, Morehouse and Taylor, New Haven), and is of interest as giving freely to the public the analyses of fertilizers, seed tests, etc. — *A Handbook of Field Botany*, by Walter P. Manton (Lee and Shepard), contains instructions for gathering and preserving plants and the formation of the herbarium; it is intended for beginners, and has a distinctly practical purpose. — *First Aid to the Injured*, by Peter Shepherd, M. B. (Putnam's), is a little English work adapted to use in America, intended for non-professional readers in emergencies; its object, that is, is to furnish a few plain rules which may enable any one to act in cases of injury or sudden illness, pending the arrival of professional help.

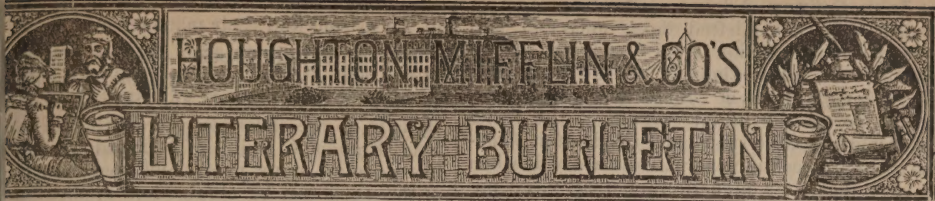


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THE death of LONGFELLOW, on the 24th of March, was known at once the world over; the news could scarcely outrun the knowledge of his life and the love of his verse. In America, multitudes of children, in city and village, had just given him the honor of their voices upon the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, and the memory of a poet is secure which rests in the praise of children. Time will bring repeated studies of his poetic worth, and this magazine, whose first number contained his pure tribute to Florence Nightingale, and whose present issue holds his last poem, will take an early opportunity to record his honorable career. On this page it is permitted only to name his death, to join in the common sorrow, and to look with hope upon a literature which he has ennobled at its beginning with the beauty of his art, the dignity of his aim, and the priceless virtue of his life.

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HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

\* The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the page.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BORN, FEBRUARY 27, 1807.

DIED, MARCH 24, 1882.

THE unexpected death of Mr. Longfellow, owing so soon upon the remarkable honors d to him on his seventy-fifth birthday, has ed forth tributes of love and sorrow from the countries to which his fame and works e extended, and has caused a profound sation throughout the United States and gland, where his name for so many years een a household word. The singular fe-ty by which he was permitted to complete three quarters of a century, and to enjoy abundant evidence afforded by the wide-ead observance of the event of the deep hich he had obtained upon the hearts of lions of his race, has been generally com-nted on, and by no one more fittingly than Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who thus alluded in a lecture which he delivered on the ning of the day on which the poet died. Scudder's theme was "Childhood in Lit-ture and Art," and he spoke as follows:—

It is given to very few poets to live as Mr. Longfellow lived; it is given to very few to die as he died, lulled to sleep, as it were, by the music of childish voices. The echoes of the voices of asands of children singing his songs have scarce-ly away from our ear. It is very certain they ered in the ears of the man who was honored so beautiful and touching a tribute; and surely hereafter will connect the death of Mr. Longfellow with that gracious tribute from the chil-dren of America, which came so close upon his th, on that last birthday when he was living.

Mr. Longfellow wrote few poems directly for children, but his verses are full of the sweet in-ances of an ideal childhood. Happy poet, who, ig, was so connected with children, and who, l, will be in the best wishes and best thoughts millions of children yet unborn!"

"Ultima Thule" was the significant title en by Mr. Longfellow to his last volume of ollected poems, which he regarded at the e as his final work, and since its publication as written but three or four short poems. e first of these was his tender poem "Auf edersehen," in memory of his long-time nd and publisher, the late James T. Fields, ch appeared in the *Atlantic* for June, 1881;

and the last, some verses on "Mad River, in the White Mountains," received his careful revision in the proof only a day or two before his final illness, and is published in the current (May) number of the *Atlantic*.

Mr. Longfellow's literary activity covered a period of nearly fifty years, but his earlier volumes were prose writings, descriptive of his travels in Europe, and it was not until some years later that he published his first volume of poems under the title of "Voices of the Night." This and his successive volumes, "Ballads and Other Poems," "Poems on Slavery," "The Spanish Student," "The Belfry of Bruges, and Other Poems," "Evangeline," "Seaside and Fireside," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "Flower de Luce," "The New England Tragedies," "Aftermath," "The Hanging of the Crane," "The Masque of Pandora," "Keramos, and Other Poems," and "Ultima Thule," are all included in various editions of his complete poems published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and many of them are still sold in their separate form. A new edition of his "Poets and Poetry of Europe," embodying some recent corrections by the author, will be issued immediately. The prose works of Mr. Longfellow embrace three volumes, "Outre-Mer," "Hyperion," and "Kavanagh," which are to many no less delightful reading than his poetical works. In the admirable compilation recently made by Miss Bates, under the title of "Seven Voices of Sympathy from the Writings of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," will be found numerous passages from these volumes, which show their elevated tone and ennobling character. The "Longfellow Birthday Book," which has attained wide popularity, is full of gems from the poems and prose writings of Mr. Longfellow, as are also the "Longfellow Leaflets," compiled by Miss Hodgdon, which are finding their way into thousands of schools throughout the country. A similar collection from his writings for school use forms the first volume of "American Classics for Schools;" and some of his longer poems, such as "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and "The Building of the Ship," are contained in "American Poems," a volume widely used by schools of a higher grade. A complete and classified list of Mr. Longfellow's various published works will be found on other pages.



**John Quincy Adams.** — No biography of recent date has elicited more universal and hearty commendation from the press of all parties and all sections of the country than Mr. Morse's *Life of John Quincy Adams*, which forms the initial volume of the series of American Statesmen, and the Boston *Transcript* expresses the general estimate of it when it says that "its high literary quality, its purity and style, its clearness of statement, and above all its impartiality, make for it at once a place among the best works of the kind in American literature." The Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* says: —

Mr. Morse's book is not only a careful and well-proportioned picture; it is a singularly attractive one. The style is excellent; it is remarkably well adapted to interest the general reader, and we shall be surprised if it does not occasion a wide re-reading of the *Life* of its subject. It will be fortunate for the series of biographies if it is sustained upon the plan on which it is begun.

Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's *Life of Alexander Hamilton*, which forms the second volume in the series, is now ready, and will be followed by the *Life of Andrew Jackson*, by Prof. W. G. Sumner, and that of John C. Calhoun, by Dr. H. von Holst.

**Noah Webster.** — The second volume in the series of American Men of Letters has been received with unusual favor, and is pronounced by every one who has read it to be a worthy companion to Warner's *Life of Irving*. The following is the conclusion of a long review of it which appears in the April number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine*: —

Mr. Scudder's biography of Webster is alike honorable to himself and its subject. Finely discriminating in all that relates to personal and intellectual character, scholarly and just in its literary criticisms, analyses, and estimates, it is besides so kindly and manly in its tone, its narrative is so spirited and intrinsically, its descriptions are so quaintly graphic, so varied and cheerful in their coloring, and its pictures so teem with the bustle, the movement, and the activities of the real life of a by-gone but most interesting age, that the attention of the reader is never tempted to wander, and he lays down the book with a sigh of regret for its brevity.

**Through Siberia.** — Mr. Henry Lansdell's work on Siberia, which has just been published in two handsome octavo volumes, with maps and illustrations, presents a more accurate and thorough picture of that immense province of Russia than any hitherto exhibited to English readers, and gives an interesting enumeration of its characteristics, resources, and industries. The greatest value of the work, however, consists in the new light that it sheds on the status, character, and condition of the convicts usually known as Siberian exiles, and the prisons where they are detained, when, as is generally the case, imprisonment forms part of their sentence. He shows that Siberia is by no means the dreary desert which it has been generally imagined to be, and that the treatment of political prisoners is not attended with such extreme horrors as has been popularly supposed,

while there is yet much room for improvement in the prisons and their management.

**An Important Work.** — Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. invite subscriptions for an *édition de luxe* of the English and Scottish Popular Ballads, to the collection and editing of which Prof. Francis J. Child, of Harvard University, has devoted many years, and specimen pages of the work can be obtained on application to them.

It is proposed to publish the ballads, so far as it is possible, in their entirety and their purity, and the collection will embrace every accessible independent version of every ballad, with the important variations of copies which appear to be of the same approximate derivation. No text will be taken at second hand where it is possible to go back to the source. An absolute fidelity to the best procurable text will be maintained. The work will have a general introduction, full indexes, and a careful glossary; and no effort will be spared to make it in every respect complete and accurate. The edition will be limited to one thousand copies, each of which will be numbered and the name of its purchaser recorded.

**English Estimates of Dr. Holmes.** — Mr. Austin Dobson, the well-known English poet, recently wrote of Dr. Holmes as follows: —

People talk of him as the first living writer of *vers de société*. So he is; but he is far more than that. Deduct the verse in which he rivals Præd, the verse in which he rivals "Ingoldsby," and Moore, and Hood, and you have still the "Chambered Nautilus," and "The Voiceless," and "The Anatomist's Hymn." Then his wit is so genuine! There is enough in his last volume, "The Iron Gate," to fit out a flotilla of the little cock-boats of verse.

A late number of the London *Academy* reviews at length the Handy Volume Edition of Dr. Holmes's poems, recently published, recognizing heartily the various exquisite characteristics of Dr. Holmes's verse, and emphasizing especially the fact that "his satire is always tempered with kindness, is never personal nor spiteful, and probably never annoyed a single person—in that respect being almost unparalleled in the history of satiric verse." "Although upwards of half a century has elapsed between the dates of the first and last poems in this collection, no reader will be able to detect any sign that the author is the 'worn-out lyre' he bewails, for his latest lyrics are as sharp and clear and polished as was the first stirring poem of his very first volume,—his brilliant and patriotic 'Old Ironsides.'"

**Johnson's "Oriental Religions."** — The recent death of Rev. Samuel Johnson has called renewed attention to his profound and invaluable work on "Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion," two volumes of which, on India and China respectively, have already been issued. The third, on Persia, was incomplete at the time of the author's death.

Of the "India" and "China," Dr. E. J.



Eitel, the editor of *The China Review*, at Hong Kong, wrote:—

The first volume dealt exclusively with India, treating, in masterly and exhaustive style, the religion of India, its religious philosophy, and the system of Buddhism. The second volume deals exclusively with China. . . . The second part discusses the systems of education and government, the language, literature, history, and poetry of China. His freshness of style and originality of treatment are extremely fascinating. . . . Altogether the work of Mr. Johnson is an extraordinarily rich mine of reliable and far-reaching information on all literary subjects connected with China. . . . He decidedly impresses us as an authority on Chinese subjects.

**Famous State Trials.**—A noteworthy addition to the literature of the past month is Mr. Latham Browne's "Narratives of State Trials in the Nineteenth Century," which presents in popular form the incidents of some of the most important state trials during the first thirty years of the present century. Among those described are the trials of Robert Emmet, Viscount Melville, Cobbett, Leigh Hunt, the Nottingham and Manchester Rioters, and Queen Caroline. The *New York World* says of it:—

It is not a technical record of trials and investigations, but a consecutive popular narrative of the most important political plots, social intrigues, and industrial difficulties which led to investigations and trials, compiled not only from the records of the courts, but also from diaries, correspondence, and subsequent revelations. Although these volumes are necessarily of interest to students of law, they have a still greater popular interest as a collection of narratives, written not in a technical style, but with a technical knowledge; of curious and authentic incidents, detached narratives of some of which have frequently been written in one form or other; and they have a permanent value as a unique contribution to the history of the period. Each volume made more convenient and complete by a historical summary of the time it covers.

**John Singleton Copley.**—Mrs. Martha Abcock Amory's *Life of her grandfather*, the distinguished painter, has attracted much attention, and Mr. John Murray, the noted London publisher, on seeing the volume, at once ordered an edition of 500 copies of the book. As only a limited edition was printed from type, the number will soon be exhausted, and those who desire to possess an interesting and valuable volume should procure it without delay. The price of the work has been increased from \$3.00 to \$4.00.

**Whittier Leaflets.**—The success which has attended the introduction of the Longfellow and Holmes Leaflets in hundreds of schools throughout the country has led Miss Hodgdon to prepare a similar compilation of Mr. Whittier's writings, which is sure of a popularity as wide and as constantly increasing as that of its predecessors. The selections are admirable, and the illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness of the series. The Longfellow Leaflets played an important part in many of the recent school celebrations of the poet's birthday, and

there is no doubt that these selections from Mr. Whittier will be used in a similar way in the celebration of his seventy-fifth birthday, which comes in December of the present year.

**American Classics for Schools.**—The little volume of selections from Mr. Longfellow's poems, which forms the first in this series of classics for school use, is now followed by an excellent and judicious collection of Hawthorne's stories, which will be very heartily welcomed by teachers who are interested in the effort to introduce the pure and elevating literature of the best American authors into our schools. Each volume is illustrated, and neatly and substantially bound in cloth.

**Björnson's Works.**—To the three volumes of Björnson's Norwegian tales already published, his charming story of "The Fishermayden" has now been added. Two more volumes will shortly follow this, and complete the set. The *Boston Courier* says of "A Happy Boy":—

The simplicity and naïveté of the story, the fresh Northern flavor of the style, and the restful security which breathes through every page are all delightful. The drawing of character, too, is both vigorous and distinct, without being over-elaborate. . . . The story is thoroughly sweet, natural, and winning, while its observations upon men and things are true and often unexpectedly profound. The works of Björnson are a positive addition to our literature.

**A Book about Women.**—Under the title of "Notable Thoughts about Women," Mr. M. M. Ballou, whose "Treasury of Thought" and "Pearls of Thought" have found much favor as books of reference and consultation, has collected a multitude of terse, striking, and characteristic sayings about women by famous men and women of all nations and all times, and the result is a most curious and interesting volume, which is rendered all the more useful by an excellent index and classification.

**"An Echo of Passion."**—Mr. Lathrop's latest story, which has been running as a serial in the *Atlantic* for the past four months, has now been issued in a neat and attractive volume, in which it will secure a still wider circle of readers.

**A Sign of Progress.**—The general verdict of the religious press on Mr. Parton's "Life of Voltaire" indicates a great advance in toleration. The *New Bible Magazine* says:—

Whatever others may say, or the judgment they may form, we have found it replete with interest, — depicting in vivid colors the age in which this remarkable man lived; guarded in its tone, yet sufficiently explicit, and, as it would seem to us, for the most part impartial, revealing the lights and shades of the character of a man so eminently conspicuous for his personal enmity to Christianity and opposition to the religion of its founder.

A New England clergyman of national renown as a writer on social topics recently wrote of the work:—

I shall put it into our church library the first of the year, when we next buy books. Is not that progress?



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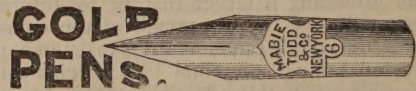
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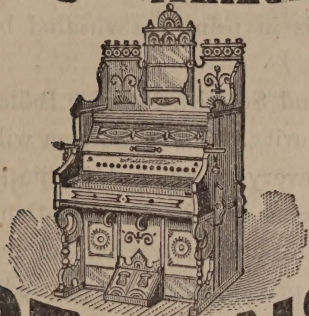


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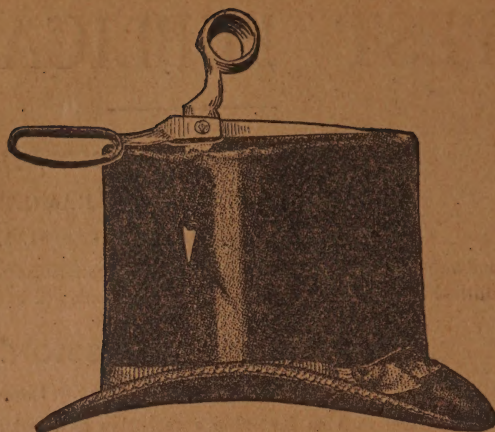
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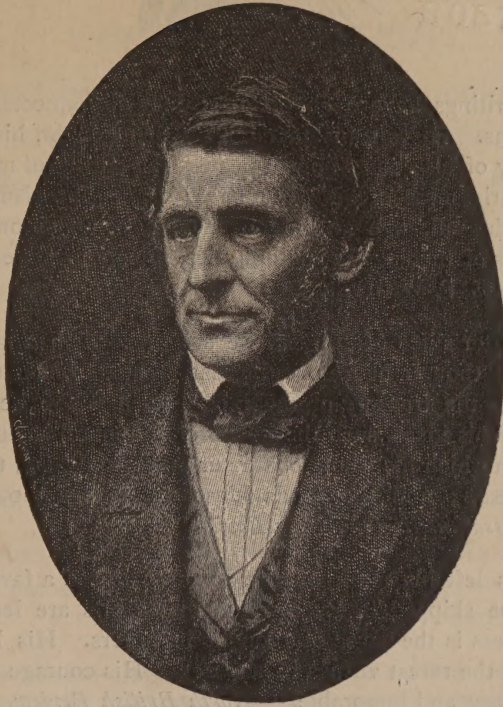
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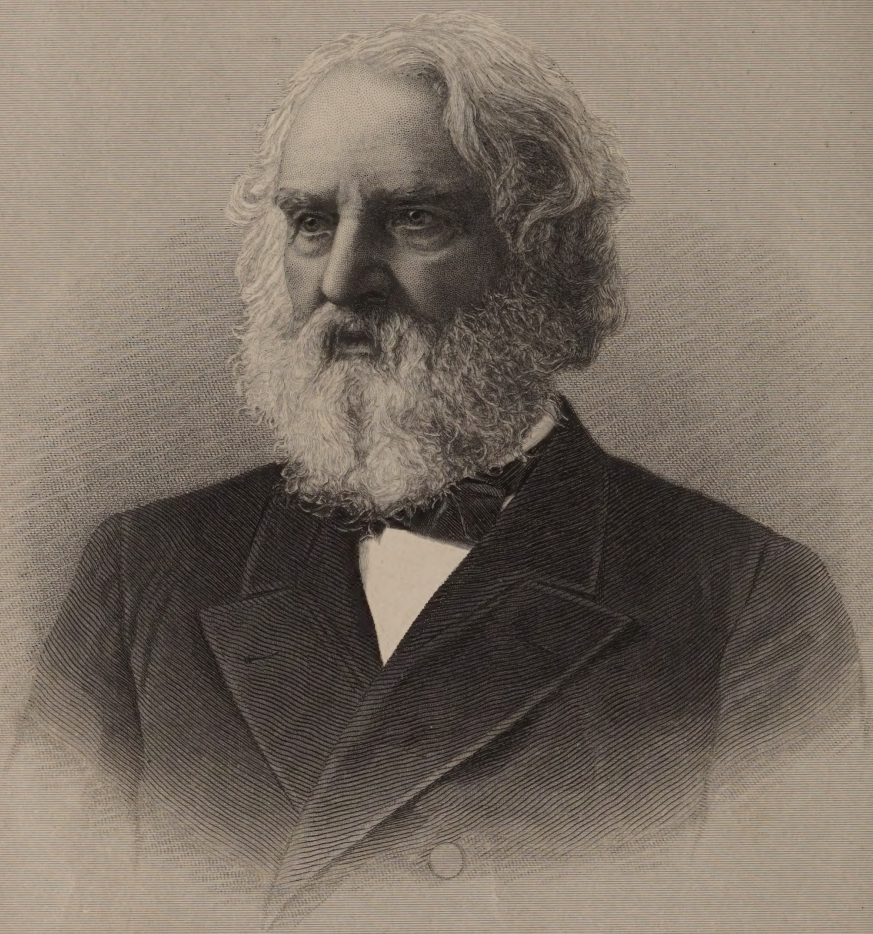
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Some wreath of song thy liberal hand has thrown  
Breathes perfume from its blossoms, that entwine  
Where'er the dewdrops fall, the sunbeams shine,  
On life's long path with tangled cares o'ergrown.  
Can Art thy truthful counterfeit command, —  
The silver-haloed features, tranquil, mild, —  
Soften the lips of bronze as when they smiled, —  
Give warmth and pressure to the marble hand?  
Seek the lost rainbow in the sky it spanned!  
Farewell, sweet Singer! Heaven reclaims its child.

Carved from the block or cast in clinging mould,  
Will grateful Memory fondly try her best  
The mortal vesture from decay to wrest;  
His look shall greet us, calm, but ah, how cold!  
No breath can stir the brazen drapery's fold,  
No throb can heave the statue's stony breast;  
"He is not here, but risen," will stand confest  
In all we miss, in all our eyes behold.  
How Nature loved him! On his placid brow,  
Thought's ample dome, she set the sacred sign  
That marks the priesthood of her holiest shrine,  
Nor asked a leaflet from the laurel's bough  
That envious Time might clutch or disallow  
To prove her chosen minstrel's song divine.

On many a saddened hearth the evening fire  
Burns paler as the children's hour draws near, —  
That joyous hour his song made doubly dear, —  
And tender memories touch the faltering choir.



He sings no more on earth; our vain desire  
 Aches for the voice we loved so long to hear  
 In Dorian flute-notes breathing soft and clear, —  
 The sweet contralto that could never tire.  
 Deafened with listening to a harsher strain,  
 The Mænad's scream, the stark barbarian's cry,  
 Still for those soothing, loving tones we sigh;  
 Oh, for our vanished Orpheus once again!  
 The shadowy silence hears us call in vain!  
 His lips are hushed; his song shall never die.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## TWO ON A TOWER.

### V.

ON the third morning after the young man's departure, Lady Constantine opened the post-bag anxiously. Though she had risen before four o'clock, and crossed to the tower through the gray half-light, when every blade and twig was furred with rime, she felt no languor. Expectation could banish at cock-crow the eye-heaviness which apathy had been unable to disperse all the day long.

There was, as she had hoped, a letter from Swithin St. Cleeve.

DEAR LADY CONSTANTINE,—I have quite succeeded in my mission, and shall return to-morrow at ten P. M. I hope you have not failed in the observations. Watching the star through an opera-glass Sunday night, I fancied some change had taken place, but I could not make myself sure. Your memoranda for that night I await with impatience. Please don't neglect to write down, *at the moment*, all remarkable appearances both as to color and intensity; and be very exact as to time, which correct in the way I showed you.

I am, dear Lady Constantine,

Yours most faithfully,

SWITHIN ST. CLEEVE.

Not another word in the letter about his errand; his mind ran on nothing but this astronomical subject. He had succeeded in his mission, and yet he did not even say yes or no to the great question,—whether or not her husband was masquerading in London at the address she had given. "Was ever anything so provoking!" she cried.

However, the time was not long to wait. His way homeward would lie within a stone's-throw of the manor-house, and though for certain reasons she had forbidden him to call at the late hour of his arrival, she could easily intercept him in the avenue. At twenty minutes past ten she went out into the drive, and stood in the dark. Seven minutes later she heard his footstep, and saw his outline in the slit of light between the avenue-trees. He had a valise in one hand, a great-coat on his arm, and under his arm a parcel which seemed to be very precious, from the manner in which he held it.

"Lady Constantine?" he asked softly.

"Yes," she said, in her excitement holding out both her hands, though he had plainly not expected her to offer one.

"Did you watch the star?"

"I'll tell you everything in detail; but, pray, your errand first!"



"Yes, it's all right. Did you watch every night, — not missing one?"

"I forgot to go — twice," she murmured contritely.

"Oh, Lady Constantine!" he cried in dismay. "How *could* you serve me so! what shall I do!"

"Please forgive me! Indeed, I could not help it. I had watched and watched, and nothing happened; and somehow my vigilance relaxed when I found nothing was likely to take place in the star."

"But the very circumstance of it not having happened made it all the more likely every day!"

"Have you — seen" — she began, after a silence.

Swithin sighed, lowered his thoughts to sublunary things, and told briefly the story of his journey. Sir Blount Constantine was not in London at the address which had been anonymously sent her. It was a mistake of identity. The person who had been seen there Swithin had sought out. He resembled Sir Blount strongly; but he was a stranger.

"How can I reward you!" she exclaimed, when he had done.

"In no way but by giving me your good wishes in what I am going to tell you on my own account." He spoke in tones of mysterious exultation. "This parcel is going to make my fame!"

"What is it?"

"A huge object-glass for the great telescope I am so busy about! Such a magnificent aid to science has never entered this county before, you may depend!"

He produced from under his arm the carefully cuddled-up package, which was in shape a round flat disk, like a dinner-plate, tied in paper.

Proceeding to explain his plans to her more fully, he walked with her towards the door by which she had emerged. It was a little side wicket through a wall dividing the open park from the garden terraces. Here for a moment he placed

his valise and parcel on the coping of the stone balustrade, till he had bidden her farewell. Then he turned, and in laying hold of his bag by the dim light pushed the parcel over the parapet. It fell upon the paved walk ten or a dozen feet beneath.

"Oh, good heavens!"

"What?"

"My object-glass broken!"

"Is it of much value?"

"It cost all I possess."

He ran round by the steps to the lower lawn, Lady Constantine following, as he continued, "It is a magnificent six-inch first quality object lens. I took advantage of my journey to London to get it. I have been six weeks making the tube, of milled board; and as I had not enough money by twelve pounds for the lens, I borrowed it of my grandmother out of her last annuity payment. What can be — can be done!"

"Perhaps it is not broken."

He felt on the ground, found the parcel, and shook it. A clicking noise issued from inside. Swithin smote his forehead with his hand, and walked up and down like a mad fellow.

"My telescope! I have waited nine months for this lens. Now the possibility of setting up a really powerful instrument is over! It is too cruel — how could it happen! . . . Lady Constantine, I am ashamed of myself, — before you. Oh, but, Lady Constantine, if you only knew what it is to a person engaged in science to have the means of clinching a theory snatched away at the last moment! It is I against the world; and when the world has accidents on its side in addition to its natural strength, what chance for me!" The young astronomer leant against the wall, and was silent. His misery was of an intensity and kind with that of Palissy, in these struggles with an adverse fate.

"Don't mind it, — pray don't!" said Lady Constantine, with deep feeling. "It is dreadfully unfortunate! You



have my whole sympathy. Can it be mended?"

"Mended, — no, no!"

"Cannot you do with your present one a little longer?"

"It is altogether inferior, cheap, and bad!"

"I'll get you another, — yes, indeed, I will! Allow me to get you another as soon as possible. I'll do anything to assist you out of your trouble; for I am most anxious to see you famous. I know you will be a great astronomer, in spite of this mishap! Come, say I may get a new one."

Swithin took her hand. He could not trust himself to speak.

Some days later a little box of peculiar kind came to the Great House. It was addressed to Lady Constantine, "with great care." She had it partly opened and taken to her own little writing-room; and after lunch, when she had dressed for walking, she took from the box a paper parcel like the one which had met with the accident. This she hid under her mantle, as if she had stolen it; and, going out slowly across the lawn, passed through the little door before spoken of, and was soon hastening in the direction of the Rings-Hill column.

There was a bright sun overhead on that afternoon of early spring, and its rays shed an unusual warmth, though shady places still retained the look and feel of winter. Rooks were already beginning to build new nests or to mend up old ones, and clamorously called in neighbors to give opinions on difficulties in their architecture. Lady Constantine swerved once from her path, as if she had decided to go to the homestead where Swithin lived; but on second thoughts she bent her steps to the column. Drawing near it, she looked up; but on account of the height of the parapet nobody could be seen thereon who did not stand on tiptoe. She thought, however, that her young friend might

possibly see her, if he were there, and come down; and that he was there she soon ascertained by finding the door unlocked, and the key inside. No movement, however, reached her ears from above, and she began to ascend.

Meanwhile affairs at the top of the column had progressed as follows. The afternoon being exceptionally fine, Swithin had ascended about two o'clock, and, seating himself at the little table which he had constructed on the spot, he began reading over his notes and examining some astronomical journals that had reached him in the morning. The sun blazed into the hollow roof-space as into a tube, and the sides kept out every breeze. Though the month was February below, it was May in the abacus of the column. This state of the atmosphere, and the fact that on the previous night he had pursued his observations till past two o'clock, produced in him at the end of half an hour an overpowering inclination to sleep. Spreading on the lead-work a thick rug, which he kept up there, he flung himself down against the parapet, and was soon in a state of unconsciousness.

It was about ten minutes afterwards that a soft rustle of silken clothes came up the spiral staircase, and, hesitating onwards, reached the orifice, where appeared the form of Lady Constantine. She did not at first perceive that he was present, and stood still to reconnoitre. Her eye glanced over his telescope, now wrapped up, his table and papers, his observing-chair, and his contrivances for making the best of a deficiency of instruments. All was warm, sunny, and silent, except that a solitary bee, which had somehow got within the hollow of the abacus, was singing round inquiringly, unable to discern that ascent was the only mode of escape. In another moment she beheld the astronomer, lying in the sun like a sailor in the main-top.

Lady Constantine coughed slightly: he did not awake. She then entered,



and, drawing the parcel from beneath her cloak, placed it on the table; after this she waited, looking for a long time at his sleeping face, which had a very interesting appearance. She seemed reluctant to leave, yet wanted resolution to wake him; and penciling his name on the parcel, she withdrew to the staircase, where the brushing of her dress decreased to silence as she receded round and round on her way to the base.

Swithin still slept on, and presently the rustle began again in the far-down interior of the column. The door could be heard closing, and the rustle came nearer, showing that she had shut herself in, — no doubt to lessen the risk of an accidental surprise by any roaming villager. When Lady Constantine reappeared at the top, and saw the parcel still untouched, and Swithin asleep as before, she exhibited some disappointment; but she did not retreat.

Looking again at him, her eyes became so sentimentally fixed on his face that it seemed as if she could not withdraw them. There lay, in the shape of an Antinous, no *amoroso*, no gallant, but a guileless philosopher. His parted lips were lips which spoke, not of love, but of millions of miles; those were eyes which looked, not into the depths of other eyes, but into other worlds. Within his temples dwelt thoughts, not of woman's looks, but of stellar aspects and the configuration of constellations.

Thus, to his physical attractiveness was added the attractiveness of mental inaccessibility. The ennobling influence of scientific pursuits was demonstrated by the speculative purity which expressed itself in his eyes whenever he looked at her in speaking, and in the child-like faults of manner which arose from his obtuseness to their difference of sex. He had never, since becoming a man, looked even so low as to the level of a Lady Constantine. His heaven at present was truly in the skies, and not in that only other place where they

say it can be found, in the eyes of some daughter of Eve. Would any Circe or Calypso — and if so what one? — ever check this pale-haired scientist's nocturnal sailings into the interminable spaces overhead, and send all his mighty calculations on cosmic force and stellar fire flying into Limbo? Oh, the pity of it, if such should be the case!

She became much absorbed in these very womanly reflections; and at last Lady Constantine sighed, perhaps she herself did not exactly know why. Then a very soft expression lighted on her lips and eyes, and she looked at one jump seven years more youthful, — quite a girl in aspect, younger than he. On the table lay his implements; among them a pair of scissors, which, to judge from the shreds around, had been used in cutting curves in thick paper, for some calculating process.

What whim, agitation, or attraction prompted the impulse nobody knows; but she took the scissors, and, bending over the sleeping youth, cut off one of the curls, or rather crooks, — for they hardly reached a curl, — into which each lock of his hair chose to twist itself in the last inch of its length. The hair fell upon the rug. She picked it up quickly, returned the scissors to the table, and, as if her dignity had suddenly become ashamed of her fantasies, hastened through the door, and descended the staircase.

## VI.

When his nap had naturally exhausted itself, Swithin awoke. He awoke without any surprise, for he not unfrequently gave to sleep in the day-time what he had stolen from it in the night watches. The first object that met his eyes was the parcel on the table, and, seeing his name inscribed thereon, he made no scruple to open it. The sun flashed upon a lens of surprising magnitude, polished to such a smoothness that



the eye could scarcely meet its reflections. Here was a crystal, in whose depths were to be seen more wonders than had been revealed by the crystals of all the Cagliostros.

Swithin, hot with joyousness, took this treasure to his telescope manufactory at the homestead; then he started off for the Great House. On gaining its precincts he felt shy of calling, never having received any hint or permission to do so; while Lady Constantine's mysterious manner of leaving the parcel seemed to demand a like mysteriousness in his approaches to her. All the afternoon he lingered about uncertainly, in the hope of intercepting her on her return from a drive, occasionally walking with an indifferent lounge across glades commanded by the windows, that if she were in-doors she might know he was near. But she did not show herself during the daylight. Still impressed by her playful secrecy, he carried on the same idea after dark, by returning to the house, and passing through the garden door on to the lawn front, where he sat on the parapet that breasted the terrace. She frequently came out here for a melancholy saunter after dinner, and to-night was such an occasion. Swithin went forward, and met her at nearly the spot where he had dropped the lens some nights earlier.

"I have come to see you, Lady Constantine. How did the glass get on my table?"

She laughed as lightly as a girl; that he had come to her in this way was plainly no offense thus far.

"Perhaps it was dropped from the clouds by a bird," she said.

"Why should you be so good to me? Whatever discoveries result from this shall be ascribed to you as much as to me. Where should I have been without your gift?"

"You would possibly have accomplished your purpose just the same, and have been so much the nobler for your

struggle against ill-luck. I hope that now you will be able to proceed with your large telescope as if nothing had happened."

"Oh yes, I will, certainly. I am afraid I showed too much feeling, the reverse of stoical, when the accident occurred. That was not very noble of me."

"There is nothing unnatural in such feeling at your age. When you are older you will smile at such moods, and at the mishaps that gave rise to them."

"Ah, I perceive you think me weak in the extreme. But you will never realize that an incident which filled but a degree in the circle of your thoughts covered the whole circumference of mine. No person can see exactly what and where another's horizon is."

They soon parted, and she reëntered the house, where she sat reflecting for some time, till she seemed to fear that she had wounded his feelings. She awoke in the night, and thought the same thing more intensely. When it was morning she looked across at the tower, and, sitting down, wrote the following note:—

DEAR MR. ST. CLEEVE, — I cannot allow you to remain under the impression that I despised your scientific endeavors in speaking as I did last night. I think you were too sensitive to my remark. But perhaps you were agitated with the labors of the day; and I fear that watching so late at night must make you very weary. If I can help you again, please let me know. I never realized the grandeur of astronomy till you showed me how to do so. Also let me know about the new telescope. Come and see me at any time. After your great kindness in being my messenger I can never do enough for you. I wish you had a mother or sister, and pity your loneliness! I am lonely, too.

Yours truly,

VIVIETTE CONSTANTINE.



She was so anxious that he should get this letter the same day that she ran across to the column with it during the morning, preferring to be her own emissary in so curious a case. The door, as she had expected, was locked; and, slipping the letter under it, she went home again. During lunch her ardor in the cause of Swithin's hurt feelings cooled down, till she exclaimed to herself, as she sat at her lonely table, "What could have possessed me to write in that way!"

After lunch she went faster to the tower than she had gone in the early morning, and peeped eagerly into the chink under the door. She could discern no letter, and on trying the latch found that the door would open. The letter was gone, Swithin having obviously arrived in the interval.

She blushed a blush which seemed to say, "I am getting foolishly interested in this young man." She had, in short, in her own opinion, somewhat overstepped the bounds of dignity. Her instincts did not square well with the formalities of her existence, and she walked home despondently.

Had a concert, bazaar, lecture, or Dorcas meeting required the patronage and support of Lady Constantine at this juncture, the circumstance would probably have been sufficient to divert her mind from Swithin St. Cleve and astronomy for some little time. But as none of these incidents were within the range of expectation, — Welland House and parish lying far from towns and watering-places, — the void in her outer life continued, and with it the void in her inner life. The youth had not answered her letter; neither had he called upon her, in response to the invitation she had regretted, with the rest of the epistle, as being somewhat too warmly informal for black and white. To speak tenderly to him was one thing, to write another, — that was her feeling immediately after the event; but his counter-

move of silence and avoidance, though probably the result of pure unconsciousness on his part, completely dispersed such self-considerations now. Her eyes never fell upon the Ring's-Hill column without a solicitous wonder arising as to what he was doing. A natural woman, she would assume the remotest possibility to be the most likely contingency, if the possibility had the recommendation of being tragical; and she now feared that something was wrong with Swithin St. Cleve. Yet there was not the least doubt that he had become so immersed in the business of the new telescope as to forget everything else.

On Sunday, between the services, she walked to Little Welland, chiefly for the sake of giving a run to a house-dog, a large black retriever, of whom she was fond. The distance was but short; and she returned along a narrow lane, divided from the river by a hedge, through whose leafless twigs the ripples flashed silver lights into her eyes. Here she discovered Swithin, leaning over a gate, his eyes bent upon the stream. The dog first attracted his attention; then he heard her, and turned round. She had never seen him looking so despondent.

"You have never called, though I invited you," said Lady Constantine.

"My great telescope won't work."

"I am sorry for that. So it has made you quite forget me?"

"Ah, yes; you wrote me a very kind letter, which I ought to have answered. Well, I *did* forget, Lady Constantine. My new telescope won't work; and I don't know what to do about it at all!"

"Can I assist you any further?"

"No, I fear not. Besides, you have assisted me already."

"What would really help you out of all your difficulties? Something would, surely?"

He shook his head.

"There must be some solution to them?"



"Oh, yes," he replied, with a hypothetical gaze into the stream; "*some* solution, of course, — an equatorial, for instance."

"What's that?"

"Briefly, an impossibility. It is a splendid instrument, with an object lens of, say, six or nine inches aperture, mounted with its axis parallel to the earth's axis, and fitted up with graduated circles for denoting right ascensions and declinations; besides having special eye-pieces, a finder, and all sorts of appliances, clock-work to make the telescope follow the motion in right ascension — I cannot tell you half the conveniences. Ah, an equatorial is a thing indeed!"

"An equatorial is the one instrument required to make you quite happy?"

"Well, yes."

"I'll see what I can do."

"But, Lady Constantine, an equatorial such as I describe costs as much as two grand pianos."

She was rather staggered at this news; but she rallied gallantly, and said, "Never mind. I'll make inquiries."

"But it could not be put on the tower without people seeing it. It would have to be fixed to the masonry. And there must be a dome of some kind to keep off the rain. A tarpaulin might do."

Lady Constantine reflected. "It would be a great business, I see," she said. "Though as far as the fixing and roofing go, I would of course consent to your doing what you liked with the old column. My workmen could fix it, could they not?"

"Oh, yes. But what would Sir Blount say, if he came home and saw the goings-on?"

Lady Constantine turned aside to hide a sudden displacement of blood from her cheek. "Ah, — my husband!" she whispered. "I am just now going to church," she said. "I will think of this matter."

In church it was with Lady Constantine as with the Lord Angelo of Vienna, in a similar situation, — Heaven had her empty words only, and her invention heard not her tongue. She soon recovered from the momentary consternation into which she had fallen at Swithin's abrupt query. The possibility of that young astronomer becoming a renowned scientist by her aid was a thought which gave her secret pleasure. The course of rendering him instant material help began to have a great fascination for her; it was a new and unexpected channel for her cribbed and confined emotions. With experiences so much wider than his, Lady Constantine saw that the chances were perhaps a million to one against Swithin St. Cleeve ever being Astronomer-Royal, or Astronomer-Extraordinary of any sort; yet the remaining chance in his favor was one of those possibilities which, to a woman of bounding intellect and venturesome fancy, are pleasanter to dwell on than likely issues that have no savor of high speculation in them. The equatorial question was a great one; and she had caught such a large spark from his enthusiasm that she could think of nothing so piquant as how to obtain the important instrument.

When Tabitha Lark arrived at the Great House, next day, instead of finding Lady Constantine in bed, she discovered her in the library, poring over what astronomical works she had been able to unearth from the shelves. As these publications were, for a science of such rapid development, somewhat venerable, there was not much help of a practical kind to be gained from them. Nevertheless, the equatorial retained a hold upon her fancy, till she became as eager to see one on the Rings-Hill column as Swithin himself.

The upshot of it was that Lady Constantine sent a messenger that evening to Rings-Hill Bottom, where the home-  
stead of Swithin's grandmother was situ-



ated, requesting the young man's presence at the house at twelve o'clock next day. He promptly returned an obedient reply, and the circumstance was enough to lend great freshness to her manner next morning, instead of the leaden air which was too frequent with her before the sun reached the meridian, and sometimes after. The mental room taken up by an idea depends as largely on the available space for it as on its nominal magnitude: in Lady Constantine's life of infestivity, in her domestic voids, and in her social discouragements, there was nothing to oust the lightest fancy. Swithin had, in fact, arisen as an attractive little interpolation between herself and despair.

## VII.

A fog deformed all the trees of the park that morning; the white atmosphere adhered to the ground like a fungoid growth from it, and made the turfed undulations look slimy and raw; but Lady Constantine settled down in her chair to await the coming of the late curate's son, with a serenity which the vast blanks outside could neither destroy nor baffle. At two minutes to twelve the door-bell rang, and a look overspread the lady's face that was neither maternal, sisterly, nor amorous, but partook in an indescribable manner of all three. The door was flung open and the young man was ushered in, the fog still clinging to his hair, in which she could discern a little notch where she had nipped off the curl.

A speechlessness that socially was a defect in him was to her view a piquant attribute just now. He looked rather alarmed. "Lady Constantine, have I done anything" — he began breathlessly, as he gazed in her face, with parted lips.

"Oh, no, of course not. I have decided to do something, — nothing more,"

she said, holding out her hand, which he rather gingerly touched. "Don't look so concerned. Who makes equatorials?"

This remark was like the drawing of a weir-hatch, and she was speedily inundated with all she wished to know concerning astronomical opticians. When he had imparted the particulars he waited, manifestly burning to know whither these inquiries tended.

"I am not going to buy you one," she said, gently.

He looked as if he would faint.

"Certainly not. I did not wish it. I — I could not have accepted it," said the young man.

"But I am going to buy one for myself. I lack a hobby, and I shall choose astronomy. I shall fix my equatorial on the column."

Swithin brightened up.

"And I shall let you have the use of it whenever you choose. In brief, Swithin St. Cleeve shall be Lady Constantine's Astronomer-Royal; and she" —

"Shall be his queen." The words came not much the worse for being uttered only in the tone of one anxious to complete a tardy sentence.

"Well, that's what I have decided to do," resumed Lady Constantine. "I will write to these opticians at once."

There seemed to be no more for him to do than to thank her for the privilege, whenever it should be available, which he promptly did, and then made as if to go. But Lady Constantine detained him, with "Have you ever seen my library?"

"No; never."

"You don't say you would like to see it."

"But I should."

"It is the third door on the right. You can find your way in, and you can stay there as long as you like."

Swithin then left the morning-room for the apartment designated, and amused himself in that "soul of the house," as



Cicero defined it, till he heard the lunch-bell sounding from the turret, when he came down from the library steps, and thought it time to go home. But at that moment a servant entered to inquire whether he would prefer to have his lunch brought in to him there, and upon his replying in the affirmative a large tray arrived on the stomach of a footman, and Swithin was greatly surprised to see a whole pheasant placed at his disposal.

Having breakfasted at eight that morning, and having been much in the open air afterwards, the Adonis astronomer's appetite assumed grand proportions. How much of that pheasant he might consistently eat without hurting his dear patroness Lady Constantine's feelings, when he could readily eat it all, was a problem in which the reasonableness of a larger and larger quantity argued itself inversely as a smaller and smaller quantity remained. When, at length, he had finally decided on a terminal point in the body of the bird, the door was gently opened.

"Oh, you have not finished?" came to him over his shoulder, in a considerate voice.

"Oh, yes, thank you, Lady Constantine," he said, jumping up.

"Why did you prefer to lunch in this awkward, dusty place?"

"I thought—it would be better," said Swithin simply.

"There is fruit in the other room, if you like to come. But perhaps you would rather not?"

"Oh, yes, I should much like to," said Swithin, walking over his napkin, and following her as she led the way to the adjoining apartment.

Here, while she asked him what he had been reading, he modestly ventured on an apple, in whose flavor he recognized the familiar taste of old friends robbed from her husband's orchards in his childhood, long before Lady Constantine's advent on the scene. She

supposed he had confined his search to his own sublime subject, astronomy?

Swithin suddenly became older to the eye, as his thoughts reverted to the topic thus reintroduced. "Yes," he informed her. "I seldom read any other subject. In these days the secret of productive study is to avoid well."

"Did you find any good treatises?"

"None. The theories in your books are almost as obsolete as the Ptolemaic system. Only fancy, that magnificent Cyclopædia, leather-bound, and stamped, and gilt, and wide-margined, and bearing the blazon of your house in magnificent colors, says that the twinkling of the stars is probably caused by heavenly bodies passing in front of them in their revolutions."

"And is it not so? That was what I learned when I was a girl."

The modern Eudoxus now rose above the embarrassing horizon of Lady Constantine's great house, magnificent furniture, and awe-inspiring footmen. He became quite natural, all his self-consciousness fled, and his eye spoke into hers no less than his lips to her ears, as he said, "How such a theory can have lingered on to this day beats conjecture! François Arago, as long as fifty or sixty years ago, conclusively established the fact that scintillation is the simplest thing in the world,—merely a matter of atmosphere. But I won't speak of this to you now. The comparative absence of scintillation in warm countries was noticed by Humboldt. Then, again, the scintillations vary. No star flaps his wings like Sirius when he lies low! He flashes out emeralds and rubies, amethystine flames and sapphirine colors, in a manner quite marvelous to behold. And this is only *one* star! So, too, do Arcturus, and Capella, and lesser luminaries. . . . But I tire you with this subject?"

"On the contrary, you speak so beautifully that I could listen all day."

The astronomer threw a searching



glance upon her for a moment; but there was no satire in the warm, soft eyes which met his own with a luxurious contemplative interest.

"Say some more of it to me," she continued, in a voice not far removed from coaxing.

After some hesitation the subject returned again to his lips, and he said some more — indeed, much more; Lady Constantine often throwing in an appreciative remark or question, oftener meditatively regarding him, in pursuance of ideas not exactly based on his words, and letting him go on as he would.

Before he left the house the new astronomical project was set in train. The top of the column was to be roofed in, to form a proper observatory; and on the ground that he knew better than any one else how this was to be carried out, she requested him to give precise directions on the point, and to superintend the whole. A wooden cabin was to be erected at the foot of the tower, to provide better accommodation for casual visitors to the observatory than the spiral staircase and lead-flat afforded. As this cabin would be completely buried in the dense pine foliage which enveloped the lower part of the column and its pedestal, it would be no disfigurement to the general appearance. Finally, a path was to be made across the surrounding fallow, by which she might easily approach the scene of her new study.

When he was gone she wrote to the firm of opticians concerning the equatorial for whose reception all this was designed.

The undertaking was soon in full progress; and by degrees it became the talk of the hamlets round that Lady Constantine had given up melancholy for astronomy, to the great advantage of all who came in contact with her. One morning, when Tabitha Lark had come as usual to read, Lady Constantine chanced to be in a quarter of the house

to which she seldom wandered; and while here she heard her maid talking confidentially to Tabitha in the adjoining room on the curious and sudden interest which Lady Constantine had acquired in the moon and stars.

"They do say all sorts of trumpery," observed the hand-maid. "They say — though 't is little better than mischief, to be sure — that it is n't the moon, and it is n't the stars, and it is n't the plannards, that my lady cares for, but for the pretty lad who draws 'em down from the sky to please her; and being a married example, and what with sin and shame knocking at every poor maid's door afore you can say, 'Hands off, my dear,' to the civilest young man, she ought to set a better pattern."

Lady Constantine's face flamed up vividly.

"If Sir Blount were to come back all of a sudden — oh, my!"

Lady Constantine grew cold as ice.

"There's nothing in it," said Tabitha scornfully. "I could prove it any day."

"Well, I wish I had half her chance!" sighed the lady's-maid. And no more was said on the subject then.

Tabitha's remark showed that the suspicion was quite an embryo as yet. Nevertheless, saying nothing to reveal what she had overheard, immediately after the reading Lady Constantine flew like a bird to where she knew that Swithin might be found. He was in the plantation, sticking up little sticks to mark where the wooden cabin was to stand. She called him to a remote place under the funeral trees. "I have altered my mind," she said. "I can have nothing to do with this matter."

"Indeed?" said Swithin, surprised.

"Astronomy is not my hobby any longer. And you are not my Astronomer-Royal."

"Oh, Lady Constantine!" cried the youth, aghast. "Why; the work is begun. I thought the equatorial was ordered."



She dropped her voice, though there was nobody to hear even a Jericho shout. "Of course astronomy is my hobby privately, and you are to be my Astronomer-Royal, and I still furnish the observatory; but not to the outer world. There is a reason against my indulgence in such scientific fancies openly; and the project must be arranged in this wise. The whole enterprise is yours: you rent the tower of me: you build the cabin: you get the equatorial. I simply give permission, since you desire it. The path that was to be made from the hill to the park is not to be thought of. There is to be no communication between the house and the column. The equatorial will arrive addressed to you, and its cost I will pay through you. My name must not appear, and I vanish entirely from the undertaking. . . . This blind is necessary," she added, sighing. "Good-by."

"But you *do* take as much interest as before, and it *will* be yours just the same?" he said, walking after her. He scarcely comprehended the subterfuge, and was absolutely blind as to its reason.

"Can you doubt it? But I dare not do it openly."

With this she went away; and in due time there circulated through the parish an assertion that it was a mistake to suppose Lady Constantine had anything to do with Swithin St. Cleeve or his star-gazing schemes. She had merely allowed him to rent the tower of her for use as his observatory, and to put some temporary fixtures on it for that purpose.

After this Lady Constantine lapsed into her former life of loneliness; and by these prompt measures the ghost of a rumor which had barely started into existence was speedily laid to rest. It had probably originated in her own house, and had gone but little further. Yet, despite her self-control, a certain north window of the Great House, that

commanded an uninterrupted view of the upper ten feet of the column, revealed her as somewhat frequently gazing from it at a rotundity which had begun to appear on the summit. To those with whom she came in contact she sometimes addressed such remarks as, "Is young Mr. St. Cleeve getting on with his observatory? I hope he will fix his instruments without damaging the column, which is so interesting to us as being in memory of my dear husband's great-grandfather — a truly brave man."

On one occasion her building-steward ventured to suggest to her that, Sir Blount having deputed to her the power to grant short leases in his absence, she should have a distinctive agreement with Swithin, as between landlord and tenant, with a stringent clause against his driving nails into the stone-work of such a historical memorial. She replied that she did not wish to be severe on the last representative of such old and respected parishioners as his mother's family had been, and of such a well-descended family as his father's; so that it would only be necessary for the steward to keep an eye on Mr. St. Cleeve's doings.

Further, when a letter arrived at the Great House from Hilton and Pimm's, the opticians, with information that the equatorial was ready and packed, and that a man would be sent with it to fix it, she replied to that firm to the effect that their letter should have been addressed to Mr. St. Cleeve, the local astronomer, on whose behalf she had made the inquiries; that she had nothing more to do with the matter; that he would receive the instrument and pay the bill, — her guarantee being given for the latter performance.

### VIII.

Lady Constantine then had the pleasure of beholding a wagon, laden with packing-cases, in the act of crossing the field towards the pillar; and not many



days later Swithin, who had never come to the Great House since the luncheon, met her in a path which he knew to be one of her promenades.

"The equatorial is fixed, and the man gone," he said, half in doubt as to his speech, for her commands to him not to recognize her agency or patronage still puzzled him. "I respectfully wish — you could come and see it, Lady Constantine."

"I would rather not ; I cannot."

"Saturn is lovely ; Jupiter is simply sublime ; I can see double stars in the Lion and in the Virgin where I had seen only a single one before. It is all I required to set me going !"

"Is it so ? I'll come. But — you need say nothing about my visit. I cannot come to-night, but I will some time this week. Yet only this once, to try the instrument. Afterwards you must be content to pursue your studies alone."

Swithin seemed but little affected at this announcement. "Hilton and Pimm's man handed me the bill," he continued.

"How much is it ?"

He told her. "And the man who has built the hut and dome, and done the other fixing, has sent in his." He named this amount also.

"Very well. They shall be settled with. My debts must be paid with my money, which you shall have at once, — in cash, since a check would hardly do. Come to the house for it this evening. But no, no ! — you must not come openly ; such is the world. Come to the window — the window that is exactly in a line with the long snow-drop bed, in the south front — at eight to-night, and I will give you what is necessary."

"Certainly, Lady Constantine," said the young man respectfully.

At eight that evening, accordingly, Swithin entered like a ghost upon the terrace to seek out the spot she had designated. The equatorial had so entirely absorbed his thoughts that he did not trouble himself seriously to conjecture

the why and wherefore of her secrecy. If he casually thought of it, he set it down in a general way to an intensely generous wish on her part not to lessen his influence among the sparse inhabitants by making him appear the object of patronage.

While he stood by the long snow-drop bed, which looked up at him like a nether Milky Way, the French casement of the window opposite softly opened, and a hand bordered by a glimmer of lace was stretched forth, from which he received a crisp little parcel, — bank-notes, apparently. He knew the hand, and held it long enough to press it to his lips, the only form which had ever occurred to him of expressing his gratitude to her without the incumbrance of clumsy words, — a vehicle at the best of times but rudely suited for such delicate merchandise. The hand was hastily withdrawn, as if the treatment had been unexpected. Then seemingly moved by second thoughts, she bent forward and said, "Is the night good for observations ?"

"Perfect."

"Then I'll come to-night ; it makes no difference to me, after all. Wait just one moment."

He waited, and she presently emerged, muffled up like a nun ; whereupon they left the terrace and struck across the park together. Very little was said by either till they were crossing the fallow, when he asked if his arm would help her. She did not take the offered support just then ; but when they were ascending under the heavy gloom of the fir-trees she seized it, as if rather influenced by the oppressive solitude than by fatigue.

Thus they reached the foot of the column, ten thousand spirits in prison seeming to gasp their griefs from the funereal boughs overhead, and a few twigs scratching the pillar with the drag of impish claws as tenacious as those figuring in St. Anthony's temptation.

"How intensely dark it is just here !"



she whispered. "I wonder you can keep in the path. Many ancient Britons lie buried here, doubtless."

He led her round to the other side, where, feeling his way with his hands, he suddenly left her, appearing a moment after with a light.

"What place is this?" she exclaimed.

"This is the cabin," said he; and she could just discern the outline of a little house, not unlike a bathing-machine without wheels. "I have kept lights ready here, as I thought you might come any evening, and possibly bring company."

"Don't quarrel with me for coming alone!" she exclaimed, with sensitive promptness. "There are reasons for what I do of which you know nothing."

"Perhaps it is much to my discredit that I don't know."

"Not at all. You are all the better for it. God forbid that I should enlighten you. Well, I see this is the hut. But I am more curious to go to the top, and make discoveries."

He brought a little lantern from the cabin, and lighted her up the winding staircase to the temple of that sublime mystery on whose threshold he stood as priest. The top of the column was quite changed. The tub-shaped space within the parapet, formerly open to the air and sun, was now arched over by a light dome of lath-work covered with felt. But this dome was not fixed. At the line where its base descended to the parapet there were half a dozen iron balls, precisely like cannon-shot, standing loosely in a groove, and on these the dome rested its whole weight. In the side of the dome was a slit, through which the wind blew and the North Star beamed, and towards it the end of the great telescope was directed. This latter magnificent object, with its circles, axes, and handles complete, was securely fixed in the middle of the floor.

"But you can only see one part of the sky through that slit," said she.

The astronomer stretched out his arm, and the whole dome turned horizontally round, running on the balls with a rumble like that of near thunder. Instead of the star Polaris, which had been peeping in upon them through the slit, there now appeared the faces of Castor and Pollux. Swithin then manipulated the equatorial, and put it through its capabilities in like manner.

She was enchanted; being rather excitable, she even clapped her hands just once. She turned to him: "Now are you happy?"

"But it is all *yours*, Lady Constantine."

"At this moment. But that's a defect which can soon be remedied. When is your birthday?"

"Next month, — the seventh."

"Then it shall all be yours, — a birthday present."

The young man protested; it was too much.

"No, you must accept it all, — equatorial, dome, stand, hut, and everything that has been put here for this astronomical purpose. The possession of these apparatus would only compromise me. Already they are reputed to be yours, and they must be made yours. There is no help for it. If ever" (here her voice lost some firmness), — "if ever you go away from me, — from this place, I mean, — and marry, and settle in a new home elsewhere for good, you must take these things, equatorial and all, and never tell how they came to be yours."

"I wish I could do something more for you!" exclaimed the much-moved astronomer. "If you could but share my fame, — supposing I get any, which I may die before doing, — it would be a little compensation. As to my going away and marrying, I certainly shall not. I may go away, but I shall never marry."

"Why not?"

"A beloved science is enough wife for me, — combined, perhaps, with a lit-



the warm friendship with one of kindred pursuits."

"Who is the friend?"

"Yourself I should like it to be."

"You would have to become a woman before I could be that, publicly; or I a man," she replied, with dry melancholy.

"Why a woman, dear Lady Constantine?"

"I cannot explain. No; you must keep your fame and your science all to yourself, and I must keep my — troubles."

Swithin, to divert her from melancholy, — not knowing that in the expression of her melancholy thus and now she found much pleasure, — changed the subject by asking if they should take some observations.

"Yes; the scenery is well hung to-night," she said, looking out upon the heavens.

Then they proceeded to scan the sky, roving from planet to star, from single stars to double stars, from double to colored stars, in the cursory manner of the merely curious. They plunged down to that at other times invisible stellar multitude in the back rows of the celestial theatre: remote layers of constellations whose shapes were new and singular; pretty twinklers which for infinite ages had spent their beams without calling forth from a single poet a single line, or being able to bestow a ray of comfort on a single benighted traveler.

"And to think," said Lady Constantine, "that the whole race of shepherds, since the beginning of the world, — even those immortal shepherds who watched near Bethlehem, — should have gone into their graves without knowing that for one star that lighted them in their labors there were ten as good behind trying to do so! . . . I have a feeling for this instrument not unlike the awe I should feel in the presence of a great magician in whom I really believed.

Its powers are so enormous, and weird, and fantastical, that I should have a personal fear in being with it alone. Music drew an angel down, said the poet; but what is that to drawing down worlds!"

"I often experience a kind of fear of the sky after sitting in the observing-chair a long time. And when I walk home afterwards I fear it, for what I know is there, but cannot see, as one naturally fears the presence of a vast something that only reveals a very little of itself. That's partly what I meant by saying that magnitude, which up to a certain point has grandeur, has beyond it ghastliness."

Thus the interest of their sidereal observations led them on, till the knowledge that scarce any other human vision was traveling within a hundred-million miles of their own gave them such a sense of the isolation of that faculty as almost to be a sense of isolation as regarded their whole personality, causing a shudder at its absoluteness. At night, when human discords and harmonies are hushed, in a general sense, for the greater part of twelve hours, there is nothing to moderate the blow with which the infinitely great, the stellar universe, strikes down upon the infinitely little, the mind of the beholder; and this was the case now. Having got closer to immensity than their fellow-creatures, they saw at once its beauty and its frightfulness. They more and more felt the contrast between their own tiny magnitudes and those among which they had recklessly plunged, till they were oppressed with the presence of a vastness they could not cope with even as an idea, which hung about them like a nightmare.

He stood by her while she observed; she by him when they changed places. Once that Swithin's emancipation from a trammeling body had been effected by the telescope, and he was well away in space, she felt her influence over him diminishing to nothing. He was quite



unconscious of his terrestrial neighborings, and of herself as one of them. It still further reduced her towards simplicity.

The silence was broken only by the ticking of the clock-work which gave diurnal motion to the instrument. To expect that he was ever voluntarily going to end the pause by speech was apparently futile. She laid her hand upon his arm. He started, withdrew his eye from the telescope, and brought himself back to the earth by a visible effort.

"Do come out of it!" she coaxed, with a softness in her voice which any man but Swithin would have felt to be exquisite. "I feel that I have been so foolish as to put in your hands an instrument to effect my own annihilation. Not a word have you spoken for the last ten minutes."

"I have been mentally getting on with my great theory. I hope soon to be able to publish it to the world. What, are you going? I will walk with you, Lady Constantine. When will you come again?"

"When your great theory is published to the world."

## IX.

Lady Constantine, if narrowly observed at this time, would have seemed to be deeply troubled in conscience, and particularly after the interview above described. Ash-Wednesday occurred in the calendar a few days later, and she went to morning service with a look of genuine contrition on her emotional and yearning countenance. Besides herself the congregation consisted only of the parson, clerk, school-children, and three old people living on alms, who sat under the reading-desk; and thus, when Mr. Torkingham blazed forth the denunciatory sentences of the Commination, the whole force of them seemed to descend upon her own shoulders. Looking

across the empty pews, she saw through the one or two clear panes of the window opposite a figure in the church-yard, and the very feeling against which she had tried to pray came back again. When she came out and had crossed into the private walk, Swithin came forward to speak to her. This was a most unusual circumstance, and argued a matter of importance.

"I have made an amazing discovery in connection with the variable stars!" he exclaimed. "It will excite the whole astronomical world, and the world outside but little less. I had long suspected the true secret of their variability; but it was by the merest chance on earth that I hit upon a proof of my guess. Your equatorial has done it, my good, kind Lady Constantine, and our fame is established forever!" He sprang into the air, and waved his hat in his triumph.

"Oh, I am so glad—so rejoiced!" she cried. "What is it? But don't stop to tell me. Publish it at once in some paper; nail your name to it, or somebody will seize the idea and appropriate it,—forestall you in some way. It will be Adams and Leverrier over again."

"If I may walk with you I will explain the nature of the discovery. It accounts for the occasional green tint of Castor and every difficulty. I said I would be the Copernicus of the stellar system, and I have begun to be. Yet who knows?"

"Now don't be so up and down! I shall not understand your explanation, and I would rather not know it. I shall reveal it if it is very grand. Women, you know, are not safe depositaries of such valuable secrets. You may walk with me a little way, with great pleasure. Then go and write your account, so as to insure your ownership of the discovery! . . . But how you have watched!" she cried, in a sudden accession of anxiety, as she turned to look



more closely at him. "The orbits of your eyes are leaden, and your eyelids are red and heavy. Don't do it, — pray don't! You will be ill, and break down."

"I have, it is true, been up a little late this last week," he said cheerfully. "In fact, I could n't tear myself away from the equatorial; it is such a wonderful possession that it keeps me there till daylight. But what does that matter, now I have made the discovery?"

"Ah, it *does* matter! Now, promise me — I insist — that you will not commit such imprudences again; for what should I do if my Astronomer-Royal were to die?" She laughed, but far too apprehensively to be effective as a display of levity.

They parted, and he went home to write out his paper. He promised to call as soon as his discovery was in print. Then they waited for the result.

It is impossible to describe the tremulous state of Lady Constantine during the interval. The warm interest she took in Swithin St. Cleeve — many would have said dangerously warm interest — made his hopes her hopes; and though she sometimes admitted to herself that great allowance was requisite for the overweening confidence of youth in the future, she permitted herself to be blinded to probabilities for the pleasure of sharing his dreams. It seemed not unreasonable to suppose the present hour to be the beginning of realization to her darling wish that this young man should become famous. He had worked hard, and why should he not be famous early? His very simplicity in mundane affairs afforded a strong presumption that in things celestial he might be wise. To obtain support for this hypothesis she had only to think over the lives of many eminent astronomers.

She waited feverishly for the flourish of trumpets from afar, by which she expected the announcement of his discovery to be greeted. Knowing that

immediate intelligence of the outburst would be brought to her by himself, she watched from the windows of the Great House each morning for a sight of his figure hastening down the glade. But he did not come.

A long array of wet days passed their dreary shapes before her, and made the waiting still more tedious. On one of these occasions she ran across to the tower, at the risk of a severe cold. The door was locked. Two days after she went again. The door was locked still. But this was only to be expected in such weather. Yet she would have gone on to his house, had there not been one reason too many against such precipitancy. As astronomer and astronomer there was no harm in their meetings; but as woman and man she feared them, — for herself, at any rate.

Ten days passed without a sight of him; ten blurred and dreary days, during which the whole landscape dripped like a mop, and the park trees swabbed the gravel from the drive, while the sky was lined with a thick vault of immovable cloud. It seemed as if the whole science of astronomy had never been real, and that the heavenly bodies, with their motions, were as theoretical as the moves and pieces at a bygone game of chess.

She could content herself no longer with fruitless visits to the column, and when the rain had a little abated she walked to the nearest hamlet, and in a conversation with the first old woman she met contrived to lead up to the subject of Swithin St. Cleeve, by talking about his grandmother.

"Ah, poor old heart; 't is a bad time for her, my lady!" exclaimed the dame.

"Why?"

"Her grandson is dying; and such a gentleman born!"

"Oh, it has something to do with that dreadful discovery!"

"What, my lady?"

She left the old woman with an eva-



sive answer, and with a breaking heart crept along the road. Tears brimmed into her eyes as she walked, and by the time that she was out of sight sobs burst forth tumultuously. "I am too fond of him, but I can't help it, and I don't care, — I don't care!"

Without further considerations as to who beheld her doings, she instinctively went straight towards Mrs. Martin's. Seeing a man coming, she calmed herself sufficiently to ask him through her dropped veil how poor Mr. St. Cleeve was that day. But she only got the same reply: "They say he is dying, my lady."

When Swithin had parted from Lady Constantine, on the previous Ash-Wednesday, he had gone straight to the homestead and prepared his account of *A New Astronomical Discovery*. It was written perhaps in too glowing a rhetoric for the true scientific tone of mind; but there was no doubt that his assertion met with a most startling aptness all the difficulties which had accompanied the received theories on the phenomena attending those marvelous suns of marvelous systems so far away. It accounted for the nebulous mist that surrounds some of them at their weakest time; in short, took up a position of probability which has never yet been assailed.

The papers were written in triplicate, and carefully sealed up with blue wax. One copy was directed to Greenwich, another to the Royal Society, another to a prominent astronomer. A brief statement of the essence of the discovery was also prepared for the leading daily paper.

He considered these documents, embodying as they did two years of his constant thought, reading, and observation, too important to be entrusted for posting to the hands of a messenger; too important to be sent to the sub-post-office at hand. Though the day was wet, dripping wet, he went on foot

with them to a chief office, five miles off, and registered them. Quite exhausted by the walk, after his long night-work, wet through, yet sustained by the sense of a great achievement, he called at a bookseller's for the astronomical periodicals to which he subscribed; then, resting for a short time at an inn, he plodded his way homewards, reading his papers as he went, and planning how to enjoy a repose, on his laurels, of a week or more.

On he strolled through the rain, holding the umbrella vertically over the exposed page to keep it dry while he read. Suddenly his eye was struck by an article. It was the review of a pamphlet by an American astronomer, in which the author announced a conclusive discovery with regard to variable stars.

The discovery was precisely the discovery of Swithin St. Cleeve. Another man had forestalled his fame by a period of about six weeks.

Then the youth found that the godless Philosophy, to whom he had vowed to dedicate his whole life, would not in return support him through a single hour of despair. In truth, the impishness of circumstance was newer to him than it would have been to a philosopher of threescore and ten. In a wild wish for annihilation he flung himself down on a patch of heather that lay a little removed from the road, and in this watery bed remained motionless, while time passed by unheeded. At last, from sheer misery and weariness, he fell asleep. The March rain pelted him mercilessly, the beaded moisture from the heavily charged locks of heath penetrated him through back and sides, and clotted his hair to unsightly tags and tufts. When he awoke it was dark. He thought of his grandmother, and of her possible alarm at missing him. On attempting to rise, he found that he could hardly bend his joints, and that his clothes were as heavy as lead from saturation. His teeth chattering and



his knees trembling, he pursued his way home, where his appearance excited great concern. He was obliged at once to retire to bed, and the next day he was delirious from the chill.

It was about ten days after this unhappy occurrence that Lady Constantine learnt the news, as above described, and hastened along to the homestead in that state of anguish in which the heart is no longer under the control of the judgment, and self-abandonment, even to error, verges on heroism. On reaching the house in Rings-Hill Bottom, the door was opened to her by old Hannah, who wore an assiduously sorrowful look; and Lady Constantine was shown into the large room, — so wide that the beams bent in the middle, — where she took her seat in one of a methodic range of chairs, beneath a portrait of the Reverend Mr. St. Cleeve, her astronomer's erratic father.

The eight unwatered plants, in the row of eight flower-pots, denoted that there was something wrong in the house. Mrs. Martin came down-stairs, fretting, her wonder at beholding Lady Constantine not altogether displacing the previous mood. "Here's a pretty kettle of fish, my lady!" she exclaimed.

Lady Constantine said, "Hush!" and pointed inquiringly upward.

"He is not overhead, my lady," replied Swithin's grandmother. "His bed-room is at the back of the house."

"How is he now?"

"He is better, just at this moment; and we are more hopeful. But he changes so."

"May I go up? I know he would like to see me."

Her presence having been made known to the sufferer, she was conducted upstairs to Swithin's room. The way thither was through the large chamber he had used as a study and for the manufacture of optical instruments. There lay the large pasteboard telescope, that had been just such a failure as Crusoe's

large boat; there were his diagrams, maps, globes, and celestial apparatus of various sorts. The absence of the worker through illness or death is sufficient to touch the prosiest workshop with the hues of pathetic romance, and it was with a swelling bosom that Lady Constantine passed through this arena of his youthful activities to the little chamber where he lay.

Old Mrs. Martin sat down by the window, and Lady Constantine bent over Swithin.

"Don't speak to me!" she whispered. "It will weaken you; it will excite you. If you do speak it must be very softly." She took his hand, and one irrepressible tear fell upon it.

"Nothing will excite me now, Lady Constantine," he said; "not even your goodness in coming. My last excitement was when I lost the battle. . . . Do you know that my discovery has been forestalled? It is that that's killing me."

"But you are going to recover; you are better, they say. Is it so?"

"I think I am, to-day. But who can be sure?"

"The poor boy was so upset at finding that his labor had been thrown away," said his grandmother, "that he lay down in the rain, and chilled his life out."

"How could you do it?" Lady Constantine whispered. "How could you think so much of renown, and so little of me? Why, for every discovery made there are ten behind that await making. To commit suicide like this, as if there were nobody in the world to care for you!"

"It was done in my haste, and I am very, very sorry for it! I beg both you and all my few friends never, never to forgive me! It would kill me with self-reproach if you were to pardon my rashness!"

At this moment the doctor was announced, and Mrs. Martin went down-



stairs to receive him. Lady Constantine thought she would remain to hear his report, and for this purpose came out, and sat down in a nook of the adjoining work-room of Swithin, the doctor meeting her as he passed through it into the sick-chamber.

He was there during what seemed a torturingly long time; but at length he came out to the room she waited in, and crossed it on his way down-stairs. She rose and followed him to the stair-head.

"How is he?" she anxiously asked. "Will he get over it?"

The doctor, not knowing the depth of her interest in the patient, spoke with the blunt candor natural towards a comparatively indifferent inquirer. "No, Lady Constantine," he replied; "there's a change for the worse." And he retired down the stairs.

Scarcely knowing what she did, Lady Constantine ran back to Swithin's side, flung herself upon the bed, and in a throb of sorrow kissed him.

*Thomas Hardy.*

## STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

### IV.

#### "A FIRST-CLASS POSITION."

THERE are many men from the Northern and Northwestern States in Texas, and a large proportion of those with whom I talked complained bitterly of being "disappointed with the country;" but most of them seemed to have had unreasonable expectations. Some of them said they had heard, before leaving their old homes, that "a man could live so much easier hyar than in Eele-noy," but that it was not at all true. One young man, with something rather flashy in his appearance, whom I met at Dallas, while waiting for a train, told me with great candor that he had been "down hyar for a couple o' years," and had "tried a number o' things." He was now about to obtain a "first-class position" as agent of a traveling dramatic and variety company, with "some durned purty gurls in it." After some further explanation of his prospects, he remarked, "Anyhow, I've never had a blister on my hands yit, an' I don't mean to have, if I can help it." He liked the country pretty well, he said, "only the folks are so blamed ready

to shoot people. Why, they'll shoot a man jest to see him kick while he's a dyin'." This gentleman was from Chicago.

Usually, when in the South, after a man gave me any information in regard to his own pursuits or undertakings, I wished him success, as we separated; and I always said so the more explicitly because I had to decline the inevitable invitation to drink to each other's prosperity; but in this case I reflected that the course my young friend had chosen would probably lead to a pistol shot in a drinking saloon or house of ill-fame, as the last act in the drama for him, or to a cell in some state prison.

At San Antonio I met a "Massachusetts Yankee," as he described himself, who several years ago invested his entire fortune, some thirty thousand dollars, in blooded cattle and horses, and brought them to Texas for sale, hoping to stock the whole region with animals of improved breed. But he had not been able to sell them for one half what they cost him. The people there, he said, would "ruther have these durned little Mexican mules."



## ANOTHER TYPE.

I found a young white man in Texas, a native of the country, who is not afraid to work, nor at all careful about blistering his fingers. He lives near Emory, in Rains County. He was twenty-four years of age; was married at eighteen, and had nothing then. Now he owns one hundred and twenty acres of good land, a span of heavy mules, two cows, twenty-four sheep, nearly a hundred hens, and a "small drove" of hogs. He is not in debt, has some money in the bank, and intends to buy more land next winter. He and his wife have "made" all this by their own labor and good management. He invited me to go out to see his place. I found them living in a log cabin of one room, well furnished, very neat, orderly, and comfortable. His wife had a troublesome ailment of the eyes, brought on four years ago by her being overheated, while at work in the field with the hoe, "chopping out cotton." (The cotton-seed is planted by handfuls, and a great deal more comes up than can grow. It is thinned out, mostly, with the hoe.) This young woman cards, spins, and weaves the cloth for the clothing of the family, and makes up all their garments. She attends to the chickens and the cows, and makes money from her eggs and butter. We had an excellent supper and breakfast, and the "spare bed" was clean and sweet. The young man raises cotton and corn, and all the time that is not needed for work on the farm he employs in hauling goods from the railroad to Emory for the merchants there. He contrives always to have a "return load," and makes this business highly profitable. Both these young people are as energetic and "pushing" as any that I know in the North. The man does not drink at all, and has no vices that I could discover. They have two sturdy little children. All go to church on Sundays. The only thing

I could see to regret in their life was that the young wife and mother was working too hard. They are simple-hearted, kindly people, not very intelligent or well informed, but sensible and contented. Perhaps they know enough. More knowledge might not make them happier or better.

## THE SUNSET ROUTE.

We leave New Orleans at noon, if we are going to Texas by the Sunset Route, and, if going through without stopping, ride steadily westward the remainder of the day and all night, to reach Houston at seven or eight o'clock of the following morning. There, if we are going on at once, we make close connections, again push on all day long, and reach San Antonio at night. I did not go through thus directly, but I mention the arrangement of trains and the time required in order to convey some impression of distances in that part of our country. I think, however, that no one can have an adequate idea of the vast extent of the State of Texas without traveling through it. From New Orleans to Houston most of the country is low and flat. The water is nearly everywhere brackish, and in every door-yard you see a huge cistern, or wooden vat or tank, above ground, to receive the rain-water from the roof of the house, for domestic use. Very often the cistern is nearly as large as the house. The cabins of the negroes in Western Louisiana are roomy and comfortable; they are mostly, indeed, small framed houses, all of them having outside chimneys, built of sticks and clay. These are cheap, and, when well constructed, durable and safe. Much of the land near the coast is very fertile, and, when dry enough for tillage, produces excellent crops of sugar-cane and cotton. Where the land becomes higher the live-oak is abundant. It is a very handsome tree, usually growing with a low, spreading top, and looking much like a greatly



magnified apple-tree. This resemblance half domesticates the appearance of the rolling, open pasture-lands where it grows.

#### TEXAS CATTLE.

Westward from Houston the country becomes drier, though there is still much low prairie. All along the road through this region one sees many cattle, and soon learns the meaning of the accounts, so often repeated, of cattle being able to "live out all winter, without feed or shelter." They do live so; that is, some of them do. Many die from starvation. I saw their bodies everywhere, and many of those still alive were wretchedly emaciated. Hundreds of them were, to use an expressive Southwestern phrase, "on the lift;" that is, when they laid down they were so weak that they could not get up; but if they were helped to get up they could walk about and feed, until weariness or weakness prompted them to lie down again, when the process had to be repeated. I saw great numbers of dead animals in the pools and ditches, where they had come to drink, and being too weak to struggle through the mud they had fallen into the water and been drowned. The owners appeared generally to hold the same cheerful philosophy with a man with whom I talked at Corinth, Mississippi, who thought he did not lose much when hundreds of his sheep died for want of food and shelter, because, as he said, "we git the wool." So those Texas cattle men seemed satisfied with the hides. "Hundreds and thousands of the cattle die when the new grass begins to come:" so I was told everywhere. The explanation is that the cattle, weak from long starvation and ravenous with hunger, eat excessively of the fresh grass. They have no "dry feed" to serve as a corrective, and the surfeit on green food kills them. The whole system and plan of cattle-raising in this State seemed to me to be enormously wasteful, yet the industry

is a source of wealth. It would, however, be much more profitable with better methods; and as population becomes more dense, and the range for cattle is circumscribed, these will of necessity be adopted. Nearly every pursuit in the South is to a great extent carried on, or rather goes on, with similar wastefulness of method and result. Of course no business thus managed produces so much as it would if prosecuted with even moderate energy, foresight, and prudence. I should not like to express my opinions upon such matters so forcibly as Southern men express theirs everywhere.

#### A GREAT SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.

Sheep-raising and wool-growing would be highly remunerative in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, and other parts of the South; and this would be one of the easiest industries for people to engage in who have not much capital to begin with. But the South, in common with large portions of New England, is devoted to another industry, which is always incompatible with sheep-raising and wool-producing. This is the rearing of dogs. I did not find anything else, I think, that can be attributed to the South generally. I found plenty of white republicans and black democrats there; and there is, as in the North, almost every possible variety of opinion on every possible subject. The South is so large, and its life and thought so varied and complex, that a real observer will be slow to impute many things to this part of our country in general. But in regard to this business the South is really "solid." The popular devotion to the rearing of dogs recalls the animal worship of the ancient Egyptians. I was often on the point of asking, "How much do you make a year on your dogs?" They are so numerous, and are increasing so rapidly; they occupy a place of such prominence in the general life of the South, and so dominate public senti-



ment and influence public morality, that one is constantly inclined to the conviction that their rearing and care must be among the most important and valuable pursuits of the people. I was told that there is a dog-tax in some of the States, but that when the assessor of taxes goes his rounds scarcely anybody can be found who will confess to owning a dog. A vigorous effort was made in the legislature of one of the chief Southern States, a few years ago, to enact a law to limit or discourage the rearing of dogs, and to stimulate the production of sheep and wool. But a colored member of the legislature made an eloquent and enthusiastic defense of dog-rearing, and talked sentiment, and quoted what the poets have written in praise of dogs (some white wags having assisted him in the preparation of his speech), until one would have thought that the highest interests of civilization depended upon having as many dogs in the country as possible. The obnoxious bill was voted down by a large majority, and the imperiled industry was rescued.

#### NORTHERNERS AND NATIVES.

Notwithstanding all such discouragements, there are already Northern men in many places in the northern zone of the South who have begun sheep-growing, and I saw many more who were "prospecting" with a view to engaging in this pursuit. Most of those with whom I conversed were from Northern cities. Some of them had scarcely ever seen a sheep, and it was very interesting to hear their conversation with "the natives" (as all Northerners traveling in the South, or living there, call the people of the country) who have "had some experience in sheep," as they say. One man in Tennessee said that when he began, a few years ago, he thought it "scandalous" to let sheep run in the woods all winter, without any feed, as the natives did. He bought two hundred sheep, and kept them on dry feed,

and gave them plenty of it; "but a lot of them died, and more were sick," while the sheep that lived in the woods even while the ground was covered with snow, and were not fed at all, did very well. He said the natives knew best, after all; that sheep could subsist very well in the woods; and he declared that he had seen sheep eat all day on a piece of ground as bare as a barn-floor. The popular belief or theory that "stock will do well enough out-of-doors" is a very convenient one for people who have no great liking for labor; the truth is, doubtless, that sheep should be fed in winter, and should also be sheltered from cold, wet storms, but that they should have access to the ground, and to the herbage of the woods or fields. Considering the manner in which many Northern men are beginning operations in the South, in pursuits new to them, it should not be surprising if we receive unfavorable reports now and then from some men who "have been to the South and tried it."

#### THE PROCESS OF DESOLATION.

In Mississippi a large proportion of the land under cultivation is mortgaged to New Orleans merchants and bankers. When a Mississippi planter increases his indebtedness from year to year, he calls it extending his credit; and in many cases this process is continued until almost everything he owns is swallowed up. Then there is a sale, or some kind of "final arrangement," and the planter, advanced in years, and with possessions far less in value than when he began life and business as a young man, goes to Texas, to begin again. In some parts of the South, and noticeably in Northern Mississippi, much damage has been done to the agricultural interests of the country by the washing away of the surface soil. Over thousands of acres this process has gone on so long that nothing is left but the inert and unproductive clay, and this is cut up by gullies and



chasms so wide and deep that they often have to be bridged, like rivers. It would require a vast amount of work and an expenditure too great for the present inhabitants of such regions to repair these injuries, and restore the soil of these unsightly and sterile, ruined areas. Owing to the neglect and inefficiency of the owners of the land, or, in some instances, to the poverty caused by the civil war, the same processes have been permitted to go on here unchecked which, in other parts of the world, have transformed once fertile and populous regions into deserts. Such destructive washing can be prevented by proper management and care on the part of the cultivators of the soil, in adapting their methods to its peculiar qualities and conditions. I saw nothing in my journey through the South which appeared to me more imperatively to require the immediate and earnest attention of the most intelligent and capable men of the country than this evil of the rapid denudation of large areas of fertile country of the entire body of their soil. It is the permanent destruction of a valuable part of the national domain, and of the inheritance of posterity.

#### PROSPERITY IN LOUISIANA.

There is a larger proportion of rich land in Louisiana than in any other Southern State, I think, and in various parts of the State I saw signs of more of what Northern people would regard as a healthful and "happy" life, for both white people and negroes, than I found anywhere else in equal measure, though I observed instances of a similar kind in other States, especially in Virginia and Alabama. There are fewer "poor whites" in Louisiana than in any other part of the South. There was less whining about poverty, less of the frantic outcry for Northern capital, than elsewhere. I also saw there white men who could "work out-of-doors" in the summer. I am convinced that white men

can work in the fields all summer long, in every part of the South. I saw many who said they and their neighbors had always done so; and yet I was frequently informed by Southern men that white men cannot endure field labor in the "cotton belt," or in the "sugar regions," and that if the negroes will not work nothing can be done. I think it appears to be true that the negro is not so much affected by malaria as the white man. He can live and work near the swamps and rivers, where "the chills" would soon shake the life out of a white man. But so far as my observations warrant any conclusions regarding this matter, it is plain to me that the chief difficulty in the way of the success of "white labor" in the South is a psychological one; it is the want of will.

#### SOUTHERN WINES.

Virginia and Georgia, with portions of other Southern States, are likely, before many years have passed, to produce great quantities of grapes and wine. It is not improbable, indeed, that in almost every part of the South some particular kinds of grapes, with the wines which they produce, will become sources of profit, and will be extensively cultivated. Where much wine is made much of it will be used, and this industry has important and peculiar relations to the morals and civilization of the countries in which it is largely developed. Its effects are not wholly beneficial or desirable, but, with our existing national civilization and character, whatever is found to be profitable, or which proves to be a source of wealth, is certain to be employed and fostered by our people.

Much might be written of the sea-island cotton culture, of rice-growing and the production of tobacco, as well as of other matters pertaining to Southern agriculture, which I have not described; but to treat them adequately would require greater fullness of detail



than I can now employ. The newspapers of the Southern States are doing excellent service in stimulating interest and disseminating information in regard to agricultural interests and improvements. There is a healthful, practical spirit abroad in the South regarding such subjects, and her people have an admirable journal devoted to agriculture, horticulture, live-stock, and the household, which was established more than forty years ago. Some of the most intelligent agriculturists of our country are in the Southern States. There is, however, a greater disposition to look to the national government for aid to agriculture than is wholesome or desirable. The prosperity of the Southern people will be more real and durable if they depend upon themselves. The more fully the industries of the people (as well as their educational institutions and activities) can be kept free from the entanglements of partisan politics, the better it will be for the interests of all concerned.

#### PROBABILITIES.

The condition and the development of agriculture in the Southern States are matters of national interest, and they will in a few years exert a decided influence upon emigration, and will attract increasing attention, not only in the Northern States of this country, but in Europe. The old methods of work are certainly to be displaced more and more, as railroads are extended, as manufacturing industries are multiplied, and as immigration increases. Northern and English capital will, it is probable, be more largely invested in Southern land and its cultivation. As in every other department and interest of Southern life, so in agriculture, the old order of things is passing away. The South is taking its place in the modern world of business and financial activities, and it will soon be a more important factor in the world of industry than it has ever been before. Labor and money are

the most important agencies in the new development of Southern civilization. They will be found potent enough for their work. Whether they are to be directed and supplemented by adequate intellectual and social forces, time alone can determine.

#### MANUFACTURES.

One of the greatest means for the improvement of agriculture in the South is the extraordinary increase in the use of improved farm utensils and machinery. This brings me to consider Southern manufactures. I have visited nearly all the principal cotton-mills of the South, besides many factories in different States for the production of oil and oil-cake from cotton-seed, artificial stone, ice, fertilizers of various kinds, medicines and toilet preparations, flour, tobacco, beer, whisky, lime, cement, soap, soda-water, artificial limbs, saddles, sash, blinds and doors, furniture, lumber, wagons and carriages, plows, steam-engines, boilers, cane and sugar mills, saw-mills, cotton-presses, iron store fronts, cotton-gins, staves and barrels, and other articles for industrial and domestic use. I saw in several places the manufacture of excellent rope and twine, and was in one good electrotype foundry. I observed also the beginnings of various other manufacturing enterprises, some of which are likely to grow to important proportions. Many things are now made from the oil contained in cotton-seed, and this is becoming one of the most valuable products of the South. An oil-mill is not an attractive place to well-dressed visitors, but I have seen few manufactures which have more interest for a thoughtful man who enjoys seeing substances which have been regarded as of slight value converted into articles of the highest importance and utility. Such development of a new source of wealth out of a familiar agricultural product is of far greater benefit to the country than would be conferred



by the discovery of the richest mine of silver or gold. The workmen in the mills like to eat the oil-cake, which is sweet and pleasant to the taste. They chew it while at work, and grow fat on it. Work in the oil-mills is a healthy occupation, though not very cleanly.

Iron is made from the ore at various points, and this industry is rapidly increasing. The manufacture of agricultural machinery and implements is already extensive and highly remunerative, and the same is true of wagon and carriage making. Whisky has long been, as everybody knows, one of the staple products of the South. It is made far more abundantly than I could wish were the case, considering its relation to the real interest and welfare of the people of the country; but the special opposition to its production—as if that were the cause of its excessive and injurious consumption—is of course entirely unintelligent. Within a few years the making of beer has also become extensive and profitable in the South. The production and sale of fertilizers amount to many millions of dollars' worth annually. There are excellent iron foundries, doing a good business, at several places in Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, and other States. In most of these, as in some other of the shops and factories mentioned above, negroes are employed; and in the manufacture of tobacco, a business of enormous extent, most of the laborers are negroes, though a few white women work with them.

#### THE MILLS.

In the cotton-mills of the Southern States only white laborers are now employed, I believe, although before the emancipation of the slaves there were cotton-mills which were carried on by means of slave labor. Through my entire journey in the South I gave much attention to everything connected with the cotton manufactures of the region, because I have had more acquaintance

with the same business in the North than with any other of our great manufacturing industries. Having seen much of factory life in New England, I have been greatly interested in employing the "comparative method" of study in the Southern mills. The first thing noticeable everywhere there is the extremely happy and satisfied feeling of the manufacturers, and their confident hopefulness in regard to their business in the future. I saw the books and balance-sheets of a number of the principal mills, and ascertained that the owners have a solid and adequate basis for their somewhat exultant and triumphant mood. They are making money, and are extending this industry with great energy and rapidity. In some instances they have had offers from Northern capitalists of more money than they need, and several of the stronger corporations are becoming possessed of sufficient capital of their own.

#### OPINIONS.

Some Northern manufacturers think it might be easier, or more profitable, for the people of the South to begin with such manufactures as shoemaking, and other industries requiring a less costly "plant," than to engage in the manufacture of cotton, until they have more capital than at present. But Southern men insist that their region is the natural and proper place for the manufacture of cotton, and that the time has already arrived for them to make all coarse cotton fabrics as fast as possible for home consumption, and to take their part in supplying the markets of the world. Many of the large mills are putting in new Lowell-made machinery, of the latest and most improved construction, and are already producing goods of great excellence and durability. When I visited them they nearly all had orders for all they could produce for many months in advance. I saw large quantities of valuable goods, baled,



marked, and ready to be forwarded to the markets of New York, Chicago, Shanghai, Zanzibar, and other remote parts of the world. Everywhere there was apparent a determination to make superior goods, and to depend upon their merit for success. Many of the gentlemen with whom I conversed regarding these subjects dwelt upon the unprofitableness of sending cotton all the way to New England to be spun and woven, and then sending it all the way back to Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, and Texas to be sold and used. They said everywhere, "It will not be so long. Of course you will make the finer cotton fabrics in the North for some years yet, but we shall ultimately try to learn that too, and some of your manufacturers will probably come down here to make money by and by."

#### THE LABORERS.

Another side of the cotton manufactures of the South, which interests me quite as much as the feeling and fortunes of the manufacturers or capitalists, is the condition and character of the operatives, as affected by their employment and circumstances. I enjoyed excellent opportunities for studying these matters. I walked through every part of most of the mills, often alone, observing and examining everything as fully as I desired; and visited many of the operatives in their homes, inspecting their houses and surroundings, learning as much as possible about sanitary matters, their food, social and personal habits, use of leisure time, their morals and general tone, temper and character. It is manifest that there is a very comfortable and satisfactory feeling between employers and employed. Everywhere the mill owners, agents, and overseers say that the Southern operatives are the best laborers in the world, the most loyal to the interests of their employers, the most faithful, pleasant tempered, and easily managed. On the other

hand, I found it impossible to obtain from the laborers with whom I talked any expression of dissatisfaction with their employers. I could not find anywhere any indications of restlessness or discontent among the mill people. I believe there has been little or no socialist agitation, no labor disturbances, among the Southern factory operatives.

The wages paid and the hours of labor in Southern cotton-mills (they say "factories" there, mostly) are about the same as in New England; but in their home life and all its most important conditions, Southern operatives are more fortunate than the same class of laborers in the Northern States. They have better and much larger houses. There is as yet very little, if any, unwholesome or injurious crowding in the tenements occupied by the operatives of Southern mills. Sanitary arrangements appear to be recognized by mill-owners in the South as something that must be carefully looked after. Perhaps the climate, which insures greater danger from any neglect of such things, may compel closer attention to these matters than they usually receive in the North.

#### LIFE AND ITS CONDITIONS.

But the relation between the factory people and their employers is plainly different in the South from anything that I have observed in New England; it is more "patriarchal" and less democratic. The control, authority, or influence of the owners and managers over the working people is more absolute than in the North. I am obliged to say that it seems to be a just and beneficent control. The employers appear to feel a real interest in the welfare and prosperity of the people whom they employ. I have not been able to detect, on either side, any feeling of antagonism, any notion that the interests of the manufacturers and those of the laborers are opposed, or even distinct. Almost universally, perhaps in all cases, the oper-



atives are paid in full, in money, and at short intervals. In many places the corporations own most of the houses occupied by the operatives. The rent is generally much lower than the prevailing rates in the same town. The houses are carefully kept in repair by the mill-owners. At some of the largest mills, each family among the operatives has a garden and keeps a cow. The laborers in the mills go to church on Sundays, and are members of churches, far more generally than in the North. There is much less drinking, and there is beyond all comparison less of licentiousness, among them than in their class in New England. The women and girls who work in Southern mills are, I am convinced, almost all of good character. I inquired everywhere in regard to this, and was uniformly told that when, as occasionally happens, a girl of immodest behavior comes into a mill to work the women employed there detect her at once, and commonly expel her by the severity of their manner toward her. But if she does not go, the women make complaint to the agent of the mill, and the offender is at once discharged. It is announced and well understood everywhere that no person of known vicious habits or character will be employed or retained in a cotton-mill there, and the effect is certainly most wholesome. I observed everywhere that the women and girls in the mills were modest and feminine in looks and bearing.

#### KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTER.

An observer who is familiar with the appearance of the laborers in Northern cotton-mills can see at once that Southern operatives are less intelligent; that they are not so "well informed about what is going on in the world," in the New England sense of these expressions. They are more placid, contented, and industrious, and less restless, than people of the same class in New England; they are more domestic,

settled, and regular in their habits and character. There is far less moving about from place to place, and from one mill to another, than in the North. All, or very nearly all, the hands in Southern factories are Southerners, natives of the region near the mill in which they work, and they all belong to a more primitive, simple, and old-fashioned order of things than is now anywhere in existence in connection with factory life in New England. Southern operatives read less than Northern; they have not so many ideas, and they have not been affected in any considerable degree by the "reforming and progressive" sentiments and influences of the time. They are, in consequence, happier, less liable to discontent, and far more useful and agreeable to their employers. After wide observation in New England, I believe that the operatives of Fall River are, as a class, more "intelligent and intellectual" than those of any other factory town in that portion of our country. Physically, too, they are a superior class. But without judging between them and their employers, one may say that they do not appear to be more happy, useful, or successful than other operatives.

Some of the principal Southern cotton-mills have savings-banks connected with them, belonging to the corporation; that is, the corporation receives the savings from their own operatives who wish to deposit them, and pays interest on them, the same as any other savings-bank. But most of the mill-owners consider this plan injudicious; they regard it as establishing a relation not wholesome or strictly legitimate between employers and employed. These gentlemen say, "We must have thorough and absolute control over our business. This is indispensable to successful management. But the moment we owe a man a dollar which we are not ready to pay, he controls us. Now there might be, some time, a condition of financial disturbance or panic, which would agi-



tate our depositors, and make them anxious or distrustful about their money; and that, you see, would demoralize them as laborers for us. Many of our people have for years wished us to keep their money for them, but we do not think it would be for our interest, or for theirs, to do so. No; let other people establish and conduct savings-banks for them. We pay them promptly and in full, because it is better for them and for us that they should have no long-deferred or postponed claims against us. We do not need their money, and we do not wish to take care of them in a way that would not be for their good. If we should need money, it would be far better to obtain it in the market, in the regular way."

#### CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.

The owners and managers of Southern mills and factories whom I have met appear to me to be gentlemen of high character; and they seem to have an intelligent and encouraging perception of the truth that the prosperity and moral welfare of their laborers are essential conditions of their own success as employers and capitalists. They all appear to give very close attention to the details of business, and to trust comparatively little to the judgment of subordinates. Of course, if the time ever comes when many foreigners shall be employed in Southern mills, most of the conditions which I have here described will probably be changed. I hope it may be long before the present state of things is greatly altered, for I think the operatives in Southern mills are among the happiest and most truly prosperous laborers that I have seen anywhere. The principal mills have good schools connected with them, and nearly all the children of the operatives attend Sunday-schools. The Methodist and Baptist churches appear to be doing most for the moral and social welfare and guidance of the working people, as they

are the principal churches in most places in the South, but other religious organizations are also doing their part. The operatives are not regarded in the South as constituting a class so separate or distinct as in New England. They belong more fully and vitally to the body of the people.

#### FACTORIES IN THE WOODS.

There are large and prosperous factories at Wesson, Mississippi; Columbus and Augusta, Georgia; Greensboro, North Carolina, and at various other places, where I saw many things of special and local interest; but I cannot particularly describe any of these, as I prefer rather to report the general features and conditions of this industry throughout the South. But there are some small factories in different parts of the country, which are of interest because they are small, and as instances of the successful prosecution of this industry in mills of a type which is very different from that of the extensive establishments which I have described. Some of these smaller factories are among the oldest in the South. Most of them are situated in places remote from towns and railroads, and they are managed in a very quiet and unambitious style, working but a small force of hands as compared with the great mills; yet they produce a handsome profit for their owners. I found a good representative of this class of mills in the woods on Flint River, in Alabama. It was under the charge of Major —, a graduate of West Point, and an officer of the Confederate army, and belonged to a family corporation which owns three thousand acres of land around the factory. The whole property is worth about a hundred thousand dollars. They had made twelve per cent. profit on this capital the year before. They work one hundred hands, — twenty men and eighty women and girls. The young women were all Americans, and they



seemed modest and pleasant, and the major said there was no vice among them. Each family has a house on the land of the corporation, a large garden, and a cow. The houses seemed to me wonderfully large, after my acquaintance with New England factory "tenement-houses." Think of a house more than forty feet long for one family of operatives! This is the size of each dwelling at the Bell Factory, and each has in addition a detached kitchen. I saw a sewing-machine in every house. All have open fire-places and cooking-stoves. The people raise their own vegetables, and each house has a pretty door-yard, with shrubbery and flowers. It seemed a happy and prosperous little community. The manager plainly felt great interest in the moral and personal welfare of his laborers, and they showed that they loved him as a wise, strong friend. He is, indeed, a kind of patriarch of the "settlement" of three hundred inhabitants, a fatherly king over them. No liquor is sold in or near the place, except under his direction. There are a church and a school. The major rarely goes away to the town, or leaves the little factory village. The factory has been in operation more than fifty years. Before the war the work was done by negro slaves owned by the corporation. They grew up in the mill, and knew no other work. Now the operatives are all whites. It would be a great blessing to the country if there could be many factories like this, but the changed conditions of the time have probably made their establishment impossible. Everything must now be done on a different scale, in starting new enterprises, though some of these old factories may be successful for some time longer. They are likely, however, soon to be swallowed up by larger undertakings, or destroyed by their competition.

I suppose that no conditions could make it possible to organize a similar industry and community among New

England people. We should all assert ourselves, and fight for independence and equality, and should disdain to obey any man. No measure of profit would reconcile us to patriarchal control or guidance. We should find means to evade and nullify the rules relating to the sale of liquor, and, in short, to do whatever was forbidden. But such a system is suited exactly to the character and qualities of the people of the primitive community which I have described. In purity of life, content, and happiness, they surpass any New England factory population with which I am acquainted.

#### PROSPECTS.

If the cotton crop should be large for the next two or three years, and agricultural affairs in the Southern States generally prosperous, several large cotton-mills will probably be erected. At Charleston, South Carolina, I found much interest and discussion over plans for a great cotton factory. The leading business men of the city said that they had been "away behind" the North in enterprise, but they did not intend always to be so. There is a large and valuable building at Corinth, Mississippi, which was erected a few years ago for a cotton-mill, but which has never been occupied. When I was there it was offered to me for a merely nominal price, on condition that I should put in machinery, and promise to employ one hundred laborers. Norfolk, Virginia, has been unfortunate with her mills, losing heavily by fires, but will try again. Some Southern mills are exempted from taxation for a long term of years. This may be right, or necessary, but there are real objections to this method of fostering particular industries. In various parts of the South I saw signs of the gradual accumulation of capital, and of successful effort in laying the foundations of new or expanded business enterprises; a coral-insect kind of work, going on out of sight, but which is sure to be



manifest in time. On the other hand, many Southerners who declaim against the backwardness and "shiftlessness" apparent in their region are themselves quite as inefficient and improvident as any of the people around them.

#### RAILROADS.

Railroad construction is active in many parts of the South, and that portion of our country is building more railroads than it is likely to have business adequately to sustain. But some of the new roads and projected lines are important, and will of course be of great benefit to the regions most affected by their construction and operation. While in New Orleans I took a long walk down the river-front. There is evidently a great deal of business in the city, and her capital appears to be abundant and substantial. But I think that her relative importance as a metropolis, and her superiority in commerce and wealth over the other cities of the South, are likely to be less marked in the future than they have been in the past. The city has been made and sustained chiefly by the Mississippi River, but the river itself will be of less importance henceforward. The dominion is passing to the railroads in all that part of the country. A glance at a railroad map shows that the Mississippi River has hitherto kept railroads out of a vast region to the west of it along all its lower course. From Memphis to the Gulf the river has had the country and its commerce all to itself. But a railroad has recently been completed which forms a continuous line westward from New Orleans to San Antonio, Texas. A railroad is now being built from Vicksburg to Shreveport, on the Red River. There is already a road from New Orleans up the west side of the Mississippi to Bayou Goula, and there are various short pieces and scattered links which will soon be extended and connected, until the whole country from the Mississippi westward

to the Trinity will be, within the next twenty years, I think, striped and cross-barred with railroads.

#### TO BUILD UP CITIES.

All this may greatly benefit and develop the region referred to, but it will have the effect of sending to other points much of the tribute that has hitherto gone to New Orleans. The railroads of the South will be much more valuable and friendly to ports on the Southern Atlantic coast than to the beautiful metropolis of the Gulf States. Savannah, Charleston, Norfolk, Richmond, and Baltimore will all be greatly aggrandized by the new and advancing development of the Southern States. The prophecy of a great Southern port and city to rival New York is a guess, a dream. The chances or possibilities of the future are too many and too uncertain for such predictions to have any basis even in probability, but the five coast States between Pennsylvania and Florida are certain to gain greatly in wealth by the increasing production of the States lying west of them. Of all these seaboard States, Virginia holds, I think, the best position for commerce. Chesapeake Bay is an invaluable possession, and the situation of the State north of Cape Hatteras gives it great advantages.

#### THE "DRUMMER."

The traveling salesman, or "drummer," is one of the chief features of the mercantile business of the South, at present. I do not think I traveled an hour by railway, while in the Southern States, without the company of at least one of these men, nor stopped at any railroad hotel without meeting one; and usually there were several of them present at such places at the same time. It must be said that most of these young men are kind and obliging to their fellow-travelers, — to everybody, indeed; and the uncomplaining indifference with which they accept the miserable fare of



Southern eating-houses and hotels may claim a degree of respect, though they are commonly treated better than anybody else on the road. (The clerk of the pretentious railroad hotel at Montgomery, Alabama, added fifty per cent. to my bill when he learned that I was not a drummer.) I was interested in observing and studying this class of young men, and in learning how they regarded their own life and occupation. There are a few elderly men, of excellent character, on the road, but most of them are young, and are somewhat peculiar. Many of them regard themselves as the real merchants and principal business men of the country, and speak of the houses which employ them as if they (the merchants in the cities) were mere subordinates, or agents, employed by the drummers to put up and forward the goods sold on the road. I heard many discussions among these traveling salesmen of the various methods by which they could so conduct business as to bring the principal profits to their own pockets. They speak of the trade as theirs, and not that of the houses they represent, and often talk of the amount of business which they control, frequently threatening to "carry the trade over to another house." They always have the best rooms, and the best of everything at the hotels, and when several of them meet at the same house they are apt to have "little suppers" together. They are usually extremely hospitable on such occasions, and often invited me

to join them, but I always begged to be excused. A good deal of wine is consumed at these suppers. It is a part of "the necessary traveling expenses," as they explained to me. At Jackson, Mississippi, arriving late at night at the hotel, I found myself in a merry company of drummers, who greeted me with effusive cordiality and offers of unlimited hospitality. The leader explained that they were "all as drunk as the devil, but g-g-goo-GOOD-natured. An' we're jus' as glad to see you 's if you were sober!" The traveling-salesman method of doing business seemed to me clumsy and costly, and the older men on the road in the South say they do not believe the system will be maintained for many years in its present proportions.

#### CREDIT AND DEBT.

Merchandise of all kinds is very generally sold on credit in most of the Southern States, and there is a larger proportion of the population who are hopelessly in debt than in any other part of our country. In a "rather smart" Tennessee town, I saw a dry-goods and variety store which bore in large letters across its front the legend, "Our Terms! Cash Down From Every Body Saint and Sinner Now and Forever More Amen." It would mark the coming of a better day for Southern business men, and for their customers as well, if this inscription could be placed above the doors of all their shops and stores, from Norfolk to San Antonio.

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#### SERENA.

MORE than twenty years ago Serena Hedding drove through the gateway of her father's farm, while her little son held the creaking gate open. Her vehicle was a low buggy, with room at

the back for a sack of nubbins, which the scrawny white horse would appreciate on his return trip. The driver was obliged to cluck encouragement to him as he paused, with his head down, in the



gateway; and before he had taken ten steps forward, before Milton could stick the pin back in the post-hole and scamper to his seat at her left side, she lived her girlhood over. She saw her father holding that gate open for camp-meeting or protracted-meeting folks to drive in to dinner with him. She saw Milton Hedding ride through to court her, and the scowl her father gave him; and the buggy which waited for her in the woods one afternoon, herself getting into it, and Milton whipping up his horse to carry her away forever.

The road wound, folding on itself, through dense woods. Nothing had changed about the road. She noticed that the old log among the haw saplings remained untouched. That log was a link binding her childhood to her girlhood. She sat on it to baste up the hem of her ridiculously long dress before going to school, her dinner-basket waiting near; and, coming home in the evening, she there ripped the basting out, lest Aunt Lindy should notice that her skirt did not flop against her heels, as proper skirts had done in Aunt Lindy's childhood. Seated on that log, she and Milton had talked of the impossibility of their marriage, and decided to run away.

It was so near sunset that the woods were in mellow twilight. She heard the cows lowing away off, and a loaded wagon rumbling over the Feeder bridge. The loamy incense of this ancestral land was so sweet that it pained her. Soon the house would come in sight, and seem to strike her on the face. If they had altered it any, she did not know it. Was her father's sick-bed down-stairs, or did Aunt Lindy keep him above the narrow staircase? The slippery-elm tree she used to wound for its juicy strips started out at the roadside to give her a scarry welcome. Her fingers brushed her cheeks, and drew the black sun-bonnet further over them.

"What's the matter, mother?" in-

quired her light-haired boy. "Are you feared grandfather's worse?"

"I hope he ain't," replied Serena. Then the house, on its rising ground, appeared, crossed by trees. It had a yard in which lilac bushes, and tall holly-hocks bordered the path. The gate opened into an orchard, and the orchard was guarded from the lane by bars, which Serena's little boy let down, and they drove in.

Her father's barn was one of those immense structures which early Ohio farmers built to indicate their wealth. It had always seemed bursting with hay and grain, and the stamp of horses resounded from its basement stables.

Serena looked piteously at the house. Vehicles of various kinds were fastened all along the fence. Still, no solemn voice or sound of singing reached her ear. It had long been the Jeffries custom to hold services over their dead at the house. No feather-bed hung across the garden palings; neither was the hideous cooling-board standing up anywhere, like a wooden tombstone. But the whole neighborhood was there. He must be very low indeed.

The youthful widow and her boy alighted, and tied their horse in a humble corner near the woodpile. Nobody came out to receive them. That was another bad sign. She was cramped by her long ride. If her suspense had not been so great she must have felt a pang of shame at the shabby appearance of her son and herself, on this first return from exile.

The house dog barked, waking suddenly from his meditations to learn who they were and what they wanted. But he recollected that a great many strangers had been coming and going recently, and, considering his duty done, trotted back, and stretched himself to snap flies.

Serena felt obliged to go around to the front of the house, though the back doorstep showed the wear of her childish feet. But as she passed the first



rose-bush, Milty trotting in the white path behind her, a woman came from the back porch, holding a handkerchief over her cap, the ribbons of which flew back on each side of her neck. The light glared on her spectacles. She was as trim and quick as a young girl. Her dress, cape, and apron were of the same material, and her waist was fastened in front with a spiky row of pins.

"Serene Heddin'!" she exclaimed, with the spring in her voice which Serena remembered comparing to the clip of a mouse-trap, "you 're not goin' into the front door to scare your father to death in his last moments."

"Oh, Aunt Lindy," said the shabby widow, lifting her hands, "is he as bad as that?"

"He's been struck with death all the afternoon. You come in this way."

"Can't I see him?" asked Mrs. Hedding, climbing over the back doorstone, like a suddenly exhausted pilgrim, her face quivering under streams of tears.

Through open doors she recognized in the parlor and sitting-room groups of old neighbors, waiting in that hush with which they always accompanied each other to the brink of death. A woman came from among them, whispering, —

"Who's this, Lindy?" and immediately informing herself: "Why, Sereny Jeffr's! Have you got here? Come right in to your pap. He's pretty nigh gone."

"It won't do no good, Sister McGafferty," said Aunt Lindy. "He won't know her, and 't will disturb him. She was postin' in at the front door when I caught her," declared Aunt Lindy, as if speaking of a thief.

Sister McGafferty, a comfortable, large woman in blue spectacles, the presiding elder's wife, and therefore a person of authority, still beckoned Serena in, and she passed Aunt Lindy, followed by her barefooted boy. The round-posted bedstead was drawn out from the wall, and under its sheet and many-

colored quilt lay the old farmer, his mouth open, his eyes glazed, his narrow brows and knotty features wearing a ghastly pallor. But behind the solemn terror of that face was her father.

Aunt Lindy followed, and twitched her elbow, thereby creating a faction in Serena Hedding's favor among the spectators. They were all well-to-do people, who noticed her dejected attitude toward the world, and had always disapproved of her thriftless match. But they said within themselves that Lindy Miller was going too far when she tried to pull a daughter away from her dying father.

"Ain't you 'shamed to disturb his last peaceful minutes!" Aunt Lindy hissed with force.

But the returned culprit fastened such desperate interest on the unseeing eyes of her father that Aunt Lindy's interruption was as remote to her as the gambols of loose horses in the pasture.

If there had now been time and opportunity Serena could not argue her case with him. He never had allowed that. She could not tell how true and happy her marriage was, in spite of his disapproval and its accompanying poverty. She had suffered, but her heart had ripened so that she could discern and love the good in human nature across its narrow bounds. Words or expressions did not occur to her; but a thousand living thoughts swarmed in her mind. If he would look at her again with reconciliation in his eyes, she could be satisfied, and bear all her future trials like benedictions. Never a loving father, he was, until her disobedience, a fairly kind one. He was a very religious man of the old sort, believing seriousness to be the primary principle of godliness, and levity a fermentation of the inward Satan. He always paid his quarterage and contributed to foreign missions, while every successive preacher on the circuit used his house as home. The deep grooves making a



triangle of his upper lip showed how constant and sad his meditations had been. Yet this old farmer was in some matters timid and self-distrustful, and so fond of peace and quiet as to yield his rights for them.

"Father," pleaded Serena Hedding, bending closer to him. "Father!" Unconsciously she repeated the name like a cry. The hum of the bee-hives against the garden palings could be heard. Did a ray dart across his leaden brain from the afternoon his only child, in short coats, poked a stick in the bee-hives, and, feeling the results of her folly, wailed thus to him? Did he imagine himself again dropping the rake and leaping the fence to run with her from her tormentors? A flicker grew through the glazing of his eyes, and became a steady light, a look, a tender gaze, a blessing. She clasped her hands, and rocked before him in ecstasy. He knew her, and revealed, midway over the silent chasm of death, how unalterably close and dear she was to him. In that small eternity of time they were knitted together as never before. His eyes began to glaze again, and she remembered Milty. Pushing the child forward, she cried again, "My boy, father! See my boy!"

The old man saw him. That rigid face was too set to smile, but with the image of his child's child on his eyes, the hope of future generations of his blood, he passed away.

A little time was allowed for the wailing that rises around every death-bed. The overtaxed young widow rocked her son against her, while he gazed about him in awe. Aunt Lindy stood by the bedpost, burying her face in her apron. Her son, Hod Miller, a huge creature, very black-eyed, bright-complexioned, and having the appearance of possessing no immortal soul, sat near the foot of the bed, with his legs crossed and his shoulders hung forward, looking respectfully concerned.

There were no other near relatives except Jesse Jeffries and his wife, who covered their faces while this elder brother lay in the first dignity of death.

Then a quiet bustle began. Sister McGafferty took Serena Hedding out of the parlor, and made her lie down on the sitting-room straw-tick lounge, and smell camphor. Milty wandered out-of-doors, and was grateful to a neighbor's boy, forbidden the house and enjoined to watch the horses, who told him, after an exchange of scrutiny, that he durstn't take a dare which 'ud reach the medder fence first. The men took charge of the body. They closed the parlor doors, and, with basins of water, clean linen, and the new store suit Aunt Lindy's forethought had ready in the house, performed those solemn rites to which all our flesh must humbly come. One mounted a horse and rode to Millersport for the undertaker. Little Jimmy Holmes, who was a middle-aged man, but had a father known as Old or Big Jimmy, was informed by his wife that he could go home now, and look after the milkin' and feedin'; she would stay here and tend to things. Into her capable hands Aunt Lindy appeared to resign the house, while Little Jimmy and their son, Little Jimmy's Jimmy, drove into the pleasant dusk.

After inquiring about the date of the funeral, and detailing watchers for the intervening nights, the other neighbors slowly dispersed in squads. Lights appeared about the house, and the kitchen and cellar yielded up their prepared good things.

Before they reached home the neighbors began to speculate about the disposition of the property. They said Moses Jeffr's had been a hard worker, and his sister Lindy had been a hard worker, and she had kept his house for more than twenty year: 't would n't be no more than right for him to leave her well off. She had been savin' with what her man left her, and Hod Miller had



done a son's part by the old man. Money goes to them that lays up. Some said Mr. Jeffr's had cut off Sereny with a cent in his will. Sereny ought to knowed better than to done as she did. It was a pity, specially as she was left a widow-woman, with a little boy to raise. But when a person makes their bed, they got to lie in it. How tickled Mr. Jeffr's was when Sereny was a little girl experiencin' religion! He never thought then she would go and run off. She had a good home, and he would have done well by her.

On the other hand, there was folks-talk among the Serena faction, whose hearts melted toward the girl when she rocked before her father. They said there never would have been any trouble between Moses Jeffr's and his daughter, if Lindy Miller had n't managed things. Milt Heddin' was a good feller, only he had n't the knack of gettin' along. But he could have worked the farm as well as Hod Miller. They wanted Sereny to have her rights. It was a scandal and a shame if that big, able-bodied feller, with land of his own, could turn her off the home place.

Serena wandered about the house, which strangers seemed to possess, crying over familiar objects. She had large violet eyes, and was once considered as pretty a girl as came to meeting, though her lips were too prominent and full. She looked shabby and piteous. Sister McGafferty combed her hair for her, while her trembling, work-worn hands lay in her lap.

"They've borried a black bonnet and dress for you, Sister Sereny," said the elder's wife, who had been around the circuit when this sorrowful creature was a shy child.

"I might have worn a better dress and bonnet. But, when word came, I felt so bad I did n't think of anything. They did n't let me know he was so near gone."

Milty spent his time out-of-doors. He approved of the barn and did not ap-

prove of Aunt Lindy. His mother had said, "Aunt Lindy, this is my boy."

And Aunt Lindy had said, "He looks spindlin', like the Heddin's. I hope you're raisin' him to obedience. Children set on their own way gives their parents plenty of sorrow to sup."

This spry great-aunt's glasses detected him if he touched a daguerreotype among the glaring, upright array on the sitting-room table, or ventured too near the fine men and women pasted on the fire-board.

She took him to see his grandfather after the laying-out, turned back the ghastly sheet, which was stretched between two chairs, removed cloths from the dead man's face, and warned the boy to prepare for death. He never afterwards inhaled the pungent odor of camphor without turning faint.

At table he and his mother huddled together, feeling scarcely welcome to the abundant food. Little Jimmy Holmes's wife, with a number of helpers, kept the table burdened with every country luxury, but Aunt Lindy saw that the best was reserved until the great final dinner on the day of the funeral.

That day was considered a credit to Moses Jeffries. It was one of the largest funerals ever known in those parts. The weather was pleasant, and summer work so well advanced that everybody could feel the pressure of neighborly duty. Carriages and fine horses nearly filled the orchard space in front of the house; the yard was darkened with standing men in their best black clothes. Not half the people could get into the house, to say nothing of getting into the parlor. There Elder McGafferty lifted his hands, praying and preaching over the old farmer, who looked so unused to his collar and neckcloth and brand-new suit when they took off his coffin-lid.

A number of men wandered down by the barn; the hymn-singing came to them faint and plaintive, in gusts of couplets, just as the preacher lined the words.



One of them remarked that old Mr. Jeffr's left things in pretty good shape, and he s'posed Hod Miller would n't alter them much. Another thought that Serene Heddin' would come in for a sheer, if not all. A man may be put out with his children, but he'll favor them when it comes to such serious business as makin' a will. Hod Miller had bought and sold and made money on that farm, enough to pay for his work. He ought n't to stand in Sereny's light.

"What's she been doin' since her man died?" inquired the first speaker, shaving off long whittlings from a piece of pine.

"Workin' out, 'pears like I heard. She got a place near Lancaster, where they'd let her keep her boy with her. It's my opinion," said the second speaker, suddenly spitting a flood, and letting his spiky chin work up and down with slow rumination, "that old Lindy kept her away from her pap as long as she could, for fear there'd be a makin' up."

"Oh, sho! The old man was very set in his ways. He did n't need bully-raggin' to make up his mind and keep it made up. Hod Miller might marry the widdler now, and that'd settle all claims."

"I don't believe she'd have him," said the chewer, smiling slowly. "Jesse Jeffr's, he thinks Sereny's all right. He claims he seen the will."

The whittler scoffed at such claims. Jesse Jeffries was held in light esteem by his old neighbors. He sold his farm, and had such a hankering for town life as to settle in Millersport, where the Deep Cut of the Ohio canal is, and lose every cent of it in grocery-keeping. What Jesse Jeffries said or did thereafter was of small importance. His record slew him.

There was bustle at the front of the house. Both men squinted in the sun, and watched a long black object with shining dots upon it coming through the door, borne by stout young farmers.

The men in the yard raised their hats. After the coffin came Serena, on her Uncle Jesse's arm. He shuffled along uncomfortably, as if not used to showing such attention to the women-folks. After them came Hod Miller and his mother, and Jesse Jeffries' wife with Serena's boy. Sister McGafferty considered this the proper order of procession, and had so managed it. Streams of people gushed from all the outlets of the house; the carriages filled and were arrayed in line; the long black serpent trailed down through the woods; and the women remaining to prepare dinner stood and counted, until they declared it beat everything. It was a pleasant sensation to be at such a populous funeral.

When Jesse Jeffries foretold the contents of the will he did not speak without authority, for it had been left in his hands. After a hearty dinner, at which many tablefuls of neighbors assisted, he importantly called the possible heirs together, and their factions sat by to listen.

Aunt Lindy was neither nervous nor bowed with grief. She had done her duty, and knew what her deserts were. Her son Hod tipped back in his chair, and twitched his shirt-collar. He wanted to have the thing over, and was not without doubts of his succeeding to the estate. If it came to him he meant to hold to it. His hands were as strong as a vise, and typified his grip on property. Serena might try to break the will, but if she lawed until Judgment Day he would not give her a cent he was not obliged to give her. Women-folks were a sort of cattle he had no fancy for.

Curious eyes watched Serena, and speculated on her emotions. She was pale and quiet. Her son stood beside her.

The testator's brother broke the seal, and began to read.

The testator, after stating his sanity and general ability to execute such a



document, giving the numbers of his various lands and enumerating his parcels of property in the tedious and high-sounding repetition prescribed by law, bequeathed it all to his beloved daughter Serena Jeffries, and her heirs, the said Serena being enjoined to pay a stated annuity to her aunt, the testator's beloved sister, and to make over to her certain chattels particularly named; also a legacy of five hundred dollars to her cousin, Howard Miller.

Sister McGafferty poked the camphor bottle toward Serena, but it was declined.

Still the poor girl could not believe this. Disinheritance had been so long accepted as part of the penalty of her marriage that she scarcely thought of it as injustice. But to have the homestead for her own was a rise which made her dizzy.

After gazing on her with satisfaction through his glasses, Uncle Jesse turned the paper over, and rapidly read a small codicil, which nevertheless choked him. He knew nothing about this part of the will. It destroyed Serena Hedding's claims, on account of her disobedience, and made Howard Miller unconditional heir.

So that settled the matter. Serena turned whiter. It was a shock, after realizing one instant the possession of competence.

"I 'low Mozy must have put that on the day he took it away to have more added, he said," remarked Uncle Jesse, huskily. His good wife, who was all cap-rim and beak, with a thin neck and general air of scrawniness, sat with her claws crossed in silent sympathy. Jesse and his wife did not find Lindy a congenial sister.

"Well," remarked Aunt Lindy, turning her head so the light fell in a sheet of glare upon her spectacles, "I'm satisfied. That is, I will be when I've said what I'm goin' to say. I'm a plain speaker, and tell my mind. Things has

turned out right. Sereny Heddin' left her pap, and we stayed by him. She's got her reward, and we've got our'n. I hope you don't take no exceptions to his will, Sereny?"

Sereny replied in a low voice that she did not take any.

"To show that I'm fair-minded and want to do right by you," said Aunt Lindy, raising her voice to the tone she used in speaking-meeting when exhorting sinners, "I'll give you your mother's spinnin'-wheel that stands in the smoke-house. You ought to have something to remember her by."

Little Jimmy Holmes's wife nudged the woman next to her, and whispered, with a curving mouth, "Just the idy! And all Sereny's mother's spoons, and her quilts and coverlids she had wove! And the girl never having any settin'-out in the first place!"

Serena climbed the staircase, to take off her borrowed mourning, and put on her own shabby weeds for her ride back into the world. She passed presses stacked with household linen. The precious things of her childhood, seen and handled in this trying visit, seemed so heart-breakingly precious because Hod Miller's future wife would throw them about as common. She would like to have the yellow, leather-bound copy of Alonzo and Melissa, the novel of the house; always considered unwholesome by the elders, and as surely read with sly zest by the children. The coverlet with her mother's name woven into it had never been intended for anybody but the daughter of the house. It was unendurable to go away from home this second time, and into perpetual exile.

"Now I wisht they'd find a later will," said Little Jimmy Holmes's wife, tying on her bonnet in the best bedroom. The persons who had lingered to support the family through the ordeal of will-reading were driving off, one after another. "Oh, but Aunt Lindy 'll carry



things before her! Is she anywhere near? I don't want her to hear me."

"Things don't turn out that way except in novel-stories," said another woman, with her mouth full of pins. "They don't find wills hid around in stockin's or Bibles. I declare, I'm real sorry for Sereny. I don't see how old Mr. Jeffr's can lay easy in his grave, turnin' his own child out to give place to a big, hearty feller, with money in his own right."

"I always thought so much of Serene," said Little Jimmy Holmes's wife. "We was taken into full church membership on the same day; and we used to run together and swap dinners at the Gum College. Aunt Lindy was so hard on her. I've asked Serene to go home with me and stay as long as she wanted to. But she has to take that horse and buggy back. And I don't think she could stand it, so near the old home."

"Now what do you think?" said Jesse Jeffries' wife, coming in, with her black-mitted hands pressed together. "Things is willed to Sereny, after all."

The bedroom resounded with ejaculations.

"How do you make that out?" inquired Little Jimmy Holmes's wife. "I'd give all my yearlin' calves to have it so."

"There was another piece wrote on to the paper, that Jesse missed. 'Pears like Mozy cut her off, and then repented, and went right to another lawyer and had it fixed, for it's in two different handwrits. Things stands just as they did in the first."

"I'm sorry Lindy gets her yearly portion," said Mrs. Holmes, in an irreverent aside. "Let me get out of this crowd: I'm goin' to hug Serene."

"I *thought* 't was a great pity," said the woman with pins in her mouth, bestowing them rapidly about her bonnet ribbons, "if Sereny could n't have the homestead to bring up her boy in!"

"You said folks never found new wills!" observed a neighbor, triumphantly.

"Well," retorted the woman, turning her face from side to side to get her chin set properly in the bonnet ribbons, "they *did* n't find any. Jesse Jeffr's only fooled around and did n't read all of the first one. They might 'a knowed *Jesse Jeffr's* 'ud make a mess of it. *He* don't know how to do a thing right."

This opinion was shielded from the ear of Mrs. Jesse. She was busy nodding her leghorn bonnet and exchanging parting civilities with several old neighbors.

But Little Jimmy Holmes's wife had flown up-stairs, and interfered with Jesse Jeffries and Sister McGafferty and a number of others. Serena lay upon a bed, and the air reeked with camphor.

"She 's overcome like," explained Uncle Jesse.

"Let me get to her," said Mrs. Holmes. Having got to her, Mrs. Holmes raised Serena's head on her arm, and began to laugh.

"She's comin' out of it now," observed Sister McGafferty. "All of you 'd better go down-stairs except Sister Holmes and me. Let her be without disturbin' awhile. We'll have plenty of other chances to enjoy Sister Heddin's company."

The neighbors and Jesse went submissively down-stairs, but Little Jimmy Holmes's wife kept on laughing with some effort, as if she felt afraid of ending in a sob.

"Oh, I'm so glad you'll be in the neighborhood again, Serene!" she said. "Things would n't never been right in this world if they'd turned out the other way. Don't look at me like you's thinkin' of the dead. But rouse up and feel better. There's your Aunt Lindy and Hod standin' at the gate: I can see 'em through the winder. They're talkin' mighty serious, and she don't look so well satisfied as she did. But you must do well by her, Sereny. Give her the old spinnin'-wheel that stands in the smoke-house!"

M. H. Catherwood.



## MRS. CENTLIVRE.

DRYDEN ascribes the profligate comedy of the Restoration to the sojourn in France of the banished English court, while Canon Kingsley traces the immorality of French comedy to the evil influence of English cavalier playwrights. The question is too large for present discussion; but, if Canon Kingsley be right, it is only poetically just that we should now be indebted to France for nearly all the comedy we have. That, apart from literary form, there has been any substantial gain in exchanging the candid coarseness of our native comedies for the sophistical mixtures of infidelity and forgiveness, of bad morals and good clothes, which now hold the stage, will always seem more than doubtful to those whose conscientious scruples have been resolved by that pleasantest of casuists, Charles Lamb. The reader need have no fear that the familiar arguments are about to be restated. The dry bones which Lamb's fine critical genius was powerless to vivify are past all quickening. Dead is "the artificial comedy of the last century;" dust, the embroidered suits, the muffs, the periwigs, the clouded canes, of its intriguing heroes. Where are the beaux now? Of no avail were their dandy weapons against the pen of Collier. They have put up their swords, and skipped away into Hades, where, for all we know, their gallantries to Proserpine are making Pluto ridiculous.

Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* was published in 1698. Then began that rapid theatrical reformation, one hundred and eighty years of which have been enough to make the English stage, in the phrase of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the most contemptible in Europe. All the authors who attempted to answer Collier were ignominiously rout-

ed. From glorious John Dryden down to inglorious John Dennis not one could withstand the furious onset of the Jacobite parson. "Almost the last of our writers to hold out in the prohibited track," says Hazlitt, "was a female adventurer;" and the purpose of this paper is to give some account of a woman "who seemed to take advantage of the privilege of her sex, and to set at defiance the cynical denunciations of the angry reformist."

The daughter of a Puritan, Susanna Freeman was born in 1680, probably in Ireland, whither her father had fled at the Restoration. Early motherless, and soon wholly orphaned, she was left to the care of a step-mother. The tender mercies of the step-dame are cruel, and it is not surprising that in her fourteenth year we should meet this pretty runaway, afoot and penniless, on the road to London. A weary road it was to her young feet, and she had not gone far before she threw herself in tears upon a wayside bank. Neither King Cophetua nor the Lord of Burleigh chanced to pass that way, but Anthony Hammond did. Later, a noted wit and orator, honored by Bolingbroke with the epithet of silver-tongued, and the subject of a *bon-mot* of Chesterfield, who said that he had all the senses but common sense, Hammond was at this time an under-graduate of Cambridge. Whether he deserved Bolingbroke's compliment or not, his accents would seem to have had an instant effect upon Susanna, whose sorrowing beauty won for her a readier compassion than would perhaps have been accorded to a less attractive sufferer. Be this as it may, she dried her eyes, and after some coy deliberation accepted his protection. Dressed in a suit of boy's clothes, Susanna accompanied Hammond to Cambridge, where she was introduced



into his college as cousin Jack, "come to see him and the university." This masquerade, however, could not long deceive the vigilant eyes of the college dons, and Hammond was compelled to restore his companion to her native petticoats.

Though no saint, Anthony was not wanting in generosity: for soon afterwards we find Susanna in London, with money in her purse, and a letter to a gentlewoman of Hammond's acquaintance. She had at last reached the end of her journey, and the scene whereon the remainder of her life-drama was to be enacted. Anthony Hammond had gone out of her heart into politics, to become member for his university, for Huntingdon, commissioner of the navy, paymaster of the forces in Spain, and also, in due time, the lawful father of a forgotten elegiac poet.

No longer in tears, but smiling, a little ruefully perhaps, Susanna became at once a conspicuous ornament of the play-house, where her beauty, the rather masculine type of which was heightened by a small mole on her left eyelid, attracted many admirers. Chief among these was Sir Stephen Fox's nephew, who married her. In less than a year he died. Susanna was no laggard in love. Mr. Carrol, an officer of the army, easily consoled her. Eighteen months later he was lying dead in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the victim of a duel.

Mrs. Carrol is said to have been warmly attached to her rash young husband, whom she sincerely mourned. Either this is true, or, discouraged by repeated failure, she had lost hope of matrimonial settlement, for she seems now to have turned her attention to literature as a means of livelihood. She brought to her new profession a fair ignorance of several modern languages, — her French being of a kind that never was on sea or land, and her Spanish by no means pure Castilian.

Mrs. Carrol's first play, written in

1700, when she was twenty years old, is a tragedy called *The Perjured Husband*. A puerile performance, hardly rising to the dignity of bombast, it gives small promise of the excellence its author afterward attained in comedy. Pitiful, indeed, are these clumsy figures, distinguishable only by their name labels, speaking English to which the loftiest buskins could not lend grammar, and calling upon "all the gods" with the cheerful impartiality of Greeks or Romans. Emotionless, we behold the injured Placentia, disguised as her own brother, plunging a sword into the breast of Aurelia. Nor is our excitement intemperate when the faithless Bassino bursts in, stabs his wife, and falls by the weapon of Alonzo. Besides all this, there is a comic under-plot, of a seriousness so profound as almost to relieve the humor of the tragedy. *The Perjured Husband*, tiresome as it was, served to introduce Mrs. Carrol to the literary circles of London.

Mrs. Carrol does not appear to have belonged to the aristocracy of letters. Pope, to be sure, knew her well enough to bestow a vitriolic line upon her in the *Dunciad*, and she probably enjoyed the acquaintance of Steele and Farquhar. For the rest, her friends were among those illustrious obscure authors whose works, never read, are now seldom mentioned. Rowe, the best known of them, helped her with *The Cruel Gift*, which was dedicated to Budgell, a writer chiefly noted for going to the bottom of the Thames with his pockets full of stones, leaving behind him the words, "What Cato did and Addison approved cannot be wrong." Another of her intimates, Nicholas Amhurst, a satirist not too deadly, had been expelled from Oxford for misdemeanor. Sewell, who closes the list, is responsible for a couplet that passes with Mr. Bartlett for a familiar quotation: —

"When all the blandishments of life are gone,  
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on."



This lofty sentiment, however, has not been more preservative of reputation than the stern maxim of Budgell. No more have his epilogues, written for the plays of our author, to whose sufficient obscurity his own lends a darker tinge.

Such was the environment in which Mrs. Carrol began to write her plays. Comedy was her forte, and tragedy her foible. Except in the instance of *The Cruel Gift*, which is not enough better than *The Perjured Husband* to be good, she never returned to tragedy. *The Beaux Duel*, her first comedy, was rapidly followed by *The Stolen Heiress*, *Love's Contrivance*, *The Gamester*, and *The Basset Table*. *Love at a Venture*, the close resemblance of which to *Cibber's Double Gallant* occasioned some controversy between the two authors, happily terminated by the discovery that both knew French equally ill, was produced at Bath in 1706, Mrs. Carrol herself taking a part. Strictly provincial, and of less than a year's duration, her histrionic career closed with an appearance before the court at Windsor in the modest rôle of Alexander the Great. Judging from the portrait prefixed to her works, Edmund Burke's copy of which now lies before me, her charms at twenty-six must have been great. At any rate, they were sufficient to make sad havoc in the French heart of Queen Anne's chief cook, one Joseph Centlivre.

Susanna's best work was done after her third marriage. In 1709 Mrs. Centlivre gave to the world her first successful comedy. Decried before its performance as the work of a woman; scorned by the great Wilks, who, at rehearsal, threw his part of Sir George Airy into the pit, and could hardly be brought by the tears of the author to assume it at all; warmly praised in the *Tatler*, by Steele, *The Busy Body* was destined to a long stage life. It ran for thirteen nights just after the failure of Congreve's *Way of the World*, and the next year was playing at both Drury Lane and

the Haymarket, with Pack at one and Dogget at the other in the part of Marplot. This character, — the ancestor of Paul Pry, according to Mr. Ward, — Doran says was stolen from Sir Francis Fane's *Love in the Dark*. The ubiquitous Marplot adds none the less to the fun of *The Busy Body*, in which, however, he seems rather an interjection than a necessity, as his maladroit appearances, while they momentarily embarrass the scene, in no way alter the current of events. For a *jeune premier* thoroughly conversant with stage business, there could be no better part than Sir George Airy: his dialogue with the veiled Miranda, who asks him to turn his back while she explains her pursuit of him, and then slowly recedes, leaving him in converse with the empty air; the scene in which, finding her sworn to silence, he puts speeches in her mouth, which she adopts by significant gesture, — all this must have been delightful in the hands of a player like Wilks, whose varied graces enabled him to give to Mrs. Centlivre's outlines of character that skillful shading without which they would have been as lifeless on the stage as they are in the closet.

Of all Mrs. Centlivre's plays the one which time has selected is *The Wonder, or A Woman Keeps a Secret*. The scene of this comedy has led some writers to accuse our author of borrowing from the Spanish. She was certainly none too good for predatory incursions into other literatures, but as not one of her critics has named the original, the charge may properly be dismissed. In the elegance and brilliancy of its dialogue, and in the effectiveness of its situations, no comedy of Mrs. Centlivre's approaches *The Wonder*. This is perhaps best shown by the fact that its chief character, so often played by him, was chosen by Garrick for his last appearance on the stage. He had thought of making his farewell in *Richard III.*, but he dreaded the fight and the fall,



and on reflection preferred to be remembered associated with the mad gayety of the jealous and choleric Don Felix, rather than with the sombre villainy of the crook-backed king. A comedy seen always takes stronger hold of the imagination than one merely read. The lively recollection of a performance of *The Wonder*, at which I once assisted, is doubtless the secret of my own predilection for this play. No amount of general description can impart an idea of the stratagems, disguises, games at cross-purpose, mistakes of identity, the endless sword-clashings, knock-downs, heel-trippings, and what not, with which Mrs. Centlivre's comedies abound. *The Wonder* is a congeries of misunderstandings.

"Tis a perfectly clear plot. The hero and heroine are to be married, and they are at a loss how to get it put off till the fifth act." Such was the comment of Colonel Caustic, in one of Mackenzie's *Loungers*, on beholding a comedy of this school, and a juster criticism could hardly be made. A motive not too strong for a farce, serving as groundwork for the five acts of a comedy, is what necessitates all this bustle and intrigue, this huddling of incident upon incident with impossible conveyance. Given practicable doors enough, a play like this might be extended to fifty acts as easily as to five. In many instances, as has been observed by Sir Walter Scott, there was no way of bringing matters to a close, except by compelling all the persons of the play to renounce their dramatic characters; that is, for the miser to turn generous, the coquette modest, the gallant virtuous, and so on. No wonder that Fielding, whose comedies never had much vitality, was accustomed superfluously to damn his fifth acts.

Mrs. Centlivre was assuredly an adept in the construction of what may be called the comedy of doors and disguises, but in her handling of the latter she shows

little versatility. A door must needs be a door, but why invariably disguise the women in masculine belongings? *Placentia*, in her first play; *Isabinda*, in *Marplot*, the sequel to *The Busy Body*; *Clarinda* and *Emilia*, in *The Beaux Duel*; *Angelica*, who, in *The Gamester*, wins her own portrait set with diamonds from her lover, the only scene in the play not taken from Regnard's *Le Joueur*,—all are compelled to assume male attire.

Mrs. Centlivre was not a witty person. Nevertheless, there are better things than farce incidents to be found in these comedies. Sir William Mode's reprimand of his valet—"Blister me, if you don't speak plain English! I shall have the world think I am such a sloven as to keep an English valet"—is a good example of our author's mild satire, aimed at the prevailing affectation of French manners. Her force as a humorist is considerably greater. The scene between Ogle and the sergeant, in *The Beaux Duel*, would do no discredit to the robust genius of Smollett.

It has not been an unpleasant task, turning the yellow leaves of these old play-books; serenading with Sir William Mode; yawning with some weary valet awaiting his reckless master's return from the gaming-table; playing bas-set with Lady Reveller; or accompanying Brazen the sharper in his pursuit of the opulent charms of the widow Dowdy, with her patches, her preposterous hoops, and her long-tailed gown. And as for the talk of these "chaotic people," not much worse than that of modern burlesque, never so bad as that of *opéra bouffe*, I have found it hardly more injurious to morals than the dumb villainies of Clown and Pantaloon. Sir Walter Scott says of the comedies of Cibber and Mrs. Centlivre, "This is a species of comedy easily written." It were folly to differ with so eminent an authority, and yet, after some slight acquaintance with the species, I cannot



but lament the pertinacious adherence of contemporary playwrights to the more difficult styles.

The closing years of Mrs. Centlivre's life were passed in serenity and not without honor. The Wonder was bespoken and witnessed by the royal family, who also made her a handsome present. Prince Eugene gave her a gold snuff-box for the dedication of *The Perplexed Lovers*. For a short poem inscribed to the Duc D'Aumont, the French ambassador, she received another snuff-box, before bestowing which the duke asked her if she had one. "Yes, one from Prince Eugene." "Oh," said he, "that was a whig box; now I will give you a tory snuff-box;" and with that he gave her a gold box, set with a picture, itself valued at fifty pistoles. The dedication of *Marplot* to the Duke of Portland brought her forty guineas; that of *The Cruel Gift*, a diamond ring from Budgell. From Lord Halifax she received a repeating watch, and from the Duke of Newcastle a gold medal. All these gifts were graciously conferred. But Secretary Craggs, complimented on his liberality by Mrs. Bracegirdle, to whose hands he entrusted twenty guineas for the dedication of *A Gotham Election*, remarked that he did not so much consider the merit of the piece as what was becoming in a secretary of state. Nevertheless, the piece was a

good one, and affords a picture of an English election in 1715, quite consoling to those of us who mourn the decay of political morality.

Mrs. Centlivre died in 1723, not without a parting scoff from Pope, who somewhere speaks of her as "the cook's wife in Buckingham Court." She was buried in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where Farquhar also reposes. Little as she is known, the memory of Susanna Centlivre can never wholly perish so long as the phrase "the real Simon Pure," the name of a Quaker in her *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, continues in daily use among all English-speaking peoples. As a writer, hers was a thorny pathway. The Turkish view of woman still prevailed, and the managers bold enough to produce her plays found it prudent to conceal the sex of their author.

A sad lot were all these early feminine intruders into the field of letters, — Aphra Behn, Mrs. Manley, Mrs. Pilkington, and the rest. Mrs. Centlivre was the best of them. Almost the first of her sex to adopt literature as a calling, she may well be regarded as an unconscious reformer, the leader of a forlorn hope against that literary fortress which was so long defended by the cruel sneers of its masculine garrison. She fell upon the glacié. But over her body the Amazons have marched on to victory.

*H. A. Huntington.*

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## DOCTOR ZAY.

### VI.

EAST SHERMAN, as Mrs. Butterwell had not untruthfully observed, was a place lacking in "society." The people were miserably poor, and proportionally ignorant, — foreigners, largely: French and Irish lumbermen, and house-

holders of the lesser sort, who raised cabbages, aspired to potatoes, and supported a theory, if not their families, — the theory being that they were farmers.

There are advantages in remoteness, solitude, and unlimited opportunity to appreciate nature, but advanced sanitary conditions are not, even in the State of



Maine, necessarily among them. East Sherman raged with scarlet fever and diphtheria through that long July, and Doctor Zay had her expressive hands full. She was busy day and night. The exhausting rides of the country physician extended themselves through the neighboring towns, to disheartening lengths. Old Oak relieved the gray pony now regularly every day. The office bell rang to the verge of confusion. Handy, plunged in gloom, rolled out the phaeton at midnight, or waited vainly, deep through the late summer twilights, for the "blessedest, best sound" of low wheels returning down the lonely road. Handy had one spot in the back yard, by the wood-pile, where he stood to exercise what might be called his mind upon the medical and moral subjects connected with his calling. He dug his foot — the right one always, and he took off his shoe for the purpose — spirally into the sawdust, a process not widely understood for its tendency to develop thought, and retired deeper than usual into his hats. He had two. The felt one was the bigger; he wore it altogether during the prevalence of the epidemic. Handy regarded the scarlet fever as a serious infliction, chiefly on horses, not to mention indirectly persons by occupation devoted to equine interests. He made unsuccessful attempts to explain this scientific theory to the doctor; but found her the slave of established medical prejudices, not predisposing one to accept popular discoveries. When Handy was especially aggrieved, he alluded to his injury as "an Ananias 'n' Sapphiry shame." No one had ever traced the etymological derivation of this figure.

One evening, as the clock was striking eight, Handy, having reached that depth of spiral action on the sawdust heap which expressed resignation, not as yet hope, expectation, or disappointment, and still as far from the pessimistic as it was from the optimistic view of life, found himself, like many a better and

wiser soul that in facing duty wrests content from the teeth of despair, suddenly plunged into undreamed-of (but plainly deserved) delight.

The doctor was coming home.

"Some of 'em 's better," observed Handy, wriggling out of the sawdust, and into his shoe, an artistic attitude which joggled his hat an inch or so lower than usual over his nose. "Or some of 'em 's dead. Somebody 's cured. Or somebody 's killed. I don't care which. Well, Doctor?"

"Don't water her for thirty-five minutes," said the doctor, throwing the reins over the dasher. "She 's too warm."

"Gointerwanteragin?" asked Handy, in one agonized breath.

"Not to-night. Put her up. Have you fed Old Oak? Very well. That 's all."

"Bobailey was after you 'safternoon. The Baileybabyswuss. 'Relse it's better. I forget. It's one or t'other. It always 's one or t'other," added Handy in an aggrieved tone. "Haintgoterseeitaginaveyer?"

The doctor did not answer Handy. If she had been a man, one would have said she strode by him into the house. As it was, she had a long, nervous, absorbed step, that Handy knew very well. He and the gray pony looked at each other with a confidential air through the twilight of the deserted back yard.

"It's dead," said Handy, "ain't it?" He stroked the pony's chin. The horse returned the boy's gaze with soft, tired eyes, and seemed to nod.

"I thought so," said Handy. "You needn't tell *me* you ain't glad of it. Got your supper an hour sooner. Accommodatinbabywarntit?"

He leaned his face against the pony's, and whistled, as he led her to her stall, a polka made popular in Maine by the Sherman Brass Band. The horse and the boy went gayly into the barn together, cheek to cheek, as if they both belonged there. Suddenly Handy ap-



peared in the barn door, and made a dive (chiefly over the flower beds) after the doctor's retreating figure.

"Oh, I say, Doctor! I forgot! He-wantsyer, mostpartiklertoo. I've got too much to do to keep rememberin' *him*," said Handy, with a look of disgust.

"What *is* the matter, Handy?" The doctor stopped, not without a touch of annoyance.

"Why, the fellar in the house. He's wuss, too. They're all wuss to-day," cried Handy, with professional glee. "It's one of our days. It's pretty much all wussness. We've got our hands full, I tell yer, younmenthehosses."

"But I went to see Mr. Yorke this morning," said Doctor Zay, rather to herself than to Handy. She pushed off her hat, and passed her hand over her forehead wearily. There was an irritable, almost a womanish accent in her voice; as if she would have said, "*What shall I do?*" or, possibly, would have cried a little, if she had not been ashamed to. But only Handy heard her, and the gray pony, neighing through the barn door for her supper. Both of them discriminated finely, up to a certain point, in the doctor's tones; but she had passed that point.

"Can't help that," said Handy; "yer-vegotergo. He said so."

She bathed, and changed her dress, and took her supper, before she obeyed Mr. Yorke's order; but she obeyed it. He was on the lounge in his room, in the familiar position, and the lamp was in the entry; she came through the half-light, towards him, against the Rembrandt-like background. He watched her in silence.

"Well?" she said, stopping before him. She made no movement to sit down.

"Why, Doctor, you're cross!" said the young man, with an indefinably masculine touch in his tone; half frolic, half tenderness, as if he sported with

her retreat, and put it aside as something not important to the case, or even as a thing which it might be in his power to overcome, if he chose.

"Handy said you were worse, and needed me," replied the doctor, gravely. Plainly, she was not a woman to be meshed by these little nets.

"I did not tell Handy I was worse. But I do need you."

"So do many other people. If there are no new symptoms, Mr. Yorke" —

"*Symptoms!*" breathed the patient, all but inaudibly. "There are new symptoms every day."

She made a nonchalant little gesture with one hand.

"If that is all," — there was a very fine emphasis, too light to bear italics, too clear to pass unnoticed, upon the "*that*," "you will excuse me, to-night. I am — tired."

"Bring the light, please," said Yorke, with a change of manner. "No, sit down. I can do it myself. Take the easy-chair. No, take the lounge. I can sit up a few minutes perfectly well. I won't keep you more than a few minutes. Please! Why not? Where's the harm? How tired — how tired you are!"

He had hobbled over, and brought the lamp: it was a little lantern, that he had made to swing upon his arm, — one of the contrivances of convalescence, the offspring of necessity, like all the great inventions of history; it had a Japanese paper shade. He stood leaning upon his crutches, looking down. She had silently taken the empty chair.

Doctor Zay had borne her epidemic superbly. Her bloom had subsided a little, it is true, but only enough to increase the delicacy rather than detract from the vigor of her strong face. He had all along perceived in her a person practically supported by what we are accustomed to call, with the most imperfect apprehension of the phrase, a scientific passion.



Against the strain of exhausted sympathy she had set the muscle of intellectual conquest. It could not be denied that in a certain sense the doctor enjoyed her terrible work. She gave out of herself, as if she possessed the life everlasting before her time. She had bread to eat that he knew not of. He could not think of her as sinking, dejected, in need, ahungered. Her splendid health was like a God to her. She leaned against her own physical strength, as another woman might lean upon a man's. She had the repose of her full mental activity. She had her dangerous and sacred feminine nerve under magnificent training. It was her servant, not her tyrant; her wealth, not her poverty; the source of her power, not the exponent of her weakness. She moved on her straight and narrow way between life and death, where one hysteric moment would be fatal, with a glorious poise. The young man acknowledged from the bottom of his heart that she was a balanced and beautiful creature. He had read of such women. He had never seen one.

It was not without a thrill of reverence, amounting almost to awe, that he perceived, when he swung his fantastic little lantern full in her face, that she was undergoing some intense emotion, which, in almost any woman that he knew, would have weakened itself in vehement vocal expression.

"I had a letter from my mother," he began, "and I thought—it was about you—I had told her at last—and it was such a pleasant letter. I meant to read it to you. She sends a long message to you. I really am not such a brute as I seem. I thought perhaps it would amuse you. Doctor Zay, I had no more idea you were so overworked than I had that you were"—He broke off.

"I never *saw* you look so!" he murmured, with rebellious, almost affectionate anxiety. "It's not easy, when

you've done so much for him, for a man to look on, like a woman, this way. Is n't there anything I can do? If you would stay a while, I could read to you. We will send for Mrs. Butterwell, if you would rather. I could do something, I know I could! Just let me try."

"You cannot help me," she said, gently enough. "Nobody can. I have lost a patient."

Yorke was on the point of crying, "Is that all?" but saved himself in time, and only said,—

"Who is it?"

"The little Bailey baby. It was doing so well,—out of danger. The mother took it over to a neighbor's. You cannot conceive the ignorance and recklessness that we have to manage. She took the child out, like an express bundle, rolled in her shawl. Coming home, it got wet in that shower. I had ceased to visit there every day; they did not send at once,—I suppose every doctor makes these excuses for himself; what would become of us, if we could n't?—but when I got there, I could not do anything. The little thing died at half past seven."

She sat looking straight before her at the Japanese lantern. Yorke felt that the personality of the red and purple paper men on it came as near her at that moment as his. He could not think of anything to say which would not present the edge of an intrusion upon an experience so far without the pale of his own. The young man's imagination was well stocked with comfortable material for the lesser sympathies. If she had lost a steamer to Liverpool, or a ticket for a Christmas oratorio, or a picture bidden for in the last great art craze, he could have comforted her. She had lost only a miserable child out of a beggarly home. What could he say?

"I don't believe every baby in Sherman is worth your looking like that!" he cried, with an impulse whose only



virtue lay in its honesty. He really perceived that something more than scientific pride was hurt in Doctor Zay. He felt, with a kind of senseless triumph, which he put aside to analyze by and by, that he had found the woman in the doctor.

"It was a dear little thing," she said, softly, "and fond of me. I had always taken care of it, ever since it was born. It was just beginning to talk. It was n't a big, noisy baby, like the rest of the family. It is terrible that a child should die, — terrible! It ought never to happen. There is no excuse for it. I can never be reconciled to it!"

She rose impetuously, and left him without another word. The patient looked after her. She had forgotten him. He and the paper men turned and regarded each other. It was not for them to help her in her trouble. She went across the entry, and on into her own rooms, and he heard the door shut. Only one patient rang the office bell that night. He was glad she was left to herself. Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell came in. They, too, were much moved by the doctor's grief. They all sat together in the sick-room, and mourned about that baby as if it had been one of the family.

"It's always just so," said Mrs. Butterwell, wiping her eyes. "She has n't lost but two patients since she came to Sherman, — except old Father Foxy, that nobody counts; for the Lord himself could n't have saved *him*, — eighty-seven, and drunk since he was seventeen. The Sherman Temperance Lodge used him for a warning in good and regular standing, till he got to be about fifty, he kept such excellent health; and sixty, then they fought shy of him; and seventy, but did n't die; and when he came to be eighty they gave him up as a bad argument. But there! It *kills* Doctor Zay to lose a patient. I never saw anybody mind anything so. She acts as if she'd murdered 'em. You'll

see! She'll be all but down sick over this. She'd better take it as a blessin'. I would. Those Baileys have got seven now, and poor as Job's Monday dinners. I tell you, Providence knows what he's about, if folks don't. He will drown the extra kittens, when he can. *I* say he ought to be thanked to mercy for it. But we never do. We up and blame him, the more fools we!"

"Why, *Sarah!*" said Mr. Butterwell, placidly.

Upon the sill of the open window, during the unwonted domestic excitement of that summer evening, a felt hat with a boy under it had sympathetically and prudently reposed. Nobody minded Handy. He looked in and out unnoticed, with wide-apart, dumb eyes, like the pony. Sometimes Yorke wondered dimly if anybody had fed and watered him; but even that was an intellectual effort disproportionate to the proposition. It was a long time since the doctor had lost a patient. Handy regarded it as an epoch in human history. He felt that the event reflected importance upon himself, who might be said to have had a share in the glory of the circumstance. He felt above the company of the pony and Old Oak that night; and though the bosom of the family, as expressed by the window-sill, was a little hard, there is a compensatory pleasure in finding one's social level. Handy remained there, after Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell had gone. It seemed to him that this lame gentleman encroached somewhat upon his (Handy's) rights in exhibiting so much interest in that dead baby. That was a professional matter mainly between himself and the doctor.

Mr. Yorke, left alone, after a few moments' thought, bent his head upon the top of his crutch, sitting quite still. The red and purple light of the Japanese gentlemen on the little lantern, flashed and defined his profile. Handy vaguely resented its expression. The old felt hat slipped softly from the win-



dow-sill, and betook itself confidently to the doctor's side of the house. The office door was open to the warm night. Handy peeped. He peeped without a qualm. He regarded it as one of his privileges to follow the doctor's private career. Who had as good a right?

Doctor Zay was sitting by her office table. A half-open drawer showed surgical instruments. Rows of vials exhibited mysteries of white pellets and powders. Medical books lay open underneath her hat and gloves, which she had tossed down on coming in. But Handy regarded these points with the apathy of familiarity. The environment did not interest this scientific child. Doctor Zay, who drove the fastest horse in Sherman, who always knew by an awful omniscience whether you missed a pailful or shook the oat-measure; Doctor Zay, who had got old Doctor Adoniram's practice half away from him; *Handy's* Doctor Zay, was bent and bowed over her office table, her face crushed into her resolute hands, as if she had been stricken down by a power that no man could see.

If Handy's education had progressed a little farther he would have called this a phenomenon. As it was, he could only say, —

"It's a thunderin' Ananias 'n' Sapphistry shame. Nothin' but a Bailey baby!"

It occurred to Handy, as he walked sadly away, over the heavy wet heads of the clover-tops, back to the sawdust heap by the wood-pile, that perhaps he had peeped as far for that one night as the perquisites of his calling allowed.

"Two of 'em," reflected Handy. "Heads down, like unlucky coppers. One on his crutch. T'other on her learnin'. Bobailey 'n' all his tribe ain't wuth it."

Handy was confusedly jealous of something. He imagined it was Bob Bailey.

The doctor was called out that night to see a poor girl, three miles away.

Handy accompanied her. As they drove through the chilly dawn alone together, Handy's emotions waxed mighty within him.

"Doctor?" he said, in a pleasant, confidential way.

"Well, Handy?"

"Is Mr. Yorke wuss?"

"Why, no, Handy."

"Ain't wrong in his head or nothin', is he?"

"Oh, no, Handy."

"Well. I did n't know. While you was takin' on so about the Baileybaby, he flopped over on them Bangor crutches, and says he, 'Poor girl!' He says it out loud. I heern him. Now, you know, you *ain't* a girl; you're a *doctor*. I thought may be he was a mite loony, and we'd ought to look after him. Do you keep any medicine for loons, Doctor?"

She made her call, as usual, the next morning; a very short one. Yorke had hoped he knew not what, he knew not why, from it; she left him only his powders and his disappointment. It was impossible to draw her within telescopic sweep of a personality. She had seemed near to him in that outburst of grief, last night, as if some kindly or friendly impulse in her reached out its hands to him; precisely by the width of that impulse was she now removed. He had his day's orders from his doctor; nothing more. She looked, as Mrs. Butterwell had prophesied, really ill. He thought of her; he thought of her till he was ashamed to think how long it was since he had thought of anything else. The terrible leisure of invalidism gaped, a gulf, and filled itself with her. If he could have arisen like a man, and bridged it, or like a hero, and leaped into it, she would never, he said to himself doggedly, have this exquisite advantage over him. He lay there like a woman, reduced from activity to endurance, from resolve to patience, while she amassed her importance to him, —



how idly! — like gold that she gave herself no trouble to count.

He was surprised that night at receiving a second visit; but his momentary gratification quickly spent itself. Her errand was to inform him that she should not come again.

"I do not understand you, Doctor Lloyd," said the young man, with an effort at composure; his breath shortened, and he felt dizzy and faint.

"Oh, I mean, if you are able, won't you come to the office?" she answered wearily. "I am preoccupied, and begin wrong end foremost. I do not mean to neglect you. But I really think you able to get around to my door. The air and exercise will be beneficial to you. There is no reason for my coming to you so often. You can take the morning hour, from eight to nine, or the one at noon, as you prefer."

She gave that slight and fine emphasis of hers to the word "reason."

"This means that I am not to see you — here — any longer?"

"Not unless it is necessary."

"Suppose I find it necessary, Doctor Lloyd?"

"I must be the judge of that, Mr. Yorke."

"Very well," said Yorke, after a moment's thought, "I will come to your office to-morrow."

He went. He stumped around on the Bangor crutches over the piazza to the office door, which set forth the legend "Z. A. Lloyd, M. D.," in modest little letters of gray and gold. The reception-room was partly full. Five or six women sat there, and a child or two; one man, a lumberman, who said Puella said she wanted more powders for that crookedness in her mind. Another man came, while Yorke waited, with what he called an "order" for an immediate call on his wife. Doctor Zay nodded to Yorke pleasantly when she came out, but did not speak. He perceived that he was to bide his turn, like

any other patient. The doctor said, "Next?" as if they had been children at school. She was abstracted and pale. She had that look of application which failed of being beautiful. The reception-room was rather pleasant. It was clear that the young lady furnished her own part of the house. Yorke took in an idle, luxurious sense of familiar photographs and even a high-art carpet. There were flowers all over the room, and a table covered with books and periodicals for the patients. Some of the women were reading. He took up yesterday's Boston Advertiser, and hid his amusement, if not his embarrassment, behind it.

Presently he realized that they had all gone. Doctor Zay stood waiting for him, gravely. He followed her into the office; a tiny room, hardly more than a generous closet. She shut the door, and motioned him to a chair. She took her own at the desk where the vials were. Her ledgers and note-book, and one or two volumes of *Materia Medica*, were lying about. The office, he saw at once, was lined from floor to ceiling with book-cases, all full. The doctor waited a moment, as if for him to begin his daily report. He did not. She raised her eyes quickly to his face, and that sensitive change he liked so much crossed her own. Then, for the first time, he saw signs of embarrassment in her. She colored a little, and he smiled.

"Really, Doctor," he said, "do you think this is an improvement?"

She hesitated before she answered: "Really, I — don't know."

"Keeping me here among all those ladies, — the only fellow, except Puella's. He did n't stay by me long. I think, for my own part, it was much better in my room."

"Perhaps it was," she admitted, "but" —

"But you don't want to come any longer?"

"Frankly, Mr. Yorke, no."



"Then you sha'n't. I won't be more disagreeable than I must. I will come to the office, as you wish. But why cannot I have a separate hour, after the women are gone? It seems to me it would be quite as pleasant, and much less"—he, too, hesitated before adding, "noticeable."

"I hardly know," said Doctor Zay, knitting her brows. "There are no precedents, exactly." He had never seen her irresolute before. She looked fatigued and annoyed. "There are new questions constantly arising," she went on, "for a woman in my position. One ceases to be an individual. One acts for the whole,—for the sex, for a cause, for a future. We are not quite free, like other people, in little perplexities. It is what Paul said about no man's living to himself. We pay a price for our privilege. I suppose everything in this world renders its cost, but nothing so heavily, nothing so relentlessly, as an unswerving purpose in a woman. Nothing is more expensive than sustained usefulness,—or what one tries to make such. I hate to think of petty things!" she added, with some fire.

"Then don't!" urged the young man. "I cannot see the need of it, in a case like yours. You are an antidote to pettiness. You eat it out, like a swift and beautiful vitriol. You would make us all ashamed of it. It cannot exist where you are. I felt that in you the first time I saw you. And pretense,—I had got so tired of pretense. You went on your way so simply. You were so *thorough*. I said, There is a trained woman. She is honest all through. She has the modesty of knowledge. I thought all this while you were tying that artery, before I fainted. What a faint that was!"

"You overestimate me, Mr. Yorke," said the doctor, rather distantly. And yet he was sure that he had not displeased her.

"I have sometimes wondered," he

went on, with an awkward courage, "what you thought of *me*, the first time you saw me. I dare say you could n't remember. I don't presume, believe me, that it was of so much importance."

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly," said Doctor Zay, laughing. "I thought, Concussion and dislocation! Possibly a fine compound fracture. I have never had a compound fracture. I've always wanted one."

"And I have always thought, always maintained, that the scientific temperament is the hardest among civilized types. 'He broke himself against that flint,' I heard said once of a sensitive man, in a miserable instance,—it happened to be a marriage, but that does n't affect the point. One comes upon such a nature as against the glacial period: it solidifies against you; it never bends nor shatters"—

"Nor melts?" she asked, smiling (he could see) out of pure mischief.

"In the course of ages, I suppose. Too late to be of practical service. One freezes in the process."

"The best thing that could happen!" she said quickly.

A white light darted over the young man's face, and passed. He was a remarkably fine-looking fellow in these swift pallors. He shook himself, as if to shake his weakness off.

"Come, Doctor," he said, lightly enough. "Tell me! Was that all you thought when I fell into your remorseless hands?"

"No," she said gravely and gently. "I thought—His mother would not know him."

"Was I so hideous?"

"Yes, you were badly mangled."

"Well, I am even with you. That first time you touched me, I thought I was in hell."

"Yes, sir; you made the fact quite evident, particularly when I set the ankle."

"And now," he said, leaning his head



back in the office chair, and dreamily regarding her across the little distance that separated them, — “now I am in” —

The doctor looked at her watch, and moved back her chair.

“I have spent fifteen minutes on you!” she said, in a tone of vexation too genuine to be mistaken by the blindest feeling for a freak of feminine coyness. “So long out of this short morning! And I have thirty-five calls to make before supper. Continue the remedy that you have, till to-morrow. Then call on me again, — here. Come at noon; the office will not be so full, then. You may be a little late, if you like. You may come to me twice a week, now, for an office call. If you need extra attention, — but I do not think you will, — I will call on you, as formerly. You must excuse me now.”

“Twice a *week*!” cried the patient. She made him no answer, rang her bell for Handy, and, putting on her feathered hat, walked rapidly away.

Yorke sat in the office a few minutes where she had left him; he looked confusedly about. It seemed to him that he was taking her up in new and unknown conditions, like the second volume of a novel. He turned the leaves with a dull uneasiness. Something in him urged, “Throw the book down!” He searched his soul for power to arise and do so. He found there only a great compulsion, as silent and as terrible as the thread in the hand of Lachesis, which he knew would bind him down to read on to the end.

## VII.

He did not go at noon. It occurred to him in the morning that he was well enough to wait till the evening office. He dreamed away his day on the piazza, watching her as she went and came; lost in admiration of his own self-re-

straint, and in a nebulous impression that it was time to take matters into a more strictly masculine control.

She did not come home till eight o'clock. The July twilight was already deepening down. Handy came up from the depths of the sawdust-heap, and retired from public life with Old Oak; the doctor went to her supper; and Yorke got around into the reception-room, and waited for her in the dusk. No other patients were there. Roses were in the room somewhere, — he could not see them. The folds of the long muslin curtains drifted in the warm wind. The rows of books in the office, seen through the open door, looked fuller for the darkness. Beyond them, another door led into the doctor's private parlor. He had heard Mrs. Butterwell say that her lodger had three rooms below (“two and a half,” Mrs. Butterwell called them), and one up-stairs. This other door was half open, swinging idly on its hinges in the perfumed air. He sat and watched it till she came in. It did not open; it would not shut.

She did not see him at first, and he admired the fine unconsciousness of her movements as she crossed the rooms. She lighted her German student lamp on the office table, and, pulling a formidable professional book towards her, without a moment's irresolution, plunged into its contents with the headlong dash which only an absorbing intellectual passion gives. She leaned her head upon her hand, with her controlled profile towards him, while she read. He contrasted this little act cruelly with his invalid reveries.

A woman who says, “My life is too full to have need of you,” will be met by the historic masculine privilege of reply, “You take the trouble to mention it. I reserve the benefit of the doubt.” Doctor Zay took the trouble to mention nothing.

The young man had seen for himself what all the little feminine protest in



the world could never have made patent to his imagination: a woman absorbed in her business, to whom a man must be the accident, not the substance, of thought.

He rose at once, and made her aware of his presence. She expressed the slight, superficial surprise of a preoccupied person, whose life brings her in constant contact with the unexpected. She met him very cordially. He vaguely felt that she approved of him for staying away half a day longer than was necessary. He limped over to the office chair. She shut the door, and he surrendered himself to the brief medical consultation. She found it necessary to examine the injured foot, upon which she laid for a moment her vital, healing touch.

"You would get on much faster if this foot could be properly treated every day, Mr. Yorke. There is not a *massage* rubber short of Bangor. You need one now. You have reached the stage where I should recommend it decidedly. I am sorry."

Yorke made no reply; he dared not, he was so sure that he should say something unexpected to himself and annoying to her; and she brought the consultation to an end. As he went away she told him that she desired him to ride the next day. His ankle she thought, would bear the motion, — one of the last experiments before walking, — and he would have a driver, of course. She gave the order lightly, the means by which it was to be obeyed not being the physician's concern.

"I should like it, of all things," said Yorke, impulsively, "if I may. But it is so dull with a driver, and Mr. Butterwell is going to Bangor, you know, for several days. I don't doubt he would offer to take me, if he were here. I wish" —

"Why, I suppose I might take you," said Doctor Zay, after a scarcely perceptible pause. "I never thought of it!"

"I did n't suppose you did," said Yorke, laughing; "but I don't see why I should n't go, — if you won't let me bore you, that is, — do you?"

"Certainly not. I will take you with pleasure. I often take patients in the summer. It is stupid waiting. You won't find it an exciting process, I warn you. But it will be better for you than moping on the piazza. You have done enough of that."

"Quite enough, I think," said Yorke, looking fully into her upraised eyes.

"Persistent pallor!" said the doctor, in a meditative tone. "Tendency to fixed ideas. This accords with other symptoms I have noted. I must look it up carefully; but I feel pretty sure I shall give you" — her face lighted with the fervor of the symptomatologist — "I shall give you *carbo vegetabilis*!"

They rode. They rode three hours through the warmth and scent of roadside things, while the summer morning waxed indolently towards the splendid noon. Yorke bore the experiment with remarkable success. The doctor attributed this to the *carbo vegetabilis*.

She chatted cordially with him, as they drove over the long, solitary intervals that separated one call from another; or she came from a grave case to sit in the phaeton silent and distraught, and mind him no more than if he had been Handy; or a patient was responding to a difficult diagnosis or a pet theory, and she radiated her happiness upon him. He did not try to talk much. He absorbed her idly, as he did returning life and the throbbing day. He had never been beside her for so long before. He thought of that first ride through the Maine forest, and said dreamily, —

"It seems like a modern magazine serial that I should be driving with the caryatid. But I have not overtaken Atalanta. There is the Greek tragedy. No, don't turn to your note-book. I am not delirious — yet. You need not" —



"Need not what, sir?"

"Need not change the remedy. It works well."

"You speak in figures," said the woman of science, curtly. "I am a person of facts. I fail to follow you."

They called at those Baileys' who had become historic during the scarlet fever, and Yorke looked about him with vague reminiscences. The woman came to the door to welcome the doctor, extending her lean arm.

"There! It's the sign-post woman!" cried Yorke. "We owe it all to her."

"You are strangling in allegory, again. It is a case of asphyxia," said the doctor, handing him the blue reins.

"I mean, we owe it to her that I ever got to Sherman, — a precious sort of debt you think it! Your eyes laugh loud enough to be heard in Bangor. You might spare a shattered man so innocent a delusion. Science would be none the less exact for it. Hang — no, bless Mrs. Bailey! It was she who put me up to — By the way, Doctor, *did* you drop it by accident, or did you mean" —

"How's that leg of Bob's?" asked the doctor, in her happy soprano. She was half-way up the dreary front yard. The children ran to meet her, — a forlorn little batch, — and the woman clung to her with an uncouth, pathetic gesture, half reverence, half fearless love. Mrs. Bailey never thought of paying a doctor's bill, but she wore new mourning for her baby. Her affection was none the less genuine for that. Doctor Zay did not grudge her the sleazy alpaca.

There was a sacredness to the physician beyond the pale of enlightened social science, in the clasp of those scraggy black arms. Mrs. Bailey might outrage political economy, and retard the millennium by becoming a pauper; but she trusted her doctor, and had lost her baby.

Yorke knew little about people of this sort; he had left the lower orders of

society to his mother, with a dim sense of their usefulness in providing an outlet for her superfluous sympathies. Boston women must always have an outlet. His mother kept herself supplied with several. He thought, as he sat in the phaeton waiting for this unusual young lady to exchange the society of the Baileys for his own, that she possessed a power which was far more masculine than feminine, of absorption in the immediate task. He thought it would go hard with a man to haunt her. She would shake him off for what she called objects in life, as a fine spaniel shakes off the drops after a plunge into the sea; earth is his element, after all.

Bob Bailey had cut one of the femoral muscles on a mowing-machine. The doctor etherized him, and sewed the leg up, enthusiastically. The odor of the ether permeated the fresh morning, and Yorke sickened over it in the phaeton. She came out presently, with that cool, scientific eye which stimulated more than it defied him.

"I had forgotten you were here!" she said, as she took the reins. "Are you tired waiting?"

"I am not patient by nature, but may become so by grace. I am cherishing a host of feminine virtues," replied Yorke, stretching his big dimensions in the little carriage. "I shall make rather a superior woman by the time I get well. Like the man who had a damp cellar: it was good for nothing else, so he grew mushrooms in it. These beautiful characteristics which suffering or you, — it's all the same thing" —

"Why, *thank* you!"

— "Are cultivating in me, are" —

"Mushrooms?"

"I'm afraid so. They won't live long. I am *not* a woman, unfortunately. I am only an arrested development. It is something, though, in this world, to be even a lost opportunity."

"Call it a rudiment," was the scien-



tific suggestion. "And I am glad you reach the subject of mushrooms, Mr. Yorke, of your own accord. It is precisely the point to which I wish to conduct your botanical education. When one knows enough not to expect a mushroom to be, say, an aloe, one is prepared for life. You will recover. I like the symptom."

"Symptom!" cried the young man irritably. "Everything, with you, is a symptom. I am growing nervous over the sound of the word."

"Morbid sensitiveness to trifles. I must consider that in your next remedy. Well, and why not, Mr. Yorke? Most things are symptoms. Life is only a pathological experiment."

"That is a narrow professional view."

"All views are narrow. Let me advise you to have as few as possible."

"I am tired of being advised," said Yorke wearily.

Her eyes brimmed with frolic. "Do you want to go home? Or change your doctor?"

"Sometimes I think I will do both, to-morrow."

"You could not do a better thing," said Doctor Zay, carelessly.

"Do you think me able to travel so far?"

"I did not say that. Much depends on the patient. There are collateral dangers in all cases. Many cures consist in a fine choice of risks. Therapeutics, as Hamilton said of conversation, is always a selection."

Yorke regarded her steadily. "I shall not go," he said with decision, after a moment's pause.

They rode. He drank in the divine healing of the day. They talked of safe subjects, — anæsthetics and *Materia Medica*. Yorke had always before regarded homœopathy as a private hobby of his mother's. He was interested in this young woman's clear-headed exposition of a theory to which he was compelled to acknowledge himself a

grateful, if not a convincing testimony. With the irresponsibility of the laity, he amused himself with her fervor, while revering her skill. When she alluded to the Divine Truth in connection with her sugar-plums, he laughed. But when they drove over that bridge whence the Bangor pony had plunged to his last account, the young man grew respectfully grave. He experienced at moments a species of awe of this studious and instructed lady; not so much because of her learning, which was unquestionable, nor of her beautiful inborn fitness for the art of healing, which was as clear as the flash of her eye, as for the fact that, in spite of these circumstances, she could be a charming creature.

The swift morning grew into the high, hot noon. The dew dried on the white clover by the roadside. The dust flew a little. Yorke was tired, despite himself, and glad when the doctor took a cross-cut through a wood-path to make her last call. It was a poor girl, she said, who had few friends. They passed a saw-mill, as they drove to this place. The wheel was silent. The water dripped from it with a cool sound. The men were separating to their dinner; one remained at work above the dam. Yorke observed with admiration his practiced step upon the slippery logs which floated, chained, over the deep, black pool.

Doctor Zay drove to the foot of the hill, and stopped. She would leave him in the shade, she said, and walk up to her patient's; it was but a step. Yorke made no protest. He had long since learned that it was hopeless to argue with his physician. He sat and rested in the green coolness, till she returned.

She was gone about twenty minutes, and came out abstracted and stern. She did not speak at first, or take the reins, but sat still, with a twitching of all the delicate facial muscles which in other women would have meant a shower of tears or a tornado of anger.



"Well?" asked Yorke, conscious how imbecile the monosyllable sounded, but not daring to add another.

"She has just told me who it is that is to blame," said the physician in a low, surcharged voice

Yorke uttered a sympathetic ejaculation, as her meaning flashed upon him. He felt touched both at the simplicity and the solemnity of her words. Nothing of the sort had occurred to him, when she spoke about her "poor girl." Nothing could have revealed to him as did this little shock, the gravity and sacredness of her work. Alas! what could have so betrayed to him the gulf between her dedicated life and his own?

"I have tried for some time to learn," said the doctor, with unwonted agitation. "The poor thing opened her heart to me just now. You cannot think how such things affect me. He was perfectly free to marry her. There is nothing too bad for him! I have no mercy for such men, — none! I wish — Excuse me, Mr. Yorke," she interrupted herself. "There is a professional thoughtlessness; I hope I do not often fall into it. I was overborne by the poor thing's trouble. She is such a pretty creature. It would break your heart to see her. And the women all depend on me so; they think there is nothing beyond my power. Why, she clings to me as if she thought I could undo it all, — could make her what she used to be again! I believe she does. It is more than I can bear."

His own eyes filled, as he saw the slow, strong tears, beaten back and dreaded, gather on her lids. All the littleness and pretense and shallow barrier of the world slipped away from them, as they sat there together in the forest. They did not seem any more to be young and unfamiliar, or even man and woman, but only two human beings, who could arise and go hand in hand to meet the solemn need of all the world. To Yorke it was a moment that he wished might never end.

She was the first to speak, and she said gently, —

"I have tired, or perhaps shocked you. We will go home now. It is not my habit to speak of my cares to my patients. You must" —

"Help! Help! Oh, for God's sake, HELP!"

A terrible cry interrupted the doctor. It came from the mill-pond, whose dam frowned over their heads. The thin cascade of the falls drooped like lace against the wall of stone. The trees gathered close about the water, and Yorke looked up to the sky, as out of a well. He could see nothing else. The cry died in a gurgling sound. Yorke sprang, putting the woman by; he forgot her.

"Mr. Yorke, stay *just where you are!*"

An imperious voice, a firm hand, barred his way.

"Let me go!" demanded the man.

"Not an inch! To lame yourself for life, and help nobody! You never can get up there. Sit back! Take the reins! Drive on for help! There must be men at dinner behind that barn. Do as I bid you! Do as I ask you, — please."

He obeyed her; he cursed his helplessness, but he obeyed. She was already out of his sight, behind the saw-mill. The next instant, as he drove, lashing the pony, he saw her run swiftly out upon the chained logs above the dam. He closed his eyes. She poised herself like a chamois. He saw her sink upon her knees, — had she slipped? His breath came fast and feeble. The road darkened before him, and the forest whirled.

"Am I going to do such a lady-like thing as to faint?" thought the sick man. He fixed his eyes fiercely upon the blue reins, — they seemed to remain knotted in his fingers; he had a vision of the flying road, of the sudden sun, of dashing down upon a group of men, of seeing figures dart, of cry answering to cry; and his next precise impression was



that he had been sitting in the bottom of that phaeton, with his head on the cushions, longer than he supposed. He was alone, by the barn she spoke of. All the men were gone. He gathered his soul together, and drove back as he had come.

A cluster of men hung on the bank above the dam. A motionless figure lay on the ground in the centre of the group. For an instant Yorke could see nothing distinctly.

"Turn him over!" rang out a clear, sweet, imperious voice. "No, not so. So. This way. There! Now, here, Jenley! You help me."

"All right, Doctor!" said an unseen man. Silence followed. Yorke bowed his face upon his crutch, with a confused idea of saying his prayers. All he could think of was the Apostles' Creed and Fairy Lilian. The trickle of the fall fell cheerfully over the dam.

"Tompkins, *you* here!" came the word of command, in that calm, refined voice. "Work at his feet, as I bade you. Keep the arms, Jenley. Tear the shirt, — don't wait. Harder, Smith! Get more blankets from the house, — bed-quilts, anything. And flannel cloths, — all you can muster. Be quiet. Work more steadily. Don't get excited. I want even motions, — so."

Fifteen minutes passed. One of the men spoke in a low tone: —

"He don't budge, Doctor."

She made no answer. They worked on silently. Yorke looked at his watch. Twenty-two minutes.

"Make that chest movement just as I told you, Jenley! — patiently. Have courage. Give me the flannel, Smith. No. Rub *upwards*, not down; I told you twice. Harder. Here, I'll show you."

Twenty-six minutes. Half an hour. The lumbermen began to mutter. Yorke could hear their faint guttural protest.

"You can't resusentite a dead man, Doctor."

"He's dead, that's gospel sure, — deader 'n Judas."

"A critter's legs don't hang that way if he's livin'."

"Yo hain't seen so many drowned lumbermen as we have, young lady."

"My arms ache," said one big fellow earnestly. "I've rubbed a long spell. Give him up, Doctor?"

"Give him up? *No!*" came down the ringing cry.

Yorke quivered with the pride he felt in her. He leaned over his watch, as if it held the arrested heart-beats of the human life for which the brave girl fought.

Thirty-five minutes. Forty. Forty-one — two — three. Forty-four minutes.

A low, awed whisper began to rustle through the group. Some of the men dropped on their knees. One ran towards the house. She seemed to call him back, to utter some rapid order; he started off again. As he ran past the phaeton he called to Yorke, —

"*Gor a' mighty, she's fetched him!*"

This man did not return.

Yorke was sitting in a picturesque heap, with his crutches, wondering where was the precise point at which a newly-acquired tendency to faint ceased to be physics and became psychology, and how long he should maintain himself at that creditable juncture in philosophical experience, when he felt her hand upon his own.

"Drink this," she said laconically. He looked up, and saw that she had coffee in her hand; he swallowed it obediently.

"We have got him into the house," she said, speaking rapidly. "Everything goes well. I know this has hurt you. But I don't want to take you home yet. I have a reason. Can you eat, — if I desire it very much?"

"I can try," said Yorke, smiling at her tone; she really pleaded.

"Then I will sit here with you, and



we will have luncheon together. You need your dinner. You will be good for nothing with an empty stomach. There! It will gratify me if you will eat half this bread."

She got into the phaeton and sat beside him, leaning back, and watching him with a gentle eagerness which he would have dared to call tender if he had not remembered that it was professional. "I will eat it all," said Yorke.

She made a pretense of sharing the slice with him, but he could see that she was keenly excited.

"Now," she said, when the bread and coffee were gone, "are you better? Are you strong enough to hear what I want of you?"

"Try me, and see."

"They are together there," — she pointed to the poor girl's house, — "those two, who ought to be together for all their lives. *He* is the man."

"The drowned man?" cried Yorke. She nodded fiercely.

"I want you to come up there with me. I want you for a witness. I may fail in the thing, but it's got to be tried. I can't have any of those fellows there, and there's nobody at home but a young step-mother, who won't come near us. Are you able to do this?"

Yorke replied by silently taking the reins. He, too, felt excited and strong. They drove up the steep, short hill, and close to the poor place. At the gate stood a wagon, containing an elderly and gentlemanly but very impatient person. A few men were hanging about the door-steps. The doctor helped her patient out, and he followed her into the house, asking no questions.

They went into a low, clean room on the ground floor. A man was there upon a lounge, swathed in blankets; he was ghastly white. A girl hung over him: she uttered low, inarticulate cries; she rained her tears upon his face, his hands, — nay, her kisses on his great coarse feet, as if he were her saviour. The doctor

shut the door softly, and Yorke stood uncovered beside her. The girl noticed them no more than if they had been spirits.

"Why, Molly!" said the fellow weakly. "Why, *Molly*! I hain't done so well by you that you should — kiss me — now. I don't deserve it," he added, after a moment's thought.

"Molly," said the doctor, coming forward with her nervous step, "leave Jim to me a minute. I want to talk to him."

Molly gathered herself together, a miserable little effort, — shame and love and tears, — and obeyed. She was a pretty girl, with blonde hair.

"Deserve it?" said Doctor Zay, in a changed manner, as soon as the girl was gone. "*Deserve* it? You have behaved to her like a coward and a sneak. She is behaving like — a woman. She *loves* him, I suppose," added the doctor, in an undertone. "That is the way with these women. Now, then, Jim Paisley! I have just this to say to you. You are able to sit up. Let me see you do it."

The resuscitated man struggled to an obtuse angle against the pillows.

"Very good. I wish you could stand up, but that will do. I want you to marry Molly. I will call her back."

"But, Doctor" — began Jim.

"No shilly-shallying," returned the doctor sharply. "Not a word. Let me see it done before I leave the house. I sent Henry for the minister the first breath you drew, — out there on the shore, — before I sent for the brandy, before you gasped twice. He is sitting at the gate this minute, with a borrowed horse, too, that he's in a hurry to get back to a man who is mowing. Don't waste any more of our time. It's too precious for you. Come!"

"But, Doctor, how can I be married, done up in blankets like a mummy. It's — so — ridiculous!" pleaded Jim. "I'd have liked my best close on."

"Paisley!" said the doctor, towering and superb, "did I work over you four-



teen minutes after every man in Sherman would have given you up for dead? Fourteen minutes longer than is laid down by Hering, too," she added, turning to Yorke.

"Well, Doctor, I s'pose you did."

"Did I bring back the soul to your senseless, sinful body, after it had gone God knows where, but where you'll never go again till you go to stay?"

"That's a fact, Doctor. Yes, marm."

"I've got some rights in your life, have I, Jim?"

"Yes, marm. I don't deny you brought me to."

"Do you suppose you were worth *touching*, except that you had it in your miserable power to right a poor wronged girl? Come! Do you?"

"No, marm."

"If you don't marry Molly before I leave this house, every lumberman in Sherman may throw you into the mill-pond, — and some of them will. I'll stand by and see them do it. I won't lift a finger for you."

"You're hard on a fellow," complained Jim. "I hain't said I would n't. I only said I'd rather wait and get my best close. I vum, when I come to, and — Good Lord! did you see her, Doctor? I hain't done right by her, that's a fact. I told her so."

"Well, well!" said Doctor Zay, softening. She went at once to call the girl, who lay crouched like a spaniel outside the door, upon the bare entry floor. "Come here, Molly," she said, with ineffable gentleness. "Jim wants to be married."

Molly stood still. The color slowly crept over her delicate neck.

"He hain't asked me himself," she said. Jim held out his hand to her.

"The doctor thought I was n't fit to ask you, Molly. She ain't far out, either."

The girl advanced slowly, looking at

him searchingly. Then, with a certain dignity, she gave the man one hand, and said, —

"Very well, Doctor."

The minister came, talking about his borrowed horse. He was worried and hurried.

"Where is your certificate of intention to marry?" he asked shortly, "we require five days' notice of intention in our State."

"The marriage will be legal," replied Dr. Zay, promptly. "I've had occasion to look into that. Whatever formalities are necessary, I will attend to myself. I will pay your fine, if you are called to account for this."

"It is a large fine," said the minister, slowly.

"I will be responsible for it," persisted the Doctor. "I must see the thing done now. Something might go wrong with the case yet. The man is very weak."

The old minister yielded his point after a little feeble protest; he wanted to get back to his mowing.

Yorke and the physician witnessed the marriage. And the young step-mother, out in the front yard, gossiped with the lumbermen through it all.

Doctor Zay took her patient home immediately when the painful scene was over. He was greatly exhausted. She sent him at once to bed, left minute orders for his care, and went off on her afternoon rounds.

In the evening she came to him again. She sat some time. She was anxious, gentle, half deprecating. She gave her professional tenderness a beautiful freedom. He felt her sympathy like a sparkling tonic. She atoned for what she had cost him by a divine hour.

She did not mention the poor girl. But Yorke thought of the caryatid lifting marble arms to hold the Temple "high above our heads."

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*



## THE POETS' BIRDS.

THEIR friends have claimed for the poets that they are the chief ministers and high priests of Nature. They are said to be in exceptional communion with her; to be her "interpreters," her "favorites," and her "children." Indeed, the poets have repeatedly claimed as much for themselves.

"Where's the poet? Show him, show him,  
Muses Nine, that I may know him.

'Tis the man who with a man  
Is an equal, be he king  
Or poorest of the beggar-clan,  
Or any other wondrous thing  
That may be twixt ape and Plato;  
'Tis the man who with a bird,  
Wren or eagle, finds the way to  
All its instincts. He hath heard  
The lion roaring, and can tell  
What his horny throat expresseth;  
And to him the tiger's yell  
Comes articulate, and presseth  
On his ear like mother tongue."

But, none the less, I fear that much might be found in English poetry to support any one who should say that, as a class, the bards are not only inadequately informed as to the ordinary objects in nature, but curiously unfair towards those which they profess to understand.

This holds good only of British poets, Tennyson excepted; for the poetry of America marks a perfectly new departure from the stereotyped, artificial, and unsympathetic treatment of natural objects which characterizes British verse. America, perhaps, is too large to tolerate prejudices, or it may be that a specific variation in the intellectual conditions of the West develops a corresponding variation in the poetic tone. Her poets cannot go to an antique heraldry for grotesque fancies about beasts which heralds had never heard of, nor to classical myths for whimsical ideas about birds which were unknown to Greece and Rome. They are protected, therefore, to a certain extent, from any "hereditary

taint" of prejudice, and have fewer temptations than European poets towards the logicians' "fallacy from antiquity." But this does not suffice to explain that universal kindliness towards "the speechless world" which is conspicuous in the works of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, and Whittier; that tender gospel of sympathy, of which Buddha was the Messiah and Edwin Arnold is the latest evangelist. Now this sympathy, coextensive with Nature, which I find common to all the poets of America, is one of the rarest of traits in the poets of England. The latter, I notice (and I have carefully examined two hundred volumes of their verse), are seldom in true accord with Nature, and seldom, therefore, in her fullest confidence.

Science, as an American writer has said, is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it does not permit sentiment in its treatment of natural objects; but even conceding the essayist to be right, it is also certain that poetry is hardly more satisfactory when it shows an unnecessary disregard of scientific facts. All who love the poetry in Nature better than the poetry out of it will admit this.

Poetical license of course excuses much, and in homage to the true aim of poetry almost anything may be condoned. But even poetical license must confess to laws, and, like Nature herself in her most wayward moods, must never permit the extension of an idea except in the direction of its natural progression. It must be produced in a straight line only. There must be no kinks in it, no eccentric liberties taken. When Nature made a bat she availed herself of a lawful license; but when poets call the bat "a bird," they go beyond the justifiable. If a bard is not content with merely saying that the eagle stares at the sun, but goes on to add that its sight



pierces through the sun and beyond it, his extension is in a straight line; or if another, describing the raven riding on the crest of the swiftly-moving storm, speaks of it as *hastening* the storm, there is an admissible and pleasing prolongation, so to speak, of the original idea. But when the vulture, because it is opposed to the dove in general character, is made (as by Savage) to chase the dove and catch it; or when, the sea having become calm, the sea-gulls begin (as in Mallet) to "warble," we resent the liberty taken by the bard, for it is eccentric, and out of the regular plane of Nature's procedure.

It will no doubt be also pleaded, in justification of poetical license, that the writers are often only pursuing "points of high prescription," and following up old tradition. The plea is admissible, for no one can be displeased with any effort to preserve the delightful fancies of antiquity. But the poets should sometimes save themselves by an *aiunt*, or at all events they should not go beyond the original myth. It is a poor compliment to the fable of the bird of paradise, that it sleeps on the wing, to stretch the same privilege, as Cowper does, to the swallow; nor is it respectful to the legend of the pelican to exaggerate her act into one of self-destruction. She fed her young from her breast, so tradition pretended, to save them from starvation. But she did not, obviously, give them "her life's blood," for that would have precipitated the very catastrophe which the poor mother tried so painfully to avert. Now these, I take it, are abuses of tradition, and opposed to that tender, reverent trusteeship of old-world bird-lore which we look for in the poets. Let them, by all means, perpetuate the pretty "wisdom of the ancients." But they must not add to it for their present purpose, nor take from it to suit their text.

Nor again, when following the fictions of Greece and Rome, does it look well

in a poet that he should have no gold of his own to set their jewels in. The swan on the water is a thing of surpassing grace, yet what a sterile majority of our bards see in it only the fowl that sings before death! Is there no poetry in the contemporary kingfisher, that it should never be anything but the "brooding halcyon" of the past? Yet it would be as hard to find a poet who mentions the kingfisher in nature as one who does not mention it in fable. The real beauty of the swan's life is almost ignored; the imaginary beauty of its death is hackneyed to absurdity.

Taking the bird-world alone, it is extraordinary with what direct loss of power and beauty the poets have neglected the opportunities which Nature offers them for simile and illustration, ornamental epithet or moral analogy. There are known to science more than three thousand species of birds. But poetry takes ken of a bare hundred, and of even these a third are so casually mentioned that, virtually, they are useless to the text, and, so far as they contribute any special significance, force, or beauty, almost any other birds might have taken their places. The treasures of the tropics are absolutely ignored, and, in fact, Asia, Africa, and America might not exist, for all the advantage their bird-wealth has been to British poets; while Europe, except where its species are British species also, is similarly neglected. Taking foreign birds, we find only six,—the ostrich, bird of paradise, pelican, flamingo, ibis, and vulture,—and even these are only utilized to perpetuate half a dozen of those "pseudodoxia" which Sir Thomas Browne tried to demolish two centuries ago. The ostrich is still, with the poets, the "silliest of the feathered kind, and formed of God without a parent's mind;" the bird of paradise, not having recovered its legs yet, sleeps on the wing, and hatches its eggs in mid-air; the ibis still brandishes its "spiral neck at snakes;"



the pelican goes on "opening to her young her tender breast;" and the vulture continues to "spring from the cliff upon the passing dove." Such, then, may be said to be the sum of the English poets' study of foreign bird-life (except in the case of cage-birds, such as cockatoos, macaws, canaries, parrots), the aggregate of the beauty they can find in the lessons taught and similes pointed by many hundreds of feathered things. The humming-birds, poems each one of them; the magnificent hornbills, miracles of plumage; the sun-birds, a very regalia of feathered gems; the astonishing trogons and their painted kin; the glittering lorries and toucans, creatures of paradise; the pheasants of Asia, cast in gold and silver, and jeweled on every feather; the multitude of beautiful water-fowl that haunt the great rivers of the world, the Amazon and Nile and Ganges streams; the wondrous birds of prey, the condors and lammergeyers of Alp and Andes, — all are wasted alike. Yet surely, if only for their surpassing beauty of plumage and form, their unrivaled power and speed, some of these deserve appreciative reference, instead of the stale old peacock, already plucked bald, and the still staler turtle-dove. So pressed for similes of beauty are the poets that they have all of them to turn again and again to the peacock's tail, the turtle's neck, and the swan's breast, — to one or other they invariably go, — and never once think, apparently, of the myriads of lovely things that might brighten and beautify their verse, if they would only let their minds travel beyond "the tame villatic fowl" of their homesteads.

Now, why is the poets' range so unnecessarily and injuriously limited? In the case of the earliest poets the contemporary ignorance of zoölogy is sufficient explanation; but for the rest, the same explanation cannot be accepted, unless we are to believe that poets are permitted to ignore what the prose

writers of their own day knew well, which is irrational. It will of course be argued that the poets did not need more birds than they used, that they had enough birds, that they used only as many as they wanted, and so forth; but unless poetry differs from prose in some essential manner not yet revealed, it is absurd to suppose that a choice of beauties would not have been resorted to, that monotony and imitation would not have been avoided, that a world of exquisite morals and illustrations would not have been utilized, had they been to hand. What craftsman, working on a thing of beauty, would not use beautiful materials, if heaped up round him, in preference to second-hand odds and ends, much the worse for wear and tear? Indeed, to accept any other explanation is to accuse the poets of something worse than mere ignorance.

Moreover, from internal evidence, it is easy enough to show that, as a matter of fact, the poets were *not* satisfied with their repertory of fowls. Sometimes they try to compass variety by using different names for the same bird, for we find them singing mysteriously (to modern ears) of "gleads," "puttocks," "ernes," "tiercels," and so forth, when they had used the more familiar names sufficiently often. Or they make up new birds for themselves, like Spenser's "shriks," Milton's night-ravens, Shelley's death-birds, or Savage's night-crows; or they go boldly into the bird-land of fable, and eke out their stock with such "fearful wild-fowl" as the simurg and roc, gryphon and phoenix, popinjay, heydegre, martlet, and allerion.

Further evidence might, if needed, be found in the fact that where the poets are really at home with their birds they are careful to show it. Thus the hawks of sport are all nicely specified by their technical distinctions, and British game-birds are enumerated without a single omission. The "dove" is also the wood-dove, wood-pigeon, ring-dove, stock-dove,



turtle-dove, and carrier-pigeon, while the barn-door fowl is accurately detailed into Chanticleer and Partlet, cock and hen, cockerel, capon, pullet, and chicken, — eight birds made out of two, or out of one. It is fairly evident, therefore, that the very limited range of the poets was not altogether optional with them; for not only did they make the very most of the few birds they were sure of, but they invented others to increase the number, and it becomes difficult, except under the theory that they were ignorant of nature, to explain their reticence. But in the case of many of the poets, their ignorance, as I have said, was a misfortune, and not a fault, for, however disastrous it may have been, as depriving their poems of much beauty, variety, and power that they might otherwise have possessed, the door to the natural world was, in their day, only just ajar.

I will not, therefore, press this charge against the bards. Our loss was perhaps their misfortune. But my second charge, that of injustice to the bird-world, is far more serious. It also arises from ignorance, but ignorance of another degree. We can hardly quarrel with a poet for not writing about birds which he did not know of. But we *can* quarrel with him for not knowing about the birds which he did write of. And it is this second ignorance, therefore, this inner coil, that I complain of, and resent. For the larger offense, the neglect of the whole world's ornithology, we can find palliation, or, at any rate, we may condone it with pity. But for the smaller, more concentrated neglect, I feel but little tenderness. The poets have wasted some two thousand exotic birds, — let that pass. But I feel it a duty to notice, in some detail, their unfair treatment of their seventy-six "British species."

The complete list <sup>1</sup> stands as follows: albatross, blackbird, bullfinch, bittern, blackcock, buzzard, booby, cormorant,

crane, cock, corn-crake, chaffinch, cuckoo, crow, chough, coot, curlew, duck, eagle, field-fare, fulmar, gull, goldfinch, goose, gannet, greenfinch, grouse, goshawk, heron, hobby, jackdaw, jay, kingfisher, kite, linnet, loon, merlin, magpie, martin, moor-hen, nightingale, night-jar, noddy, owls, ousel, osprey, peacock, plover, partridge, pheasant, ptarmigan, quail, raven, ring-dove, rook, robin, swan, swallow, skylark, sparrow, snipe, stone-chat, sand-lark, stock-dove, starling, sparrow-hawk, swift, thrush, turtle-dove, teal, white-throat, wren, woodpecker, woodcock, woodlark, wild-duck, — seventy-six in all.

Now one of the first points to attract attention in this curious list is the presence of only seven sea-birds. What a collection to represent the feathered nations of the ocean and the sea-vexed coasts and cliffs! The albatross, it is true, is used with notable effect in the *Ancient Mariner*, but what shall we say of the rest?

The unhappy cormorant, perhaps because Milton began by saying the devil resembled it, is selected by Churchill as the very abomination of desolation ("Let cormorants in churches make their nests"), and is invariably misrepresented and maligned by the other poets as "obscene," "greedy," and "ill-omened," that inhabits caves which "the dun seals" share with it. The gannet is once mentioned by Scott as "flying," and the fulmar once by Mallet as "screaming," while the loon, the booby, the noddy, and the "soland-geese" are each once referred to, to point a pleasantry. Such are the ocean-birds of the poets, and, except where "sea-mews" and "sea-pies" are thrown in (and sometimes very finely) as adjuncts of sea scenery, not another bird is mentioned. Not a word for the frigate-bird, — though it *does* sleep on the wing, — and barely a line for the stormy petrel, its name itself a tragedy! Is there not a real and grievous injustice done

<sup>1</sup> Complete, that is, out of the eighty poets I have taken for my text.



here to the beautiful and noble birds that add grace and dignity even to the sea itself?

Unjust, also, we must consider the treatment of the birds of prey. If the poets were contemptuous to the "fishers of the sea," they are prejudiced against "the pirates of the sky."

These are represented in Britain, according to the bards, by the eagle, hawk, falcon, buzzard, goshawk, hobby, osprey, sparrow-hawk, and kite. The eagle is imperial both in nature and out of it, and the poets have indeed done splendid justice to this splendid bird, but unfairly, and at the expense of others. Thus, that which is grand in eagles is wicked in hawks. The latter are always "rending" something, or "ravening," or "gorged," or "bloudy." Once and again, by accident as it were, and for no obvious purpose, the "gentle spar-hawk," "the soaring hobby," and "the merlin" are introduced. Spenser, a naturalist, knew the goshawk, and Burns sees it "driving on the wheeling hare." But the buzzard is hardly allowed to be worth calling a bird, and is used to express the *ne plus ultra* of unworthiness among fowls; the osprey is treated as of "ill-omen," and the constant companion of "obscene" birds; while the kite is held in general abomination, it is regarded only as a carrion-bird, a scavenger, and as eating human flesh. In the last character, Macaulay delights in "the carrion-kite." He gives Valerius to "the kite," the Lord of Norba to "the Porcean kites," "fair-haired" armies to "the kites," and

"The kites know well the long stern swell  
That bids the Romans close."

When used in sport, both hawks and falcons are abundantly referred to, — as "haggards," "gentles," "tiercelets," "tarsels," and so forth, — and many fine results obtained, with the adventitious help of hernshaws and cranes, lures, bells, hoods, jesses, and all the other paraphernalia of falconry. We have

them presented to us in every light, either when "they soar to seize, or, stooping, strike their prey;" or when, "humble, they sit upon the wrists of common men." Somerville, especially, when he sings

"the valiant falcon's  
Aerial fights, where no confederate brute  
Joins in the bloody fray, but bird with bird  
Jousts in mid-air,"

is fired with a worthy admiration of "the lordly fowl" of Spenser, the *Mar-mion* among the feathered. But through all this praise we hear the sad jingling of the trained bird's bells. In nature, as apart from falconry, this splendid family, the *Falconidæ*, has no more than the meagre recognition I have already noted. The peregrine, the earl among the birds; the kestrel, so beautiful and so brave; or the merlin, "the lady's hawk," conspicuous even among falcons for its grace, its daring, and its astonishing velocity, might each of them adorn many a line which other fowls now encumber.

From these two classes alone, the sea-fowl and the birds of prey, we might consider the charge of injustice substantiated; but now that all the birds are in court, I may as well call up other witnesses.

Conspicuous, then, in my list as unpopular birds are the following: the bittern, crows, the goose, jackdaw, jay, and magpie, owls, and the raven; to which I should add, from foreign climes, the ostrich, peacock, parrots, and vulture. In their treatment of these birds, the poets' utterances are curiously characterized not only by a want of sympathy, but also by an unlooked-for want of originality.

The bittern, one of the most strangely poetical of birds, is found useful only as a synonym for discordance and desolation, and if it had not been for its making strange noises would not probably have been mentioned at all. Scott says it "shrieks," and "booms,"



and "drums" from the "melancholy marshes;" Thomson, so often absurd, says that, "with bill ingulphed, he shakes the surrounding marsh;" and Burns may be suspected of harboring the same heresy, for he calls upon the bird to "rair" until "the quagmire reels." But Churchill and Shenstone do it a more conspicuous injustice; for the one, thinking it to be a sea-bird, and having read of it as a thing of desolate places, symbolizes ruin by making this bird perch on "the sails of commerce," while the other calls it the "caitiff bittern."

The crows fare even worse. Ever since, in Rome,—

"The cawing crow was to the state  
A sure interpreter of fate,"

this bird has been one of ill-omen and unkindly superstition. Sometimes it is mistaken for "the honest rook;" at others for the raven, as when Green says,—

"The honorable prophet  
Did more than angel couriers greet  
The crows that brought him bread and meat,"

and thus, vicariously, arrives at some respect or honor. But as "the crow" it is "the most accomplished of the feathered race" in mischief, a "lurking" (Dyer) and "dastard" (Dryden) bird; the truth being that this sagacious fowl collects others of its kind to hustle the eagle, which all poets consider an unjustifiable affront to "the bird of Jove," denying the crow even the right of self-protection. But here, as elsewhere, when a tradition lures them away from nature, the poets all follow each other on Butler's lines,—

"Is it not ominous in all countries,  
When crows or ravens croak from trees?"

and repeat each other as to its "treble-dated" years, its "hoarse" voice and generally uncanny habits.

"The crows sit on the murrained cattle," says Shelley; and again, "On the lean sheep sit the prophetic crows;" and it is in this light, as a carrion-bird and of evil augury, that the bards, without exception, prefer to view it.

The goose, sacred to at least two great nations of antiquity, the wisest of fowls, the bird of the quill and "the gray-goose shafts," is the butt and jest of poets. They even think it discreditable to the Capitol (see Spenser, Addison, and others) to have been saved by such a bird. It is "ill-formed" and "waddling," "gabbling" and "greedy," the symbol of foolishness and garrulity. The poets could not, apparently, look farther than their own patch of common. The farm-yard gate barred their "eagle vision." But I forget: the wild-geese was known to one poet, at any rate, for he makes *vultures* chase it.

Jackdaws are, in poetry, only "daws," and, for poetical reasons no doubt, are "idle," foolish, "wrangling," "of ominous note," and "obscene;" while that deplorable incident of the feather, which might generously have been forgotten long ago, is carefully made the most of. Yet how is it that contemporary prose writers perpetually refer to the pleasant chattering of the jackdaws, these retainers of old English houses, the privileged tenants of ancient family seats, turret, tower, belfry, and castle wall? To my own prosaic mind, indeed, the jackdaw is among the birds something like the cedar among trees, as lending an air of ancient repose and long-undisturbed possession to an estate. Its voice strikes on the ear, as we approach some old baronial place or many-spired cathedral, the first note of that reverend calm which possesses us when we actually stand within the hushed precincts of the ivy-muffled walls. So, too, the cooing of doves makes the noon silent, the cry of the corn-crake proclaims the slumber of the summer-evening fields, and the sudden hoot of the owl emphasizes the stillness of the night.

Nor with regard to the magpie do I confess to more contentment with the poets. For here, again, even if we admit it to be "thieving," "chattering," "gossiping," I see no reason for insist-



ing—because it is “the magician magpie” of Churchill, and because country folk believe it “scatters notes of presage”—that it is a disagreeable adjunct to the landscape, and nothing better than

“An impudent, presuming pye,  
Malicious, ignorant, and sly.”

It is really a wonder that owls, pelted as they have been with bad names, have not before now become the abandoned and wicked fowls that poets declare them to be. A less sober bird would have gone wrong under such undeserved contumely long ago. It is only necessary to give some of the epithets which the bards have slung at the owl—“silent,” “hoarse,” “moody,” “grim,” “boding,” “moping,” “complaining,” “wailing,” “gibbering,” “screaming,” “shrieking,” “ill-faste,” “obscene,” “ghastly,” “dire,” “unhallowed”—to be assured of the opinion they had about poor *Nyctemene*. But this gradually ascending scale of opprobrium is not by any means the whole of her wrongs. Her personal appearance is discredited, for she is described as “gray” and “wide-staring,” with an “uncomely” beak, and given to “blinking” and “goggling.” Her association with the night makes night dreadful, for instead of being merely a bird of sleep and innocent darkness, or “the sad bird of night,” which, when,—

“the shades of eve come slowly down,  
And woods are wrapped in deeper brown,  
Awakens in her dell,”

the very presence of the owl makes night a time of phantoms and desolation and death and evil deeds. She lives in ruined towers, “lightning-blasted” trees, and “baneful” ivy-bushes. Here, during the day, she sleeps, with frequent interruptions (especially in Scott); and thence, when darkness favors her criminal designs, she issues forth in the bad company of “bats” and “shadows,” “sickness,” “ghosts,” and “night-ravens.” She ought to be, but is not, on good terms with the night or the moon,

for she “disturbs” and “afflicts” the one, making it “hideous,” while, though she “salutes” the other, she does so with impropriety, either with “unseemly” or “derisive shouts,” “fearful howlings,” or “barbarous noises,” and, though making a confidante of *Selene*, does not hesitate to “mock” her. This “bird of the ivy,” therefore, simply as a thing of feathers, a fowl of the air, has much to complain of. But its indignities are multiplied when the poets come to speak of it “poetically.” Some of their synonyms are these: “gloom bird,” “rude bird of hate,” “shrieking harbinger,” “foul precursor of the fiend,” “augur of the fever’s end,” “messenger of death,” and “companion of infernal haggies”! After this, “death-boding,” “dirge-singing,” “unholy,” are merely acidulated compliments. But is it not enough to make a good bird take to bad ways to be accused of foretelling “the hapless doom” of every impertinent and casual passer-by, when it was really only conversing with its lawful wife; or to speak of it as “affrighting poets’ souls with words of woe,” when, as a fact, the bird was merely making a remark to a neighbor about her last mouse?

Nor does the raven fare better. Taunted with its conduct towards Noah, robbed of the credit of nourishing *Elijah*, triumphed over for its disgrace in Olympus, and abused for flying on the standard of the conquering Dane, “the hideous raven with prodigious flight” has little to thank English bards for. They credit it with “glossy plumage,” but this is the full extent of their generosity. According to the poets, it is “solitary,” “dark and foul,” “greedy,” “obscene,” “a carrion-eater,” “not less a bird of omen than of prey.” When on the wing it prefers tempests, and when afoot it sings “dirges,” perching for choice on “blasted” trees, generally “oaks,” which rhyme with “croaks.” These are the ordinary “ravens” of the



poets. But Milton and Spenser have "the night-raven," and Young "the midnight-raven," which come out in the dark. Nights of horror have always, therefore, raven accompaniments. Ravens fly on funeral wings, and witches use their feathers. Ravens haunt graveyards. Corpses are called "ravens' food." But why go on with the catalogue of the bards' affronts?

To these I have added, as unpopular, from foreign birds, the ostrich, peacock, parrot, and vulture. The first Spenser alludes to as "the greedy ostryge," Prior as "the stupid ostrich," and Cowper as the —

"Silliest of the feathered kind,  
And formed of God without a parent's mind."

Beyond, therefore, alluding to these popular delusions about this wonderful bird, — its indiscriminate feeding, its burying its head in the sand, and its desertion of its eggs, — the poets can find no use for the ostrich, no opportunity for a compliment. Yet in this one bird centres much of the poetry of the Arabs, and half the romance of the deserts.

Against the peacock there is evidently a grudge, — it may be even a sort of unworthy envy. At any rate, the poets, tedious as courtiers can be in their compliments to "Juno's bird," are often very bitter towards it, — when the goddess is out of the way. Their peacock's legs seem always sticking out of their peacock's feathers. It is gorgeous, they grant willingly, but it uses its splendor to "affront the daylight," and "swagger" over other birds. It is stately. This they readily admit, but its stride easily becomes a "strut" and "perke." Its voice, never pleasant, is made the worst of, as are its legs and feet. One quotation — it is the very rudest of all their references to this bird — may stand alone in illustration of the strange reluctance of the poets to give the peacock unqualified praise. It is an admirable passage —

"That self-applauding bird, the peacock, see;  
Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he!  
Meridian sunbeams tempt him to unfold  
His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold;  
He treads as if, some solemn music near,  
His measured step was governed by his ear,  
And seems to say, 'Ye meaner fowl, give place;  
I am all splendor, dignity, and grace.'  
Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,  
Though he too has a glory in his plumes;  
He, Christian-like, retreats with modest mien  
To the close copse or far sequestered green,  
And shines without desiring to be seen."

The parrot, "an odious libel on the human voice," affords, with its other caged kindred, an easy butt for the poets, who industriously repeat after each other the jests about the "trivial mimic," that, "fraught with antics," "fine and gay, is kept to strut, look big, and talk away." But why call Poll "*a jack-pudding*"? Had the poets only known that in the East the parrot is the bird of love, that Kama, the Oriental Cupid, always rides on one, what pretty changes would have been rung on the pretty theme! As it is, Prior no doubt thought it a bold flight of fancy, when singing Mira's parrot, to say, —

"The queen of beauty shall forsake the dove;  
Henceforth the parrot is the bird of love."

He did not know, apparently, that for some thousands of years the parrot had already been "the bird of love" for half the world.

Last on my present list is the vulture. Unlovely, but innocent in nature, it becomes in poetry the incarnation of cruel greed, a thing of crime and blood and horror. I have no wish to beautify the vulture, but, on the other hand, I cannot acquiesce in the poets' terrible indictment. They make it "ominous" and "gloomy," "hungry" and "thirsty" for blood, "greedy," "cruel." It is the "death-bird" of Shelley. Thoughts too vile for utterance are "vulture-thoughts" (Shakespeare), and folly too malignant for hope is "vulture-folly" (Shenstone). A "vulture-grasp" (Scott) is that which is wicked and cruel and lustful; a "vulture-eye" (Mallet, Ma-



caulay), that which gloats over the horrible, or on coming disaster, greedy for its own advantage therefrom. "The rage of the vulture" (Byron) is a synonym for ferocious and guilty fury; and Shelley gives "victorious wrong" a "vul-

ture-scream." It symbolizes in Granville despair, and in Gay carnage.

This is all undeniable poetry, but it is all injustice, because out of sympathy with Nature. And Nature is far more poetical than even the poets.

*Philip Robinson.*

## THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

### X.

#### IN MAGOON BUILDING OFFICES.

THE Magoon Building stood in lower Broadway, near the head of Wall Street, among the marts and exchanges, in that imposing quarter whose tower-like structures seem to loom up nearer heaven every day.

There were in the Magoon Building offices of canal and coal companies, offices of brick, cement, salt, and silver-mining companies; offices of attorneys, trustees of estates, and general agents; of locomotive, sleeping-car, iron, and dynamite works; offices of the Weekly Coin Expositor, the Devious Air-Line Railway, and the Eureka Tool Works of Kingboltville. Bainbridge sometimes met Kingbolt coming to this latter, on the business of drawing additional funds. "What are you doing now, Russ?" this fortunate person, whom he had known at college, inquired on such occasions, and passed on, hardly waiting for his answer. There were offices that seemed never to be entered but by stealth, and others, like the Prudential Land and Loan Company, always freely open, perhaps that their equipment of mahogany desks and counters and engraved glass screens might not be lost upon the general public. Feet never ceased clacking on the pavements of the Magoon Building, and its crowded elevators were never done flitting mysteri-

ously behind their wire inclosures, from story to story.

The day after we saw him last, Bainbridge, on returning from his lunch, an hour later than usual, stood by his high office window, gazing out at the view. His view commanded a corner of Trinity church-yard, the old, historic graves of which are robbed now of gloom, and invested only with a gentle sentiment of melancholy. The striking of the bell-fry clock, and the jangling of the chimes ringing for afternoon service daily at three, came across to him where he was, almost from a level. The expanse of roofs beyond, studded with innumerable brick chimneys, like a cemetery too of some other curious sort, terminated at the water's edge in a palisade of masts and spars. Over in the Jerseys, across the river, and beyond the settlements, the steam of a locomotive, here and there, speeding out into the country was seen thrown back in solid-looking puffs, as if these were a kind of clouds produced by its rapid burrowing movement into the atmosphere. "The tempter no doubt puts us young and needy ones up into these high places to make us fall down and worship him," soliloquized the young man. "Nevertheless, the prospect just here, though interesting, certainly does not seem to offer anything we need especially sigh for, so get thee behind me, Satan, with all my heart."

A knock sounded at the door as he turned back to his desk. Gammage en-



tered. This *protégé* — if it can be admitted that a young man so opposed, according to his own statement, to all humane impulses, could have a *protégé* — was a dignified, almost senatorial-looking person, with dome-like bald head, large gray moustache, and clothing, though shabby, of a surviving gentility. Such a figure, at his desk in the Prudential L. and L. Company's office, was worth much more than the small stipend it commanded, from the point of view of pure dignity. It was a very weak and decayed dignity now. A roving eye, an unsteady gait, and an unusual lightness of greeting in one who was habitually serious, oppressed by a sense of his unfortunate position, told to the pained eye of Bainbridge the story of a relapse into a ruinous habit. His face, instead of being flushed, was of a marble pallor, as though his drams and opiates, more dangerous yet, took hold upon his very vitals. He explained that he called upon his young friend with a purely social purpose. He seated himself without being asked, and appeared in no haste to return to the duties of his office. He had lunched, he said, with a very pleasant fellow. Bainbridge recollected having seen him at the Nassau Street restaurant, where he took his own light midday meal. He had been among the auditors of the builder Jocelyn, who was once more abusing Rodman Harvey, apropos of the account in the newspaper of his expensive entertainment to the President.

"Jocelyn is right," said Gammage. "Rodman Harvey is a bad man, — a hard man, if ever there was one; spending money like water on himself, and holding it back from those who drudge for him, and any of the — the broken-up, that might need a helping hand."

"What did Harvey ever do to you, Gammage, that you speak of him in that way? What do you know about him?" Seemingly this was an oppor-

tunity to secure some of the information which he had had it in mind to acquire.

"He would not give me a situation I asked of him when I was first — down. He might have given it to me. May be I'd have been different then. He knew me when I held my head up with the best. He was not always so easy in his circumstances, so high and mighty and strait-laced, himself. Certain things came under my obsiv — my ob — servation. Because some doings are passed over, that is not to say that they are forgotten. I suppose he could afford to pay me for keeping quiet, Rodman Harvey could, if I was a mind — I suppose you would not want to go into it, would you?" he proposed, as if struck, in his maudlin way, by a new reflection.

"Go into what?" inquired Bainbridge sternly.

"Oh, of course, I did not mean — I am too high-toned for that" — the shattered visitor apologized humbly, and thereupon rambled from the subject. He would have avoided it wholly but that Bainbridge drew him back with some art, and heard a certain story in which, as in that of McFadd, the names of General Burlington and Hackley, now of Hackley and Valentine, occurred as persons who knew something to the detriment of Rodman Harvey. It was too incoherent and fragmentary to be a complete whole, and was highly improbable, besides, as far as it went. Not to aid to give it in the inebriate's mind an exaggerated importance by an appearance of interest, he abandoned any attempt to make a lucid system of its obscurities now, proposing to defer further inquiry into its details, should any such seem desirable, till Gammage could be met with in a sober mood. He only asked at present whether the narrator had repeated the story to any others, — to his employer, Mr. St. Hill, for instance.

Gammage, in reply, complained of St. Hill as a person too supercilious to in-



vite confidences of any kind. He threw out suspicions, also, as to the usefulness of the business transacted at the company's office, and expressed his belief that there was a purpose afoot to supplant him, Gammage, in his clerkship. "I advise you, then, not to go back in your present condition," said Bainbridge. "You will certainly lose your place. You had better go home now, and return to your office to-morrow, with the best excuse you can offer."

"Why do you not take me to task? Why do you not plead with me, as you once did?" urged the wretched man, curiously making a kind of luxury of his woe under the cold demeanor of his patron.

"It is too late for all that now, Gammage. Your most solemn promises are of no avail. I shall have to give you up."

"Don't say that! Don't say it yet! You were the only one to give me another chance. Harvey would n't do it. None of the old ones that knew me would do it. You took hold of me when I was in the streets, ragged and starving. You told me there was n't a man in a thousand as good-looking as I, and that it was no place for me. Did n't you say that? You put me up among the farmers of Westchester to sober off, and I did odd jobs and writing for them. Then, when we thought it safe, at last, you looked about and found me a place — and I — lost it, and then you got me this. Did n't you do it? Were n't you the only one who would trust me again?"

"Well, and here you are," replied the performer of these deeds, which were certainly curious for one professing so unrelenting an antipathy to charities of every kind; "this is my reward for it."

"My wife was a friend of your mother's, — as noble a woman as ever lived," went on the miserable man disconnectedly. "Something will catch me yet. Don't say it is too late. Something will stop me yet. You will see."

In the course of a fortnight Bainbridge had not fallen in with him again. He took occasion to inquire for him, in passing the Prudential Land and Loan office, and learned that he had then been absent for three days. A further inquiry, towards the end of another fortnight, was answered by St. Hill in person. "We had to let him go. Frankly, we had to 'bounce' him," said the consequential manager, emerging from his inner, private room, and airily dusting the sleeve of his coat with a silk handkerchief while he spoke. "He was off two or three days every now and then, and always came back in a beastly, shaking condition, so that he could not write. He was no use to the company whatever. He had had plenty of warnings, and this time we decided that we could not keep him any longer."

Bainbridge, later, allowed himself to be led by sympathetic interest to Charlton Street, where the man had lodged. The people at the place said that, as far as they knew, he had gone back, after a deplorable debauch, to his Westchester farmers. He had told them that he wished to put himself out of the way of temptation, out of harm's way. Bainbridge gave little heed to the fact that the further details needed to complete the story Gammage had begun were thus placed effectually beyond his reach, but devoted himself instead to forswearing benevolence for the future more than ever.

It might have been inferred that so minor an employee as Gammage could easily have been spared, especially in the dull midsummer season, but a new incumbent was soon installed at his desk. Through the open doors, Cutter, formerly with Rodman Harvey & Co., could be seen lending the splendor of his scarlet braces, his florid neck-tie and sleeve-buttons to the service of the Prudential Land and Loan Company. He was a young man who had lately married, as it was said, and come into



control, about the same time, of some little property.

Though Mr. St. Hill dusted his sleeve with his silk handkerchief airily enough, he went back to his inner, private room to unpleasant reflections, which were not uncommon with him. His enterprise, to tell the truth, was not, at this time, in a flourishing condition. It advertised itself, especially throughout the small country newspapers of the interior, to furnish investments returning two and four per cent. a month, and to be the only company buying in its shares, at par, on demand; and there had been at one time a considerable stir of activity in response. But this had gradually subsided; one annoying drawback after another supervened, and the general manager saw himself, as unfortunately he had often seen himself before, in highly uncomfortable straits.

If we may be let into a dark secret, too, at this time, the responsibility for the affairs of the company was not so divided that comfort could be sought from other advisers. The impression prevailed that Fletcher, of the firm name of Fletcher, St. Hill & Co., was an elderly capitalist, of high character and great wealth, residing in London, and attending to the company's affairs there, while the "Co." no doubt indicated minor partners of a corresponding sort. As the fact was, however, the Prudential Land and Loan Company consisted solely of Mr. F., or Fletcher, St. Hill, and no other. The fictitious London nabob had grown out of no more substantial basis than a comma, which had unfortunately crept in — as errors will occur even with the strictest precautions — between the prenomens and family name of the advertiser in the first prospectuses, and had somehow got itself perpetuated. As to the "Co.," that is quite a common assumption in commercial business, to give a finer roundness to a firm name and style, and sometimes perhaps for the benefit of such as feel

themselves vaguely more comfortable under the impression of having a number of persons to look to in case of embarrassments, instead of one.

Mr. St. Hill took out the yellow old letters to which reference has been made, and inspected them with renewed attention. Harvey's campaign for the congressional nomination was making something of a stir, and he found them highly satisfactory. "It is true that Kingbolt has not recovered from his absurd passion for Angelica Harvey," he said, "and would make a precious row should I use them. But, on the other hand, why need he know? The chances are twenty to one that, whether I succeed or fail, the secret rests between Rodman Harvey and myself. He cannot afford to spread the scandal about, and whether I should care to or not would be a matter to be determined afterwards."

His meditations resulted in a purpose to use at last the power at his command, and he cast about for the most desirable means. He considered it more or less in the intervals of his other occupations, — while driven up town in his coupé, riding his friend Kingbolt's fine saddle-horse "Jim" in the Park, calling at the houses on the Avenue to which he had the *entrée*, dining at Delmonico's or at the Empire Club. His accomplishments, his easy air of knowledge of the world, his *risqué* stories, and his impressive habit of permitting himself always the best of everything had gained him everywhere much consideration, — a consideration perhaps warmest at first, and of a declining rather than increasing order. He reflected with such deliberation, however, and one delay after another so interposed, that he had taken no step till the departure of the Harvey family, with the exception of its head, to their place at Newport, and till Kingbolt, as in the moodiness and glooms of a genuine love affair disappointed of its aim, had set off in his yacht for a cruise



to the coast of Labrador, leaving him, St. Hill, in possession of his comfortable bachelor quarters and many other appurtenances.

He dispatched then a note to Rodman Harvey. He reopened the subject of his claim, on grounds of simple consideration and justice. The animosities of the war had now so far passed away, such time had elapsed for mature reflection, that he trusted that his application would be met in a very different spirit. Since the validity of the debt had never been disputed, he ventured to hope, from a person of such standing in the community, from one to whom his reputation for probity and honor must be dear, a voluntary reversal of his former judgment. Very delicately, as one fingers the hair trigger of a weapon which is not to go off but at urgent need, he touched upon the matter of the receipt, of late, of some old letters from the plantation on the Ashley River. It was the pleasant interest he found in these, as recalling the cordial relations that had once subsisted between Harvey and his father, General J. Rockbridge St. Hill, by which he was especially moved and encouraged at this time to a renewal of his appeal.

Rodman Harvey replied in a curt note of refusal, as before. He knew of no such claim, valid in law, and he must decline to be interested in any personal circumstances and reminiscences of the writer whatever. It was apparent, St. Hill thought, that he did not remember the contents of his old letters with sufficient distinctness. Possibly he did not believe in their existence at all. Or could it even be that he meant open defiance? Again St. Hill meditated, and, sustained by a slightly more favorable turn of affairs which relieved his pressing necessities, allowed more time to elapse. The autumn months arrived, and the election drew near. Should this be allowed to pass, his opportunity would be lost to him for good. Too wily to put

upon paper what might be construed as a threat, with purpose of extortion, he sought an interview with the merchant prince at his Broadway store.

Meanwhile Harvey had enjoyed much of the society of a modest young person, whose conversation, as it happened, had both influenced his reply and was to have an important bearing on the interview in question. Otilie Harvey, in the charming organdie muslin, had read her essay on The Reformation of Criminals, and received her diploma, at Vassar, when she was met by the problem of an entreaty, almost a command, to come and take charge of her uncle's house at New York for the summer, while the family were absent. The invitation came from him, though forwarded by her aunt, in the hands of the butler, William Skiff. Her father, a more thick-set and belligerent-looking copy of Rodman Harvey, who waited at the Commencement to take her home, gave his grudging consent. He even accompanied her to New York, and spent a night or two under his brother's roof, during which, Otilie being a hostage to civility as it were, an unbroken truce reigned between them.

It was Harvey's purpose to keep open the fine new mansion, during the absence of the family, for the entertainment of some minor persons necessary to him in his political campaign, who could not be so much flattered in any other way. His wife and daughter, had they consented to undertake such a mission at all, could hardly have abstained from a disdainful air with some of these guests, which would have been fatal to the end in view. He wished Otilie to sit at his table, pour his tea, and preside over the house with a reduced force of servants, with the coöperation of Mrs. Ambler, the housekeeper.

She fancied in the faces of the Hasbroucks, who were to spend the summer at a farm-house in the Catskills, a mute reproach, when they learned of her



plan. The first use she made of an affability on the part of her uncle Rodman, which she thought might be construed into the possession of a slight influence over him, was an attempt to conciliate him in their favor. He peremptorily denied the positions she assumed; but it was in a general description she gave of her friends, of what they had suffered from other sources, and who it was that had injured them, that a history of St. Hill came out which proved of interest and value in replying to the impudent communications of the man.

## XI.

### EMBITTERED RECOLLECTIONS OF OLD SLAVE DAYS.

Advancing a little the pace of our story, — for the events of the summer must again be returned to, — let us see at once what the manner of the interview in question, in late October, was. The merchant prince breakfasted that day as usual, before the rest of his family, whom he seldom saw at the morning meal, and came down to his Broadway store, where the semblance of pillage, in the tossed-about contents of the packing-cases, was already in progress. A cheerful fire of cannel coal burned in his office grate. He permitted himself the luxury of a pair of slippers, of a handsome sort, which his daughter Angelica, it seemed, had wrought for him, as a preliminary to some exceptionally heavy demand upon his purse.

He dictated letters to San Francisco, in reference to waste lands he was redeeming there; to Cincinnati, to resist the opening of a street through some of his suburban property; and to Chicago, to foreclose a mortgage. He saw Mr. Minn about sending their order for Merrimac prints at once, in view of an anticipated ease in the money market which would enhance prices. He saw

Hackley, who brought reassuring news of his, Harvey's, prospects in the coming election of the first Tuesday in November, and then spoke casually of himself in connection with the new firm to be constituted upon Rodman Harvey's withdrawal. The talk was that Hackley should raise and put in a sum larger than that which could be commanded by Mr. Minn, in order to outrank Minn in the allotment of dignities, in the new order of things. He could not afford to play second fiddle to a quiet man, who, however well up in the details of the dry-goods trade, had always taken so much less conspicuous a stand in the community than himself. He wished the firm name to be Hackley, Minn & Co., not Minn, Hackley & Co. The Co. was to be Selkirk Harvey, whose father would leave for him in the business a capital which would be largely the controlling interest. Hackley had had a number of advantageous things "put in his way" by Rodman Harvey at various times, and had flattered and fawned much upon him in return. Perhaps he secretly cherished a belief that it might not be necessary to secure the whole of the sum proposed, in order to take precedence of Minn in the partnership, after all.

Harvey received a man who came on the business of offering him substantial advantages if he would allow his name to be used in the directorship of a promising mining scheme. He declined the proposition. He could not afford to be mixed up in anything of a problematic character. He bought next of a dealer, whose customer he was for such property, a new lot of defaulted bonds, of Western cities and towns, having found that, with ample ability to wait, this was in the long run a kind of investment likely to pay dollar for dollar of the face value.

Over a luncheon, brought in on a tray, from the down-town branch of the fashionable up-town restaurant, he



glanced more particularly at a newspaper. A writer in the financial column said that a report of the serious illness of Rodman Harvey had served to depress certain stocks, and notably Devious Air-Line, in which he was the largest holder, the day before. Happily, it had proved a *canard*. A trifling touch of vertigo experienced by him at his broker's office had been magnified by interested parties into a paralytic stroke, and used on the market with effect until the fiction was exploded. The shares named had recovered later, and even advanced considerably beyond the point at which the decline set in. Their tendency was likely to continue upward for some time to come, the financial writer thought, as Rodman Harvey's proposed retirement from trade, on his entrance into public life, was no longer a secret, and the opportunity for a closer personal attention to them, together with his assuming a share in the legislation by which they were likely to be affected, must result in benefit to all of his large outside interests. Such notices were not infrequent. Perhaps in no other way were his sense of power, his feelings of self-importance, more thoroughly gratified. These were the great capitalist's pleasures, — to see his least movement, an indisposition, a journey, a taste or whim, eagerly noted, and of a momentous influence in the gravest affairs of men.

A visiting-card was brought to him by the boy who sat without, to answer the frequent summons of his sharp little bell. "Show him in," he said, meditating a moment over the name of a person with whom he had had a brief correspondence, and Fletcher St. Hill entered.

The merchant prince scanned the visitor with a keen scrutiny, which passed on the instant into a cool impassiveness. Yet it had served to recall a type of form and features he had once known well.

"I had the honor of sending you a communication, some little time ago, on the subject of — a — an indebtedness," Mr. Fletcher St. Hill began, after having taken a seat indicated to him.

"I had the honor of returning you an answer."

"It was naturally a disappointing answer," said the visitor, brushing his hat gently with his sleeve, "and I have ventured to hope that in a personal meeting there may still be possibility of change."

"You had not proposed to undertake legal proceedings. That is satisfactory to know. You are several years too late for that. You understand, of course, that you could have done so, with probable success, had you availed yourself of your privileges in time. War suspends but does not annul indebtedness, and this was not confiscated by any special enactment. You base your application upon grounds of" —

"Simple consideration, as between man and man. You do not deny the original validity of the claim. I find, on arriving in this community, that you enjoy the repute of being the support of many worthy enterprises, a church member, and a person of integrity and principle. I was inspired with a lively confidence, on learning this, that you would not permanently continue to take refuge from an honest obligation behind a mere technicality. You yourself have demanded from your debtors at the South what was overdue you there under precisely the same circumstances as this debt of yours to my father. I may call attention to the fact that I was personally but little identified with the course of affairs in our — in the" —

"Rebellion, if that is what you mean," supplied Rodman Harvey, sternly.

"As you please. I was very young, and passed much of the time of its continuance abroad. And further, I will urge as a reason for consideration at your hands a peculiar situation in which



I find myself involved at this time. I will trust in your discretion as a man of honor, and admit that I have met with unexpected and serious difficulties in the enterprise which I have undertaken here. I am, in short, Mr. Harvey, sir, at this moment, without means."

He spread both hands wide open, as by way of exhibiting their entire emptiness of resources. He did not show resentment. He did not yet bluster. This was not at all the Southern fire, as traditionally understood. He was keeping himself in check, essaying first a policy of ingenuousness and humility, on the bare chance that it might serve by itself.

Rodman Harvey swung back in his padded chair, upholstered in Russia leather and turning on a swivel, in which he had swung a little away towards his office desk, and gazed at his visitor with a level directness. "As you were so young at the time," he began,—"though permit me to remark upon the expedition with which you have since aged,—I will relate a small chapter of history. There was owing to me at the South, when it thought good to secede from the Union, about a quarter of a million dollars. I have never, either then or since, recovered so much of it as would pay my lawyers' fees, in the few efforts made to look it up. I had been a conservative,—even more, of a friendly bias towards the South. I had never assailed your 'peculiar institution,' as it was called." St. Hill received this with a certain significant expression. "I was one of those who knew that slavery had not been established in our time, but had come down as an inheritance. As to authorities, texts of Scripture and the like, there were almost as many on one side as the other, in those days. I did not hold the present generation guilty, and looked to see the difficulties settled by constitutional means. I liked the Southern people, and had confidence in them. I sent them my goods as usual, upon their demand, up to the last moment. How was

I repaid? By the rankest ingratitude,—a baseness that words cannot characterize. They betrayed me as easily as if I had been their most fanatic opponent. I became an 'alien enemy,' like the rest.

"*'The payment of alien enemies is treason to the state,'*" he read from a newspaper clipping which he had hurriedly taken from a pigeon-hole in his desk. "*'Millions and millions, if it be not prevented, may be sent to the enemy's country by Southern patriots, magnifying with a narrow and perverted honesty the duty of individual gratitude, over the holier obligation of national fidelity.'* Do you know who wrote that?"

"No," said his hearer, wincing.

"Your father, the late 'General' Rockbridge St. Hill, of Savannah. It came to me in a letter. His initials are attached to it. Here! You may see. He had been my correspondent, almost an intimate friend, and understood my condition thoroughly; but none proved baser now. He it was who, more than any other, as I have reason to know, by his speeches and articles,—having in some way secured himself,—organized a general movement for the repudiation of debts, mine with the rest."

"There are many similar initials. I have never heard that those were my father's words. I certainly recall many of our newspapers which insisted that debts were not to be repudiated. And how many persons have there not been since to come forward voluntarily and pay what they owed?" said St. Hill, making a show of argument.

"The time to have paid was *then*," said the merchant prince, striking his desk violently. "What does it avail that a few should come whining, five years later, with the money in their hands, as a plea for new credits? I only tell what has happened to me. It would have been 'a narrow and perverted honesty,' you see, to send me the funds for want of which, to meet obligations ma-



turing elsewhere, an old and reputable house was tottering to its fall. For want of them I was made to suffer the tortures of the damned, — I was well-nigh ruined, body and soul."

It seemed a curious violence, and a somewhat odd use of expressions also, to lavish upon what had happened so long in the past, even with the excellent provocation. Rodman Harvey possibly noticed this himself, for he continued, more coolly, though with a snapping glance in his eyes, "Instead of payment, in those last days, when ordinary years of anxiety were concentrated into hours and minutes, came such clippings as this; came adjurations that the South, having now both its crop and the price of it received in advance, should give only to its own glorious cause.

"Instead of payment, came the rhodomontade of your Barnwell Rhetts: 'I would go to the fanatic, the manufacturer, the plunderer, who has fattened upon us like the vulture upon garbage, and I would tell him in thunder tones, *This Union is dissolved!* I would write on the walls of their banquetting-halls, *This Union is dissolved.*'

"Instead of payment, came intelligence that attorneys would not aid in the collection of debts, that the courts would be closed for collections against citizens of the non-slaveholding States; and intelligence of the riding on a rail, and bare escape with their lives, of my agents, who, in quiet pursuance of their duties, had made the least demand for it. Instead of payment, missions to Great Britain and the emperor of the French, to open free ports and ruin entirely the "mudsill" merchants of the North. Instead of payment, news of disaster and default by every post and by every telegram.

"Will you see now how all this was crystallized into legislation? It is all here," — running over with a mumbling kind of commentary another bunch of papers, taken from the same pigeon-

hole: "Montgomery, — Proceedings of first Confederate Congress, May, '61, — payment to alien enemies forbidden, — payment to Confederate treasury authorized: Richmond, — debtors to alien enemies held to give information to government receiver, under penalty, — debtors to alien enemies held to pay receiver, — and so on, and so forth." He cast them all aside, as if suddenly recognizing that it was not worth the pains. "And you," he went on, "of the people who have done this to me, who have given me a day" — And here he stopped.

"I am to understand, then," said St. Hill, with a flickering smile, of a sardonic cast, "that my application is not favorably received?"

"You are to understand that it is the height of effrontery. Even had the claim been technically valid, I should have resisted it to the last extreme. I would have spent twenty times its face before you, or any of your blood especially, should have benefited by a considerable sum from my purse. As to your desiring to place yourself in the list of my private benefactions, I fail to see that you are an orphan asylum, a missionary establishment, or a worthy object of charity in any way whatever. If you are really in difficulties, as you represent, with your fine new non-descript corporation, of which I have seen something, I cannot truthfully say — though this I should rather say to your father than yourself, were it possible — that I regret, and do not rejoice instead, to hear it. Should your troubles be but a tithe of what I was made to suffer, they would be troubles indeed."

St. Hill changed his manner. "I fear you may not have sufficiently attended to the remark in my note, in reference to letters of yours in my possession," he said. "They were not destroyed at the time, it seems, in conformity with the caution from you, written in one or two of them. They turned up, the other day, at the plantation on



the Ashley River. You know the old place well. There is not much left of it now, but it had closet room enough to contain these. They say you gave a regiment that you helped fit out the hint to let it have particularly bad usage, should they ever happen to fall in with it; and they did fall in with it and followed your instructions."

"I had attended to the remark, and thought of offering you five hundred dollars for your pretended correspondence," said the merchant. He bent the caller's visiting-card into ellipses, and pivoted it by the corners between a thumb and the second finger, while he talked.

"You cannot yet have a distinct recollection of their contents. It would be a ridiculous sum for so much entertaining matter. I must have the full amount of my claim. You have given me an abstract of certain papers. Let me give you one in return. The letters are complete and in order. They are dated from long before the election of Lincoln, through that agitating period, and up to the very brink of the war. Letter one — to take a few of a typical sort at random — is a simple direction to lease out your slaves, known as 'House Molly' and 'Sue's Tom,' who have been with us, to a neighboring plantation. Letter two takes the position that the North and South are antagonistic in their essence, and had better separate quietly, each going about the regulation of its destiny in its own way.

"Letter three, in which you are certain that there will be a peaceful separation, is one of a number discussing a proposition of much interest. You think of removing to the South, to become the leading merchant of the new Confederate republic. Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile opened for trade with Europe as free ports can perhaps, one and all, be made to surpass New York. As first in the field, with your ample capital, and your large connections already es-

tablished, you may confidently expect to monopolize the business of supplying the vast back country, at the unprecedentedly low rates to prevail under the new system. In letter four you are less positive of non-coercion. A violent sentiment is rising which may be capable of very unreasonable things. But the conflict at the worst must be short, and can end in but one way, — the success of the South. You dally with the idea of removal still. Blockade-running has been spoken of as a lucrative resource, during the continuance of the brief struggle, if it come, with the scheme as indicated to fall back upon. But to this you are not wholly favorable. Letter five relates to a shipment of arms, 'to keep down the niggers with.' This is the last in the treasonable series.

"You begin almost immediately complaints and unsparing abuse, because some of our small traders, in a most strange and alarming crisis, have not been able to conduct themselves towards you with quite the clock-work regularity of the piping times of peace. All this would sound well in a gathering of your political friends, would it not?"

"You are a fluent talker, Mr. St. Hill," said the merchant at the end of this review. "You have interested me in a class of reminiscences to which it is long since I have given so much attention. A thousand dollars for these alleged letters of mine."

"It must be the amount of my claim, and nothing less!"

"Then, Mr. Fletcher St. Hill, you have met with a very obstinate person. Be good enough to take yourself off, with your black-mailing scheme. There is the door." He swung back to the matters demanding his attention at his desk with a very offensive air, as if the subject were finally disposed of.

"You will regret this. I shall find another customer for them," said the visitor, after a pause, buttoning his overcoat irresolutely, preparing to depart.



He was greatly chagrined at his failure, and was not sure but that he should have done well to accept the lesser offer. But the matter was to take an even worse turn still.

"No doubt," said Harvey, answering him, as it at first appeared that he was not inclined to do. "It is what I expected. They will make some little stir, in the heat of my campaign. It is an old calumny, for the rest. I suppose I was not the only one who changed front in face of the wicked attempt to destroy the government, when violence actually began. At the same time, I should consider, if I were you, whether there were any circumstances in my own situation and career upon which it would not be well to have a full light of publicity turned. You know, for instance, whether your father was not reimbursed by his government for this claim you impudently thrust upon me. You know whether both he and yourself were so well occupied to your private advantage, in the department of the business of the Confederacy with which you were entrusted, as to have come off — whether you have lost it now or not — with a handsome amount invested in the foreign funds.

"Tut!" he continued, as St. Hill gave a violent start of indignation. "Of course these things are not generally spoken of. A Southern gentleman emerging from the ruins of his country, with a fortune despoiled from its very woes, is not at all the conventional figure. You know whether, in spite of your tender youth, you sailed at one time as officer of a slave-ship, taking advantage of the new situation of affairs to reopen the trade with the coast of Guinea. You may recall also some later transactions in your own part of the country, not altogether of a reputable sort, — the collection of moneys, as agent, for a certain Hasbrouck family, and the like. You know, I say, as I do not fully pretend to, whether some such

indications as these could be worked up into highly unpleasant certainties."

St. Hill, having no longer a grand stroke in reserve to restrain his temper, clenched his hands, so that it almost seemed that a bodily assault upon Harvey was imminent, and cried, "You shall give me satisfaction for these outrageous libels."

But the merchant prince, showing so little fear of violence that he kept his back still contemptuously half turned, replied, "If you mean a duel, it is not the custom here. Your own code, too, would no doubt interpose obstacles, on account of the difference in our ages. All the satisfaction to be had in this matter, I regret to say, you have already obtained."

Surely such a way of rasping the feelings of people, even of an objectionable sort, to the quick could result only from a high sense of rectitude, a consciousness of a position altogether impregnable. With this the conference ended. St. Hill took his departure, a bitter personal hatred added to the annoyance of failure. He did not market his wares elsewhere. He had found the means of offense he had counted upon comparatively idle, but he would search for others. If there were any weak spots in the polish of Rodman Harvey's respectability, here was an unscrupulous person interested in applying to them the corrosive acid of an envenomed malice. The clerks without, among their packing-cases, thought they noticed in "the old man," when he departed also soon after, an unusual sprightliness. He had relieved his mind that day, to say the truth, in a fashion that gave him much content.

## XII.

### OTTILIE HARVEY'S ROUTINE.

Ottilie's position, upon becoming a member of the household of the mer-



chant prince, some time after the middle of June, was at first of an indeterminate character. Her uncle treated her with about the same grave consideration that he would have extended had she come perhaps on a visit to his wife or daughter. Her aunt proposed to draw out a regular schedule of occupations for her, but the plan, like many others of that remarkable woman, after having first been postponed till the return from the country, was never realized at all. A stated allowance was fixed, which Otilie had some scruples about accepting before her duties should seem to her of a more tangible sort.

Her cousin Angelica was affable in a condescending way, to begin with; but then, as the novelty of her presence wore off, tried to throw upon her, in a selfish way she had, burdens which could not have been included by any fair construction in the original understanding. Secretly, this accomplished cousin would have liked to treat her as an upper servant. "Why not," she said to herself, "since my father pays her?" She inquired into the allowance made Otilie, and, modest as it was, — even without relation to the magnificent sums she lavished upon herself, — she appeared to look upon it grudgingly. She had that trait of parsimony which is so odious and surprising in those who have never either known the lack of money, or been brought by experience to a realization of the hardships by which the struggle for its acquisition is often attended. It was a trait not likely to be known by suitors and admirers, whose business it naturally was to bestow upon so charming a creature, and not to receive from her. It was known by small tradesmen, and by inferiors generally, but did not often come to the notice of equals. Otilie felt herself stung, too, from time to time by intangible offenses from this source, of such a texture that she could not always convince herself afterwards, as a conscientious person, that they had

really existed. This beautiful and accomplished cousin might be compared to a large, lithe cat, which scratched cruelly, even when no more than lazily stretching its claws. But all this came later, as perhaps did some others of the small experiences here more conveniently set down together.

Otilie did not mind being condescended to a little by so superior and distinguished a person. "How talented you are!" she said to her one day, in warm admiration, drawn out by a deftness which included so many things in its scope.

"Well, I ought to be," Angelica replied, serenely accepting the compliment. "I am sure I have had advantages. My father tells me that the European part of my education alone cost twenty thousand dollars in gold."

The reflective mind of Otilie would have been disposed, besides, to pardon much in consideration of a pampered and luxurious bringing up; astonishing new evidences of which she saw every day. Her aunt Alida took occasion to show her the christening robe and other effects of Angelica's tenderest years. This robe was of the rarest old lace, and there was a tiny ring set with a costly pearl, coming down from the same ceremony. Her cradle had been of ivory and pearl, and spread with an ermine quilt, on which her name was embroidered in the black tails of the fur. She had two nurses: one a steady-going Englishwoman, in the family employ for years; the other a robust French shepherdess, brought over from her home in the Juras for this especial purpose. Then came a nursery-governess, with whom she acquired the French tongue earlier than her native English; then an infantine day-school; and then the long course of education abroad, varied by a return, and a short stay, not greatly to her liking, at a select young ladies' seminary in an elm-shaded Connecticut village. There was a costly



gold box for carrying bon-bons in, which she had used in the earliest school-days. "Alas, when one sees all that it takes to give us the few airs and graces, the petty smattering of things, that we can acquire at the best," said Otilie later, in talk with Bainbridge, "does it not show of what poor material we are?"

"She is certainly of a lovely, what you might call an artistic, taste in dress," wrote Otilie, in her letters home. "At one time you will see her brilliant and Amazonian, in black, with a cuirass covered with flashing bugles, or in jackets braided across the front, hussar-fashion. Or she will have a girdle bordered with gold fringe following around the lines of her charming figure, which she knows how to pose in so many graceful attitudes. Again, she is in India mulls, and other such textures, as soft and misty as early midsummer morning on our dear Kewaydin Lake. There is a dress of white muslin with an embroidery of blue floss, and another of drab satin embroidered with blue and pink forget-me-nots, that drive even poor uncovetous me quite wild with envy. Sometimes she appears with a sort of Japanese touch; then like a court lady of the time of Josephine; and again, getting herself up with her hair rolled high and powdered, and a dot or two of court-plaster, she is like those German beauties that you see in the pictures, calling upon Goethe and Mozart."

Her system was, it appeared, to bring a portion of her costumes from Paris, though all may have passed for coming from there, and have the remaining, and possibly the most effective, portion made under her own supervision by a local dress-maker, or even — so far at least as some alterations and happy new inventions of a minor sort — by her maid Cécile, with the aid of her own hands. She had a knack of leadership, as has been said. She it was to whom was ascribed the first use — for some ephemeral purpose — of a bonnet made

entirely of natural flowers. When flowers were not particularly the mode she wore at her belt an immense bouquet; when immense bouquets came into fashion she wore none at all. She adopted certain rough serges and velveteens which no one had before thought of using for costumes. She had certain peculiarly ribbed and figured stuffs made to her own command by the manufacturers, with orders to break the loom afterwards, that the patterns should not be duplicated. These were her greater feats. If she found a striking hat or costume of hers imitated she threatened to burn it. But in reality it is more probable that she sold it to a dealer, who came privily by the back stairs, and who was supposed to have a ready market for the cast-off finery of the elegant upper classes among minor actresses.

Breakfast at the Harveys was a movable feast. The table stood, and William Skiff's services were likely to be in demand, by one or other of the family, till noon. Angelica took her light repast in bed, or in the intervals of dressing in her chamber, assisted by Cécile. Nothing could have been more charming than the view of her in some one of the gauzy robes of lace and ribbon she wore, reclining, with a cup of chocolate, in one of her silk chintz or plush fauteuils. Cécile did her hair, which was abundant, and fell far below her waist when loose, pointed and delicately stained her fine nails, laced her stays, and buttoned or laced up the marvelously elegant boots that were to bear her on her errands of pleasure and fashion for the day.

The time for the annual departure for Newport was close at hand, and she now spent some part of every day with Cécile, perfecting the toilettes which were to give her the usual *cachet* of distinction during the summer months. Otilie was drafted, too, — not unwillingly, since it gave her the advantage of association with her cousin in so informal a way, — into this service. An-



gelica showed her amiable side, and was pleased to gossip, as they worked, in reply to her deferential questions, on that European school life, everything in connection with which appeared so fascinating to the younger girl. Angelica had a refined voice and a beautiful manner of telling a story when she chose, so that, what with this and the interest of the subject, Ottilie listened as if to the reading of some delightful book of memoirs.

"We had a good deal of practice in narration at Paris," said Angelica. "I perfected myself there. We had sewing and embroidering one morning in the week, — on Saturdays, — and one or two of the pupils were appointed at these times to entertain the rest with stories, which they must have prepared beforehand. Madame Batignolles-Clichy sat with us, and criticised. If there were any straying away from the principal points, any drawling or hard drawing of the breath, or if there were too many *et puis, et alors, and lorsque* in the story, it had to be repeated until it was done properly.

"At Geneva," she said, "we had such a lovely view of Mont Blanc, in the distance, across the lake. Our school was an old château, which the owner had rented, for economy, having gone himself, with his family, to live in the orangery. I have been back there since, and tested the old gentleman's recollection of me. There he sat, as if it were only yesterday, in his skull cap with a bobbing tassel, on his stone bench, in the sunshine. I let him look at me a long time, as I came up, after alighting from the carriage. '*Tiens!*' he exclaimed, at length, '*c'est la petite Angelica,*' remembering me, though I left there when I was fourteen. We used to play hide-and-seek in the garden, and run on top of a wall there was that extended along the lake front. A door opening through the wall gave access to the shore. I remember that the water used to make

wavering reflections on the white curtains of our beds in the summer mornings, and sometimes there were images of the lateen-sailed boats also. Once we saw one from the windows capsized, and three men drowned. I was the youngest pupil, and the only American, at first; the others were of all nations, and many of noble families. Afterwards more Americans came. I recollect that there was Edith Wynn, of Philadelphia, who made a brilliant match with the Duc de la Tribord-Babord, — though I hear since that she wishes she had n't. Lilly Weidenmeyer was a beautiful girl, noted for particularly lovely arms, which she would hardly ever consent to have covered. She rested them on a marble mantel when overheated with dancing, afterwards, felt a sudden icy chill run through her, and was dead in a month of quick consumption. Alice Burlington was there with me, too. She ducked Madame's pet lapdog in the fountain one day, and I told Madame — I do not know what possessed me to — that she did it. I believe it was the beginning of the trouble in our families. I never see her yet but I think of it.

"At Paris we were close to the eccentric Duke of Brunswick's. You never could tell, when you looked out of the window, what color his house was going to be. He had a mania for painting it light blue, dark blue, pink, green, and yellow. He used to make his maid-servants ride his horses around the courtyard, in their ordinary dresses. We were amused, too, by another school, of a common sort, which there was on the other side of us, so near that we could look over into the garden and see almost everything going on. The poor girls there had to pass a regular muster as they went in to breakfast every morning. We saw each one in turn hold out her hands, smile — so — in order to show her teeth" (here Miss Angelica smiled in mimicry, displaying her own white



teeth to excellent advantage), "lift her skirt above the tops of her shoes, and then swing around, with a kind of flourish, to let it be seen that her dress was properly hooked and so pass on.

"At Hanover, where I went afterwards, the young German officers used to walk past, by threes and fours, very sentimentally, at the afternoon concerts at the Thiergarten. But any girl who showed a disposition to flirt was made to sit with her face towards the shrubbery. Once a very bold young aid-de-camp dashed by at full speed on horseback, and threw a bouquet in at an open window. There could not have been more excitement if a bomb-shell had burst in the school."

She went on to tell of the steps she had taken in Italy in order to acquire the so much recommended *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*, and nothing less. From Paris, again, the school had been accustomed to adjourn during the summer months to a villa at Etretat, and lessons had depended on the tides. A ridiculous proposal for her hand had been sent by the son of a rich Paris grocer, who had seen her walking on the beach. The girls upon that had been used to ask her the price of sugars, and if soap were looking up to-day.

The comfortable sitting-room of Mrs. Rodman Harvey, on the story above the parlors, proved to be both the central focus of authority and something of a general rendezvous for the members of the household. Angelica came there for criticism on new apparel, the yellow-haired Calista to complain querulously of the difficulties of her studies. This child displayed a curious shrinking — encouraged by neglect — from every form of mental effort. She almost seemed to cherish the idea that her instructors, of one sort and another, being sufficiently paid, could not only teach, but somehow learn her tasks for her as well. But she was found by Ottilie, who took some pains to win her confi-

dence, to be of a certain slow shrewdness, after all, and of a generous and loyal disposition, and not likely, under competent management, to remain always as dull as she seemed.

Selkirk dropped in occasionally to report upon some commission he had undertaken, or, perhaps, as much as anything, by way to keeping up an acquaintance which, with the varying habits and hours of the several members of the family, sometimes appeared in danger of lapsing altogether. Rodman, Jr., helped himself liberally to his mother's fine stationery, and renewed a nagging argument that he had in progress for the privilege — at his time of life — of a latch-key. His father was opposed to it. His mother, "for the sake of peace," more than once lent him her own. He was entered at the Columbia Grammar School now, and preparing for college. "He may not be a *saint*" — said Mrs. Harvey to Ottilie, and paused there. Some kind of a saving clause seemed to be implied in her accent, but it would have been difficult to explain what it was.

Conrad, the cook, in his white cap and apron, came to his mistress' sitting-room to confer with her on the day's dinner. Mrs. Ambler, the housekeeper, came to say that she had been or was going to market, and had given out or was going to give out the stores for the day, from a store-room almost as large as an ordinary shop, and a veritable treasury of delectable goods and faint attractive odors. She brought the latest gossip of the servants' hall. John Welsh, from the stables, had come in in a flushed condition the evening before, and made himself very obnoxious at the dining-table. Miss Angelica's maid Cécile had been causing trouble in the laundry department, because some fine clothing of hers had been washed with other of a commoner sort. "She is an *image*, if ever there was one," said Mrs. Harvey; but she rarely ventured upon further in-



terference in a quarter which belonged to the jurisdiction of her daughter,— of whom she was afraid, as even irrational and self-willed mothers may be of children of stronger will than themselves.

One day the formal, majestic-looking Alphonse had slapped Mary Callahan in the face. Who would have believed it? Who would have supposed that so irreproachable a person, to the view, could be such a rude and graceless barbarian underneath it? Mary Callahan was a pretty parlor-maid, who cleaned the mirrors and brasses, and was often seen in pink calico, on the ledges of the upper windows, her body half without, holding the sashes in her lap while she polished the glass till it shone again. She was now crying in her room, dressing in haste at the same time, with the avowed intention of "going down to the court for a warrant."

It was a trait of interest in Mrs. Rodman Harvey that you could never tell upon which side of a cause she was going to appear. Her judgments were nothing if not remarkable. Mrs. Ambler was accustomed to receive all opinions alike from her with an equal deference and freedom from comment, saying only, "Yes, Mrs. Harvey," or "No, Mrs. Harvey," as the case might be. So now, instead of siding with injured innocence, as might have been expected, against the ungallant Alphonse, it was precisely the aggressor himself—who was a servant of qualities much in demand, it should be borne in mind, however, and hard to replace if lost—that she supported.

"That Mary Callahan is a limb," she exclaimed. "You will have to go up and quiet her now, Mrs. Ambler, and prevent her from being ridiculous. But when you get time just put on your things and step down to Galpin's, and see whom else he has got for me in her place. Tell Galpin it is too dreadful of him to treat me so! Tell him it is too

terrible of him to send me the people he does!"

Mrs. Harvey seemed to have divided her servants into three classes, according to relative depravity. If the shortcomings were comparatively slight, the offender was only a "curiosity;" a considerable decline from this was the "image;" while the most aggravated and heinous degree of all was the "limb," whatever that might be. Specimens of all these varieties were of constant occurrence in the household, and there was an active rotation in office, and much recourse to Galpin in consequence. Galpin, being well paid, shrugged his shoulders now and then, and said little, as was the practice with a number of other worthy persons dealt with by Mrs. Rodman Harvey. The rows of aspirants themselves, sitting along the benches of the intelligence office, and exchanging philosophic reflections, spoke of her as a lady "a bit too free wid her tongue." At the same time some mind of larger scope among them might remark, "She do be over it as quick; and may be she'd be the first to be sorry after."

It was in virtue of irresolute and forbearing traits of this kind on both sides, no doubt, that some of the very worst of these so-called limbs, whose departure from the house had been attended by titanic convulsions and upheavals, were to be seen—and even after more dismissals than one—reinstated at their posts, and going about their affairs as though the domestic serenity had never been clouded.

When Mrs. Harvey had brought matters to a pass from which there appeared no escape, she threw off the direction helplessly upon Mrs. Ambler, and rested upon her laurels till the way seemed again clear. She had had housekeepers, she said, who brought her too many complaints of the servants, showing want of discipline; and others who brought too few, showing collusion. Mrs. Ambler, deferential under author-



ity, and of a good deal of self-reliance when its presence was withdrawn, — when she indulged a mild vanity in speaking of “*my servants*,” and “*my kitchen*,” — seemed for the moment to have realized the happy medium.

Into all this Ottilie became duly initiated, as a part of her new experiences. Her aunt professed to expect much from her in the way of assistance. From no other quarter, from no human eye, up to this time, — instead of having the view of gods and men fixed upon her, — had she received even so much of a ray of aid and sympathy as might have penetrated into the darkest caves of ocean. She adverted, guardedly at first, then more openly, to a selfishness on the part of her daughter Angelica. “Angelica would walk over chaos, mountains high,” she said, “and never raise hand or foot to help it.”

If an excitable, she was also, in intent at least, a fond mother. She bore no grudge for the selfishness of which she complained. At the most trivial ailment of Angelica’s she manifested a concern which had no fault but over-officiousness. She hastened to fetch and carry, prepared tea and medicines, and asked a thousand superfluous questions as to relative symptoms and states of feeling, which often met with but short answers. Ottilie once saw the charming patient dash away a teaspoon held by her mother’s hand so vehemently that it fell clinking to the floor. At such times the good Mrs. Harvey repeated often her formula: “She is a regular Harvey.”

The card of Arthur Kingbolt of Kingboltsville came up one afternoon, when the business of preparing the toilettes was going on as described. Angelica frowned over it. She was beautifully dressed, as usual, and there was no ostensible reason why she should not go down; but she handed the card to Ottilie, saying, “Please go and say that I am otherwise occupied, — that I cannot

conveniently see him. I wish it to be rather sharp; do you understand?”

Ottilie had considerable trepidation at the idea of meeting this grand personage, and especially as the bearer of an ungracious message. But some plainly visible uneasiness of his own prevented him from attending to that of other people. His countenance fell when he saw who it was that rustled down to him instead of Angelica. Ottilie softened her message at least by her gentle manner of delivery. Kingbolt babbled a commonplace or two about the June races, the kind of a season it had been socially, and the increasing heat of the weather, and took his departure, hardly having deigned to give her, as she thought, a glance. “Little enough poor I, just down from Vassar, knew about the kind of a season it had been,” she said, writing home about the interview.

In truth, the numerous victims in a sentimental way — blonde and brunette, and in many lands — to the personal charms and the magnificence of Kingbolt of Kingboltsville might now have felt a certain sympathy for him. Rebuffed in advances of a vehement earnestness, which he had allowed himself to make to the betrothed of another, his affections, his pride, and his confidence in his own distinguished merits had all suffered cruelly. He was driven to despair. This refusal to see him completed the measure of his humiliation, and, as he said, of his folly. He had thrown himself into the scales against that dolt of a Sprowle — Yes, he had brought himself to this, he had condescended to it, — and thus it had ended. He went at once and put his yacht in order, bustling vigorously himself about the preparations, and set off for a cruise. At first he was capable of flying the black flag, in his rage and misanthropy, and becoming a terror of the main after the most approved pattern. But the winds blew fresh, and the seas curled bravely around his prow; he was involved in



the manœuvres of a squadron in the Sound; he put in at summer resorts along the New England coasts; rose and fell on the tremendous tides of the Bay of Fundy; made Halifax and Sydney; passed into the Bras d'Or, and around Prince Edward's Island and the Magdalen Islands, and so home again.

Much before the end of his six weeks' cruise, he figured to himself that he was entirely cured. He was back at Newport in the last part of August, by no means because She was there, but because it was the correct thing to be at Newport at that time. Sprowle Onderdonk had marshaled the Narragansett Gun Club, and sport of many kinds was under way.

The day came when the family departed at length for their villa, and Otilie was left to the duties for which she had been more particularly engaged. Harvey's campaign for the congressional nomination began in earnest. The people whom it was considered desirable to gain were dined as proposed. Hackley, who served, with a great show of activity, as a sort of confidential agent, procured the insertion of artful communications in certain newspapers. The reconciliation of some coolnesses of long standing was effected. Sums of money were apportioned out in an occult way for expenses, and placed, as a saying of the time was, "where they would do the most good." When the worst midsummer heats came on, Harvey transferred his headquarters for a fortnight, taking his niece with him, to one of the great hotels at Coney Island, then newly rising into prominence as a summer resort.

Otilie did not send for Bainbridge, but preferred that their meeting should come about, as it no doubt shortly would, in some more natural way. Miss Rawson called upon her, partly in the hope, in which she was disappointed, of making the acquaintance of the principals of this important family.

So considerable a time elapsed, however, before the expected meeting with Bainbridge took place, that Otilie perhaps found the surprise he expressed at her being in town rather natural.

"I thought possibly that Miss Rawson might have told you," she said.

"I have seen her, but I dare say she forgot it," he answered dryly.

She had been inclined to a touch of anxiety in reflecting on the manner of their parting, but as he made no other advances than those of an easy, unsentimental good-comradeship, this happily vanished, and they were soon upon their old friendly footing. Bainbridge, never at any time too much pressed with business, had more leisure than before, now in the dull summer season. He was employing a part of his time, he said, and adding a trifle to his income, by writing occasional articles for a newspaper. She insisted on his showing her some of them, and he allowed himself to be persuaded to do so.

It stood her in good stead, now, to have been the elder sister, and the first lieutenant of her mother in the management of a large family. She got on well with the servants who remained, and with Mrs. Ambler, the housekeeper. She presided at her uncle's dinner-table with a demure composure. More than one of the masculine guests regarded with approval the slender figure appearing above the board, against its high-backed carven chair. The presence of Stoneglass, the editor of the *Meteor*, among others, was secured in some apparently informal way. This was a person thought to have peculiar influence with a party of independents in the district, who really held the balance of power. His position on the nomination, like theirs, had not yet been determined, and was a source of much anxiety. He was pleased to compliment the merchant on his "little house-keeper." Few young women nowadays, he said, knew anything of the good



old domestic arts, so becoming to them too, if they did but know it. He went back to the days of his youth, in the country, when these had been as regular a part of education as any other. Harvey, finding him in this vein of genial simplicity, encouraged it. He brought out the further fact about Otilie — recollecting to have heard it from her father on his visit — that she had taken a prize, offered in her family, for the best loaf of bread.

Stoneglass turned to her for an opinion, from the talk on serious matters with her uncle. What was the opinion of a learned young lady fresh from Vassar, he asked in pleasant banter, on specie resumption? Instead of a blushing disclaimer, such as might have been looked for, she made him, to his surprise, a little reply which was by no means void of sense. Thereafter, whether Otilie had anything to do with it or not, he became, both in the Meteor and out of it, a firm adherent of Harvey's cause.

"Where in the world," her uncle inquired, when the guest had gone, "did you come to have an opinion about the currency question?"

"I happened to have just read it in a newspaper," she explained, coloring. "Should I have told him that?" But she did not appear to find it necessary to say that it was in a paper brought her by Bainbridge, as containing a specimen of those occasional articles of his which she had expressed a desire to see.

Harvey had her read to him, too, and now and then to sing some ballad music for which he had a lingering taste, seldom gratified by his daughter Angelica. She read his financial column, with the incidental references to himself contained in it; or long reports which he saved for her till evening, not having had time to finish them in the morning. These were often accounts, continuing over several days, of cases of defalcation, forgery, breach of trust, and other financial crimes, for which cases — es-

pecially where occurring among persons who had once enjoyed the consideration of the community in an especially high degree — he showed something like a definite taste. Otilie even ventured to commend his political ambitions. There were so many persons of position and means, she said ingenuously, who remained selfishly wrapped up in their own affairs, and would take no part in the government, nor aid in any way to improve the general condition. She had heard that nothing was needed so much in politics as good men.

It was at this time that she approached, with trepidation, the subject of the Hasbroucks, and was repulsed, as has been explained.

"Your interest is creditable, but misdirected," Harvey said. "Let me hear no more of sympathy for that section of the country or its people. Had it depended upon them, I should have been to-day a beggar in the streets. That I am not, that I escaped bankruptcy, is due — I hardly know to what it is due." He acquainted her with some of the particulars which we have heard already as laid before St. Hill. "I would not fail," he continued, "for then I should have been impotent to repay in any way the harm they had done me. I could not have borne arms, but I remained solvent, to strengthen the power of the government, and gather in those who could. I put into the field a regiment at my own expense. As they had forgotten, together with my dues, all my favors and my good will, I sent bayonets by way of pricking their recollection. Let me hear no more on this subject."

Why was he so bitter, why so sweeping in his resentment? Otilie asked herself. It was all so long ago, and her friends were women, who could not personally have injured him. Others had escaped bankruptcies, and even fallen into them, she was sure, without cherishing such long and vehement animos-



ity. She was humiliated and depressed at her rebuff. She enjoyed no such measure of his esteem as she had foolishly allowed herself to suppose. It was something, too, to recall once more an adamant hardness, an unrelenting obstinacy of character, which she had begun to persuade herself did not exist. She thought of going away at once, but this could hardly have been done now with credit, and it would not be understood. For the present she stayed. One small event succeeding another dimmed the impression. He certainly had had

provocation, and different natures take things so differently. He brought her one day a sum of money, with directions to distribute it in such charities as she saw fit. He wished her to be assured that it was not niggardliness or insensibility to distress that caused him to withhold relief from the Hasbroucks, but a settled aversion which had become a principle. At the same time, perhaps, he did not forget that whatever benefactions she might distribute from his house would be easily traced to their proper source, and redound to his advantage politically.

*William Henry Bishop.*

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### DECORATION DAY.

**SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest**

On this Field of the Grounded Arms,

Where foes no more molest,

Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,

And started to your feet

At the cannon's sudden roar,

Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death

No sound your slumber breaks;

Here is no fevered breath,

No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,

Untrampled lies the sod;

The shouts of battle cease,

It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!

The thoughts of men shall be

As sentinels to keep

Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green

We deck with fragrant flowers

Yours has the suffering been,

The memory shall be ours.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*



## THE NEW EASTERN QUESTION

AFTER a short period of what the Germans would call organic development, the Eastern Question has again reached a point at which war seems, if not inevitable, at least possible, perhaps probable. The signs may deceive, but the signs are certainly not pacific. In view, therefore, of such a contingency, and utilizing what may be only a brief interval of peace, it seems important to review the history of the past four years, to seek out the causes and tendencies favorable to another collision, and to forecast some of the probable conditions of the struggle. It is important and useful not alone because the situation is full of grave possibilities for the whole family of nations, nor yet merely because its development may disclose incidents of startling dramatic interest, but also because there is involved in it, as in all international disputes, the question of right and wrong, the issue between justice and injustice; because it affects the interests of oppressed and suffering yet heroic peoples, who, although far removed and little known, are not less deserving of our sympathy than the brigands of the Land League or the spoliated Jews of Russia; and finally because it will prepare the student to pronounce upon the rival aspirations of two or three great empires which connect the East, in politics as in geography, with the West.

The actual form of the question is new, or is at least a serious modification of any form in which it has hitherto appeared. Both the parts and the actors are changed. Some which were prominent in the past have dropped out; others which were once passive have become active; one at least must probably be added; and the entire cast shows striking novelties. It seems impossible, for instance, to think of an Eastern

Question without Turkey. The fate of the Ottoman Empire, or, what is the same thing, the assumed interest of the Great Powers in its fate, has always been the leading issue in the diplomatic intrigues of Constantinople, and in the wars which have raged on the shores of the Danube and the Black Sea. But at this time Turkey has been practically eliminated, either by her own choice or by the natural conditions of the problem, from the diplomatic skirmishing which is now in progress; and she may remain a quiet spectator even in case of actual war. England, too, which in the Crimea was a belligerent, and in 1877-78 was a watchful and jealous censor, is now governed by statesmen who are bound by all their traditions and by every law of consistency to refrain from premature and officious interference. But if these actors disappear from the stage, their places will be supplied by two others far more powerful and imposing. Austria seems likely to be the chief belligerent on the other side, when Russia again takes the field, while Germany is committed by pledges, as well as by what politicians call her "interests," to support the house of Hapsburg. As for France and Italy, their course would probably be guided by events, but each is a factor on which Russia has more right to count than Austria. The opportunity for *revanche* which a war menacing the German Empire would offer might not be rashly seized by France, nor yet would it be magnanimously rejected; and Italy, skilled in the art of profiting by the embarrassments of others, has still unsatisfied aspirations on the Adriatic. It may indeed be regarded as certain that, without having secured at least one of these two powers as an eventual ally, Russia would not only shrink from war,



but would even guard herself more carefully against the contingency of war.

The Russian Empire is passing through severe internal convulsions, which would seem to paralyze the arm of foreign adventure. Nihilism and Jew-baiting, assassination and persecution, conspiracies against the House of Romanoff and outrages upon the children of Israel, are problems of home policy, which require for their solution the best efforts of Russian statesmen. Either they divide the effective resources of the empire, and thus weaken its belligerent capacity; or they alienate the good opinion of the world, and thus deprive the empire of an important source of moral strength. But both of these elements may easily be overestimated. The Jewish incident, cruel as it was, and permanent as are the passions which led to it, has probably passed its worst stage, and will not at once be revived as a disturbing force. Nihilism, instead of being an obstacle to war, is in a measure the product of peace and inaction, and as an evil would be mitigated by war. It is a sincere and resolute conviction, able to withstand the influence of a patriotic and popular struggle, only with a few gloomy fanatics; while the bulk of the faction is made up of giddy students, full of crude knowledge, inflamed by chauvinism, and ready to cease plotting against the Czar if the Czar will lead them against a foreign foe. Russia is not different from other states in regard to the effects which may be expected from a national war. It would create a diversion. It would silence the voice of faction. It would suspend schemes of regicide and schemes of reform, and unite the whole people in arms about their sovereign. For it is a truth, which may seem paradoxical in view of the destructive recklessness of the Nihilists, but which will be confirmed by all who have any acquaintance with the Russians, that they are as a people intensely, almost morbidly, patri-

otic. There is little real loyalty, except among the peasants, in whom it resembles a species of fetichism. There is little of that higher kind of patriotism, which can discriminate as well as approve, can criticise while obeying, and can resist when obedience to authority becomes treason to the country. But the Russian patriotism, though neither supported by loyalty nor guided by discretion, is singularly prompt, passionate, and vigorous, and in the hands of an absolute prince is only the more effective because it does not reason. It was Kosuth, I believe, who said that bayonets think. The remark is true of some of the armies of Europe: in a large degree of that of Germany, in a smaller degree of that of which the countrymen of Kosuth now form an important part. There are other armies where a fierce religious zeal takes the place of intelligent valor. But the Russian host, which exceeds the Turkish in numbers, exceeds the German or Austrian in the strength which comes from fanaticism. It acts, but it does not think. No paltry dissensions at home, no desire to torture Jews or murder kings, can arrest such a force when the cry of danger rings through the country, and village priests, the cross in their hands, are pointing the way to the frontier.

This feeling of patriotism, instead of being peculiar to Russia, is, however, one which she shares with other nations in other parts of the world. But in her case it is reinforced by an auxiliary passion, which, though broader in scope, is scarcely less intense in energy, and which, leaping over national boundaries, connects Russia with a whole family of peoples, dispersed throughout Eastern Europe; aliens all in political allegiance, some also in religion, yet kindred in race, language, and traditions. This is the imposing idea of Pan Slavism.

The thing is easy to define, but hard to describe. It embodies what is known, alike to enthusiasts and to philosophers,



as the principle of nationalities, and yet is something considerably more than that. When Moritz Arndt undertook, in his immortal hymn, to find the true limits of the Fatherland, he drew them wherever he could find the German tongue, German habits, German spirit, and German traditions. The generous conception could thus be made to include peoples and districts which for centuries had been politically severed from the empire. But the test was still German, for not even the poet ventured to claim the entire Teutonic group of tongues and peoples, — England, America, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, — and the statesmanship of the age was far less audacious than its poetry. Panslavism is therefore a more ambitious idea than Arndt's Fatherland. Instead of being only the dream of a poet, it is the aim of serious practical statesmen, or at least an impulse which they are willing to further and utilize. Instead of halting at the frontiers of the Russian language, it reaches out into Prussia and Austria, and Turkey, and embraces all men, whatever their political relations, whose idiom identifies them with the great Slavonic race. The Servians, the Bulgarians, the Bosnians, the Montenegrins, the Dalmatians, the Croats, the Poles of Warsaw, of Posen, of Galicia, the Czechs of Bohemia, — these all form part of the future Slav commonwealth. All are brothers, and owe one another the kindly offices of the fraternal relation.

In this novel domestic scheme the Czar himself has the part of Great, or rather, as the Slavs say, Little Father. Yet Panslavism stops apparently short of the idea of a close political union under a single sceptre, or even of a confederation, as Germans, or Swiss, or Americans understand the term, and aims only at a species of alliance, with Russia as patron and protector, — a plan not unlike that which Mr. Blaine probably had in mind when he called his Con-

gress of American States. But in this qualified form the idea has a powerful hold on the imagination of the Russian peoples. Russians may be Nihilists or loyalists, radicals, liberals, or conservatives, editors or lawyers, plebeians or aristocrats, may have any opinion in politics or any status in society; if they can only read and think and dream, they are nearly certain to be Panslavists, and to defend the cause with ingenuous fervor to every patient listener. At the clubs noisy patriots will declaim on the subject by the hour. In the *salons* fair ladies insinuate it upon you, with all the art of the sex, as they hand you your glass of tea. The stranger whom one meets in the train, or at the *table d'hôte*, or at the picture-gallery, is likely not only to be a champion of Panslavism, but to discuss its virtues with an enthusiasm and a *naïveté* which take no account of one's foreign birth and possible lack of interest in the cause. General Skobelev was therefore perfectly justified in protesting, as he did on his return from Paris, that he had only announced sentiments which in Russia every one holds and avows.

No one can, indeed, be more surprised than the gallant general himself at the political importance into which he has suddenly sprung. Like every educated man or woman in Russia, he is something of a politician. His opinions are well known, and he has often expressed them with a frankness which, even in this country, public opinion and the etiquette of their profession forbid to high officers of the army. But there was no special reason why General Skobelev, in spite of his grave indiscretion, should be singled out for the malignant attacks of German Slavophobists, unless, indeed, a pretext was desired for humiliating Russia, or provoking a rupture.

The career of Skobelev is a striking refutation of the common theory that the Russian public service is ruled by favoritism, and that no man can succeed



on his merits alone against unfavorable or hostile influences. His father was also a soldier, and to his father he owed his original appointment in the Guards. But after that initial stage young Skobelev fought his own way upwards, and fought it too against obstacles of singular strength and persistence, — the jealousy of rivals in his own class, the pedantry of martinets whose theories he ridiculed, the intrigues of enemies at court, the indifference and suspicions of the Czar. He was accused of speculation in Turkestan, and, although fully acquitted, was made to suffer, in petty indignities, most of the consequences of conviction. At the outset of the Bulgarian campaign, he could find employment only as volunteer aid on the staff of a parade general, whom the hard realities of the struggle soon left in the rear, while Skobelev rose to high command. With his opportunities grew also the scale of his achievements. No other officer came out of the war with a more brilliant reputation than his, — a reputation won by hard fighting, skillful generalship, and passionate devotion to the real issues of the conflict.

It was an easy matter for Skobelev to see that the war meant far more to the Russian people than was announced by diplomatists, that its ends were not accomplished by the recovery of Bessarabia and the cession of Batoum, and that the Treaty of Berlin was a cruel blow to the victors. Since the peace he has therefore chafed under the disappointment of an ardent patriot and the indignation of a betrayed soldier. Against Count Schouvaloff he was outspoken and bitter from the very day that the Congress of Berlin adjourned; for he felt not only that the ambassador had sacrificed unnecessarily the just interests of Russia, but that his whole policy was one of fatal, not to say criminal, subservience to Bismarck. Schouvaloff was indeed a man of more political experience and more political sagacity

than his critic. In the crisis which the Treaty of San Stefano had prepared for Russia, his caution and compliance were more useful than Ignatieff's astuteness or Skobelev's impetuosity, and gave the country, if not a permanent peace, at least a brief respite from war. But the compromise proved, nevertheless, ruinous to its author; for on the first attempt to carry out its provisions, in the organization of the province of Rumelia, the failure of Schouvaloff's scheme of a mixed occupation forced him to resign his embassy, and retire to private life. As the execution of the treaty proceeded, and new frictions from time to time arose, Skobelev continued to find vindications of his own prescience. The duplicity of Turkey and the indifference of the other powers toward Greece, the betrayal of Montenegro, the arrogance of Austria toward her Danubian neighbors, the Bosnian occupation, and the more ambitious projects of which it was clearly the forerunner, — such incidents, coupled with the stern execution of the very letter of the treaty, where it pressed most severely upon Russia, worked up a formidable resentment, of which Skobelev's talents and courage made him the leading representative.

As a politician he has foreseen, and as a soldier has not feared, the early renewal of the struggle. It cannot be indiscreet for the writer to recall those hot September days in 1879, when, in company with that brilliant young general, he was riding over the manoeuvre fields of two German *corps d'armée*, and enjoying now his military comments, rapid, penetrating, and just, now his political views, glowing with the peculiar fire of Russian Pan Slavism. Skobelev was the most famous of the many officers who followed that mock campaign on the Baltic coast. The Emperor William lent the scene the dignity of his venerable but infirm presence. England had sent Sir Henry Hardinge, a frail little man in personal appearance, but the



hero of a noble episode, which the pen of Thackeray has described, in the Sepoy war. And there were scores of other brave warriors, French, Austrian, Italian, Russian, German, veterans in service, scarred perhaps from battle, liberally decorated for valor, and now gathered for an exhibition of the most perfect military machine in the world. But from that varied and showy group the curiosity and admiration of the public invariably singled out the man who had triumphed over all the obstacles of Russian military routine; who at thirty-five was a lieutenant-general, commanding an army corps; and who was fresh from fields of battle, where he had distinguished himself above all his comrades. And in his deportment during the manoeuvres could be found one secret of his remarkable career. To some of the foreign officers the occasion seemed little more than a holiday entertainment, which they languidly enjoyed rather than utilized. But Skobelev, who, until the Bulgarian campaign, had passed most of his life fighting the nomadic tribes of Central Asia, and had seen little of the standing armies of Western Europe, took a higher conception both of the nature of his mission and of his duty to himself; followed all the movements with the most scrupulous fidelity; studied little details of organization and equipment, which escaped his more thoughtless colleagues; and scratched his ready note-book full of data, which in the evening were expanded into reports for the Russian war office. Such industry, instead of being wasted, will, or at least may, prove doubly useful to the future of the general. It taught him the strong and the weak points of the German army, which will be knowledge of value in case of war; and it gave him the key to many improvements in his own corps, which will be useful even in peace. When, at parting, he asked me to visit him at his headquarters at Minsk, he added, with

a soldier's pride, that he would show me as fine an army corps as could be found in Russia; and of this I was sure there could be not a particle of doubt.

But Skobelev holds, as does Moltke, and as every professional soldier on the Continent practically shows, that so long as the Powers keep up their appalling armaments a state of nominal peace is really only one of preparation for eventual war. The armies are there to be used. It is folly to suppose that there will not be in the future, as there have been in the past, eager generals, ambitious statesmen, and princes as willing to use the one as the other. And even if princes could be always humane, and statesmen always moderate, and generals always pacific, they would be overruled at times by the quick voice of national honor, by the rivalry of imperative interests, and by the aggressive force of popular movements. It is these subtle and active agents which are leading Europe into war.

When General Skobelev teaches Pan-slavism to Servian students at Paris, he is thinking mainly of Germany. When the Czar reprimands Skobelev, he too has the dragon of Berlin, the man of blood and iron, before his eyes. But although Bismarck is the chief obstacle to Pan-slavist projects, although it is his diplomacy which speaks in grave tones of warning on the Neva, although it is even his policy which the generals of Francis Joseph are so cruelly carrying out in the mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the real rival of Russia is still Austria, not Germany; and with Austria must be fought the great battle for dominion, prestige, and power in Eastern Europe. And if the German war should be first in point of time, it would nevertheless be second in the solidity of its causes and the material value of its results. It might postpone, but could not take the place of, the other and the greater struggle.

The Austro-Hungarian monarchy



seems as ill adapted for successful war on a large scale as any system which the art of caricature could invent. It was correctly described by Prince Gortschakoff, who said it was not a state, but a government. Yet even as a government it wants unity both of form and of action: for if there is only a single monarch, there are two capitals, Vienna and Pesth; two leading and rival races, the Germans and the Magyars, and under these a variety of subject peoples, all of them disaffected, and most of them groaning beneath a fate to which the recollection of past grandeur lends a peculiar bitterness. There were busy cities and thriving industries in Dalmatia while the site of Pesth was a howling wilderness. The lords of Bohemia were electors of the German Empire before the first Hapsburg acquired the purple. A king of Poland saved Vienna itself from the Turks. And although the Hungarians, who, like the others, once felt the stern pressure of Austrian tyranny, finally obtained their release, the hardships of the remaining victims have been, if anything, aggravated since the partition of 1867. That arrangement, as is well known, assigned Dalmatia to Austria, and Slavonia and Croatia to Hungary, — a concession by the pride of Vienna to the persistence of Pesth. The experiment has now been tried several years; and it is enough to say that any enthusiastic friend of Hungarian independence — and that, thirty years ago, meant every adult American — who should now travel through Croatia or Slavonia would suffer a bitter disenchantment. Austrian tyranny is cruel, but it is not always systematically cruel, and sometimes has intervals of weakness. But the Magyars show at once the brutal severity of newly emancipated slaves and the haughty insolence of feudal barons. In the Slavs, whom events have brought under their sway, they see an inferior race reduced to political servitude; and the result is what

might have been, but was not, expected. The Croats, once the most ferocious warriors in Europe, the prized and favored servants of many a Hapsburg prince, have fallen to a position as low as that of the Poles in Russia. Relentless war is waged upon everything which makes them a people, — upon their speech, their habits, their songs, their literature. In Slavonia the same cruel policy is pursued. In either province to be a Slav is to wear the badge of social and political degradation. To be a patriot as well as a Slav, and to utter with tongue or pen the indignant complaints of patriotism, is the simple and infallible way to reach a dungeon. And the Dalmatians under Austria fare but little better. Is it strange that this unfortunate people feel no love for the power or the system that crushes them, and that their eyes are turned with affection and longing toward the one great kindred nation which can afford relief? Of this tendency I have an illustration from my own experience. It happened to me in 1878, just after the Congress of Berlin, to pass a few days at the frontier town of Brod, in Slavonia; and the hotels being full I found lodging in the house of a young school-master, a Slav. He was timid about politics; for the Magyar police have many eyes. Even after my host had become convinced that his secrets were safe in my keeping, he would utter them only in a light whisper, first carefully closing doors and windows, and stuffing keyholes; but after all this, the most striking communication was entrusted to my eyes and not my ears. At a propitious moment my friend beckoned me into his bedroom, led the way to a dark corner, pulled back a curtain, took down a species of shrine hanging on the wall, and, opening it, revealed a portrait, which he fervently kissed, and then passed to me. I expected to see his wife, or his mother, or at least his sister. The portrait was that of Alexander II., Czar of Russia.



Much of the effect of this incident — the picturesqueness, the pathos — was in the school-master's manner, and is lost in the telling. But its general significance will be clear. In this dull little village on the Save, which was full of Austrian soldiers and Hungarian spies, an humble pedagogue, isolated from the great world, unread in the literature of diplomacy, had brushed away all the sophistry of cabinets, and led me to the very heart of the Eastern Question.

But the Austrian court was not satisfied with three South Slavonic provinces to rule, or misrule, and the Treaty of Berlin put two others into its power. The history of that discreditable negotiation cannot here be rehearsed. Even that part of it which relates to the disposition of Bosnia and the Herzegovina would exceed the proper limits of this article; and the task, however agreeable and useful, must therefore be omitted. But the reader may be reminded, in a few words, that Bosnia and the Herzegovina were two provinces peopled mainly by Slavs, and belonging to the Turkish Empire. Their language is the Servian, which is also that of Croatia, Slavonia, Montenegro, and Dalmatia. If the Jews, of whom there are a few in the towns, be ignored, the rest of the population may be divided, according to religious belief, into three classes: the orthodox or Greek Christians, commonly called "Serbs," the Roman Catholics, and the Mohammedans. The latter comprised, under the old *régime*, the ruling order. They were the great proprietors, the officials, the favorites of Constantinople; and aided by Turkish troops they systematically robbed the Christian peasants, and sometimes, as a pleasant diversion, massacred them for their religion. The hardy mountaineers of the Herzegovina resented this cruelty, and broke out often in revolt. Under great provocation the Bosnians sometimes followed this example, but being less warlike, and less favored with nat-

ural strongholds, were more easily subdued. The heroic prince of Montenegro lent his kinsmen secret, and at times open, support; and in 1876 the Servians made a bold effort for liberty. But deliverance still seemed remote, until the great Slav power of the north, roused by the harrowing stories which came up from the plains of Bulgaria, smarting under the defeat administered to its brethren the Servians, and unable longer calmly to witness the desperate struggle of the Herzegovinians, threw the weight of its great armies into the scale against the Turks. The issue is well known. In due time the Turk was crushed; the Slavs and Christianity had fought out their liberation. At the very gates of Constantinople, in sight of the historic dome of St. Sophia, the Russians dictated a peace, which not only secured them ample compensation both material and political, for their own sacrifices; but which also took account of the lesser peoples, whose hardships had hastened as their valor had helped to win the war, and made it certain that they should not again fall under the mild dominion of the kaimakan and the pacha.

There arose, however, between the signing and the ratification of the Treaty of San Stefano obstacles which it was impossible to surmount. An English fleet anchored in the Sea of Marmora. The Austro-Hungarian delegations voted a special credit for putting the army on a war footing to meet contingencies which might arise. And even Prince Bismarck revealed, under a thin disguise of friendship, sentiments not a little dangerous to Russia. In this condition of affairs, no alternative was left to the Czar. With an anguish of heart which can be easily imagined, he submitted to the cruel humiliation, accepted the plan of an European Congress at Berlin, and saw the Treaty of San Stefano torn into a thousand pieces.

The work of reconstruction then be-



gan. But it soon appeared that the order of priority and the order of importance would not be conceded to the populations whose grievances had been the cause of the war, or to the power which, not perhaps without some selfishness, yet nobly and effectively, had come to their relief. England was not ashamed to rob her own client in the secret treaty for the cession of Cyprus. And Austria, whose attitude during the war had shown the twin vices of duplicity and cowardice, which could bully Serbia and Roumania while cowering before Russia, and which, touching the borders of Bosnia and Herzegovina, had never lifted a hand or a voice to stay the course of Turkish outrage, — Austria accepted the "mandate" to occupy and administer, that is to appropriate and annex, the two fairest regions which the war had wrested from the Sultan. A more flagrant outrage was never offered to the conscience of Europe. Even the partitions of Poland were honorable in comparison, for they were open acts of spoliation, which made no pretense of justification by subtleties of public law, and hid their true character behind no "European mandates." Any one of three other courses could have found some show of defense: the two provinces might have been made independent, like Serbia and Montenegro; they might have been placed under the protection of Russia, their liberator; or they might even have been restored to the Turk with adequate security for reform. But Austro-Hungary, at least, had no claim whatever to them, moral, political, historical, or military; nothing except a title wrested from Russia on one side, and Turkey on the other, by two of the most cynical statesmen, Prince Bismarck and Lord Beaconsfield, whom the nineteenth century has known.

It is true that the misgovernment of the provinces by the Turk was a source of danger to the peace of Europe. But to introduce the Austrians anywhere

in the name and cause of good administration was a touch of satire which would have seemed more enjoyable if less serious interests had been involved. Order will now, it was said, be established. But order was not established, even on the entry of the Austrians, whom it was supposed that the Christians would welcome as at least an improvement on the Turks; and already, after three years of so-called pacification, a new insurrection has broken out, as fierce and formidable as those which repeatedly chased the pachas out of the mountains.

While thus executing the European Mandate in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Austrian government has not neglected its own policy on the Lower Danube and the Lower Adriatic. This policy clashes, or is made to clash, with the rights of several small states; and, as Mr. Freeman remarks, the Austrian government, though it succeeds badly against its equals, is singularly fortunate when fighting those not of its own size. It steals a harbor from Montenegro. It compels Serbia to build her railways on lines which will enrich Austro-Hungarian commerce. It reconstructs the mixed Danubian commission in a way for which no treaty provides, and browbeats Roumania when she mildly attempts to assert her own rights in the matter. An evil counselor at Berlin has convinced Austria that she has a mission in the East, and in obeying that voice she is perhaps rather a dupe than an intelligent actor; but the method of fulfilling that mission, in contempt of justice, of humanity, even of the simplest standards of fair play, is peculiarly and exclusively her own.

It is this policy which is reviving and reshaping the Eastern Question. It is not recent in its inception, or new in its methods; but it owes its opportunity to the Treaty of Berlin, and when that opportunity shall have been superseded by less favorable combinations, the in-



evitable reaction will come. Already the Slavs of Illyria are crying out against Austrian oppression, as formerly they cried out against the oppressors sent up from Constantinople. Montenegro, with an honorable respect for the obligation of treaties, but only contempt for the threats of Austria, still maintains an attitude of reserve, which, however, events may any day convert into one of action. Even little Serbia is with difficulty kept out of the fray. In short, the whole peninsula is in a state of physical or moral insurrection against Count Andrassy's pompous scheme of pacification, and Russian volunteers are as plenty in the ranks of the patriots as in the days when the tyrant was the Turk.

Thus the parallel between the present situation and that which preceded the war of 1877-78 can be traced for a considerable distance. But at one point the lines begin to diverge. Among the causes of the late war was indeed the question of race, or the mutual antipathy of Slav and Turk; but this rather reinforced than preceded the older and graver issue between the Christian and the Mohammedan. The Bulgarian atrocities were directed, not against a people, but against a sect. The Christian victims were indeed nearly all Slavs, but the Slavs are not all Christians, either in Bulgaria or in Bosnia; in fact, some of the most brutal and heartless of the agents in that tragic persecution were men in whose veins ran the blood, and on whose features were stamped the type, of the Slavonic race. They had renounced the Bible, accepted the Koran, and acquired the proverbial zeal and ferocity of apostates. It was accordingly not to exalt the Slav above the Turk, but to protect the Christian against the Infidel, not to emancipate a race, but to vindicate a religion, that the Russian hosts crossed the Danube and the Balkans.

Now the growing tension between Russia and Austria is happily but little aggravated by religious passions. It

was in the nature of things that the apostolic emperor should secretly favor the Roman Catholics whom he found in Bosnia; and the army of occupation was promptly followed by zealous young priests and monks, and all the agents of the Propaganda. The Pope gave the enterprise his blessing. Money was sent to aid the holy cause. But it is out of the question for Austria to butcher the Serbs in their churches after the manner of the Turk, or even to vex their religion by such invidious restrictions as are put upon Protestants in other parts of the empire. The forms of toleration are therefore observed. The Greek communicants stand nominally on a basis of equality with the other sects; and after the gross cruelties of the past, the minor discriminations which still remain are doubtless little felt. But as the religious element disappears from the issue, it leaves to the ethnic element only the more room for fermentation, development, and explosion. The Russian feels that the invaders, though sparing his religion, are enslaving his kinsmen; and, worst of all, are enslaving them not as individuals guilty of crime, and responsible to their laws, but as representatives of a cause, that of Illyrian independence, and a principle, that of nationalities, both alike hateful to the House of Hapsburg. Indeed, the Austrian policy, cruel in its general aim, must seem in its execution to offer to the Russians details of almost satanic malignity. It not only invades and conquers two Slavonic provinces, to which it has not a shadow of moral right, but it also conquers them with the aid of Slav generals, who have sold themselves for gold, and of Slav soldiers, who are taken without even the formality of a sale. Its last measure is to apply the conscription in the occupied districts, and to drill the Bosnians for possible military service against their own liberator.

One need not be a very ardent Slav-



ophyl to see that this goes far beyond the letter of the Berlin Treaty. But while all the contracting Powers are bound to insist on the limits of the treaty, and Russia and Turkey especially have a right, under a well-known rule of interpretation, to require the strict construction of onerous clauses, too much aid ought not to be expected from such considerations. It is true that Article 25 provides only for the occupation and administration of the two provinces, not for their permanent annexation. But this was a mere diversion of diplomatic humor. Prince Bismarck had already shown in the case of Schleswig how much value he placed upon such restrictions. His example was fresh before the Congress. It is therefore folly to suppose that the Powers ever expected, or even really intended, that Austria should have the trouble of pacifying the provinces, of administering them for a term of years at her own cost, and should then quietly hand them back to the Turk.

But, on the other hand, the Powers must also have understood that the Mandate, embodied as it was in a treaty of peace, which was forced upon the victorious as upon the defeated belligerent, could give only temporary legality to the proposed solution of the Bosnian problem. The court of Vienna accepted the mission, therefore, with full knowledge that sooner or later it would have to be justified by the sword. The Turks were likely, perhaps, to acquiesce, though sullenly, for their hold upon the provinces had long been merely nominal. But very little familiarity with human nature would have shown that the people themselves were sure to resent the flippant scheme to transfer them like so many cattle. Their attachments were to another Power than Austria. And that Power must have been credited with little less than miraculous self-control by any statesman or statesmen who could suppose that with all her tor-

turing recollections — wounded pride, disappointed hopes, baffled aspirations — she would forever regard the compact as sacred, and not at some auspicious hour denounce and repudiate it. Whatever the results may be, Austria at least will deserve no sympathy. She is a receiver of stolen goods; or rather she accepted a fraudulent title, knowing it to be fraudulent, and knowing that she might at any time be required to defend it by force.

But this admission does not carry with it a general acquittal of Russia for anything and everything which she may undertake. Her course must rather be judged on its own merits. I have described the acute disappointment which the Treaty of Berlin, and the Bosnian article caused to all intelligent Russian patriots. They saw two provinces, which their efforts had freed from one form of slavery, turned over in the name of Europe to another form, scarcely less cruel, and certainly not less odious. They see Austria, which for years has been the apologist of the Turkish Empire, now pushing herself burglariously into the very heart of that empire, while Russia chafes in enforced inaction at home. They see this scheme of Austrian aggrandizement patronized by the German chancellor in contempt of Russia's keenest sensibilities. And they feel that the authors of the movement are forcing a breach in the great family of Slavonic peoples, hoping first to destroy the possibility of a closer political union between the members, and finally to eradicate even that fraternal sentiment which, without the aid of political union, has long withstood both distance and disaster. It was this feeling of alarm and indignation to which General Skobelev gave utterance at Paris. But while the feeling is natural, it does not follow that it would be just, or even prudent, statesmanship at this juncture to obey its commands. The rulers of a great state like Russia are bound by



the very nature of their power, and the peculiarly personal character of their responsibility in international relations, to watch carefully the rise and direction of popular impulses, and to resist them when they are hasty, false, and dangerous. Even if the present Panslavist movement is correct in principle, the Czar may still oppose it as inopportune. But if he be forced into war with Austria, he may plead in defense that the movement, whether correct or incorrect, was irresistible, and that, like his father in 1877, he yielded only to the imperative voice of public opinion.

For Austria's part in the complication there is, however, no such excuse. Public sentiment not only did not demand the Bosnian enterprise, but in some parts of the realm, notably in Hungary, and for reasons which need no explanation, was vigorously opposed to it. Only a few weeks ago, Tisza, the Hungarian premier, was compelled to defend the occupation against fresh criticisms in his own parliament. Even the Croats were suspicious, and justly suspicious, of the real motives of the scheme; and correctly foresaw that its

result would be not an increase of the effective strength of the Slavs in the empire, but the reduction of one more installment of their kindred under the yoke of the Teuton and the Magyar. The popular approval was therefore never given to the enterprise, and, it is but fair to say, was never even solicited. The occupation was a mere dynastic scheme of the Hapsburgs; the Mandate was the invention of Andrassy. And for whatever may happen, the responsibility must be fixed first upon the emperor himself, next upon his ministers, and finally upon Prince Bismarck and Lord Beaconsfield. No part of the people of the empire, neither the Germans, nor the Magyars, nor the Croats, nor the Czechs, nor the Poles, were in favor of the enterprise; only the Roman Catholics in the provinces looked on it with satisfaction; and three, at least, of the Great Powers, Turkey, Russia, and Italy, felt themselves betrayed, although helpless to prevent the treason. A deliberate scheme, born in ambition and baptized in blood, its consequences, even to a great European war, must be charged to its authors alone.

*Herbert Tuttle.*

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### THE NIGHT-MOTH'S COMMENT.

[ALIGHTED UPON A FADED AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF CHESTERFIELD.]

HERE is a gracious letter that one writ

Who thought this rugged world of land and seas,  
Among whose suns and rains we shadows flit,—  
In sorrow and in mystery, if you please,—  
A placè to be polite and take one's ease.

My lord, above your old, dead courtesy,  
Out of the light of stars, in lovelier light,  
All summer-green and glad, this moth to me  
Seems Nature's comment, clear and brief and bright,  
On man's poor dusty vanity, to-night.

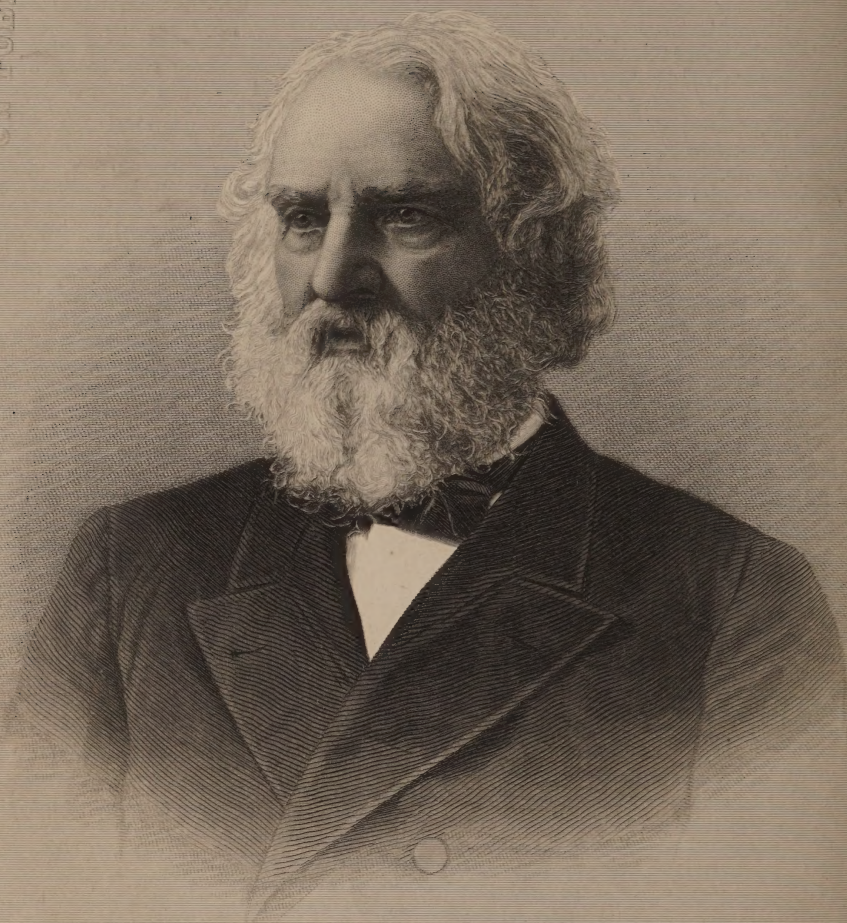
*Sallie M. B. Piatt.*







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Henry W. Longfellow.  
1879.



## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

YOUTH never forgets the earliest vision of the gracious presence which glorified its opening day. The impression of it deepens with years, and is at no time so vivid as in late life, when new sensations come rarely, if at all, and old ones, felt when the mind was plastic and receptive, steal out from the background of experience. One whose youth is far behind him recalls distinctly a figure which appeared many times at a house in Summer Street, where lived a man of letters, scholar and poet, about whom the fine spirits of the day clustered. To my boyish fancy, the name Longfellow had a strange, unfamiliar, foreign sound, as that of some inhabitant of a distant sphere; but a sight of its owner dispelled any such whimsical vagaries. It was a clear-cut figure, of middle size, handsome, erect, the countenance cheerful, the step buoyant, the manner cordial, the voice mellow and musical; a melodious voice, educated, coming from the depths of the man, with character and cultivation in it,—the voice of a gentleman and a scholar. His conversation had a jocund flavor, as if he enjoyed his thoughts about books and the men who wrote them. It was pleasant; not deep, but hearty and appreciative; flowing in a full, easy stream along the channels of literature, making music as it flowed. The great masters of song he loved without respect to their nationality, their age, or their creed; taking them on their merits, and rendering hearty honor to their genius, it mattering little to him whether they wrote in English, French, German, Italian, Spanish. When the youth met, a few years later, at Harvard College, the professor of modern languages and literatures, he found the same delightful person. The ordinary lecture-rooms being occupied, Longfellow met his classes in

a kind of parlor, carpeted and furnished with comfortable chairs. The comparative elegance was so completely in keeping with the teacher and his topics that the peculiarity was not noticed at the time, and for the hour seemed to be no peculiarity at all. The professor sat and read his lecture in a simple manner, showing an entire familiarity with whatever concerned the literature of the subject; never discussing points of philosophical difficulty, never diving into abysses of abstraction or rising to heights of speculation, but fully equipped for the task of translation and exposition, especially the former, in which he excelled. His style of writing was flowing, picturesque, abounding in literary illustration, exuberant in imagery; more than pleased the prosaic members of the class, but none too florid for the imaginative and enthusiastic.

This was about 1840. Mr. Longfellow, though a young man, was accomplished and even learned in his department. He had published *Outre-Mer* and *Hyperion*. He had written the essays on Frithiof's Saga, Anglo-Saxon Literature, Dante. He had traveled in Northern Europe, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, observing and studying as he went. He had read many books that lie far out of the diligent reader's path, such as William of Malmesbury, Bede, Turner, Flécher; the early Italian poets, — Ciullo d'Alcamo, Brunetto Latini, Beato Benedetti, Guido Guinicelli, Guittone d'Arezzo; the Nibelungen-Lieds, the Helden-Buchs, the songs of Minnesingers and Meistersingers; the strange allegories, legends, and fables embodied in German Volk-lore; the *Ship of Fools*, *Reynard the Fox*; the quaint stories which furnished themes for later dramatists, romancers, poets. He had made translations from the



German, the Spanish, the Italian, the Swedish. He had the passion for elegant wisdom which made him patient, laborious, careful, exact, and the conscientiousness that compelled him to glean every scrap of information which his occupation required. His courtesy was proof against the rudeness of the boys, and his readiness to answer questions was inexhaustible. He was not jocose, humorous, or witty, but he was always gentle, kind, sympathetic, generous; meeting the young men as a gentleman should meet gentlemen, as a teacher should meet those who are eager to learn, quite in the spirit of his own saying in the printed *Table Talk*: "There is so much aspiration in them, so much audacious hope and trembling fear, that all errors and short-comings are for a while lost sight of in the amiable self-assertion of youth." He could not lose his dignity or his suavity, and he was more than good to any who took interest in noble or beautiful things, giving them welcome to his library, and opening to them the storehouse of his mind.

My meetings with him in the classroom were few, but they stand out in memory with a vividness in singular contrast with their rarity, showing how much their quality was superior to their quantity. The drudgery of teaching the rudiments was committed to tutors, an inferior grade of instructors, — an arrangement which left him free to follow the leading of his genius over the high levels of literature. Many years afterwards, while spending an evening at his house in Cambridge, I met William Dempster, the composer and singer of ballads, then making a final tour in the United States, and coming, as celebrities of every kind did, to visit the hospitable poet. He sat at the piano and sang Enid's song from Tennyson's *Idylls*.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;

Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;

Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

It was interesting to watch the poet's face as the music proceeded; to note the complete absence of self-consciousness, the simple, cordial appreciation of the noble words, and the courteous reception of the rather indifferent adaptation of them by the musician. The poet was a member of the family, for whose entertainment, and not for his own honor the performance was given. Yet by this time his fame was established as one of the most popular poets of the century, and he might have set himself up as an oracle, if not as an idol.

By this time the poems of Longfellow were in all households that made the smallest pretense to literary cultivation. Young people read them. Lovers took them into the woods. Old people had the volume in their hands as they sat musing by the firelight. The bereaved repeated them over and over, and thought more tenderly of their dead. The lonely, disappointed, tired, desponding, knew them by heart. The longing, aspiring, struggling, repeated them with fervor. In hours of leisure, weariness, weakness, thoughtful men and women were soothed and uplifted by the melodious verse. It was poetry of the heart in its peaceful, not in its martial, moods, and it met those moods not lackadaisically, but hopefully, cheerily, bravely. It was customary then to say that his poetry was sentimental. So it was, but the sentiment was healthy, sweet, and true, such as the best, even the most high-souled and intellectual, know at times, or ought to know; such as the large majority of men and women rest in at their highest moments, the choice moments of their life. It was the sentiment which fills with most the place of reasoning, with some is a substitute for faith; a sentiment, tender, humane, devout, trusting, submissive, but manly, touching all objects with romantic charm, associating the lowest with some human interest, connecting the highest with the mysteriousness of



Providence and the unchanging benignity of God.

A strain of pathetic hope, veneration, awe, ran through it. A temper of happy resignation breathed in it. In its way it was religious. In his own language it seemed to say, "Round about what is lies a whole mysterious world of what might be, — a psychological romance of possibilities and things that do not happen. By going out a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend at a corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some great occasion of good or avoid some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution to the dark enigma but the one word, Providence." The state of mind expressed in these words, the common state of bewilderment and perplexity under which such multitudes suffer, is met by this simply human poet as it never was met before, in language so choice, so simple, so sincere, so various, so musical, that all can understand, and in certain moods enjoy it. The great masters are out of reach and difficult to comprehend, and besides that their lines suggest "life's endless toil and endeavor;" they rather apologize for than sympathize with the softer emotions of the soul, allowing for them, but excusing them as a weakness of human nature. Here is a poet who accepts them, appeals to them, builds upon them, takes them for granted as a holy attribute, puts them forward as ministers of heaven, to serve as guides to the immortal seats. To ordinary humanity this is an inestimable boon. To live in sentiment may not be the most exalted state of man, but, seeing that it is the lot of the great majority to do so, we ought to be profoundly grateful to the man who takes them as they are, and carries them higher on the power of their own wings. Thus regarded, what

is made Longfellow's reproach should be accounted his glory.

The charge of being European more than American has been urged by another class of minds. It is alleged, and not without truth, that he was indebted to the Old World for his mental furniture; that his culture, his taste, his habitual cast of thought, were foreign, and lacked the flavor of his native soil. To some extent the criticism is just, but it should not be pushed beyond reasonable limits. Longfellow was essentially a romantic poet. This appears in some of his earliest poems, written before his first visit to Europe, while yet a youth at college. The closing verse of *Sunrise on the Hills* suggests it: —

"If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

The lines on the Spirit of Poetry express the same or a kindred sentiment:

"And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill  
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
As a bright image of the light and beauty  
That dwell in nature; of the heavenly forms  
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
That stain the wild-bird's wing, and flush the  
clouds  
When the sun sets."

*Outre-Mer* is really a "pilgrimage beyond the sea," saturated with the very spirit of the Old World; a good deal more than a record of travel in strange lands, it is a hearty reproduction of the foreign soil, scenery, mode of life, habit of feeling, such as none but a romantic soul could have been capable of. It breathes the atmosphere of France, Spain, Italy. It shows a lover's delight in legend and song. There is no homesickness in the book, no retrospect except of a fabulous past, which in America has no existence. The second book, *Hyperion*, is frankly called a romance. The author had been a professor nearly ten years, at Bowdoin and at Harvard,



yet his duties, instead of blunting the edge of his feeling, seem to have made it keener. The volume is overcharged with foreign sentiment. The traveler revels in European lore. His quaint conceits, his curious learning, his fondness for color, his passion for music and tale, enrich every page. He is at home in Germany, at Frankfort, Heidelberg, Nuremberg. The Epistle Dedicatory to the first edition of *Outre-Mer* (1833) craves the reader's "forbearance for having thought that even the busiest mind might not be a stranger to those moments of repose, when the clock of time ticks drowsily behind the door, and trifles become the amusement of the wise and great." And in the book itself the author confesses, for his own part, "that there are seasons when he is willing to be the dupe of his imagination; and if this harmless folly but lends its wings to a dull-paced hour, he is even ready to believe a fairy tale." Leaving out the words "trifles" and "folly," we may accept this as the poet's conception of his office, namely, to give repose and cheer to the busy mind by touching the chords of melody in the heart.

At the same time, in his sympathies he was a true American, as any reader of his poetry may see. By conviction and conscience, as well as by birth and circumstance of life, he belonged to the foremost rank of believers in republican institutions. Even as poet he did so. In a review of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, written in 1837, he notes as one of their prominent traits that they are national in their character; that the author has chosen his themes among the traditions of New England. "This is the right material for story. Truly, many quaint and quiet customs, many comic scenes and strange adventures, many wild and wondrous things, fit for humorous tale and soft, pathetic story, lie all about us here in New England. There is no tradition of the Rhine nor of the Black Forest which

surpasses in beauty that of the Phantom Ship of New Haven. The Flying Dutchman of the Cape and the Klaboterman of the Baltic are nowise superior. The story of Peter Rugg, the man who could not find Boston, is as good as that told by Gervase of Tilbury of a man who gave himself to the devils by an unfortunate imprecation, and was used by them as a wheelbarrow; and the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains shines with no less splendor than that which illuminated the subterranean palace in Rome, as related by William of Malmesbury." Many of his own best known pieces, long and short, were based upon American themes: *Evangeline*, said to be the author's favorite, *The Song of Hiawatha*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, the *Poems on Slavery*, *The Building of the Ship*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Arsenal at Springfield*, *The Village Blacksmith*, and numerous poems not so well known, the suggestion of which came from local objects, and the imagery of which recalls familiar things. The reflective habit of his muse soon carried him away from his starting-point, whether it lay in the New World or in the Old, and made his verses human, but the flight was taken from his native land more often than is commonly supposed. True, he seldom chose a theme which did not present a romantic aspect. He transfigured *Evangeline*, he idealized the Indian, he exalted Miles Standish, he saw the dreamy, pathetic side of the negro. In carefully re-reading the passage above quoted, we cannot overlook the fact that he compares the New World favorably with the Old, on the ground that it furnishes as good material for legend, has in spots as much color, is susceptible of as romantic treatment. The elements of romance, he would say, are the same all over the earth. "It seems as natural to make tales" (and poems too, we may add) "out of old, tumble-down traditions as canes and



snuff-boxes out of old steeples, or trees planted by great men. The dreary old Puritanical times begin to look romantic in the distance." Naturally, a poet of this order seeks his material where there is the best chance of finding it; and, beyond question, it is more abundant in Germany, Holland, Flanders, than in New England or any of the United States. Still, he did use the native product whenever he could find it, and sometimes, perhaps, thought he found it where it did not exist. For the rest, should we not be grateful to the man who diffused the softening haze of sentiment, though it were foreign, since no other was to be had, over the hard, angular facts of our common American life; to the man who imparted something of the spirit of Spain and Italy to the sandy coast of the Atlantic and the monotonous prairies of the West; to the man who did for Massachusetts, Louisiana, Texas, in part at least, what Irving did for the Hudson River and the Catskills? Longfellow is still an American poet, though with a European fancy; and Americans should love him all the more because the fancy irradiated places which were prosaic before he came.

The Poems on Slavery were written in 1842, when the agitation was in the moral phase, before the republican party was formed, nearly twenty years before the final appeal to arms. The poet was at that period personally intimate with men who afterwards were leaders in the political battle. That the pieces express intense feeling, and performed their part in forming the public sentiment of the North, cannot be doubted. That they were never followed up, that they were almost forgotten, allowed to sink into oblivion, is easily explained by the poet's abhorrence of violence in word or deed. He was a man of peace beyond his friend Charles Sumner, who pronounced an oration on it. Yet when Sumner died no garland on his grave was more tender or lovely than Longfellow's:—

"His was the troubled life,  
The conflict and the pain;  
The grief, the bitterness of strife,  
The honor without stain."

In a country where political animosities ran high, and party vituperation flew about at random, the gentle poet withdrew into the solitude of his study. During the war he made no public demonstration, nor was quoted either in defense or in reprobation of any public policy; yet his loyalty was never called in question, nor was the course of his sympathy ever misunderstood. Whoever penetrated even a little way beneath the surface found an enthusiasm for liberty as hearty, a faith in justice as firm, a confidence in the final issue as lofty, as any combatant could desire. In a country where there was no national church, no generally accepted form of religious worship or observance, and where, consequently, theological opinions were vehemently debated, he kept his religious thoughts to himself; but he was an honest friend to liberty of inquiry, and associated himself with those who put it sincerely into practice. He was no controversialist, no sectary. Religion, with him, was an affair of the heart rather than of the intellect, and, for his part, he was content to believe reasonably. At one time the Roman Catholics claimed him as being of their communion, finding justification in certain generous words that came from his pen in praise of some cathedral, rite, or holy custom. But it was merely a touch of sentiment, a spark of that broad, poetic feeling which recognized beauty under all forms of ritual. He was a poet, and he was religious: that is the whole secret. A religious reformer he certainly was not, could not be. He could not be a partisan or a polemic. But shall it be reckoned against him that he abstained from dogmatic assertion, and yet held by his convictions; that he was silent yet devout, non-committal yet worshipful? Most of the dissent about us is indifference; most



of the dumbness is denial. If he did not speculate, at least he did not quarrel, denounce, or sit down in sullen discontent. He was neither optimist nor pessimist, but a submissive disciple. "The gale that blows from God we must endure, toiling but not repining," he says in *Kavanagh*. Similar sentiments abound in his writings: "Peace, peace! Why dost thou question God's providence?" "Tell me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine, and the past; and the future shall be! Oh that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing wherewith thou longest for an earthly future, which a few days, at most, will bring thee! — to the meeting of the dead as to the meeting of the absent! Thou glorious spirit land! Oh that I could behold thee as thou art, the region of light and life and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity!" "Yes, death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth, yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spake well who said that graves are the foot-prints of angels!" Speaking of Holbein's designs for the Dance of Death, he mentions as striking that one where, from a group of children sitting around a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it, quiet and unresisting, with no fear or grief on its countenance, but only wonder in its eyes, away from its dismayed companions. "It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings and torch inverted." "When I take

the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed, the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of a world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone; even hope, that stays longest with us, gone, — I have little heart for anything but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came." These passages are from *Hyperion*, published in 1839, and they express the gentle faith in which he lived. The same Romance contains the exquisite version from *Salis*, — *The Song of the Silent Land*, — with which all readers are familiar. When, many years later, his noble and beautiful wife went up in a chariot of flame, the same child-like faith kept him patient and submissive. He did not question, complain, or doubt. He was not tempted to discard his liberality of belief under the pressure of bitter personal experience.

It is a common remark that Longfellow was singularly fortunate; that Providence treated him with indulgence, and spared him the struggles and disappointments which attend the lot of most literary men. Hence, add some, faith to him was unnecessary, and all expression of it was sentimental, unreal, literary. But, to say nothing of such afflictions as are so tenderly hinted at in *Voices of the Night*, the multitude have yet to learn what they have to endure who, along with success, popularity, honor, and worldly competence, are endowed with sensitiveness of conscience and tenderness of heart. If it be true that opulence bears more heavily on talent than penury does, it is equally true that responsibility entails more mis-



ery than toil does, — misery in the form of regret, uneasiness, dissatisfaction, a sense of weakness, failure, ill-desert, not to speak of multitudinous demands that can be neither met nor dismissed, questions that can be neither answered nor put aside. In spite of ease, Longfellow labored. Success stimulated him to toil; praise made him modest; popularity threw him back on self-knowledge; privilege kept him mindful of duty; honors educated him in charity; and the perpetual presence of a world filled with pain drove him to the bosom of a divine love. Conditions which might have encouraged a self-conscious man to think this the best possible order of things, and a morbid man to regard it as the worst possible, simply rendered him submissive and thoughtful. Perhaps he did not choose to think, being constitutionally ordained to feel; but feeling is as importunate as thought. Whoever, in a world like this, can maintain a still heart is quite as much to be marveled at as he who can preserve a calm intellect. To outward seeming Mr. Longfellow was a prosperous man. To what extent this impression of him was due to his own equability no one will ever know. That he was endowed with a highly sensitive nature, that in consequence of possessing it he enjoyed and suffered keenly, we do know from his writings, not only in verse, but also in prose; as well original, as selected for translation from the writings of others. After all, temperament counts for a good deal in this matter of optimism or pessimism, and the poetic temperament is exposed to the severest strain. The poet must either be born with a child-like heart, which is proof against the shocks of fate, or he must earn his composure by hard discipline of will. In the first case we admire, in the last we venerate, him. In which category our poet stands is yet to be revealed when his life shall be laid open.

But this is digression from our main

purpose, which is to bear testimony to Longfellow's capacity and rank as a man of letters. Much of his time and much of his talent was devoted to the task of reproducing in English the work of foreign authors. Apart from the translation of Dante, he made not fewer than forty-nine or fifty versions, from nearly every European language, and from writers otherwise little known. Especially in the smaller pieces is his talent conspicuous, for in them sentiment is condensed into a few stanzas, and the single thought soon spends itself. In this difficult work his skill is unsurpassed, if not unequaled. His sympathy with the author he chose to render, his copious vocabulary, his sense of the value of words, his ear for rhythm, his resources of rhyme, fitted him in a peculiar degree to pour fancy from one vessel into another. He made the stranger's production so entirely his own that it might easily pass for his. He caught the very spirit of the poem that fascinated him, learned it by heart, as it were, and sang it as a bird sings, because he could not help it. Whither? Beware! The Castle by the Sea, The Happiest Land, King Christian, will occur to every one. The range was not wide, but within the prescribed limits the workmanship was perfect; and none but those who have tried it have any conception of the labor involved in this kind of achievement. None save the genuine poet can venture on the undertaking; yet the genuine poet, who is equal to spontaneous creation from the activity of his own genius, must restrain himself, lest he fill with his wine the cup which a brother artist holds out to him. The more he is in sympathy with his fellow-bard, the more careful he must be to present him, and him only, laying all his private treasures at the feet of his inspirer. For a laborious, literal, mechanical versifier, the task, though by no means easy, is much easier, because, being absorbed in admira-



tion of his model, and stimulated by thoughts wholly beyond his own reach, he collects all his powers, without reserve, to reproduce what he could not create. But for a natural singer like Longfellow the undertaking must be arduous. Indeed, it is surprising that Longfellow did so much of this kind of work; and he would probably have done less had his sympathy been less than it was, or his ambition greater.

The version of Dante's immortal poem has been criticised on the score of its excessive literalness. One of its ablest reviewers thus describes two methods of translating a poem: "The translator of a poem may proceed upon either of two distinct principles. In the first case, he may render the text of his original into English, line for line and word for word, preserving as far as possible its exact verbal sequences, and translating each individual word into an English word as nearly as possible equivalent in its etymological force. In the second case, disregarding mere syntactic and etymological equivalence, his aim will be to reproduce the inner meaning and power of the original, so far as the constitutional difference of the two languages will permit him. It is the first of these methods that Mr. Longfellow has followed in his translation of Dante." The critic admits that in carrying out this principle the translator achieved a degree of success "alike delightful and surprising;" that "the method of literal translation is not likely to receive any more splendid illustration;" that "throughout the English portions of the world his name will always be associated with that of the great Florentine." He nevertheless finds fault with the method as involving the too frequent use of syntactic inversion, permissible in Italian, but forbidden in English, and as favoring a preference of Romaic over Saxon words. We have no disposition to dispute the criticism. It is doubtless well sustained. The version

of Mr. Longfellow, with all its astonishing merits, is open to the objections alleged. But a further question remains, which the critic does not venture to answer, which no one can finally answer, which Mr. Longfellow himself might have been a little puzzled to answer, namely, *why the first method was selected*. Was it chosen because, on the whole, it was preferred, or because it was more congenial with the talent of the translator? Some have thought that the genius of Longfellow shrank before the task of reproducing from the inside so profound a work, and instinctively took refuge in a humbler style, to which he could do justice. Others, presuming his ability to perform the more arduous feat, have suggested that his reverence for the mighty master and his desire to present him as he was induced him to adopt a method which rendered impossible any infusion of his own ideas. In the first supposition, there is implied a limitation of the translator's power; by the other, a tribute is paid to his modesty of character. For our part, we prefer the second, as being most in accordance with the poet's nature. He was a hearty worshiper of other men's genius. There was in him no jealousy of his neighbor. He was without envy as he was without guile.

In the present instance he spared no pains to make his work perfect. As it went on friends were called in whose judgment as scholars, men of taste, poets, could be relied on, and to them the cantos were read in English; they comparing the version with the original, which they held in their hands, and making suggestions as the reading proceeded. Thus the utmost accuracy was obtained. In this way every line, every word, was tested by those most competent to pass judgment.

We will not start a discussion whether Longfellow's earliest or latest pieces were most worthy of his genius. A Psalm of Life, The Reaper and the



Flowers, The Light of Stars, Maidenhood, Excelsior, though remarkable in their time, exuberant, level to the common feeling, are less interesting as literary achievements, and even as expressions of human experience, than many of his later pieces. The *Morituri Salutamus* voices a much higher strain. With due submission to the author's own preference (did ever author fairly estimate the relative value of his performances?), *Hiawatha* is, not merely as a work of art, but as a moral achievement, greatly in advance of *Evangeline*. In fact, *Hiawatha*, published in 1855, is, in our opinion, the poet's masterpiece, the fullest expression of his mind. Theme and treatment perfectly correspond: the former calling forth all the poet's peculiar talent; the latter taxing, yet exquisitely illustrating, his literary skill. The descriptions of natural scenery; the joyous, sunny sympathy with the primitive life of the children of the forest; the romantic delight in wild situations; the humor, the pathos, the avoidance of critical learning, dissertation, fault-finding, erudition; the exuberance of fancy which characterized the poet, and is scattered up and down the pages of his books, are here brought together in the most delicious combinations. We are tempted to quote passages to confirm this judgment, but lack of space forbids, for the quotations would have to be many and full to convey our admiration of that artless, graceful poem, that swan song of a departing race. The Indian's friend must read it with eyes smiling through tears; the Indian's enemy will not begrudge him so dignified and beautiful a dirge. This song came from the singer's heart. Some of his latest pieces betray the marks of effort, as if the writer were making verses as a profession; but this is spontaneous, simple, fresh, child-like, a revelation of the man who chanted it.

Longfellow will never stand high as a critic. The character of his genius for-

bids. He was too broad in his sympathies, too catholic in his taste, too generous in his appreciations, to make fine discriminations. He was lost in praise. One of the first to greet Hawthorne, his admiration was arrested by "the exceeding beauty of his style. It is as clear as running waters. He uses words as mere stepping-stones, upon which, with a free and youthful bound, his spirit crosses and recrosses the bright and rushing stream of thought." It was something in 1839 to speak of Goethe rationally, as he does in *Hyperion*, which is in some sort a book of personal confessions, but a nearer approach to criticism he does not undertake. Dante he describes from the outside. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, are subjects of admiring sonnets, which suggest nothing like criticism of their respective work as poets. Chaucer is spoken of as "the poet of the dawn;" Shakespeare, as the

"Poet paramount,

Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone."

Milton is the "ninth wave," "England's *Mæonides*," the "sightless bard." Keats is

"The shepherd-boy, whose tale was left half told."

The volume containing specimens of the poetry of Europe gives an admirable idea of the wealth and variety of foreign production, along with enough of biography to make the reader acquainted with the writers' lives and times, but makes no attempt at discrimination, as indeed it scarcely could do. The office of the critic requires coolness. He is a looker-on, standing outside, with scales in his hand. The entire mind of Longfellow was poetic. His aphorisms were tropes. "The tragic element in poetry is like Saturn in alchemy, — the malevolent, the destroyer of nature; but without it no true *Aurum Potabile*, or Elixir of Life, can be made." "In the mouths of many men soft words are like roses that soldiers put into the muzzles of their muskets on holidays."



It would be interesting to contrast Irving with Longfellow, in Spain, at Seville, Granada, or the Alhambra,—the cast of their enthusiasm, the tone of their impressions. The comparison would bring out the exuberance of Longfellow's nature, his passion for light and color, his brimming appreciation of everything he saw or heard. It is remarkable that neither in Rome, Florence, nor Madrid does he appear to be impressed by the masterpieces of art, in painting, sculpture, or architecture. He is possessed by the joy of existence, the daily aspect of human life, the beauty of the hills, the splendor or loveliness of morning and evening, the costume of peasants, the poetry of local traditions, the bits of song, the fragrance of flowers, the foliage of trees. He catches the invisible aroma of existence, and is so enchanted with that as to be almost unaware of more ambitious or demonstrative wonders. In his calmer moments he reveals a delicate sensibility to every form of productiveness in art, but when made the subject of strong impressions an inordinate sensibility seems to have overmastered his power of reflection, and drawn him away. It is worthy of note that in giving an account of Goethe, in the *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, he quotes Hauff, Börne, Gleim, Menzel, Heine, Niebuhr, Jean Paul, Carlyle; thus presenting different views of the man instead of giving his own opinion, as if distrusting his private judgment in a case where personal feeling was strong. Respecting Schiller, for whom he had a less qualified admiration, he cites Menzel. Heine, whom he vehemently disliked, he passes sentence on.

No estimate of Longfellow, either as critic or as poet, can be just that makes small account of his character. He was not man *and* poet, but a poetical man. His verse was a reflection of himself,—of his simplicity, sincerity, gentleness, sweet dignity, and gracious goodness of

heart. To some it seemed shallow because it was translucent. He was without disguise or affectation. He abhorred vagueness and writing for effect. In truth, he was deep of thought, but his thought was so saturated with feeling that its intellectual edge was lost. Yet whoever will take to pieces his most prosaic lines will be aware of the profound reflection which lay beneath them. He was a man of reserve, quiet, meditative, interior, rather reticent than demonstrative; wholly destitute of vanity,—a remarkable trait in any man so attractive, a singular quality in one so flattered and adored. He was the soul of honor and of kindness, with a patience unweariable and a charity that could not be exhausted. "Who will be kind to them, if I am not?" was his reply to a remonstrance against his ductility under the pressure of bores. What he said of Heine never could be said of him: "With all his various powers, he wanted one great power,—the power of truth. He wanted, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavor, the aspiration after an ideal standard that is higher than himself."

One who was Longfellow's friend for many years, who knew him as intimately as any, and who was as little as any liable to be imposed on by a great reputation, has said, "But beautiful and ample as the expression of himself was, it fell short of the truth. The man was more and better than the poet." He was such a man that London working-men thought it an honor to kiss his hand. An immortality like this the most illustrious might envy; an immortality, if it may not be more properly called a universality, which is immortal too, for the sentiments which are common to humanity are the least likely to die. The few in this generation are questioning and becoming skeptical, but the many are still growing towards a faith tender and trusting as his was, and the doubting, denying few are happy



when they feel at home in the bosom of their kind.

A poetical atmosphere, an aroma, hung about him as about no other of our poets. Among strangers and foreigners this was of course due in great measure to the sentiment of his verse. Among his countrymen it arose from various causes. His abstinence from public life gave him an air of seclusion: men did not think of him in their hours of political or commercial rivalry; when they read their paper, discussed party candidates, or smoked at the club. He was associated with the old Craigie house; with memories of the early years of the republic; with the picturesque epoch of our national existence; with the dawn of democratic institutions; with the flushing hope which reddened the sky when the young nation committed itself so cordially to the faith in man, before the arising of those agitating questions in philosophy and social ethics which divide parties in these days. His residence at Cambridge, the oldest seat of American learning, linked his name with those of other men well known in the world of literature; thus he stood aloof, in calm retirement, as Bryant, for example, did not, and came in no bruising collisions with his fellow-men. His very sorrows idealized him, making him seem touchingly human, and in a peculiar way calling up thoughts of the divine compassion with mortal helplessness and blamelessness. His name was seldom spoken except in connection with charity and good-will. The

academic honors which were heaped upon him he bore so meekly that some forgot he ever had them, so little impression did any mark of distinction make on him, or on others through him. He valued them as recognitions, not as authentications or certificates. He was simply Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. If that be true which an English sonneteer, writing in memory of him, has said, calling Longfellow

"The bard whose sweet songs, more than aught beside,  
Have bound two worlds together,"

it is true purely by force of that humanity which unites together the family of mankind. When they heard of his failing health, how many recalled the lines which he put into the mouth of Walter the Minnesinger, of the Golden Legend!—

"Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,  
Like a black shadow, would fall across  
The hearts of all, if he should die!  
His gracious presence upon earth  
Was as a fire upon a hearth;  
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,  
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue  
Strengthened our hearts, or, heard at night,  
Made all our slumbers soft and light."

And when he died the sorrow of the greatest and of the least was equally sincere, but the grief of the little ones will be deep and lasting for the poet who gave voice to their fears and their hopes. Let our consolation be that he sang as he did, with so full-breasted an expression, and that in what he left unexpressed he deepened the mystery that surrounds us all.

*O. B. Frothingham.*

## THE RAPID PROGRESS OF COMMUNISM.

"Omnia aliundo: omnia alio."

HISTORIANS and ethnologists give us the assurance that in some former days property was held in common; and

the distribution of the products of the soil and of the forest was made under social rules or customs, of which there are no counterparts to-day in what are



called civilized countries. Herds of cattle constituted the principal wealth.

At a later period, the distribution of the same products was made under certain communistic conditions as to property; but the proportion gained by each person in the community was fixed according to his status. Contracts were made, it is true, but nothing in the nature of the modern system of contract, affecting labor as well as commodities, was generally known.

The protective or paternal system gave the only assurance of a sufficiency of food, shelter, and clothing to those who were members of a community in which property may indeed have been held in common; it does not, however, appear that there was any greater equality in the enjoyment of the means of subsistence or in the conditions of shelter than there is now, even though the land was wholly or in part common property.

Now the essential point conducive to general prosperity is that a communistic system shall apply to the distribution of the products of each season or year; and by communistic system is intended a system in which the enjoyment of the means of subsistence tends constantly to equality and sufficiency. This is the aim of modern progress, and the tendency of modern communism.

If community of property fails to bring about communism in subsistence, it is of little avail, and hardly merits consideration; the world is always within less than one year of starvation, and hunger cannot wait.

It does not appear that under the ancient system there was anything approaching equality of conditions between different communes, comparing one with another; but different districts in which property was held in common were nevertheless subjected to famine and pestilence, which desolated one section while another enjoyed abundance.

The great communists of recent times

have taken little cognizance of places, but have aimed at a universal distribution and enjoyment of the products of different places, whether on one continent or the other.

Many causes have led to the great change of method under which common distribution is now being made, by which greater abundance and prosperity are assured to the masses of the people; and many applications of science have led to the possibility of the modern communistic system. Among these beneficent inventions there has been no other more effective instrument for abating oppression and for promoting justice among men than that of gunpowder. Prior to this, spoliation and slavery were the rule, an equitable division of wealth measured by service the exception: aristocracies and tyrants, under various names and orders, compelled service without rendering an equivalent. Without gunpowder even the Reformation would have been impossible, and the true democracy of Christianity could never have asserted its power. The use of gunpowder made the weak equal to the strong. It destroyed the power of the seigneur, and the superiority of armor and of the sword; it therefore completely altered the conditions of society, and made a true democracy possible. On the other hand, its application to mining made coal and iron abundant, and they prepared the way for modern industry.

But even for a very long time after great changes had happened in the institutions of society, which were brought about by the two discoveries of printing and of gunpowder, the general conditions of life remained very arduous, and great masses of the people compassed the barest subsistence or suffered want, both in Europe and in America.

Presently the great communists of the last one hundred years began their useful work. The list is a long one, and the record would require volumes in place of pages. If one who had leisure



could write the chapters of which these few memoranda may be considered the preface, a true history of progress in the common enjoyment of a better subsistence might be presented. These chapters would consist of the record of how a few of the great fortunes which have been amassed by the modern methods of banking, of commerce, and of manufactures have been accumulated; the great fortunes themselves being a measure — to be sure, an insufficient one — of the services rendered by those who acquired them. To state how these men have brought about a community of subsistence, which is the material point on which prosperity depends, would be only to recite the application of science to the useful arts.

It would not be worth while to repeat the biography of Watt, and of those who preceded him, by whom steam was first substituted as a motive power. We may, however, measure the great fortune which Arkwright acquired. To him has been attributed one of the two original inventions which have been made in the art of cotton-spinning, the other being the saw-gin of Eli Whitney. In every other respect this art is prehistoric, and every machine now in use, however complex it may be, is but an evolution from a prehistoric type. To Arkwright is to be attributed the original application of an invention alleged to have been made by another, but used by him for evenly extending the strand of cotton in the several processes which precede or accompany its twisting into yarn or thread.

After Arkwright came Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom; and by their joint inventions, perfected as they have been, both in Europe and in America, by men who have also accumulated great fortunes, the common enjoyment of sufficient clothing has been brought into effect, so that in this country, at least, no one except the willfully idle or the absolutely vicious need be without a supply which will suffice for comfort.

The work done by these men can be gauged in some measure by comparing the productive capacity of women who still make cotton fabrics by hand, in the mountains of the Carolinas and Georgia, of Kentucky and Virginia, with that of other women who attend spindles and looms, in New England.

In the Atlanta Exposition there were several of these spinsters and weavers who had been accustomed to the work from their early childhood; and the measure of their labor, represented in coarse cotton cloth, proved to be just the hundredth part of what their Northern sisters, working at the same time but under more favorable conditions in New England, are capable of accomplishing.

It takes one hundred and sixty thousand men, women, and children to make the cotton cloth the use of which is now enjoyed by the people of the United States, who are the best clothed people in the world. If those who do this work were obliged to employ machinery no more effective than the spinning-wheel and the hand-loom, it would require sixteen million persons, continuously employed ten hours a day, to do the necessary work.

The data are not so easily obtained respecting homespun fabrics of wool; but to the great inventors who have applied science to this art may be attributed the advance made toward communism in the abundance of woollen fabrics, in the same manner that we have described regarding cotton.

Passing to another phase of modern communism, without going back to the original inventors who accumulated such vast fortunes in the early processes of manufacturing iron, we may name the great communist of England of the present day, Sir Henry Bessemer; and we may couple with his name that of the great communist of the United States, Cornelius Vanderbilt. The one made the permanent way possible on which food and fuel could be carried in vast



quantities without friction or loss; and the other laid or consolidated the permanent ways in this country, by which alone has the vast abundance of our great Western prairies been distributed over this and other lands.

Neither Bessemer nor Vanderbilt could, however, have accomplished the great purposes for which they have lived, had they not been preceded by two great communists, named George Stephenson and Sir Edward Cunard. The former overcame the obstructions of time and distance upon the land, and the latter upon the sea.

With these four have been joined other men, of whom McCormick may be named as an exemplar, — the men who substituted mechanism for muscle, and, while relieving farm life of half its hardship, made many grains of wheat grow where single blades of grass had wasted before; and through whose work vast numbers of people have been fed who else had suffered hunger.

Five greater levelers; five more potent breakers of the images which men have set up in their minds in the past days as the representatives of divine rights; five more beneficent persons, whatever their own conception of their function in life may have been, can hardly be named in all history. They have broken down, or will break down, class distinctions, which mark only a difference of condition rather than any real difference among men; they will cause the idle representatives of the privileged classes to serve a useful purpose in the world, or else take themselves out of the way; they are abating the vested wrongs of ages; they are removing the conditions under which it will hereafter be impossible to collect rent for land which does not mark service rendered; and in the end they may make even the distribution of honor as well as of wealth depend upon service, rather than upon name or heritage.

These men have been, or are, the

greatest democrats of their time, and it is possible that they will make kings and princes, lords and barons, as great anachronisms, and prove them to be as much out of place in Europe, as they would be in this country, where it is impossible, without a derisive smile, to conceive of their existence.

If the first Napoleon lived in this country at this time, the only scope which he could find for his ambition and ability would be in the management of a great railroad line, or in applying gunpowder to use in mining coal and iron, instead of wasting it in war.

And now are coming in a new class of communists, whose names are not yet so well known, but soon will be, — Siemens, Jablockhoff, Brush, and Edison, — who will, following the lead of Faraday and other theorists, again destroy vast amounts of property, previously accumulated with great labor, by rendering it out of date and out of place; and who will substitute their own great fortunes for those by the waste of which progress is marked, — waste, we mean, in the sense of becoming useless. These new inventors are those who are applying electricity, and bringing it into subjection to the use of men.

There seems to be a great force or energy, as little comprehended as gravitation; not like gravitation, however, working always vertically, or toward the centre of things, but wandering around loose, until it is tied to a wire, by which it can be carried in any direction, and made to do almost any kind of work. By injecting a few jets of steam over some burning anthracite, and admitting a little air, a great number of gases can be combined to produce heat in a gas engine, at an alleged cost of ten to fifteen cents per thousand cubic feet; and the gas engine, even on a small scale, will give about one horsepower per hour for each pound of coal used. The power of that engine may then be applied to a machine working



like a great rotary force-pump, but which, instead of pumping water, pumps something named electricity,—this wandering force which we have so lately tied to a wire. By then interposing a few obstacles in the way of that force, we convert it into light or into power, by means of which we can run our spinning machinery, our looms, our sewing-machines; we can turn the spit or chop the meat; or we can run the plow and do a large portion of our farm work. All this is being done, and the same “gas fuel,” as it is called, also heats the dwelling, cooks the dinner, and in the tailor’s shop makes the goose not only fit to do its work, but serve as a stove at the same time. Moreover, by electricity we can move cars on elevated railway tracks; we can send messages; and although we have not yet found out how to send pictures of ourselves to our friends, a few hundred miles away, over the wire, as we can convey the tones of our voice, yet the time when this will be accomplished is perhaps not far off.

This force will be one of the greatest agents in communism ever yet applied. The power of steam is limited to certain places: hence is come the concentration of great numbers of working people in high factories on narrow streets; and the necessity of living near their work has limited the people to dwelling in alleys and slums, under bad conditions. But now that we may dump the coal and make the gas on the margin of the sea or of any navigable river, and may carry the heat, the power, and the light, or give the directions for the work, many miles away, while we may pass rapidly to and fro, in the conduct of our business, upon an elevated railway track, the area of the cities will be greatly enlarged. The upper stories of our high and dangerous manufacturing buildings in the cities will be vacated; broad one or two story factory buildings will be erected in the suburbs (if in Boston, out in that part of the city

where the fox, the mink and the muskrat are now the only dwellers). People will be housed on half-acre lots, in their own dwellings,—each a home by itself; and by the practice of this rediscovered method of saving green crops in pits, of which Tacitus makes the first record in history (by him called *ensirage*, by us called *ensilage*), two cows may be kept on half an acre, and each household may have its own little dairy, with the centrifugal creamer and churn operated with a part of the electricity sent from the sea-board, and let on by a turn of one tap, while the dinner may be cooked by the turn of another. “Heat, Light, and Power on Tap, and served to Order,” is the notice now given.

In this manner, again, the future communism in easy and well-earned subsistence will be assured by the work of the men of to-day, who are accumulating other great fortunes in establishing electric and gas fuel companies throughout the land.

What may be the end it is difficult to foresee; but perhaps the prophecy of a millennium made by those who preach what is called “the potato gospel” may become as certain as that foreshadowed in the spiritual gospel,—the time when a fair subsistence will be so well assured by the practice of integrity and the exertion of a moderate degree of industry that it will no longer pay to be rich.

It will be observed that the temporary accumulation of capital in the hands of rich men is a matter of small moment in retarding its consumption by the great masses of the common people. There is no such thing as fixed capital. Everything is perishable, and the greatest progress is worked by destructive inventions, which render old forms of buildings and machinery of little or no value. In the mean time, those who have possessed them have consumed only their own subsistence and that of their families; the rest has been used in the service of the common people.



In fact, all capital circulates with more or less speed, and its method of work may be compared in some measure to the electric light, which is accomplished by a retardation of the current. The power of electricity is exerted only by means of an obstruction to its course. In like manner, the circulation of capital is slightly retarded while it is in the possession of a capitalist, and he is thereby enabled to exert a power greater than other men in the general service.

But there are other methods by means of which wealth is distributed. It is an old saying that "it usually takes but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves." This was true in olden time in this country. Wealth seldom stayed in one family more than three generations. In these later days it may stay a little longer, because we have in some measure provided better for the education of the sons of rich men than we did formerly, and have in greater degree removed their disabilities, and rendered them capable of making such use of the property devised to them as may enable them to keep it. The power of rich men to impose riches upon their descendants beyond their grandchildren has been taken away by law; and it may happen, as the dangers of inflicting the disabilities of wealth upon grandchildren become better understood, that the law will forbid wills which place it out of the power of the parents of the child to divert bequests which are so often only a misfortune.

The protection of spendthrifts by deeds of trust may presently be declared, as the lawyers say, *contra bonos mores*. When this is accomplished the circulation of capital can no longer be retarded in the hands of one who can neither give any light nor do any work, but who

is only a burden to himself and a bore to his friends, if he has any.

But there is another measure of communism which we have not yet considered. There is one form of fixed capital which has been steadily increasing for all time, but which has accumulated more rapidly during the last century than ever before. It is the only kind of capital which has any stability, and the only kind that is of any permanent use in the world. It becomes in a very short time the common property of all, and is therefore one of the most substantial examples of communism which can be cited.

This capital consists in the inventions and discoveries in applied science,—the immaterial capital of the world. The representatives of this work, without whom those who are known as great capitalists would be powerless, are the theorists in science; the men who, having combined the results of observation, first indulge in bold hypotheses, then venture upon experiments, and lastly construct true theories, in accordance with which practical men work out the applications of science to art and industry.

These men are the great instruments for promoting the common good of humanity; and they, together with those who level the ways and remove the material obstructions to commerce by carrying the rails over mountain sides, through tunnels, and across the great plains, or who send ships across the sea, "weaving the web of concord among nations," are the chosen prophets, the elect among men, who are surely bringing about the solidarity of nations, rendering subsistence easy and certain, and bringing to the people of all lands the common enjoyment of the gifts of the Creator.

Edward Atkinson.



## CHARLES DARWIN.

TO-DAY, while all that was mortal of Charles Darwin is borne to its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Sir Isaac Newton, it seems a fitting occasion to utter a few words of tribute to the memory of the beautiful and glorious life that has just passed away from us. Though Mr. Darwin had more than completed his threescore and ten years, and though his life had been rich in achievement and crowned with success such as is but seldom vouchsafed to man, yet the news of his death has none the less impressed us with a sense of sudden and premature bereavement. For on the one hand the time would never have come when those of us who had learned the inestimable worth of such a teacher and friend could have felt ready to part with him; and on the other hand Mr. Darwin was one whom the gods, for love of him, had endowed with perpetual youth, so that his death could never seem otherwise than premature. As Mr. Galton has well said, the period of physical youth — say from the fifteenth to the twenty-second year — is, with most men, the only available period for acquiring the intellectual habits and amassing the stores of knowledge that are to form their equipment for the work of a life-time; but in the case of men of the highest order this period is simply a period of seven years, neither more nor less valuable than any other seven years. There is, now and then, a mind — perhaps one in four or five millions — which in early youth thinks the thoughts of mature manhood, and which in old age retains the flexibility, the receptiveness, the keen appetite for new impressions, that are characteristic of the fresh season of youth. Such a mind as this was Mr. Darwin's. To the last he was eager for new facts and suggestions, to the last he held his judgments

in readiness for revision; and to this un-failing freshness of spirit was joined a sagacity which, naturally great, had been refined and strengthened by half a century most fruitful in experiences, till it had come to be almost superhuman. When we remember how Alexander von Humboldt began at the age of seventy-five to write his *Kosmos*, and how he lived to turn off in his ninetieth year the fifth bulky volume of that prodigiously learned book, — when we remember this, and consider the great scientific value of the monographs which Mr. Darwin has lately been publishing almost every year, we must feel that it is in a measure right to speak of his death as premature.

After all, however, no one can fail to recognize in the career of Mr. Darwin the interest that belongs to a complete and well-rounded tale. When the extent of his work is properly estimated, it is not too much to say that among all the great leaders of human thought that have ever lived there are not half a dozen who have achieved so much as he. In an age that has been richer than any preceding age in great scientific names, his name is indisputably the foremost. He has already found his place in the history of science by the side of Aristotle, Descartes, and Newton. And among thinkers of the first order of originality, he has been peculiarly fortunate in having lived to see all the fresh and powerful minds of a new generation adopting his fundamental conceptions, and pursuing their inquiries along the path which he was the first to break.

When Mr. Darwin was born, in 1809, the name which he inherited was already a famous name. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the friend of Priestley and Watt, and author of the *Botanic Garden*, was de-



servedly ranked among the most ingenious and original thinkers of the eighteenth century in England. His brother, Robert Waring Darwin, was the author of a work on botany which for many years enjoyed high repute. Of the sons of Erasmus, one, Sir Francis Darwin, was noted as a keen observer of animals; another, Charles, who died at the age of twenty-one from a dissection wound, had already written a medical essay of such importance as to give his name a place in biographical dictionaries; a third, Robert Waring, who achieved great distinction as a physician, married a daughter of the celebrated Josiah Wedgwood, and became the father of the immortal discoverer who has just been taken away from us. While citing these remarkable instances of inherited ability, it may be of interest to mention also that among the cousins of Mr. Darwin who have become more or less distinguished in our own time are Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, the philologist, the late Sir Henry Holland, and Mr. Francis Galton, whose excellent treatise on Hereditary Genius is known to every one. Nor can it be irrelevant to add that one of Mr. Darwin's sons has already, through his study of the tides, achieved some remarkable results, which seem likely to give him a high place among the astronomers of the present day.

There is one thing which a man of original scientific or philosophical genius in a rightly ordered world should never be called upon to do. He should never be called upon to "earn a living;" for that is a wretched waste of energy, in which the highest intellectual power is sure to suffer serious detriment, and runs the risk of being frittered away into hopeless ruin. Like his great predecessor and ally, Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Darwin was so favored by fortune as to be free from this odious necessity. He was able to devote his whole life with a single mind to the pursuit of

scientific truth, and to ministering in the most exalted way to the welfare of his fellow-creatures. After taking his Master's degree at Cambridge in 1831, at the age of twenty-two, an opportunity was offered Mr. Darwin for studying natural history on a grand scale. The *Beagle*, a ten-gun brig under the command of Captain Fitzroy, was then about to start on a long voyage, "to complete the survey of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, . . . to survey the shores of Chili, Peru, and of some islands in the Pacific, and to carry a chain of chronometrical measurements round the world." As Captain Fitzroy had expressed a wish to have a naturalist accompany the expedition, Mr. Darwin volunteered his services, which the Lords of the Admiralty readily accepted, — a fact which in itself is sufficient evidence of the reputation for scientific attainments which Mr. Darwin had already gained at that youthful age. This memorable voyage, which lasted five years, was very fruitful in results. The general history of the voyage, with an account of such observations in natural history as seemed likely to interest the ordinary reader, is to be found in the *Journal of Researches* published by Mr. Darwin some three years after his return to England. This book immediately acquired a great popularity, which it has retained to this day, having gone through at least thirteen editions; and it is certainly one of the most fascinating books of travel that was ever written. "The author," said the *Quarterly Review*, in December, 1839, "is a first-rate landscape painter with the pen, and the dreariest solitudes are made to teem with interest." An abridgment of this charming journal, lately published with illustrations, under the title *What Mr. Darwin saw in his Voyage round the World*, has become a favorite book for boys and girls.

The scientific results of Mr. Darwin's voyage in the *Beagle* were so volumi-



nous that it required several years and the assistance of many able hands to record them all. Owen, Hooker, Waterhouse, Berkeley, Bell, and other eminent naturalists took part in the publication of these results, which formed a very important contribution to the zoölogy and botany, and to the palæontology, of the countries visited in the course of the voyage. To this great series of volumes, which appeared between 1840 and 1846, Mr. Darwin contributed three from his own hand, — the work on Volcanic Islands, the Geological Observations on South America, and the famous essay on Coral Reefs. In this latter work Mr. Darwin proved that through gradual submergence fringing-reefs are developed into barrier-reefs, and these again into atolls or lagoon-islands; and thus he not only for the first time rendered comprehensible the work of coral-building, but threw a new and wonderful light upon the movements of elevation and of subsidence in all parts of the globe. By thus bringing the work of the corals into its direct relationship with volcanic phenomena, Mr. Darwin succeeded in presenting “a grand and harmonious picture of the movements which the crust of the earth has undergone within a late period;” and the result was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant contributions to geology that has been made since the first publication of the great work of Sir Charles Lyell. In 1851–53 Mr. Darwin published a *Monograph of the Cirripedia*, in two volumes octavo, and accompanied this about the same time, with monographs of the various fossil genera of cirripeds (or barnacle family) in Great Britain. In recognition of his solid and brilliant achievements, Mr. Darwin in 1853 received the royal medal from the Royal Society, and in 1859 the Wollaston medal from the Geological Society. By this time his name had come to be known in all parts of the civilized world, and he was already

ranked among the foremost living naturalists, so that when, in the year 1859, the *Origin of Species* was published, it at once attracted universal attention by reason of the eminence of its author. I well remember how, in the first few weeks after the book was published, every one at all instructed in the biological sciences was eager to ascertain the views of so distinguished a naturalist with regard to a question which for several years had agitated the scientific world.

Like the great works which had preceded it, the *Origin of Species* must be regarded as one of the results of the ever memorable voyage of the *Beagle*. In the course of this voyage Mr. Darwin visited the Galapagos Islands, and was struck by the peculiar relations which the floras and faunas of this archipelago sustained to one another, and to the flora and fauna of the nearest mainland of Ecuador, distant some five hundred miles. These islands are purely volcanic in formation, and have never at any time been joined to the South American continent. They possess no batrachians and no mammals, save a mouse, which was no doubt introduced by some ship. The only insects are coleoptera, which possess peculiar facilities for transportation across salt water upon floating logs or branches; and along with these are two or three species of land shells. There are also two snakes, one land tortoise, and four kinds of lizard; and in striking contrast with all this general extreme paucity of animal forms, there are at least fifty-five species of birds. Now these insects, mollusks, reptiles, and birds are like the insects, mollusks, reptiles, and birds of the western coast of South America, and not like the corresponding animals in other parts of the world. But this is not all; for the Galapagos animals, while very like the animals of Ecuador, Peru, and Chili, are not quite like them. While the families are identical, the



differences are always at least specific, sometimes generic, in value. Precisely the same sort of relationship is sustained by the Galapagos flora toward the flora of the mainland. And, to crown all, the differences between forms that are generic when the archipelago as a whole is compared with the continent sink into specific differences when the several islands of the archipelago are compared with one another. Such a group of facts as these leads irresistibly to the conclusion that the specific forms of plants and animals have been originated, not by "special creations," but by "descent with modifications." If species have been separately created, there is of course no reason why the population of such an archipelago should be strictly limited to such organisms as can fly or get floated across the water; nor is there any reason why these organisms should resemble those of the nearest mainland rather than those of any other tropical mainland, such as Africa or India. One might indeed object that organisms have been created in such wise as most completely to harmonize with the physical conditions by which they are surrounded, and that it is to be presumed that the physical conditions of the Galapagos Islands are more like those of Ecuador and Peru than they are like those of any other countries; so that in this way the general similarity between the floras and faunas may be accounted for. But such an explanation is very weak, for it rests upon an assumption which has been proved to be untrue. It is not always true that the organisms in any given part of the world are such as harmonize best with the physical conditions by which they are surrounded. It is approximately true only where the competition among organisms is practically unlimited; in protected areas it is not at all true. In Australia and New Zealand, for example, the plants and animals which have been introduced by Europeans are exterminating and sup-

planting the native plants and animals quite as rapidly as the Englishman is supplanting the native human population of these countries. And to state this fact is only to say, in other words, that the plants and animals of Europe are better adapted to the physical conditions which prevail in Australia and New Zealand than the plants and animals which are indigenous there. A comprehensive survey of the distribution of life all over the globe confirms this conclusion, and shows that by no assumption of a special act of creation can the peculiar features of the Galapagos flora and fauna be explained. The only way in which to account for these features is to suppose that the archipelago has been peopled by migrations from the nearest mainland. This explains why the creatures there are most like the creatures of Ecuador and Peru, and it also explains why the only indigenous animals to be found there are such as could have flown or been blown thither, or such as could have been ferried thither on floating vegetation.

But if all this be true — and to-day no competent naturalist doubts it — a conclusion of vast importance immediately follows. If the Galapagos plants and animals are descended from ancestors that migrated thither from the continent, they have been modified during ages of residence in the islands, until they have come to differ specifically, and in many cases generically, from their collateral relations on the mainland. And this amounts to saying that species are not fixed, but mutable, — that every distinct form of plant and animal was not originally created with its present attributes, but that some forms have arisen from the modification of ancestral forms.

In this way, from the study of the inhabitants of a single well-defined area, Mr. Darwin was led into a series of most grand and startling considerations relating to the past history of life upon



our globe. The conclusions thus succinctly stated were amply confirmed by a survey of the distribution of organisms all over the earth, and thus was inaugurated the study of zoölogical and botanical geography, — a study which in half a century has reached such magnificent proportions in the great works of Hooker and Wallace, and which owes its wonderful progress mainly to the sagacious impulse communicated at the outset by Mr. Darwin. It has now become well established that in very few cases, if any, have animals and plants originated exactly in the places where we now find them, but that they are almost always the offspring of immigrants; and the study of the ancient migrations of the progenitors of living plants and animals has begun to throw a flood of light upon the history of the changes that have taken place in the physical geography of the earth.

The conception of the origin of species through "descent with modifications" having been thus forcibly suggested to Mr. Darwin by the facts of geographical distribution, it was still further strengthened by a study of the geological succession of extinct organisms and their relations to living organisms in the same areas. Such broad facts as the successive appearance of various sloth-like and armadillo-like animals in South America, or of various marsupials and monotremes in Australia, forcibly suggest the descent of the later forms from the earlier ones that lived in the same countries. Of like import is the general fact that in the course of geological succession any given organism is sure to be intermediate in character between those that have preceded and those that have followed it. But still more powerfully suggestive even than this is the fact that, in proportion as we go back in geologic time, we find the characteristics of plants and animals to be less and less distinctly specialized: so that, for example, in the Eocene pe-

riod, instead of horses and tapirs such as now exist we find an animal something like a tapir and something like a horse; and instead of leopards and wolves and bears we find carnivorous animals, not specialized as of feline or canine or ursine family, but with some points of resemblance to all three, and with some points like opossums and wombats into the bargain. In conformity with this general principle, the arrangement of organisms according to their succession in geologic time would be like the branches and branchlets of a tree, which is the typical form of arrangement where the link that connects the facts arranged is the link of parentage.

But just here the facts of geological succession are reinforced, with truly overwhelming conclusiveness, by the great facts of classification in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This branching tree-like arrangement, which alone correctly represents the relationships of organisms in their geological succession, is at the same time the only possible arrangement by which the likenesses and affinities among existing organisms can be represented with anything like an approach to correctness. The facts of palæontology exactly dovetail in with those of taxonomy, and serve to elucidate and emphasize them. Many eminent naturalists before Cuvier attempted to classify all animals in a linear series, but Cuvier proved once for all that no such arrangement is possible. The only feasible arrangement is that of groups within groups, diverging like the branches and twigs of what we aptly term a "family-tree;" and this fact not only strongly suggests the theory of "descent with modifications," but is indeed utterly incompatible with any other theory.

Further powerful evidence in favor of the same view is furnished by countless familiar facts of morphology and embryology. On the theory of "de-



scent with modifications," it is intelligible that all the classes and orders of the vertebrate sub-kingdom, for example, should be constructed on exactly the same fundamental plan, — that the arms of men, the fore-legs of quadrupeds, the paddles of cetacea, the wings of birds, and the pectoral fins of fishes should be structurally identical with one another. It is intelligible that a horse's hoof should be, as it is, made up of toes that have grown together. It is intelligible that every mammalian embryo should begin, as it does, to develop as if it were going to become a fish, circulating its blood through gills and a two-chambered heart, and then, changing its course, should behave as if it were going to become a reptile or bird, and only after long delay should assume the distinctive characteristics of mammality. It is intelligible that many snakes should possess beneath their skin the rudiments of limbs; that sundry insects, which never fly, should have wings firmly fastened down to their sides; and that the embryos of many birds, while developing in the egg, should grow temporary teeth within their little beaks. But it is only on the theory of "descent with modifications" that such facts, which are in no wise exceptional, but common throughout the entire animal kingdom, have any meaning whatever.

Many of these facts had been noticed by eminent naturalists before Mr. Darwin, and their incompatibility with any theory of special creations had also been observed; but it was Mr. Darwin who first marshaled them into one mighty argument, of which the cumulative result was that the phenomena of the organic world are unintelligible from beginning to end save on the theory of "descent with modifications." Had Mr. Darwin done nothing but this, it would have given him a peculiar right to associate his name with the development theory, it would have established that theory on a basis of "convincing proba-

bility," and it would have entitled him to a high place in the history of scientific thought in the nineteenth century. But Mr. Darwin did not stop here. Convinced by such considerations as those just presented that the specific characters of plants and animals are not constant, but variable, he sought for some grand all-pervading *cause of variation* in organisms, and his search was crowned with success. This was the achievement which in his hands raised the development theory from the rank of a brilliant philosophical speculation into the rank of an irrefragable scientific discovery. This was the achievement which gave to mankind a new implement of research and a new insight into the workings of Nature, and it was this which justifies us in placing Mr. Darwin's name beside those of Newton and Descartes.

The method by which Mr. Darwin succeeded in discovering the cause of variation in organisms was the thoroughly scientific method of advancing tentatively from the known to the unknown. Are there any instances in which the forms of plants and animals have actually been seen to vary, and, if there are, what seems to have been the principal cause of variation in these instances? The answer is not far to seek. The instances are very numerous indeed in which variations — and very marked ones, too — have been wrought in the characteristics of plants and animals through the agency of man. The phenomena of variation presented by animals and plants under domestication are so numerous and so complex that it would require many volumes to describe them. Dogs, horses, pigs, cattle, sheep, rabbits, pigeons, poultry, silkmoths, cereal and culinary plants, fruits and flowers innumerable, have been reared and bred by man for many long ages, — some of them from time immemorial. These domesticated organisms man has caused to vary, in one direc-



tion or another, to suit his natural or artificial needs, or even the mere whim of his fancy. The variations, moreover, which have thus been produced have been neither slight nor unimportant, and have been by no means confined to superficial characteristics. Compare the thorough-bred race-horse with the gigantic London dray-horse on the one hand, and the Shetland pony on the other; or, among pigeons, contrast the pouter with the fan-tail, the barb, the short-faced tumbler, or the jacobin, all of which are historically known to have descended from one and the same ancestral form. The differences extend throughout the whole bony framework as well as throughout the muscular and nervous systems, and exceed in amount the differences by which naturalists often adjudge species to be distinct. Through what agency has man produced such results as these? He has produced them simply by taking advantage of a slight tendency to variation which exists perpetually in all plants and animals, and which exhibits itself in the simple fact that nowhere do we ever find any two individuals exactly alike. Taking advantage of these individual variations, the breeder simply *selects* the individuals which best suit his purpose, and breeds them apart by themselves. The qualities for which they are selected are propagated and enhanced through inheritance and renewed selection in each succeeding generation, until by the slow accumulation of small differences a new race is formed. And thus we have peaches and almonds from a common source, grapes to eat and grapes to make wine of, pointer-dogs and mastiffs, and so on throughout the list of cultivated plants and domesticated animals.

These facts about variation under domestication are for the most part well known, and the alleged cause of variation, in selection by man, is not an occult cause, but is a phenomenon perfectly familiar to every one. Starting

from this point, Mr. Darwin made a very elaborate study of all that farmers, horticulturists, and breeders could impart concerning "artificial selection;" and more especially with regard to pigeons his own observations were so extensive and minute that, when the *Origin of Species* was published, I recollect reading one silly review, in which we were gravely informed that here was a new theory of development, — not by a naturalist, but by a mere pigeon-fancier, and probably worthy of very little consideration!

Such being the wonders which man has wrought within a comparatively short time through "artificial selection" in the breeding of animals and plants, the question next arises whether any selective process like this has been going on through countless ages without the intervention of man. Can it be that there is a "natural selection" of individual variations, whereby new species are produced in just the same way that breeders produce new races of pigeons? There is such a "natural selection" forever going on as one of the inseparable concomitants of organic life; and it was just in the detection of this great truth that the very kernel of Mr. Darwin's stupendous discovery consisted. It was here that the poetic or creative act of genius came into play, just as it did in Newton's discovery, when the fall of the moon was likened to the fall of the apple, and the tangential force of the moon to the tangential force of a stone whirled at the end of a string. The case is simple enough, when creative genius has once explained it. So great is the destruction of organic life that out of hundreds of seeds, or spawn, or ova but one or two ever live to come to maturity and reproduce themselves in offspring. Such is the result of the universal and unrelenting competition between organisms for the means of subsistence. Any creature that lives to reproduce its kind is selected from out of a thousand that



perish prematurely, and its selection is evidence of its better adaptation to the conditions amid which it is placed. And so stern and so ubiquitous is the competition that there is no individual variation, however slight or apparently trivial, that is not liable to be seized upon and enhanced if it tend in any way to promote the survival of the species. Thus it is natural selection that at every moment preserves the stability of a species, and keeps it in harmony with its environment, by cutting off all individual variations that oscillate too far on either side of a prescribed mean. The stability of a species depends, therefore, upon the stability of the environment; and the only condition under which a species could remain unchanged would be that it should remain forever exposed to the action of changeless groups of circumstances. But this has never been the case with any species, and never will be. The habitable surface of the earth has been perpetually changing for a hundred million years, and the relations between the countless groups of organisms that have covered its surface have been perpetually changing in endless degrees of complexity; and in such a world, under the working of natural selection, there can be no such thing as "fixity of species."

Having arrived at these grand conclusions, it became comparatively easy for Mr. Darwin to go on and trace the workings of natural selection in many special instances. In these inquiries, upon which he brought to bear a knowledge of the details of organic life more vast and multifarious than has ever been possessed by any other man, he occupied nearly a quarter of a century before it seemed to him that the time had come for making his discovery known to the world. In 1844, he wrote out a brief sketch of the conclusions which, as he modestly says, "then seemed to me probable;" and this sketch he showed to his friend Hooker, perhaps

also to Lyell. But fifteen years more, rich in observation and reflection, passed away, and still the world had heard nothing about the origin of species by means of natural selection. How much longer this silence might have lasted, had not an unforeseen circumstance come in to break it, one cannot say. But no doubt it would have lasted some time longer, for Mr. Darwin did not wish to publish his conclusions until he had given due attention to every fact and every argument which might in any way bear upon them; and it is quite evident that when he wrote the *Origin of Species* he did not realize either the wonderful maturity which his argument had attained, or the overwhelming cogency with which he was then actually presenting it to the world. It was very characteristic of Mr. Darwin—into the fibre of whose mind there entered not the smallest shred of egotism or of the pride of knowledge—to make so many allowances for the inevitable incompleteness of his work, when judged by that standard of ideal perfection which he alone among men was able to apply to it, as to have rendered himself incapable for the time being of appreciating its real magnitude. In writing the *Origin of Species*, he regarded the book as merely a preliminary outline of his theory, which would serve to prevent his being forestalled by any one else in the announcement of it, and he made frequent allusions to the larger and more elaborate treatise in which he intended presently to follow up the exposition and to reinforce the argument. When I first met Mr. Darwin in London, in 1873, he told me that he was surprised at the great fame which his book instantly won, and at the quickness with which it carried conviction to the minds of all the men on whose opinions he set the most value. The success of his theory was, indeed, wonderfully rapid and complete. To understand him was to agree with him, and before ten years



more had passed by, so many able men had become expounders and illustrators of the theory of natural selection that — as he told me — it seemed no longer so necessary as it had once seemed for him to write the larger and more elaborate treatise. The learned work on the *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, which appeared in 1868 in two octavo volumes, formed the first installment of this long-projected treatise. The second part was to have treated of the variation of animals and plants through natural selection; and a third part would have dealt at length with the phenomena of morphology, of classification, and of distribution in space and time. But these second and third parts were never published.

I alluded, just now, to the “unforeseen circumstance” which led Mr. Darwin in 1859 to break his long silence, and to write and publish the *Origin of Species*. This circumstance served, no less than the extraordinary success of his book, to show how ripe the minds of men had become for entertaining such views as those which Mr. Darwin propounded. In 1858 Mr. Wallace, who was then engaged in studying the natural history of the Malay Archipelago, sent to Mr. Darwin (as to the man most likely to understand him) a paper, in which he sketched the outlines of a theory identical with that upon which Mr. Darwin had so long been at work. The same sequence of observed facts and inferences that had led Mr. Darwin to the discovery of natural selection and its consequences had led Mr. Wallace to the very threshold of the same discovery; but in Mr. Wallace’s mind the theory had by no means been wrought out to the same degree of completeness to which it had been wrought in the mind of Mr. Darwin. In the preface to his charming book on *Natural Selection*, Mr. Wallace, with rare modesty and candor, acknowledges that, whatever value

his speculations may have had, they have been utterly surpassed in richness and cogency of proof by those of Mr. Darwin. This is no doubt true, and Mr. Wallace has done such good work in further illustration of the theory that he can well afford to rest content with the second place in the first announcement of it.

The coincidence, however, between Mr. Wallace’s conclusions and those of Mr. Darwin was very remarkable. But, after all, coincidences of this sort have not been uncommon in the history of scientific inquiry. Nor is it at all surprising that they should occur now and then, when we remember that a great and pregnant discovery must always be concerned with some question which many of the foremost minds in the world are busy in thinking about. It was so with the discovery of the differential calculus, and again with the discovery of the planet Neptune. It was so with the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and with the establishment of the undulatory theory of light. It was so, to a considerable extent, with the introduction of the new chemistry, with the discovery of the mechanical equivalent of heat, and the whole doctrine of the correlation of forces. It was so with the invention of the electric telegraph and with the discovery of spectrum analysis. And it is not at all strange that it should have been so with the doctrine of the origin of species through natural selection. The belief that all species have originated through derivation from other species, and not through special creation, had been held by part of the scientific world ever since the time of Mr. Darwin’s grandfather, who was one of its earliest and most eminent advocates. Even those naturalists who did not hold this belief can hardly be said to have held any antagonistic belief, inasmuch as the so-called “doctrine of special creations” is not a positive doctrine at



all, but a mere confession of ignorance, and was so regarded by scientific naturalists, such as Owen, for example, before 1859. The truth is that before the publication of the *Origin of Species* there was no opinion whatever current respecting the subject that deserved to be called a scientific hypothesis. That the more complex forms of life must have come into existence through some process of development from simpler forms was no doubt the only sensible and rational view to take of the subject; but in a vague and general opinion of this sort there is nothing that is properly scientific. A scientific hypothesis must connect the phenomena with which it deals by alleging a "true cause;" and before 1859 no one had suggested a "true cause" for the origination of new species, although the problem was one over which every philosophical naturalist had puzzled since the beginning of the century. This explains why Mr. Darwin's success was so rapid and complete, and it also explains why he came so near being anticipated. His long delay, however, in bringing forward his theory had one good result. The work was so thoroughly done that, although Darwinism has now for twenty-three years been one of the chief subjects of popular discussion in all the civilized countries of the world, no one as yet seems to have discovered any argument against the theory of natural selection which Mr. Darwin had not himself already foreseen and considered in the first edition of the *Origin of Species*.

After an interval of twelve years Mr. Darwin followed up the first announcement of his general theory with his treatise on the *Descent of Man*, a book which deals with a subject in one respect even more difficult than the origin of species. In his earlier book Mr. Darwin, with masterly skill, brought together huge masses of facts, and showed their bearings upon a few general prop-

ositions relating to the whole organic world. In the *Descent of Man* the problem was different. Propositions of great generality, such as had been established in the *Origin of Species*, served here as fundamental principles; but they had to be supplemented by a consideration of the enormously complex and heterogeneous circumstances which attended the origination of a particular genus. It is enough to say that in the treatment of this arduous problem Mr. Darwin showed no less acuteness and grasp than had been displayed in his earlier work.

In connection with this problem of the origin of the human race, Mr. Darwin announced the results of his extensive researches into the subject of sexual selection in the animal kingdom. Some time before this, in his treatise on the *Fertilization of Orchids*, published in 1862, he had called attention to the interdependence between the insect world and the world of flowers. Further research in this direction has made it clear that the beautiful colors and sweet odors of flowers are due to selection on the part of insects. The bright colors and delicious perfumes attract insects, who come to sip the nectar, and carry away on their backs the pollen with which to fertilize the next plant they visit. Thus the fairest and sweetest flowers are continually selected to perpetuate their race, and thus have insects and flowering plants been developed in close correlation with one another.

It was Mr. Darwin's good fortune to live long enough to see his theory not only adopted by all competent naturalists, but demonstrated by crucial evidence in the case of one genus. The researches of Professor Marsh into the palæontology of the horse have established beyond question the descent of the genus *equus* from a five-toed mammal not larger than a pig, and somewhat resembling a tapir. All the "missing links" in this case have been found;



and thus the primitive barbaric hypothesis of "special creations" may be said to have disappeared forever from the field of natural history. It has taken its place by the side of the Ptolemaic astronomy and the dreams of the alchemists.

Mr. Darwin's latest books belong to a period in which, having lived to witness the complete success of his great work, he has employed his time in recording the results of his researches on many subsidiary points, of no little interest and importance. The treatises on the Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals, on the Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants, on Insectivorous Plants, on Cross and Self Fertilization, on the Different Forms of Flowers, and on the Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms should be read as models of sound scientific method by every one who cares to learn what scientific method is. They may be counted, too, among the most entertaining books of science that have ever been written; and the points that have been established in them, taken in connection with Mr. Darwin's previous works, make up an aggregate of scientific achievement such as has rarely been equaled.

It is fitting that in the great Abbey, where rest the ashes of England's noblest heroes, the place of the discoverer of natural selection should be near that of Sir Isaac Newton. Since the publication of the immortal Principia, no scientific book has so widened the mental horizon of mankind as the Origin of Species. Mr. Darwin, like Newton, was a very young man when his great discovery suggested itself to him. Like Newton, he waited many years before publishing it to the world. Like Newton, he lived to see it become part and parcel of the mental equipment of all

men of science. The theological objection urged against the Newtonian theory by Leibnitz, that it substituted the action of natural causes for the immediate action of the Deity, was also urged against the Darwinian theory by Agassiz; and the same objection will doubtless continue to be urged against scientific explanations of natural phenomena so long as there are men who fail to comprehend the profoundly theistic and religious truth that the action of natural causes is in itself the immediate action of the Deity. It is interesting, however, to see that, as theologians are no longer frightened by the doctrine of gravitation, so they are already outgrowing their dread of the doctrine of natural selection. On the Sunday following Mr. Darwin's death, Canon Liddon, at St. Paul's Cathedral, and Canons Barry and Prothero, at Westminster Abbey, agreed in referring to the Darwinian theory as "not necessarily hostile to the fundamental truths of religion." The effect of Mr. Darwin's work has been, however, to remodel the theological conceptions of the origin and destiny of man which were current in former times. In this respect it has wrought a revolution as great as that which Copernicus inaugurated and Newton completed, and of very much the same kind. Again has man been rudely unseated from his imaginary throne in the centre of the universe, but only that he may learn to see in the universe and in human life a richer and deeper meaning than he had before suspected. Truly, he who unfolds to us the way in which God works through the world of phenomena may well be called the best of religious teachers. In the study of the organic world, no less than in the study of the starry heavens, is it true that "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

*John Fiske.*



## ALPHONSE DAUDET.

THE French have about many matters a way of feeling that is not ours, and M. Ernest Daudet's little volume<sup>1</sup> illustrates some of these differences. He is the brother of the brilliant author of the *Lettres de mon Moulin*, the *Rois en Exil*, and *Numa Roumestan*, and it has seemed to him natural to celebrate his kinship with so charming a writer in a volume published while the latter is yet in his prime, and in which biography and eulogy, admiration and tenderness, are gracefully blended. In England or in America, an artist's brother would, we think, hold himself less designated than another to discourse to the public about the great man of the family. The artist would be sure to dislike it, and the brother would have an awkward, and possibly morbid, fear of making two honest men ridiculous. But the French have never worshiped at the shrine of reticence, and it is fortunate that there should be a race of people who acquit themselves gracefully of delicate undertakings, and who have on all occasions the courage of their emotion. The French do such things because they *can*; we abstain because we have not that art. M. Ernest Daudet admires his brother as much as he loves him, and as he presumably knows him better than any one else, he may have regarded himself as the ideal biographer. His delightful volume is, to speak grossly, just a trifle too much of a *puff*; but if he was able to settle the matter with Alphonse Daudet (for whom he claims complete irresponsibility), we see no obstacle to his settling it with the public and with his own conscience. Our principal regret is the regret expressed by the subject of the work in a letter from which, in the

preface, the author quotes a passage. M. Alphonse Daudet, who was in Switzerland at the time the chapters of which the present volume is composed were put forth in a periodical, protested against "being treated as people treat only the dead. I am living, and very living," he wrote, "and you make me enter rather too soon into history. I know people who will say that I have got my brother to advertise me." Alphonse Daudet is living, and very living; that is his great attraction. But after all, his too zealous biographer has not killed him. We hold, all the same, that there is little to please us in the growing taste of the age for revelations about the private life of the persons in whose works it is good enough to be interested. In our opinion, the life and the works are two very different matters, and an intimate knowledge of the one is not at all necessary for a genial enjoyment of the other. A writer who gives us his works is not obliged to throw his life after them, as is very apt to be assumed by persons who fail to perceive that one of the most interesting pursuits in the world is to read between the lines of the best literature. Alphonse Daudet is but forty-two years of age, and we hope to read a more definitive life of him thirty years hence. By that time we shall know whether we really need it.

Once grant M. Ernest Daudet his premises, he tells his story with taste as well as with tenderness. The story is perhaps not intrinsically remarkable, but there is something so ingratiating in the personality of the hero that we follow his small adventures with a kind of affectionate interest. His youth was the youth of nineteen out of twenty French artists and men of letters, and he served the usual apprenticeship to poverty and

<sup>1</sup> *Mon Frère et Moi: Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. Par ERNEST DAUDET. Paris: Plon. 1882.



disappointment. Born in a small provincial city, of parents more or less acquainted with chill penury, he picks up a certain amount of heterogeneous knowledge at the communal college or the *lycée*; becomes conscious of talents or of ambition; struggles more or less, in a narrow interior, with a family circle which fails to appreciate these gifts; and finally, with empty pockets and immense curiosities, comes up to Paris to seek a fortune. Nineteen out of twenty of these slender beginners never get any further; they never succeed in breaking open their little envelope of obscurity. Daudet was the twentieth, who takes all the prizes. He deserved them, if suffering is a title; for his childhood, in spite of a few happy accidents, — the brightness and sweetness both of his birthplace and of his temperament, — had been difficult, almost cruel. He was born in that wonderful Provence which he has so frequently and so vividly, though perhaps not so accurately, described; he came into the world in the picturesque old city of Nîmes, the city of Roman remains, of fragrant gardens, of beautiful views, of sun and dust, of Southern dullness and Southern animation. Much of his childhood, however, thanks to his father's reverses and embarrassments (his family had been engaged in the weaving of silk), was spent at Lyons, among gray, damp, sordid, sickening impressions, — a period described with touching effect in M. Daudet's first long story, the exquisite memoirs of *Le Petit Chose*. M. Ernest Daudet relates the annals of his family, which appears to have numbered several vigorous and even distinguished members, and makes no secret of the fact that in his own childhood its once considerable honors had been much curtailed. This period, for the two brothers, contained many dismal passages, and Alphonse, while still a mere boy (at least, in appearance), was obliged to earn a wretched livelihood as ill-paid usher in a small pro-

vincial college. We do not mean, however, to retrace the chapters of his life; we take him as we find him to-day, in the full enjoyment of his powers and his rewards, and we attempt, in a few rapid strokes, to sketch his literary physiognomy.

If we were asked to describe it in two words, we should say that he is beyond comparison the most *charming* storyteller of the day. He has power as well as charm, but his happy grace is what strikes us most. No one is so light and keen, so picturesque; no one pleases so by his manner, his movement, his native gayety, his constant desire to please. We confess to an extreme fondness for M. Alphonse Daudet; he is very near to our heart. The bright light, the warm color, the spontaneity and loquacity, of his native Provence have entered into his style, and made him a talker as well as a novelist. He tells his stories as a talker; they have always something of the flexibility and familiarity of conversation. The conversation, we mean, of an artist and a Frenchman; the conversation of a circle in which the faculty of vivid and discriminating speech exists as it has existed nowhere else. This charming temper, touched here and there with the sentiment of deeper things, is the sign of his earlier productions. As time has gone on, he has enlarged his manner, — enlarged with his field of observation. The Parisian has been added to the Provençal, fortunately without crowding him out. It is not M. Daudet's longest things that we like best, though we profess a great fondness for *Les Rois en Exil*. The *Lettres de mon Moulin*, the *Contes du Lundi*, *Le Petit Chose*, the exquisitely amusing history of *Tartarin de Tarascon*, the charming series of letters entitled *Robert Helmont*, — these contain, to our sense, the cream of the author's delicate and indescribable talent. Daudet sketches in perfection; he does the little piece — *il fait le mor-*



*ceau*, as the French call it — with a facility all his own. No one has such an eye for a subject; such a perception of “bits,” as the painters in water-colors say. It is indeed as if he worked in water-colors, from a rich and liquid palette; his style is not so much a literary form as a plastic form. He is a wonderful observer of all external things, — of appearances, objects, surface, circumstances; but what makes his peculiarity is that the ray of fancy, the tremor of feeling, always lights up the picture. This perception of material objects is not uncommon to-day, and it has never been rare among the French, in whom quickness of vision, combined with a talent for specifying and analyzing what they see, is a national characteristic. The new fashion of realism has indeed taught us all that in any description of life the description of places and things is half the battle. But to describe them we must see them, and some people see, on the same occasion, infinitely more than others. Alphonse Daudet is one of those who see most. Among the French, moreover, the gift is cultivated, and the first canon of the “young school” of to-day is that to write a novel you must take notes on the spot. Balzac took notes, Gustave Flaubert took notes, Emile Zola takes notes. We are sure that Alphonse Daudet takes them, too, though in his constitution there is a happy faculty for which all the notes in the world are an insufficient substitute, namely, the faculty of feeling as well as seeing. He feels what he sees, and the feeling expresses itself in quick, light irony, in jocosity, in poetry. M. Daudet never sees plain prose. He discovers everywhere the shimmer and murmur of the poetic. He has described in a great many places the Provençal turn of mind, the temperament of the man of the South; his last novel in particular — Numa Roumestan — being an elaborate picture of this genial type, for which M. Dau-

det does not profess an unlimited respect. He feels it so strongly, perhaps, because he feels it in himself; it is not to be denied that his own artistic nature contains several of the qualities on which he has expended his most charming satire. The weak points of the man of the South, in M. Daudet's view, are the desire to please at any cost, and, as a natural result of this, a brilliant indifference to the truth. There is a good deal of all this, in its less damaging aspects, in the author of Numa Roumestan. We have spoken of his desire to please, which is surely not an unpardonable fault in an artist, though M. Zola holds it to be so. M. Daudet likes to entertain, to beguile, to gratify, to mystify, to purchase immediate applause. For ourselves, we give the applause without the slightest reluctance. May it be a fault in a writer of fiction to be very fond of fiction? In this case it seems to us that M. Daudet is distinctly culpable. M. Zola, to quote him again, holds that the love of fiction is the most evil passion of the human heart; and yet he has most inconsistently found many civil things to say of his *confrère* Daudet, whom he would represent as one of the standard-bearers of naturalism. M. Daudet is fond of fiction as Dickens was fond of it, — he is fond of the picturesque. His taste is for oddities and exceptions, for touching *dénoûments*, for situations slightly factitious, for characters surprisingly genial. There is nothing uncompromising, nothing of a depressing integrity, in his love of the real. Left to himself, he takes only those parts of it that happen to commend themselves to his fancy, which, as we have already said, is, in his intellectual economy, the mistress of the house. But he has not always been left to himself. He has lived in Paris, he has become a disciple of Balzac, he has frequented Flaubert, he has known Zola, he has been made to feel that there are such things as responsibilities. There are, indeed, —



those terrible responsibilities which M. Zola carries with such a ponderous tread. He himself recalls Alphonse Daudet to a sense of them in a passage which we may quote from his lately published volume, entitled *Une Campagne*. He is more troubled, we suspect, than he ventures to say by Daudet's taint of the factitious, and he speaks with a good deal of point of the very different aspect which the Provence of Numa Roumestan wears from the Provence of his own young memories, — he being also a son of that soil. "Alphonse Daudet seems to me to see the country of Provence in one of the gilded falsehoods of his hero. I don't speak of the inhabitants, whom he treats with even too much cruelty; I speak of the look of the land, of that perpetual dream of sunshine, which he manages to fill with all the romance of the troubadours. He softens down the very *mistral*, which he calls 'the wholesome, vivifying blast, spreading its jovial influence to the furthest edge of the horizon.' My own Provence, that of which the heated harshness still blows into my face, is a much rougher affair, and the *mistral* cracks my lips, burns my skin, fills the valley with a devastation so terrible that the blue sky grows pale. I remember the extinguished look of the sun in the pure, bleached air, through that roaring breath which sometimes ruins the country-side in a day. The Provence of Alphonse Daudet is therefore, for my sensations, too good-natured; I should like it stronger and more scorched, with that perfume of which the violence turns to bitterness under the hard and cloudless blue."

It was inevitable, we suppose, that our author should sooner or later become a Parisian; should attempt to master the great city, in the manner of successful Frenchmen. This capitalization of his talent, as we may call it, has been extremely fruitful, has produced a multitude of admirable chapters; but, on the other hand, it has made Alphonse

Daudet much less perfect. The sketches and stories we mentioned at the beginning of this article all have the stamp of perfection. There is nothing to add to them, nothing to take from them, nothing to correct in them. In his later and larger works there have been great inequalities, though the successful portions, we admit, have become more and more brilliant. It is an odd thing that though it is as a peculiarly imaginative writer that we reckon him, he is not at his best when he gives his imagination the reins. At such moments he is very apt to become false and unnatural; his charming fancy is an excellent companion, but an uncertain guide. His great successes (in his longer works) have been portraits of known individuals. Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné, the first in date of these later things, and perhaps the most popular, is by no means the one we prefer; with all its keenness of touch, it has perhaps even more than its share of the disparities of which we speak. The accessories, the details, the setting of the scene, the art of presentation, the three or four subordinate characters, furnish the strong points of the book. The portrait of the depraved and dangerous heroine (there is a virtuous female figure to balance her) is wanting to our sense in solidity, and the main interest of the novel suffers from thinness. Sidonie Chèbe strikes us as a study at once elaborate and shallow; and indeed the elaboration of the frivolous and perfidious wife, in French fiction, has grown to be inevitably and indefinitely stale. The best figure in the book is the old humbugging tragedian Delobelle, — a type of which we have had glimpses elsewhere. In Delobelle and in his daughter Désirée, English readers find an echo, at once gratifying and tormenting, of our own inimitable Dickens. Dickens is dying, they say; Dickens is dead (though we don't believe it), and nothing is more generally admitted than that Dickens's absent



qualities were as striking as those he had. But on his own ground he was immeasurable, and when we are reminded of him by another writer, the comparison suggested is not likely to be to the advantage of the latter. We speak, of course, from the point of view of a generation impregnated with Dickens's humor, and our remark has no application to French readers, who have no idea, when they smile or sigh over the fortunes of the famille Joyeuse (in *Le Nabab*), or drop a tear upon the childish miseries of Jack, that they are tasting of an ingenious dilution of the violent humor of *Nickleby* and *Copperfield*. We do not mean in the least that Alphonse Daudet is a conscious copyist of Dickens; he has denied the charge, we believe, in definite terms. But the English writer is certainly one of his sympathies, and we suspect that if he had never opened (even in a translation) one of those volumes which constitute the great cockney epic, one of the effective notes of his scale would be absent. In Jack the influence of Dickens is very visible, and it has not, we think, made the story more natural. That falsetto note, in pathos, which was the fatal danger of the author of *Dombey and Son*, is sounded with a good deal of frequency in Jack, and the portrayal of innocent suffering, through the intensification of the innocence, is also overdone. Neither do we care very much for the famille Joyeuse, in *Le Nabab*, finding in them, as we do, too sensible a reflection of that rather voluntary glow of satisfaction with which Dickens invites us to contemplate such people as the Brothers Cheeryble. *Le Nabab*, is on the whole, however, a brilliant production, and contains some of the author's strongest pages. It is a gallery of portraits, like all of his later stories, — portraits of contemporary Parisian figures, in which the intelligent reader is always able to detect a more or less distinguished model. The hero himself is a

study of the "man of the South," but in his more robust and fruitful aspects, and is an exceedingly vivid picture of a great industrial and commercial *parvenu*. The picture takes a tragical turn, for the great fortune of M. Daudet's ex-dock-porter crumbles away through a series of events as remarkable as those which have helped to build it up. It is the analysis of a coarse, powerful, vulgar, jovial, florid, energetic temperament, which has known the two extremes of human experience; and it is no secret that the author has reproduced the history — or at least the physiognomy — of the remarkable M. Bravais, whose rapid rise and fall were one of the innumerable queer incidents of the later years of the Empire.

This period is embodied even more effectively in the figure of the Duc de Mora, — a thin modification of the once impressive title of the Duc de Morny, who is presented in M. Daudet's pages in company with several members of his circle. This is the historical novel applied to the passing hour. The author has expended his best pains on the portrait of the Duc de Mora, and if the picture fails of vividness it is not for want of the multiplication of fine touches. It has great color and relief, — the mark of that brush-like quality of pen which is a specialty of M. Daudet. Is Felicia Ruys intended for Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt? The answer to the question hardly matters, for the personage belongs to the rank of the author's half-successes. We mention her, because, like the other characters, she is an example of the manner which Alphonse Daudet may be said to have invented. This manner, the reproduction of actualities under a transparent veil, the appropriation of a type embodied in a living specimen, with the peculiarities much accentuated, is an inspiration which, when it is most fruitful, Alphonse Daudet induces rather to condone than to welcome. Cultivated by a writer of his tact



and talent, it would probably produce a plentiful crop of vulgarities. M. Daudet is never vulgar, but he is sometimes rather false. Many of his readers doubtless hold that his best guarantee against falsity is this very practice of drawing not only from life, but from the special case. They remark, justly enough, that in *Le Nabab*, in the *Rois en Exil*, the best things are the things for which he has had chapter and verse in the world around him. When he has attempted to generalize, as in the more technically romantic episodes, he has gone astray, and become fantastic. We incline to agree to this, though it may seem to contradict what we have said about his great charm being his element of fancy. We should explain that we have not used fancy here in the sense of invention; we have used it to denote the faculty which projects the unexpected, irresponsible, illuminating day upon material supplied out of hand. If there were nothing else to distinguish Alphonse Daudet from Emile Zola, his delicate, constant sense of beauty would suffice. Zola of course consoles himself, though he does not always console others, with his superior sense of reality. Daudet is a passionate observer, — an observer not perhaps of the deepest things of life, but of the whole realm of the immediate, the expressive, the actual. This faculty, enriched by the most abundant exercise and united with the feeling of the poet who sees all the finer relations of things and never relinquishes the attempt to charm, is what we look for in the happiest novelist of our day. Ah, the things he sees, — the various, fleeting, lurking, delicate, nameless human things! We have spoken of his remarkable vision of accessories and details; but it is difficult to give an idea of the artistic "go" with which it is

exercised. This beautiful vivacity finds its most complete expression in *Les Rois en Exil*, a book that could have been produced only in one of these later years of grace. Such a book is intensely modern, and the author is in every way an essentially modern genius. With the light, warm, frank Provençal element of him, he is, in his completeness, a product of the great French city. He has the nervous tension, the intellectual eagerness, the quick and exaggerated sensibility, the complicated, sophisticated judgment, which the friction, the contagion, the emulation, the whole spectacle, at once exciting and depressing, of our civilization at its highest, produces in susceptible natures. There are tears in his laughter, and there is a strain of laughter in his tears; and in both there is a note of music. What could be more modern than his style, from which every shred of classicism has been stripped, and which moves in a glitter of images, of discoveries, of verbal gymnastics, animated always by the same passion for the concrete? With his merits and shortcomings combined, Alphonse Daudet is the charming writer we began by declaring him, because he is so intensely living. He is a thoroughly special genius, and in our own sympathies he touches a very susceptible spot. He is not so serious, not to say so solemn, as Emile Zola, and we suspect that in his heart he finds the doctrine of naturalism a good deal of a bore. He is free from being as deep and wise and just as the great Turgenieff. But with his happy vision, his abundant expression, his talent for episodes and figures that detach themselves, his sense of intimate pleasures and pains, his good-humor, his gaiety, his grace, and that modern quality of intensity that he throws into everything, he is really a great little novelist.

*Henry James, Jr.*



## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I SAW in *The Atlantic*, a few months ago, an article with this title: *Is God Good?* After reading it, I concluded that the writer evidently believed in what are called "final proofs" of God's goodness; but, at the same time, she presented so large an amount of evidence entirely contradictory to any such belief, and this evidence appeared to me so full of error, that I felt obliged to attempt to correct it, to free myself from the responsibility of one who, even by silence, might seem to admit it as truth.

After giving a terrible list of the evils, injuries, miseries, failures, and deprivations of this life, she ends by speaking of "the pitiless and inexorable sentence of death." Inexorable it is, but how can we say "pitiless," when we know nothing of what is beyond? Shall the grub complain of the pitiless and inexorable sentence that obliges him to become a winged creature, instead of allowing him to remain forever a grub?

She does not consider that this was meant to be a happy world, but, in touching lightly upon the beauty of nature and some of the delights of life, she suggests that a Creator who did not intend to be kind to his creatures might yet have resorted to them as a background of pleasure to deeper pain; holding the color of the lily or the kiss of a child, as what artists call "values," against the tornado and the tooth of famine and the grave.

This, in the nature of things, is impossible. The world might have been made luxurious and beautiful in a certain way, but not beautiful in the way it is, because in the beauty of nature is a *meaning* inconsistent with any such end. The mind that conceived the lily and put the impulse into the child's heart must have in itself the absolute purity and perfect love they represent.

Into that mind no mean or underhand purpose could enter.

The point upon which her argument turns is the question whether or not God intends to give us eternal life. If that were certain, everything might yet be right, because opportunity would then be afforded for all compensation to be made and all completion attained.

She thinks that the best proof we are likely to obtain of his good-will is that, after all that men have suffered, they still believe in his fair intentions toward them. This she calls "an argument of acquired trust." Acquired from what? From experience; and this experience is of bad treatment. Men believe that God will treat them well, because he has treated them badly. The divine denial, she asserts, does not obliterate, but creates, the phenomenon of human belief. This does not seem reasonable; but, she says, it is a miracle. A miracle is a deviation from law. To me it seems as if there were in our case no deviation from a universal law, that gives to every creature the knowledge it most needs: tells the bird where to fly in time of need; tells the stem which way the light is, and the root which way is the darkness; tells every human soul that there is a God, to whom it eternally belongs, and that nothing can ever happen that can alter that fact. To say that the belief of man in God, under the circumstances, is a miracle is really the same as to say that a man finds by experience that he has another source of knowledge beside his reason and his senses, and that this source of knowledge is so sure and trustworthy that he must believe it, even when it seems to contradict the evidence of his senses and his reason. This is instinct, the eye of the spirit, that sees God; sees that life cannot end with the death of the body,



but must continue till his highest aspiration is reached and his deepest desire fulfilled.

Ole Bull used to say that he liked to be out on the ocean, alone in his little boat, because then he could feel God. Sometimes this consciousness of the reality of God is so prompt and strong as to startle us, as in the young surgeon in San Francisco, who, having performed an operation that proved unsuccessful, went immediately into the next room and shot himself; leaving a note, briefly stating that, as he had killed this woman, he wished to appear with her at the bar of judgment.

A Christian would not consider it inconsistent with his belief in immortality to give a sigh of relief at hearing that his enemy was dead, and could trouble him no more. A pagan Chinaman, at hearing this news, would be roused by it to the highest pitch of excitement and fear. His enemy dead is more powerful than ever. Now, as never before, he must try to appease him,—offer gifts to his relatives, make sacrifices at his grave. This matter-of-fact and most economical man has now no other use for anything that he possesses that can compare in importance with the necessity of conciliating a dead man. What can it mean but that he is ready to accept, with the unquestioning intensity of a child's faith, the belief that has come down to him from remotest ages, that beyond this life is another? And, however rude his conception of that life may be, he evidently believes that in it a man has increased advantages, so that what he fails in here may there be possible.

I think it was Dr. Channing who said that he had seen a great many prisoners and condemned men, and never among them found one who was afraid to die, unless he had been frightened by others; every one seeming of himself to believe that, whether he is good or bad, he belongs to God.

She says that "the benevolence of the Creator was never so thoughtfully questioned by such numbers of human beings as to-day." It is wonderful that this can be, considering the drift of science, every day giving us new illustrations of the uniformity and harmony of that nature of which we are a part; showing us the varying forms in which the same particles of matter may exist, the appearance only changing, the essence remaining the same; showing us that matter, as far as it can be traced, is imperishable,—that no motion once begun is ever ended, no sound ever dies. How can reason help inferring that the soul is safe, where every atom of matter is so carefully treasured up, and in one form or another is saved?

One of the truths of science is that everything hastens where it belongs. As the smoke-wreaths curl upward, and the water leaps downward, as crystalizing atom flies to atom, so my soul will find its home.

She speaks of three key-notes in the great discords of life,—the cruelty of nature, the mystery of sex, and the misery of the poor.

In regard to the poor, I should be almost ready to agree with her, that for them this is a state of manifold, mysterious, and unmeasured suffering, if it were not that it is improving. Anything that is in a transition state, and moving in the right direction, cannot be cause for despair. Even within the last quarter of a century, what immense changes have taken place!—the emancipation of the slaves and of the serfs, the formation of land leagues and labor leagues, the greatly increased interest in the temperance movement, the emigration schemes, the multiplication of free libraries, provision for the care and protection of destitute children; so many intelligent and resolute men devoting their best thoughts and best energies to the cause of the poor, one movement kindling enthusiasm in another all over



the world. When hand clasps hand, one and one make more than two.

It seems as if people were growing a great deal more sensible in regard to the poor, and understand better how to help them, so that there is not so much waste effort as formerly. I read in the papers recently that some of the missionaries in New York, who had been carrying about tracts, had decided to take a cart, and fill it with bread and coffee and bars of soap, and distribute those instead.

Any one who requires material for encouragement in regard to the poor needs only to look back a few years, and see what was their condition in sickness, when there were no free hospitals and dispensaries, no fruit or flower charities, no free excursions to sea-side or country, no free kindergartens or temporary homes, where children are cared for when their parents are unable to attend to them. It seems as if, in our country at least, dire poverty ought to disappear, and give place to the poverty that only obliges a man to lead a simple and strong life, which, though it may deprive him of opportunities of development, is yet not wholly to be deplored.

On the second great discord, the mystery of sex, I hesitate to speak, not understanding fully what is meant. On this subject, as she remarks, words must be few, but impressions deep. That a man's and a woman's love for each other should be stronger than a man's love for a man, or a woman's love for a woman, seems to me no greater cause for complaint than that electricity is a more powerful force than heat, and more dangerous in its abuse. With regard to the inherent vagrancy of the emotional instinct in man, and the historic constancy of woman, I do not know what is the authority, but it is not according to my observation.

The mystery of womanhood, "so heavily weighted in the race of life by maternity," is one expression used.

Once, in the twilight, I found myself standing beside a tall white fleur-de-lis, just opening into blossom. I stood breathless. My eyes or my heart seemed for the first time conscious of a great mystery. It might have been always before me, and yet for the first time I knew it. I pressed my lips softly to the flower. Afterwards, when the same great experience became also mine, I remembered it. It seems as if it ought not to be any more painful for a woman to bear a child than it is for a plant to bear a flower. In the great wonder and delight of it, all sense of pain is lost.

The last discord is the cruelty of nature. As evidences of this, she mentions the avalanche, the sirocco, shipwreck, famine, and disease. These are spoken of as manifestations of natural law. Are they not often manifestations of man's *violation* of natural law? We cut down the forests on the hill-sides; the soil becomes loosened and disintegrated. Missing the equalizing influence of the trees in respect to temperature and moisture, the earth grows dry and barren; the streams are changed to torrents; land-slides follow, and the desert, the home of the sirocco and famine, marshes and swamps, the home of malaria and disease, all from cutting down trees. We did not understand, when we began to clear the land, what we were also doing by disturbing the harmonies of nature, everything being carefully arranged to act in connection with everything else, so that no one could ignorantly interfere without doing harm in every way. Evidence continually accumulates of more and more ancient races of men, so that no one can say when these destructive processes began. At last, forced by necessity and helped by science, we have begun to investigate, and find that what we attributed to wild, ruthless forces of nature is really the result of our ignorance. Places we thought were cursed by God have been made



what they are by our hands. We plant forests, drain marshes, turn the courses of streams, and find that, with increasing knowledge, powers before which we trembled become manageable. Even the earthquake, it is claimed in earthquake countries, is no longer feared, where numerous deep openings, as oil wells and artesian wells, allow the escape of inflammable gases. The great net-work of railroads modifies the destructive force of lightning.

Disease, I supposed, was now universally admitted to be the result of disobedience of natural laws, not an inevitable condition of nature. Yet even by disease we learn what we should not otherwise have known, the mysterious property given to plants, and even to the earth itself, to help us, — poisons being also medicines. Beside this power given to rock and herb, nature has planted deep in every part of our physical being a tendency to become right again, whenever its normal condition has been disturbed. In this effort all parts of the body help each other, one organ actually trying to do the work of another that has become disabled. What a curious revelation, — a blind organ, made only of matter, trying to do what it has never done before, out of regard for the general economy. Or is it that an all-seeing and most kindly power has infused into everything that it has made something of its own spirit?

In deciding the question whether nature means to be kind or cruel, she remarks that she has omitted mentioning "certain genial aspects." It seems to me like saying, "In deciding whether or not this person is guilty, I will omit mentioning anything I happen to know in his favor." It makes a great difference to us, in all our doubts and discouragements, to see that the earth is still smiling with flowers, the air full of music and fragrance, and the night bright with stars, as a child in fear is comforted by merely seeing the quiet look

in its mother's face, as if all were still well.

High among the Alpine crags is a little flower, similar to the life-everlasting of our fields, but growing differently. The flowerets are clustered together, as in our everlasting; then these little clusters themselves nestle up to each other, and leaflets, that seem to be made of fine thick felt, are drawn closely over them, while they are still immature, and spread in beautiful star-shape around them as they open. Where nothing else can grow, this little flower feels its way up through the snow, and braves the glacier wind, guarded by the power that rends the rock and guides the avalanche. In the driest of dry earth in California, in the crevices of the rock, we found a semblance of a flower. My little girl called it a straw flower. I called it a ghost flower. Its tiny form was made of thin, dry scales. It was a mere little spectre, but what a strong desire it showed to make a flower, — to make one under circumstances so adverse!

I had once a hieroglyphic Bible, in which I read partly by words and partly by pictures. I could read by the pictures just as well as by the words. I think it is so in this world. We can never say God has not told us anything, because he has not told it in words. Some things we can see plainly by only looking about us. Some things have hidden meanings that deeper study reveals, like the truths of science. Some seem still like riddles or mysteries, that may be one day interpreted.

— In the Contributors' Club of last January it is asked, "Why is the name *Montaigne* pronounced *montagne*?" It struck me at the time that *is* in the question ought to be changed to *was*, but I had only my memory for authority. While looking over Francisque Sarcey's last Theatrical Chronicle in the *Paris Temps*, where the celebrated critic sometimes occupies himself with pronunciation, I was confirmed in this



opinion. *Montaigne* used to be pronounced like *montagne*, and in the sixteenth century the sound of the liquid *n* (*n mouillé*), which is now represented by *gn*, was often figured by *ign*. This orthography has been gradually eliminated, leaving behind only a few isolated examples. The name *Montaigne* was, until recently, one of these, but, as Sarcey says, "at present everybody calls the author of the *Essays* *Montaigne* instead of *Montagne*, which was the old pronunciation." This change may be explained by the general tendency to pronounce words as they are spelled.

—I wish that there could be a league among summer boarders this season for the preservation of antiquities in small country places. It is most painful to those persons who are fond of relics of the past — of old houses and old furniture, of old stone walls and older trees — to see the furbishing and bedizenning that is going on in the most ancient and interesting of our country villages. The summer boarders are as a class to blame for this deplorable rejuvenation. Before they made their appearance and went away again, leaving their money behind them, the country people were contented with their houses, which had one great chimney in the middle, that was like the warm heart of the home-like building. They were satisfied with its square walls, to which the wind and sun and rain had been many years in giving a beautiful shade of gray that no painter's brush could copy; they found no fault with the small-paned window-frames, which matched the house itself so much better than the blank-looking four-paned ones with which they have been replaced. The old gray clapboarding has been painted white with cheap paint that looks thin and hard, and the chimney has been pulled down to give place to two smaller ones, and bay windows have been put on in ungainly places. The house has a look of yesterday, and on farther acquaintance

it seems like an old woman who has tried to renew her youth by wearing her granddaughter's clothes. When the children of the family who live at a distance come back to the old homestead, one cannot help wondering if they like it so well. There is nothing pleasanter than one of the larger New England farm-houses, with its doors and windows thrown open late in the summer afternoon. The wind comes blowing toward it across the fields; the lilacs stand beside it, putting their arms of crooked branches round each other; against the gray of the house, beside the door, some bright red hollyhocks stand up straight and tall. The roof has a protecting slope to it; as one looks at the house, it is like a fluffy, feathery old hen which has settled down in the short grass in the sunshine to cover her chickens. It is the very best house that can possibly be set as a trap for the summer guests; if it is well kept and well served its fortune is as good as made.

The "smarting up" in which the residents of sea-shore and inland villages take such pride is going to drive away the money-spending people whom they wish to attract. To remodel the quaint last-century churches, and straighten the winding country roads and lanes, and root up the bushes and briars from the wayside; to wage war against poplars as a race, and cut down remorselessly the tall oaks and elms; to clear all the tracts of woodland that are within easy walking distance of the houses, — these are all sad mistakes. It is not necessary to have things like other people's; the charm of the ancient towns along our coast will be found too late to have been their difference from and not their likeness to, the newer settlements. It is not alone the picturesqueness of the landscape, the nearness of the sea, or the freshness of the air in our old New England coast villages; there are needed the signs of the presence of men and women who were alive and died and



were forgotten many years ago. We suffer from poverty in the matter of ruins, and only one in fifty of our towns has any historical interest; but a place where people have lived for a long time keeps many signs of their habitation, and nature grows into some likeness to humanity and a close association with the human lives that bloomed and faded and were covered with earth. Where there are grass-grown, crowded burying-grounds, with headstones from which the weather has had time to rub out the inscriptions, one likes to find as many relics as possible that the old inhabitants have left behind.

Old houses and pleasant winding ways should be treasured, for it is these very things which have brought prosperity to the neighborhood. It is like killing the goose that laid the golden egg to sweep these things away, and when they are gone the fashion for seeking their companionship will disappear also. Every wreck that is going to pieces by the shore, and the tumble-down warehouses, and thickets of barberry and birch by the roadside, ought from a business point of view, if from no other, to be un-

touched. The old furniture and china is carried away piece by piece to decorate city houses; it would be much better if most of it could stay where it belongs. The older square houses are better models for the new country dwelling of to-day than the cheap and tawdry, thin-walled, and badly-ornamented little buildings that seem to sprout like mushrooms in the new streets of every town. The plain houses are every way the best. But if the new houses must be built after these patterns, I beg that the old ones may be let alone in the behalf of city people who wish old-fashioned sights and quaint, half-forgotten customs to make a great part of the pleasure and change of their summer holiday. A poor imitation of newer fashions has little dignity and no attractiveness. The summer boarder's money does this mischief; cannot his wise precept and admonition direct the spending of it (which is really supposed to be for his continued allurements) into wiser ways? When he looks aghast at the ravages which are complacently shown him as improvements, cannot he gently teach the true meaning of that misunderstood word?

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### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

*History and Biography.* The Memorial Edition of Abbott's Young Christian will have its special value for readers through the biographical sketch of the author by one of his sons, which is prefixed. Mr. Abbott was unwilling to have a formal biography published, and his sons with right feeling respected his wishes, at the same time meeting a very general demand by giving the public some information regarding a writer who numbers multitudes among his readers. The sketch will be found exceedingly interesting, and the good sense and true humility of the subject admirably presented. (Harpers.)—The Constitutional History of England, by Charles Duke Yonge (Harpers), is intended by its author to serve as a supplement to Hallam; it covers the century between 1760 and 1860, and is conceived in a modest spirit, the author referring to himself as the compiler. There appears to be no reference to Mr.

May's work.—Frederick Martin's The Statesman's Year-Book for 1882 (Macmillans) is the nineteenth annual issue of this important manual. It is revised after official returns, and is more useful to the English-speaking student than the Almanach de Gotha, which it resembles in its personal details, while the statistical information upon all points appears to have been collected with great care.—Lady Jackson's The Old Régime, court, salons, and theatres (Holt) has been reissued. It is an Englishwoman's presentation of the gossip which collects about the decadence of France in the eighteenth century.—The seventh volume of Campaigns of the Civil War (Scribners) treats of The Army of the Cumberland, and is by General H. M. Cist, who was a staff-officer of both Thomas and Rosecrans. It has to deal with a series of exciting battles, including that of Chickamauga and the three days' fighting about



Chattanooga. — Mr. Philip H. Bagenal, B. A., has written a little volume on *The American Irish and their Influence on Irish Politics*, which has been reprinted by Roberts Brothers, and is a curious example of the struggle which an Irishman has between pride in his country and a desire to put his countrymen in the wrong. The author appears to be opposed to the land league, but exceedingly proud of his countrymen, on whatever side of the conflict they happen to be. He does not seem to have very exact historical knowledge, or very strong analytical powers. — *Quatre-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a painstaking narrative of the campaign in Belgium in 1815, by Dorsey Gardner. The situation is an interesting one: Mr. Gardner, an American student, passes in review a conflict about which a vast literature has accumulated concerning two great European nations, and publishes his work simultaneously in England and America. By the use of abundant foot-notes the author has enriched his narrative without retarding it, and by a copious index he places every part of his work at the easy service of the reader. — *Molinos the Quietist*, by John Bigelow (Scribners), is a *brochure* which will attract by its *négligée* dress, and hold the reader by the agreeable qualities of the narrative. Readers of John Inglesant will be interested by the coincidence of the two books, and Longfellow's sonnet to Whittier will give a pleasant association with the name of Molinos. — *Charlotte Cushman* is the latest volume in the *American Actor Series*. (Osgood.) Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, the author, is already well known by her hand-books of art; in this volume she has divided her work with Miss Stebbins, whose biography was largely personal, while Mrs. Clement has to do with Miss Cushman's professional history. — *Thomas à Kempis and the Brothers of Common Life*, by the Rev. S. Kettlewell (Putnam's), is a careful and exhaustive monograph in two volumes, treating of the religious revival out of which arose the *De Imitatione Christi*. Mr. Kettlewell writes not as an antiquary, but as an historian of broad sympathies, and his work will find many who would be repelled by a merely learned treatise. — The American edition of Froude's *Thomas Carlyle* (Scribners) is in two volumes, like the English issue. The American publishers, however, have dropped the commonplace wood-cuts, which add little to the value of the London book. We content ourselves here with saying that the work has been added to the Franklin Square Library (Harper & Bros.) in very readable type. The same publishers have also brought out a 12mo cloth edition, with portraits and illustrations.

*Philosophy and Theology*. *Outlines of Primitive Belief among the Indo-European Races*, by Charles Francis Keary, of the British Museum (Scribners), is a study in Aryan religion in the historical method. Mr. Keary reaches by this method results which agree substantially with those obtained by the student in comparative mythology, and he resolves most lines into those which bound the creed of nature worship. The book will be found one of much interest. — *Eter-*

*nal Purpose, a Study of the Scripture Doctrine of Immortality*, by William R. Hart (Lippincott), has passed to a second edition, and the author has taken the opportunity to add an essay on life, temporal and eternal, which in some degree contains the thought of the book. — *The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ* (Field & Tuer, London), is a small quarto, printed on bluish paper, and calculated in its general appearance to excite curiosity. The authorship is veiled, — everything is veiled in the book; the very color of the paper makes a hazy atmosphere; and the announcement is made that the lectures which constitute the volume were delivered originally in London before a private audience, another touch of mystery. The profundity of the mystery increases as one begins to read, and finds himself chasing Greek phantoms, which turn upon him and declare themselves Christian ghosts. The authors — for there is a vague reference to a dark conspiracy — wander amongst the ruins of the Christian religion, which seems to have just suffered from some dynamite explosion, and pick out the foundation stones for use in a new structure. In brief, the revelation which is proffered gets no farther than the preliminary velation. — *The Sabbath Question* is the short title of a volume made up of a sermon and two speeches upon Sunday observances and Sunday laws, by the Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, and of six sermons by his brother, the late Rev. George Blagden Bacon. (Putnam's.) The book appeals to an enlightened conscience and a generous Christian sentiment.

*Poetry and the Drama*. *Cagliostro, a Dramatic Poem in five acts*, by Edward Doyle (printed for the author by W. B. Smith & Co., New York), appears to be a test of sanity. Let the reader read it as far as he can, and then go off in a corner and engage in a self-examination. There will be a verdict of some sort on somebody. If he cannot read the dramatic poem, let him try himself on the prefatory notes and foot-notes. It is the topsiest-turviest piece of literature we have met this many a day. — *Sonnets and Canzonets*, by A. Bronson Alcott (Roberts), is a volume which will appeal to the friendliness of the reader, as well as stimulate his critical faculty. Mr. Alcott has interwoven into his lines so much personal history and sentiment that poetry comes to one's fireside and sits familiarly in the corner. Mr. F. B. Sanborn prefaces the volume with an affectionate letter and a dissertation upon the form adopted by Mr. Alcott for his verse. Mr. Sanborn's brief paper proves — if it prove anything — that Mr. Alcott is not alone in his misapprehension of the structure and compass of the sonnet. — *Eadburga, Queen of Wessex*, and other poems, by William E. Nowlan, Jr. (M. H. Keenan, printer, Boston). is a thin volume, which represents a fluency of form, an agreeable sentiment, and some ingenuity in construction. The best thing about the volume is a certain brightness of invention in the story, which appears in the poems *The Penitent* and *Noblesse Oblige*, but after all the poetic form which should make the poems worth while is only a faint echo of a forgotten style. — *Rip Van Winkle*, a sun myth, and other poems, by Augustus



Radcliffe Grote (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London), will interest readers of The Atlantic, in whose memory some of Mr. Grote's verses will linger. The incident of the publication of an American poet's book in England need not deter one from looking closely into it; the poems are the dreams of a scientific man of imagination. — *Story of Chief Joseph*, by Martha Perry Lowe (Lothrop), is a little illustrated volume, in which Bishop Hare's pathetic narrative is turned by a sympathetic woman into smooth verse.

*Travel and Adventure.* A Parisian Year, by Henry Bacon (Roberts), is a light and agreeable sketch of twelve months in Paris by an American artist living there. These sketches in literature are accompanied by sketchy illustrations by the author. Some of them are good enough to make one wish that they were not all of the "process" kind, good enough for memoranda, but leaving a general impression of undress art. — *History and Causes of the Incorrect Latitudes* as recorded in the journals of the early writers, navigators, and explorers, relating to the Atlantic coast of North America, 1535-1740, is a curious little pamphlet by the Rev. Edmund F. Slafter, of Boston, which will appal the untechnical reader by suggesting the difficulties which lie in the way of historical investigation. Any one who has tried to find just where an early traveler landed on the coast will be almost ready to take refuge in a skepticism regarding the very existence of the traveler. — *Matabele Land and the Victoria Falls* is drawn from the letters and journals of the late Frank Oates, a naturalist who penetrated the interior of South Africa. It is edited by C. G. Oates (C. Kegan Paul & Co., London), who also supplies a memoir, and is well illustrated by wood-cuts, colored plates, and maps. An extended appendix gathers up the result of the naturalist's collections and studies in a series of papers and lists by such scientific specialists as Westwood, Rolleston, Sharpe, and others. The good breeding and high character of the young naturalist, his honorable ambition, and his untimely fate render the book more than a record of travel and adventure, for the reader carries a personal regard for the traveler from first to last. — One may take his choice of titles in Mr. S. S. Cox's book, which bears on the title-page two names, *Arctic Sunbeams* and *From Broadway to the Bosphorus* by way of the North Cape, while the head-line carries *From Pole to Pyramid*. (Putnam's.) This variegated name covers travels in Holland, Norway and Sweden, Lapland and Russia. Mr. Cox is a traveler who never loses his spirits and good-nature, and if he sometimes loses his head in his excitement over scenery, the reader can get amusement instead of heat. His language is the English of the Cox dialect.

*Fine Arts.* The title-page of Bartolozzi and his Works, by Andrew W. Tuer, gives some intimation of the treatment of the subject. The general title is followed by the words, "A biographical and descriptive account of the Life and Career of Francesco Bartolozzi, R. A. (illustrated), with some observations on the present demand for and value of his prints; the way to detect modern

impressions from worn-out plates and to recognize falsely-tinted impressions; deceptions attempted with prints; print-collecting, judging, handling, etc.; together with a list of upwards of two thousand — the most extensive record yet compiled — of the great." It is a book and print collector's book, rather than a literary biography, and with its luxurious paper, pretty copper-plates, vellum binding, and blank leaves for extending the catalogue, it appeals to the self-indulgent bibliomaniac. It is published by Field & Tuer in London, and by Scribner & Welford, New York. — *The Graphic Arts*, by P. G. Hamerton (Roberts), is further described on the title-page as a treatise on the varieties of drawing, painting, and engraving in comparison with each other and with nature, and is in effect an untechnical narrative for the general reader, written by a man capable of technical writing, and doing his work out of a catholic interest in art. Mr. Hamerton is always agreeable; he is an artist who assumes the rôle of an amateur, and always with success.

*Fiction.* In the collected edition of Dr. Holland's writings we have *The Bay Path*, his earliest story, an historical novel of the colonial age of New England, and *Arthur Bonnicastle*, which appeared ten years or so ago in Scribner. The serious preface to *The Bay Path* is Dr. Holland's apology for writing fiction. (Scribners.) — *The Adventures of Halek*, an Autobiographical Fragment, by John H. Nicholson (Dutton), may be profound and vast, but we frankly confess that it seems to us an enigma of dullness. Halek in the early part of the last century, in Voltaire's hands, for instance, would have been witty and indecent. Now, he is clothed in the same vague orientalism, but has passed through a serious conversion, which renders him more respectable, but more tiresome also. — *A Fascinating Woman*, by Madame Edmond Adam (Petersons), is preceded by a sketch of the author in the reserved style of the biography of contemporary heroines. The story is not to be regarded as a novelist's work, but as the feverish revelation which a public woman makes of herself under the guise of fiction. — *Keeping the Vow* is a story, by Mrs. Morgan Morgan (Walter Smith, London), of Scottish and English life near the close of the last century. It is a domestic story of refined feeling, but of no special artistic value. — *Belgian Days*, by Kate Byam Martin (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), is a story of the fortunes of an American governess in a Belgian family. Its pictures of interior life in Belgium have some claim on the attention, and the story is unaffected and fairly interesting. — *The Homestretch*, by S. M. A. C. (Geo. W. Harlan, New York), is a story, the scene of which is laid in that extraordinary South of the Southern imagination, and the characters are those fervid men and women who live in that land, and nowhere else, while the moral appears to be equally imaginary. — In the *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt), *Heaps of Money*, by W. E. Norris, author of *Matrimony*, is one of the latest issues. The book is one of Mr. Norris's earlier works, but readers who have easily been pleased with his later novels need not be shy of this. — *Dorothea*, the latest



volume in the Round Robin Series (Osgood), is a light and amateurish work.

*Literary Criticism.* Men and Books, or Studies in Homiletics, by Austin Phelps (Scribners), is the kind and wise advice of a trainer of the clergy grown mellow in his office, intended for students in theology who are to be leaders of men, and not doctrinaires. One can find no fault with a spirit which arises to broaden the minds of young ministers by enlarging the scope of their taste and reflection. Some even who read books upon Dr. Phelps's suggestion for the good they are to get from them will come to enjoy them without reference to their own professional training. — Notable Thoughts about Women, a literary mosaic by Maturin M. Ballou (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is so far critical that it contains a long list of authors drawn from, and a still longer index of subjects. There are thirty-four hundred and seventy-one thoughts about women, of which the greater number gather about Beauty, Love, and Lovers. If one has never thought about women here is his opportunity to help himself to other people's opinions, and a very curious and entertaining medley he will find it.

*Text-Books and Education.* Ida C. Craddock, Teacher of Phonography in Girard College, Philadelphia, has prepared and published Primary Phonography, an introduction to Isaac Pitman's system of phonetic short-hand; with a series of original exercises, written principally in the simple characters of the phonographic alphabet, without contraction. The extension of the system in so many directions, in business and study, renders a work like this of value in familiarizing the student with dictation exercises. — Selections from the Latin Poets, edited by Professor E. P. Crowell, of Amherst (Ginn, Heath & Co.), contains examples of Catullus, Lucretius, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, and Lucan. It is a pity that a book which contains otherwise such good workmanship should lack a table of contents. Aside from this slight defect, the book is praiseworthy, and ought to widen the range of college acquaintance with Latin literature. — The Song Wave is the meaningless title of a collection for school and home use of melodies, part songs, glees, duets, quartets, and all the variety of musical composition. It is a mystery to us why music-books should so often have silly titles. The collection here has the customary jumble of good and commonplace music and verses.

*Science.* A fourth edition has been issued of Dr. Simon Newcomb's Popular Astronomy (Harpers), in which the principal additions relate to the great telescopes completed within the last three years, the transit of Venus of December 6, 1882, and recent developments in cometary astronomy. The work, as its title indicates, is not intended for the professional investigator, but aims to present the general reading public with a condensed view of the history, methods, and results of astronomical research, and includes the latest and most interesting news from the heavens. — Science and Culture, and other Essays, by T. H. Huxley (Appletons), is a collection of Professor

Huxley's miscellaneous writings, produced at intervals during the past seven years. They were originally published for the most part in Macmillan, the Nineteenth Century, The Fortnightly, the Contemporary, and Nature, and take up subjects more or less suited to popular audiences; they deal with practical affairs in the mental life, and apply the doctrines of science to man's conduct. — The thirty-ninth volume of the International Scientific Series (Appletons) is The Brain and its Functions, by J. Luys. It is divided into two parts: the first, anatomical, presents the cerebral mechanism as it has been disclosed by a series of investigations; the second, physiological, explains the different fundamental properties of the nervous elements, considered as living histological units. The author claims that he has captured for the physiological physician a large tract hitherto claimed by the speculative philosopher. By a natural consequence a steam-engine becomes the most perfect type of the human brain. — The fortieth volume of the same series is Myth and Science, an essay by Tito Vignoli, whose thesis is the organic relation of these two intellectual habits as coexisting in the human race; for he refuses to hold that myths and the myth-making power are simply incidental to an undeveloped stage of civilization. — Physical Education, or the Health Laws of Nature, by Felix L. Oswald, M. D. (Appletons), does not commend itself by the war-whoop of an introduction, in which the author flourishes his knife as he jumps frantically over the prostrate corpse of Christianity. — The Annual Report of the operations of the United States Life-Saving Service for the Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1881, has been received from the Government Printing Office at Washington. After the statistician has read the columns of figures we recommend him to turn the book over to some novel-writing friend, who will find much useful uncopyrighted material in the way of hair-breadth 'scapes. — Halcyon Days, by Wilson Flagg (Estes & Lauriat), is the first of three volumes, in which the author has broken up the contents of his previous works, The Woods and Byways of New England and The Birds and Seasons of New England. In this volume Mr. Flagg collects his descriptions of nature, and since it is as a patient and close observer that he has won a just repute we place his volume in this section. The old-fashioned air which hangs about this writer's work has in itself a certain rural and quaint character. — The Domain of Physiology, or Nature in Thought and Language, by T. Sterry Hunt (Cassino, Boston), is a paper presented to the National Academy at Washington, in which the author attempts to bring all investigations of nature under a comprehensive terminology. The result in part is the production of some interesting words.

*Business.* Money-Making for Ladies, by Ella Rodman Church (Harpers), has an alluring sound; so many would like to make a little money and keep their ladyship. An examination suggests that the author's notion of a lady is somewhat conventional. The book is a rather foolish one. A little more grin truth would have been better.





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\* The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the page.

**RALPH WALDO EMERSON.**

BORN, MAY 25, 1803.

DIED, APRIL 27, 1882.

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

The sun set, but set not his hope :

Stars rose ; his faith was earlier up :

Fixed on the enormous galaxy,  
Deeper and older seemed his eye ;  
And matched his sufferance sublime  
The taciturnity of time.

He spoke, and words more soft than rain  
Brought the Age of Gold again :  
His action won such reverence sweet  
As hid all measure of the feat

*Emerson's Poem, "Character."*

The death of Mr. Emerson removes one of the most conspicuous figures in modern literature. More than a generation his matchless essays and poems have been a vital and potent element in the opinions and lives of the most thoughtful minds of two continents. It is doubtful if anywhere in the annals of literature there can be found a more striking instance of absolute integrity of truth and utter loyalty to conscience. In Mr. Emerson's writings and life furnish alike unmovable by censure or by praise, he endeavored to see the truth with perfect clearness, and to state it with perfect frankness. He did not even attempt to justify his statements, but simply made them as if under oath, or as if ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye," he left them to exert their legitimate influence upon the thoughts of men. He had such implicit confidence that whatever is true will at last win recognition and obedience, that he was not anxious lest his attempts to state the truth might not be wholly successful, but only desired that men should learn what is precisely and ever true. This unselfish devotion to truth, clothed with a spiritual insight hardly paralleled, has lent to his words a force and influence which have hardly been won by any other writer of ancient or modern times. But even his remarkable essays and poems would have been of comparatively small value if they had not been emphasized and illumined by a life so transcendently pure and noble

as his. The purity of his writings was even surpassed by the stainless purity of his daily walk and conversation. The splendor of his thoughts, the vast range of his imagination, did not remove him from sympathy with the lowliest, or prevent his feeling a large and compassionate interest in all that concerns mankind.

This combination of wisdom, thoughtfulness, and sublime character, lends to his writings a singular value, which is already widely appreciated, and which is destined to be yet more and more widely appreciated as the years go on.

Mr. George William Curtis says of his works :—

In no equal body of writing is there a more uniform value. It is all golden, and it is unquestionably the richest contribution of American genius to universal literature. In Milton, or Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne, or Burke, there is no richer or more imaginative literary strain than in Emerson, and it is not easy to see why his intellectual grasp is not as sure and permanent.

On another page will be found a list of all the books which Mr. Emerson published, in the various editions in which they can now be procured.

**New and Attractive Editions** have just been published of Mr. Parton's exceedingly interesting "Life of Horace Greeley," and his "General Butler in New Orleans," giving a history of the administration of the Department of the Gulf by General Butler in the year 1862, with an account of the capture of New Orleans, and a sketch of the previous military and civil career of General Butler. These two volumes now appear in the same attractive style as Mr. Parton's "Voltaire," recently published.

**A New Book on the Koran.**—To the Philosophical Library has just been added "A Comprehensive Commentary on the Quran," comprising Sale's translation of the Koran, with his preliminary discourse, and additional notes and emendations. The work is prepared by Rev. E. M. Wherry, and has grown out of the wants which he felt in pursuing his own study of the Koran and his work as a missionary among Muslims. Though primarily intended for the use of those engaged in missionary work among Mohammedans, it contains so much important matter explanatory of the Koran that it will be found to have great value to every



one interested, as so many now are, in the study of comparative religion.

**Longfellow's "Christus": New Edition.**

—To meet the wishes of those who have the Household Edition of Mr. Longfellow's Poems a similar edition of "Christus" has been issued. This title "Christus" is not the name of any poem, but a general title covering three dramatic poems, namely, "The Divine Tragedy," "The Golden Legend," and "The New England Tragedies." To these are added a prelude, interludes which connect the successive parts, and a finale. As presented here, the poems are seen to have a remarkable unity of purpose and a profound significance. These two Household volumes contain all of Mr. Longfellow's collected poetical works, but do not include his translation of Dante, and his edition of "Poets and Poetry of Europe."

**The Gypsies.** — Mr. Charles G. Leland, who is well known as the author of "The English Gypsies and their Language," and "Anglo-Romany Ballads," has now prepared a book of much broader scope than the first-named, embodying the results of many years' study of the gypsies in various countries. It treats of Russian, Austrian, English, Welsh, American, and Eastern Gypsies; discusses their names, family characteristics, and origin; gives gypsy stories in Romany, with translations; and "sketches of experiences among gypsies of different nations by one who speaks their language and is conversant with their ways." As the gypsies have always been a fascinating mystery, this book can hardly fail to be very welcome.

**The Satchel Guide for 1882.** — This excellent pocket guide for one who wishes to make a short visit to the British Islands, Belgium, Holland, Germany and the Rhine, France, Austria, and Italy, — and who wishes to see without loss of time the interesting historical scenes and the various objects tourists most wish to see in those countries, has for years proved its exceeding value. Numerous testimonials have been received to its convenience, accuracy, and helpfulness. It has just been revised to date, and will be found a most handy and trustworthy guide for vacation tourists in England and on the Continent.

**Roderick Hudson: Revised Edition.**

— "Roderick Hudson" has justly been regarded as one of Mr. James's most powerful and characteristic novels. The author has carefully revised it and re-written some portions, and a new edition has just appeared, bound in the same style as his latest novel, "The Portrait of a Lady."

**Cheap and Copyright.** — Unauthorized editions having been published of "Hyperion" and "Outre Mer" almost immediately after Mr. Longfellow's death, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Mr. Longfellow's works, have brought out copyright editions of these books, printed from large type, and put up in tasteful paper covers, at *fifteen cents* each;

in cloth at *forty cents*. Many thousand copies have already been sold, and the demand continues unabated. Fortunately these books are so pure and wholesome that the effect of their general circulation cannot fail to be wholly salutary, and to promote a love of the best literature.

**American Men of Letters.** — This series of literary biographies has begun so well as to enlist the hearty respect and confidence of all intelligent readers. The *London Literary World* says of the first volume: —

Mr. Dudley Warner has written a most interesting book about Irving; one which is unquestionably worthy to introduce us to the Men of Letters of his own country. He has unfeigned sympathy with his subject, but is not at all insensible to the criticisms which have of late been passed upon the once popular writer. It would hardly be possible to produce a fairer or more candid book of its kind. . . . If all the books included in this series are as good and interesting as the first, it will be worthy to take rank with that of the "English Men of Letters."

Of the second volume, on Noah Webster, the *Literary World* remarks: —

The first pages of Mr. Scudder's book are especially interesting for the accurate and animated picture they give of the New England of Webster's boyhood; and throughout it is written with a firm and delicate hand, and with touches of humor which, though unprofessed, is of a much better quality than that we have been lately called upon to taste. There is a steel portrait of Webster and a good index.

*The Critic*, of New York, says of this book: —

It is not only as a biography of Webster that Mr. Scudder's book is interesting and valuable. We know of no other which gives so clear an account of the literary, the educational, and in some respects, the social aspect of New England in the immediate post-revolutionary period. It fills completely its place in the purpose of this series of volumes.

**Bret Harte's Works: New Edition.**

— Three volumes of this uniform and very attractive library edition have already appeared. The fourth volume containing "Gabriel Conroy," the only long novel Mr. Harte has yet written, will appear this month. The edition is received with great favor both by those who can appreciate excellent library books, and by those who appreciate the singular charm and interest of Mr. Harte's writings. The Boston correspondent of the *Hartford Courant* expresses the judgment of a very large class of readers as follows: —

We can hardly be too thankful to Houghton Mifflin & Co., for giving us a complete and uniform edition of the works of Bret Harte. This was just what the public wanted, and it was certainly not more than the best short story writer that the English-speaking portion of the world has yet produced deserved. This last opinion may seem extravagant, but it is not hastily arrived at. If that series of tales that begins with "The Luck of Roaring Camp" has been matched, I would like to know where to look for it. I cannot find in the greatest



the masters in literature the equal in the peculiar points that make a short story at once humorous, graphic, and dramatic in the outlining of character that is fresh and original of theme. Of course the California tales are the best; but read "Thankful Losson," a tale of the Revolution, if you think that Hart's power is restricted to painting Pacific coast life. His preface to this edition discloses a curious state of facts as attending the first production of these tales.

**American Statesmen.**—This series, of which two volumes have appeared, — on John Quincy Adams and Alexander Hamilton, — already commands confidence in its great value as a political history of the United States, and its interest as a group of biographies of men who largely shaped or were closely connected with, events of great national importance. Of the first volume, President Anderson of Rochester University says: —

I have read with the greatest interest Mr. Morse's sketch of the life and political services of John Quincy Adams. I knew Mr. Adams years ago, and studied with great care his work in the House of Representatives, for nearly an entire session. It seems to me that Mr. Morse's estimate of the man, his powers and limitations, his character and his work, is exceedingly able and just. The work, if read and studied, cannot fail to be of the highest service to every young citizen of our republic.

Speaking of Mr. Lodge's life of Hamilton, the *Aston Journal* remarks: —

It is of a quality to sustain the reputation of its predecessor, and the excellent promise of the series. His striking character, containing in it so much that was admirable and lovable, this extraordinary career which exerted so mighty an influence upon the institutions and the political history of the country, Mr. Lodge describes in a very clear and interesting manner. The book is marked by fullness and accuracy of information, and is a useful addition to political biography.

The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* says: —

Henry Cabot Lodge has no superior among living writers on American historical subjects. He has Hamilton a grand subject, and he treats it not only with the skill of an artist and scholar, but with the sympathy of a patriot.

**John Burroughs' Books in England.** — It is gratifying to learn that books so delightful as Mr. Burroughs' are liked as much in England as in our own country. The *London Literary World* after reading "Pepacton," said: —

Burroughs has no peer as a writer on nature among contemporary authors. The nearest approach to him we know is Richard Jefferies, but Jefferies lacks the humor and peculiar literary flavor of his American brother. To a consuming passion for birds, beasts, insects, flowers, all that can be called Nature, Burroughs unites a style "racy, full of blood, vascular, and bristling with just the words or the description in hand." When we read his pages we are brought face to face with the country, we drink in its balmy air, we summer in its light, we hear the wash or ripple of the stream, we hear the songs of the birds, we feel young again if we are old. He takes us in tow, and go with him we must, see as he sees, and love as he loves. If any

reader does not believe us, let him buy "Pepacton" at once, and prove the truth for himself.

And having read "Pepacton," one will surely wish to read Mr. Burroughs' other books, "Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," "Locusts and Wild Honey," all delicious out-door books. (\$1.50.)

**Henry James's Masterpiece.** — The *Charleston News and Courier*, speaking of "The Portrait of a Lady," says: —

The latest novel of Mr. James is admitted to be his masterpiece. It is not that the workmanship is bolder or more vigorous, but that he has taken a single and well-defined idea, and so elaborated it as to make it, in every sense, in fiction what one of Meissonier's paintings is in art. The portrait of the heroine is drawn with exquisite delicacy, and bears the closest scrutiny. Not a line is wanting, nothing is sketched or blurred. This is accomplished, also, without lessening the naturalness of the conception. It is a story to dwell upon and to read over again, while it has just action enough to hold the attention of those who merely skim over the surface of light literature. . . . A more lovely character than Isabel Archer has rarely graced an author's pages. She is the ideal American girl.

**Mr. Howells in England.** — The English seem to have been tardy in recognizing the exquisite charm of Mr. Howells's style, and the fresh and delicious character of his humor, but that some of them at least appreciate him is evident from the following paragraph from the *London Daily News*: —

Amongst people interested in literature, amongst the few "best," he is of course recognized as one of the wittiest and wisest of living writers. A book of his we have lately read, "The Undiscovered Country," is full of the deepest human interest, of wisest discrimination, of tenderest charity, of keenest observation and finest humor. The style is as lucid as the well-spring of his own Shaker community. As a mere story the interest is sustained from the first page, and at times as by the death-bed of Doctor Boynton, it deepens into intensity. It is essentially a story of character. The way in which the characters influence each other, develop, modify, and even alter the conditions of each other's nature, is dramatic as nature itself is dramatic. Much more might be said in praise of this remarkable story. It will not come as a surprise to those who know "The Lady of the Aroostook," or the exquisite essence of Venice in "Venetian Life." But it will well repay any trouble in getting it to those who are as yet unacquainted with Mr. Howells's story of wit and wisdom.

**The Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews** for April are excellent representative numbers of these sterling quarterlies. The *Edinburgh* shows a disposition to treat subjects of special interest to American readers, and has an elaborate paper on "The Panama Canal." The political, historical, and literary articles in both are of great value, and are better worth reading than the great majority of books written on the subjects discussed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. furnish the original English editions of these two Reviews at \$1 each by the number, at \$4 a year.



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